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SHAKSPEARE'S
DRAMATIC WORKS.

VOL. V.



THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE;
ILLUSTRATED:
EMBRACING
A LIFE OF THE POET,
AND
NOTES,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VOL. V.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

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vol. v. 1

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
 KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS tragedy, though called, in the original edition, "The Life and Death of King Richard the Third," comprises only fourteen years. The second scene commences with the funeral of king Henry VI., who is said to have been murdered on the 21st of May, 1471. The imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not, in fact, take place till 1477-8.

Several dramas on the present story had been written before Shakspeare attempted it. There was a Latin play on the subject, by Dr. Legge, which had been acted at St. John's College, Oxford, some time before the year 1588. And a childish imitation of it, by one Henry Lacey, exists in MS. in the British Museum; (MSS. Harl. No. 6926;) it is dated 1586. In the books of the Stationers' Company are the following entries:—"Aug. 15, 1586, A Tragical Report of King Richard the Third: a ballad." June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry: "An enterlude, intituled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is showne the Deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the Smotheringe of the Two Princes in the Tower, with the lamentable Ende of Shore's Wife, and the Contention of the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke." A single copy of this ancient Interlude, which Mr. Boswell thinks was written by the author of *Lochrine*, unfortunately wanting the title-page, and a few lines at the beginning, was in the collection of Mr. Rhodes, of Lyon's Inn, who liberally allowed Mr. Boswell to print it in the last *Variorum* edition of Shakspeare.* It appears evidently to have been read and used by Shakspeare. In this, as in other instances, the bookseller was probably induced to publish the old play, in consequence of the success of the new one in performance, and before it had yet got into print.

Shakspeare's play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 20, 1597, by Andrew Wise; and was then published with the following title:—"The Tragedy of King Richard the Third: Containing his treacherous Plots against his Brother Clarence; the pitiful Murther of his innocent Nephewes; his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole course of his

* A complete copy of Creede's edition of this curious Interlude (which upon comparison proved to be a different impression from that in Mr. Rhodes's collection) was sold by auction by Mr. Evans very lately. The title was as follows:—"The true Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is showne the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two yong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women; and lastly, the conjunction of the two noble Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties players. London, printed by Thomas Creede; and are to be sold by William Barley at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church door, 1594; 4to." It is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable, that but a single copy of each of the two editions of this piece should be known to exist.

detested Life, and most deserved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Printed by Valentine Sims, for William Wise, 1597." It was again reprinted, in 4to, in 1598, 1602, 1612 or 1613, 1622, and twice in 1629.

This play was probably written in the year 1593 or 1594. One of Shakspeare's Richards, and most probably this, is alluded to in the Epigrams of John Weever,* published in 1599, but which must have been written in 1595.

AD GULIELMUM SHAKESPEARE.

Honie-tong'd Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
I swore Apollo got them, and none other;
Their rosie-tainted features clothed in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddesse said to be their mother.
Rose-cheeckt Adonis with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her,
Chaste Lucretia, virgine-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquine, seeking still to prove her,
Romeo, *Richard*, more whose names I know not,
Their sugred tongues and power attractive beauty,
Say they are saints, although that saints they shew not,
For thousand voves to them subjective dutie,
They burn in love thy children Shakspeare let them,
Go wo thy muse more nymphish brood beget them.

27th Epig. 4th Weeke.

The character of Richard had been in part developed in the last parts of King Henry VI., where, Schlegel observes, "his first speeches lead us already to form the most unfavorable prognostications respecting him: he lowers obliquely like a thunder-cloud on the horizon, which gradually approaches nearer and nearer, and first pours out the elements of devastation with which it is charged when it hangs over the heads of mortals." "The other characters of the drama are of too secondary a nature to excite a powerful sympathy; but in the back ground, the widowed queen Margaret appears as the fury of the past, who calls forth the curse on the future; every calamity which her enemies draw down on each other, is a cordial to her revengeful heart. Other female voices join, from time to time, in the lamentations and imprecations. But Richard is the soul, or rather the demon, of the whole tragedy, and fulfils the promise, which he formerly made, to

' ——— set the murderous Machiavel to school.'

Besides the uniform aversion with which he inspires us, he occupies us in the greatest variety of ways, by his profound skill in dissimulation, his wit, his prudence, his presence of mind, his quick activity, and his valor. He fights at last against Richmond like a desperado, and dies the

* This very curious little volume, which is supposed to be unique, is in the possession of Mr. Comb, of Henley. The title is as follows:—"Epigrammes in the oldest Cut and newest Fashion. A twice seven Houres (In so many Weekes) Studie. No longer (like the Fashion) not unlike to continue. The first seven, John Weever. *Sit voluisse sit valuisse.* At London: printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushele; and are to be sold at his shop, at the great north doore of Paules. 1599. 12^o." There is a portrait of the author, engraved by Cecill, prefixed. According to the date upon this print, Weever was then twenty-three years old; but he tells us, in some introductory stanzas, that, when he wrote the Epigrams which compose the volume, he was *not* twenty years old; that he was one

"That twenty twelvemonths yet did never know."

Consequently, these Epigrams must have been written in 1595.

honorable death of the hero on the field of battle."—But Shakspeare has satisfied our moral feelings:—"He shows us Richard in his last moments already branded with the stamp of reprobation. We see Richard and Richmond, on the night before battle, sleeping in their tents; the spirits of those murdered by the tyrant ascend in succession, and pour out their curses against him, and their blessings on his adversary. These apparitions are, properly, merely the dreams of the two generals made visible. It is no doubt contrary to sensible probability, that their tents should only be separated by so small a space; but Shakspeare could reckon on poetical spectators, who were ready to take the breadth of the stage for the distance between the two camps, if, by such a favor, they were to be recompensed by beauties of so sublime a nature as this series of spectres, and the soliloquy of Richard on his awaking."*

Steevens observed that the favor with which the tragedy has been received on the stage in modern times "must in some measure be imputed to Cibber's reformation of it." The original play was certainly too long for representation, and there were parts which might, with advantage, have been omitted in representation, as "dramatic encumbrances;" but such a piece of clumsy patchwork as the performance of Cibber, was surely any thing but "judicious;" and it is only surprising, that the taste which has led to other reformations in the performance of our great dramatic Poet's works, has not given to the stage a judicious abridgment of this tragedy in his own words, unencumbered with the superfluous transpositions and gratuitous additions which have been so long inflicted upon us.

* Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. ii. p. 246.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

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

RICHARD, *Duke of York,*

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,*

RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster, afterwards* } *Brothers to the King*
 King Richard III.

A young Son of Clarence.

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

CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERAM, *Archbishop of York.*

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk: Earl of Surrey, his Son.

EARL RIVERS, *Brother to King Edward's Queen.*

Marquis of Dorset, and LORD GREY, her Sons.

Earl of Oxford. LORD HASTINGS. LORD STANLEY. LORD LEVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest. Another Priest.*

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *Queen of King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *Widow of King Henry VI.*

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

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

A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants, two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE. England.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun¹ of York ;
 And all the clouds, that lowered upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.²
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front ;
 And now,—instead of mounting barbed³ steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
 I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph ;
 I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,⁴

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

² Dances.

³ i. e. steeds caparisoned or clothed in the trappings of war. The word is properly *barded*, from *equus bardatus*, Latin of the middle ages.

⁴ *Feature* is proportion, or beauty, in general. By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body.

Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;—
 Why, I, in this weak, piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time ;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity ;
 And, therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,—
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
 In deadly hate the one against the other ;
 And, if king Edward be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy, which says—that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.¹
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence comes

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

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

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

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

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

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for, I protest,

¹ This is from Holinshed.

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

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by
women.—

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

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

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favor with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery.
The jealous, o'er-worn widow, and herself,¹
Since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

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

Glo. Even so ? An please your worship, Brakenbury
You may partake of any thing we say.

¹ The queen and Shore.

We speak no treason, man.—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous.
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

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

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

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

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave.—Wouldst thou betray me?

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

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

Glo. We are the queen's abjects,¹ and must obey.

Brother, farewell. I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
Were it to call king Edward's widow—sister,—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lie for you.²

Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

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

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

¹ i. e. the lowest of her subjects. This substantive is found in Psalm xxxv. 15.

² He means, "or else be imprisoned in your stead." To *lie* signified anciently to *reside*, or remain in a place.

If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-delivered Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brooked imprisonment?

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

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

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mewed,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

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

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

Hast. He is.

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

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be packed with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeled with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live;
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.¹

¹ Lady Anne, the betrothed widow of Edward prince of Wales. See King Henry VI. Part III.

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

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it ; and LADY ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honorable load,—
 If honor may be shrouded in a hearse,—
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster—
 Poor key-cold¹ figure of a holy king !
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
 Stabbed by the self-same hand that made these
 wounds !

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.—
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes !
 Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it !
 Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,

¹ A *key*, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was often employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers.

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee !—
 Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there ;
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whilst I lament king Henry's corse.

[*The bearers take up the corpse, and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

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

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

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

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

Glo. Unmannered dog ! stand thou when I com-
 mand :

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
 Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The bearers set down the coffin.*]

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

Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body ;
 His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.

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

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

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Filled it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern¹ of thy butcheries ;
 O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
 Open their congealed mouths, and bleed afresh !²—
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
 From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;
 Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
 Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
 O, God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !
 O, earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !
 Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
 Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick ;
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
 Which his hell-governed arm hath butchered !

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

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

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

Anne. O, wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
 Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
 Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
 By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffused³ infection of a man,
 For these known evils, but to give me leave,
 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

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

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
 make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

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

¹ Example.

² This is from Holinshed. It was a tradition, very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer.

³ *Diffused* anciently signified *dark, obscure, strange, uncouth, or confused*.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not ?

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

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

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

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest. Queen Margaret
saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

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

Glo. I grant ye.

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

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

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

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

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him
thither ;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

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

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

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

Anne. I hope so.

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

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accursed effect.

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

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

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck.

You should not blemish it, if I stood by ;
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

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

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

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

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

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that killed my husband.

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

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

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

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

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

Anne. Where is he ?

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

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

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

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

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

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once ;

For now they kill me with a living death.
 Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
 Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops.
 These eyes, which never shed remorseful¹ tear,—
 No,—when my father York and Edward wept,
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
 When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
 Told the sad story of my father's death;
 And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
 Like trees bedashed with rain;—in that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
 I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
 My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;
 But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

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

[He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—
 But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
 Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabbed young
 Edward;—

[She again offers at his breast.]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

¹ Pitiful.

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

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

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage.

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

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring.*]

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

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place;¹
Where—after I have solemnly interred,
At Chertsey monast'ry, this noble king,

¹ Crosby Place is now Crosby Square, in Bishopsgate Street. This magnificent house was built in 1466, by sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. He died in 1475. The ancient hall of this fabric is still remaining, though divided by an additional floor, and encumbered with modern galleries, having been converted into a place of worship for Antinomians, &c. The upper part of it was lately the warehouse of an eminent packer. Sir J. Crosby's tomb is in the neighboring church of St. Helen the Great.

And wet his grave with my repentant tears—
I will with all expedient¹ duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

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

Glo. Bid me farewell.

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

[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, and
BERKLEY.]

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

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

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?

Was ever woman in this humor won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that killed her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury?²

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—

¹ i. e. expeditious.

² This fixes the exact time of the scene to August, 1471. King Edward, however, is introduced in the second act dying. That king died in April, 1483; consequently there is an interval between this and the next act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of king Henry VI., was in fact not confined nor put to death till March, 1477-8, seven years afterwards.

Framed in the prodigality of nature,
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal—
 The spacious world cannot again afford.
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,
 And made her widow to a woful bed?
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
 On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,¹
 I do mistake my person all this while;
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favor with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in² his grave;
 And then return lamenting to my love.—
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his majesty
 Will soon recover his accustomed health.

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

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

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

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

¹ A small coin, the twelfth part of a French *sous*.

² *In* for *into*.

Grey. The Heavens have blessed you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone.

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

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.¹

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

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

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond,² good my lord of Stanley,

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

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

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

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

¹ By inadvertence, in the old copies *Derby* is put for *Stanley*. The person meant was Thomas lord Stanley, lord steward of king Edward the Fourth's household. But he was not created earl of Derby, till after the accession of king Henry VII. In the fourth and fifth acts of this play, he is every where called lord *Stanley*.

² Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first duke of Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, half-brother to king Henry VI., by whom she had only one son, afterwards king Henry VII., she married *sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphrey, duke of Buckingham*.

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

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

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

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

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissensious rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

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

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd¹ complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,

¹ *Lewd* here signifies *idle, ungracious*.

And not provoked by any suitor else ;
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
 That in your outward action shows itself,
 Against my children, brothers, and myself,
 Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
 The ground of your ill will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell ;—the world is grown so bad,
 That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch :
 Since every Jack¹ became a gentleman,
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
 brother Gloster ;
 You envy my advancement, and my friends' ;
 God grant we never may have need of you !

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
 you.

Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
 Myself disgraced, and the nobility
 Held in contempt ; while great promotions
 Are daily given, to ennoble those
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

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

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

Riv. She may, my lord ; for——

Glo. She may, lord Rivers ?—why, who knows
 not so ?

She may do more, sir, than denying that.
 She may help you to many fair preferments ;
 And then deny her aiding hand therein,

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

And lay those honors on your high desert.

What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too;
I wis,¹ your grandam had a worsor match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs.
By Heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorned, and stormed at;
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessened be that small, God, I beseech
thee!

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

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said
I will avouch, in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak, my pains² are quite forgot.

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

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

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

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband

¹ i. e. I think.

² Labors.

In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?¹

Let me put in your minds, if you forgot,
What you have been ere now, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

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

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

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

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

Thou cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

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

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

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

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

I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd² from me :
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me ?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects ;
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ?—
Ah, gentle³ villain, do not turn away !

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

¹ See note on King Henry VI., Part III., Act iii. Sc. 2. Margaret's battle is Margaret's army.

² To pill is to pillage.

³ Gentle is here used ironically.

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

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death ?¹

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou a kingdom ;—all of you, allegiance.
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours ;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes ;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fallen upon thee ;
And God, not we, hath plagued² thy bloody deed.

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

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

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

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

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me !
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but³ answer for that peevish brat ?

¹ Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, in 1464, and Edward issued a proclamation prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her return, or harboring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Regnier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. So that her introduction in the present scene is a mere poetical fiction.

² To *plague* in ancient language is to punish. Hence the scriptural term of the *plagues* of Egypt.

³ *But* is here used in its exceptive sense ; could all this only, or nothing but (i. e. *be out or except*) this answer for the death of that brat ?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
 Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
 Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,¹
 As ours by murder, to make him a king!
 Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
 For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
 Long mayst thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Decked in thy rights, as thou art stalled in mine!
 Long die thy happy days before thy death;
 And, after many lengthened hours of grief,
 Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
 Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
 And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
 Was stabbed with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlooked accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful, withered hag.

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

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog!²

¹ Alluding to his luxurious life.

² "Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog." It was an old prejudice, which is not yet quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed, are marked by nature as prone to mischief. She calls him *hog*, in allusion to

Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
 Thou rag of honor! thou detested——

Glo. Margaret!

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
 That thou hadst called me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but looked for no reply.
 O, let me make the period to my curse.

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

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against
 yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
 fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
 To help thee curse this poisonous, bunch-backed toad.

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

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved
 mine.

his cognizance, which was a boar. "The expression (says Warburton) is fine; remembering her youngest son, she alludes to the ravage which hogs make with the finest flowers in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons." The rhyme for which Collingborne was executed, as given by Heywood in his *Metrical History of King Edward IV.*, will illustrate this:—

"The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
 Doe rule all England under a hog.
 The crooke backt boore the way hath found
 To root our roses from our ground,
 Both flower and bud will he confound,
 Till king of beasts the swine be crowned:
 And then the dog, the cat, and rat
 Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

The persons aimed at in this rhyme, were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovell.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught
your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert.
Your fire-new stamp of honor is scarce current;¹
O that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

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

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

Glo. Ay, and much more. But I was born so high,
Our aiery² buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade!—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright, outshining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest.—
O, God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

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

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O, princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee.

¹ He was created marquis of Dorset in 1476. The scene is laid in 1477-8.

² *Aiery* for *brood*. This word properly signified a brood of eagles, or hawks; though in later times often used for the nest of those birds of prey. Its etymology is from *eyren*, eggs; and we accordingly sometimes find it spelled *eyry*.

Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house !
 Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
 Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

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

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

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

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

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

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?
 O, but remember this another day,
 When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;
 And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
 Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's ?¹ [Exit.

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

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

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

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

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
 I was too hot to do somebody good,
 That is too cold in thinking of it now.
 Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid.

¹ It is evident, from the conduct of Shakspeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of queen Elizabeth. He seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which queen Margaret had ranted against them ; and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them.—*Walpole.*

He is franked¹ up to fattening for his pains ;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advised ;—
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself. [*Aside.*]

Enter CATESBY.

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

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

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

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

Enter Two Murderers.

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

1 Murd. We are, my lord ; and come to have the
warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

¹ A *frank* is a *pen* or *coop* in which hogs and other animals were confined while fattening. To *franch*, or *frank*, was to cram, to fatten.

Glo. Well thought upon ; I have it here about me ;
[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
prate,
Talkers are no good doers ; be assured,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes
drop tears.¹
I like you, lads ;—about your business straight.
Go, go, despatch.

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

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

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

Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

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

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;²

¹ This appears to have been a proverbial saying. It occurs again in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607 :—

“Men's eyes must mill-stones drop when fools shed tears.”

² Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure lands after the death of her husband, Charles duke of Burgundy, who was killed at Nancy, in January, 1476-7. Isabel, the wife of Clarence, being then dead (poisoned by the duke of Gloucester, as it has been conjectured), he wished to have married Mary,

And, in my company, my brother Gloster ;
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches ; thence we looked toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;

A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon ;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued¹ jewels,

All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,

That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

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

Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

To seek the empty, vast,² and wandering air ;

But smothered it within my panting bulk,³

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life ;

the daughter and heir of the duke of Burgundy ; but the match was opposed by Edward, who hoped to have obtained her for his brother-in-law, lord Rivers ; and this circumstance has been suggested as the principal cause of the breach between Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy, however, chose a husband for herself, having married, in 1477, Maximilian, son of the emperor Frederic.

¹ *Unvalued* for *invaluable*.

² *Vast* is *waste, desolate*.

³ *Bulk*, i. e. *breast*.

O, then began the tempest to my soul !
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
 Who cried aloud,—*What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?*
 And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting,¹ perjured Clarence,
 That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ;—
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !*
 With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

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

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things—
 That now give evidence against my soul—
 For Edward's sake ; and, see, how he requites me !
 O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone ;
 O, spare my guiltless wife,² and my poor children.—
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord ; God give your grace good
 rest !—

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair.*
 Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

¹ *Fleeting* or *flitting*, in old language, was used for *uncertain, inconstant, fluctuating*.

² The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honor for an inward toil;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares;¹
 So that, between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

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

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

Brak. What, so brief?

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

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

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

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

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

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

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

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

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

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

1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

¹ They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications.

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

1 *Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing; it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavors to trust to himself, and live without it.

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

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

1 *Murd.* I am strong-framed; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall¹ fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard² with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey butt, in the next room.

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

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

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

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

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

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

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

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

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

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

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

Both Murd. To, to, to,——

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

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

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

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

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

Clar. Are you called forth from out a world of men, To slay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the evidence that doth accuse me? What lawful quest³ have given their verdict up

¹ i. e. a bold, courageous fellow.

² Head.

³ Quest was the term for a jury. "A quest of twelve men, Duodecim viratus."—Baret.

Shakspeare has followed the current tale of his own time. But the truth is, that Clarence was tried and found guilty by his peers, and a bill

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
 The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
 Before I be convict by course of law,
 To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
 I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
 By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins,
 That you depart and lay no hands on me.
 The deed you undertake is damnable.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

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

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, that he doth it publicly;

of attainder was afterwards passed against him. According to sir Thomas More, his death was *commanded* by Edward; but he does not assert that the duke of Gloster was the instrument. Polydore Virgil says, though he talked with several persons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death.

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;
 He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
 To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
 When gallant springing, brave Plantagenet,¹
 That princely novice,² was struck dead by thee ?

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

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

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me ;
 I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hired for meed, go back again,
 And I will send you to my brother Gloster ;
 Who shall reward you better for my life,
 Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceived ; your brother Gloster
 hates you.³

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

Both Murd. Aye, so we will.

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

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones ; as he lessoned us to weep.

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

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you
 deceive yourself ;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

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

¹ *Blooming* Plantagenet, a prince in the *spring* of life.

² *Youth*, one yet new to the world.

³ Walpole rightly suggested, from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true cause of Gloster's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to share with his brother that moiety of the estate of the great earl of Warwick, to which Gloster became entitled on his marriage with the younger sister of the duchess of Clarence, lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward prince of Wales.

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

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

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

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

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

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

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

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

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

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

[*Exit, with the body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatched!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous, guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

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

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

2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had saved his
brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;
 For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

I *Murd.* So do not I ; go, coward, as thou art.—
 Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
 Till that the duke give order for his burial ;
 And when I have my meed, I will away ;
 For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, (*led in sick,*) QUEEN ELIZABETH,
 DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY,
and others.

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

You peers, continue this united league.
 I every day expect an embassy
 From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;
 And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
 Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
 Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand ;
 Dissemble not your hatred,¹ swear your love.

Riv. By Heaven, my soul is purged from grudging
 hate ;

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

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

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

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

¹ i. e. do not merely *cloak* and *conceal* your ill-will to each other, but eradicate it altogether from your bosoms.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Embracing* RIVERS, &c.]

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

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

Enter GLOSTER.

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

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

Glo. A blessed labor, my most sovereign liege.—
 Among this princely heap, if any here,
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
 Hold me a foe ;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace :

'Tis death to me to be at enmity ;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;—

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodged between us ;—

Of you, lord Rivers, and lord Grey, of you,—

That all without desert have frowned on me ;—

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive,

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,

More than the infant that is born to-night ;

I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holiday shall this be kept hereafter :—

I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—

My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness

To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offered love for this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence ?

Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

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

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

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

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

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried:—
God grant that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

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

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

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

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

Stan. The forfeit,¹ sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

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

¹ He means the *remission* of the forfeit.

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :—
 But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life ;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
 O, God ! I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.¹ O,
 Poor Clarence !

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

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness !—Marked you
 not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Looked pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death ?
 O ! they did urge it still unto the king :
 God will revenge it. Come, lords ; will you go,
 To comfort Edward with our company ?

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

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter the DUCHESS of YORK,² *with a Son and Daugh-*
ter of CLARENCE.

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

Duch. No, boy.

¹ Hastings was lord chamberlain to king Edward IV.

² Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast;

And cry—*O, Clarence, my unhappy son!*

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

Duch. My pretty cousins,¹ you mistake me both; I do lament the sickness of the king, As loath to lose him, not your father's death; It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

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

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:

Incapable and shallow innocents, You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

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

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice! He is my son, ay, and therein my shame, Yet from my dugs² he drew not this deceit.

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

Duch. Ay, boy.

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

¹ The duchess is here addressing her grand children; but *cousin* seems to have been used instead of *kinsman* and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both.

² This word gave no offence to our ancestors; it was used even in the most refined poetry.

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

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and
weep?

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

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

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:¹
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee;
But death hath snatched my husband from my arms,
And plucked two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

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

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoaned;
Your widow-dolor likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth laments:

¹ The children by whom he was represented.

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being governed by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

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

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

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

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

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

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

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

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing
peers,
That bear this mutual, heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love ;
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancor of your high-swollen hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and joined together,
Must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept.
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetched¹
Hither to London, to be crowned our king.

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

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

¹ Edward, the young prince, in his father's lifetime, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales ; under the governance of Anthony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches ; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages.—*Vide Holinshed.*

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

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

Riv. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all ;¹
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urged.
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures² in this weighty business ?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home ;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index³ to the story we late talked of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

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

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

¹ This speech seems rather to belong to Hastings, who was of the duke of Gloster's party. The next speech might be given to Stanley.

² i. e. your judgments, your opinions.

³ That is, *preparatory*, by way of *prelude*.

1 *Cit.* Yes ; that the king's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady ; seldom comes the better ;¹
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbors, God speed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government ;

That, in his nonage, council under him,

And, in his full and ripened years, himself,

No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.

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

For then this land was famously enriched
With politic, grave counsel ; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

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

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,

Or, by his father, there were none at all ;

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster ;

And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud :

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,

This sickly land might solace as before.

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

¹ An ancient proverbial saying.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, the young DUKE of
YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS of
YORK.*

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

And at Northampton they do rest to-night :¹
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

¹ This is the reading of the folio. The quarto of 1597 reads :—

“Last night I hear they lay at Northampton :
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night.”

By neither reading can the truth of history be preserved. According to the reading of the quarto, the scene would be on the day on which the king was journeying from Northampton to Stratford ; and of course the messenger’s account of the peers being seized, &c., which happened on the next day after the king had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted, the scene is indeed placed on the day on which the king was seized ; but the archbishop is supposed to be apprized of a fact which, before the entry of the messenger, he manifestly does not know ; namely, the duke of Gloster’s coming to Stratford the morning after the king had lain there, taking him forcibly back to Northampton, and seizing the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the queen

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

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

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

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

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

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not
hold

In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young ;
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

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

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

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

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

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

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

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse ? Why, she was dead ere thou wast
born.

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

herself, the person most materially interested in the welfare of her son, did not hear of the king's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *midnight* of the day on which this violence was offered to him by his uncle. See *Hall*, Edward V. fol. 6. Malone thinks this an unanswerable argument in favor of the reading of the quarto ; while Steevens thinks it a matter of indifference, but prefers the text of the folio copy on account of the versification.

Q. Eliz. A parlous¹ boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.

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

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger,
What news?

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

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to
Pomfret,

With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

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

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut²
Upon the innocent and awless throne.—
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet, wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss;
And being seated, and domestic broils

¹ *Parlous* is a popular corruption of *perilous*; *keen*, *shrewd*. The queen evidently means to chide him.

² The quarto reads to *jet*, which Mr. Boswell thought preferable; but the folio is right. "To *jut* upon the throne," is to make *inroads* or *invasions* upon it. See Cooper's Dictionary, 1584. *Awless* is not producing awe, not reverenced.

Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
 Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
 Blood to blood, self 'gainst self.—O, preposterous
 And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen;
 Or let me die, to look on death no more!

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

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

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

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep;¹ and so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours!

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

ACT III.

SCENE I. London. *A Street. The trumpets
 sound.*

*Enter the PRINCE of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM,
 CARDINAL BOURCHIER,² and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your
 chamber.³

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

¹ Afterwards, however, this obsequious archbishop [Rotheram], to ingratiate himself with Richard III., put his majesty's badge, the *Hog*, upon the gate of the public library at Cambridge.

² Thomas Bourchier was made a cardinal, and elected archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486.

³ London was anciently called *Camera Regis*. London is called the king's special *chamber* in the duke of Buckingham's oration to the citizens (apud *More*), which Shakspeare has taken other phrases from.

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

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit :
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugared words,
But looked not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

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

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

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

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

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

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

Enter HASTINGS.

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

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

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

Buck. Fie ! what an indirect and peevish course

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

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

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
 Too ceremonious, and traditional;¹
 Weigh it but with the grossness² of this age,
 You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
 The benefit thereof is always granted
 To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
 And those who have the wit to claim the place.
 This prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserved it;
 And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
 Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
 You break no privilege nor charter there.
 Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
 But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

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

Hast. I go, my lord.

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

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

¹ *Ceremonious* for *superstitious*; *traditional* for *adherent to old customs*.

² *Grossness* here means *plainness, simplicity*.

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

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

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

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not registered;
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retailed¹ to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

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

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without charâcters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal² vice, Iniquity, } [*Aside.*
I moralize two meanings in one word. }

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

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

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

Glo. Short summers lightly³ have a forward spring.
[*Aside.*]

¹ i. e. *recounted*. Minsheu, in his Dictionary, 1617, besides the verb *retail*, in the mercantile sense, has the verb to *retaille* or *retell*.

² For a notice of the *vice* in old plays, see note on Twelfth Night, Act iv. Sc. 2. "He appears (says Mr. Gifford) to have been a perfect counterpart of the harlequin of the modern stage, and had a twofold office, to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and, at the same time, to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend, or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favor of the repentant offender."

³ *Commonly.*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

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

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

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

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours. Too late¹ he died, that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

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

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

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

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

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

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

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

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

Prince. A beggar, brother?

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

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

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

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

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

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

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.²

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

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

Glo. How?

¹ Lately.

² This taunting answer of the prince has been misinterpreted: he means to say, "I hold it cheap, or care but little for it, even were it heavier than it is."

York. Little.

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

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me.—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me ;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.¹

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

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

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

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

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

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear ?

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

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

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

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

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

Buck. Well, let them rest.—
Come hither, gentle Catesby ; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,

¹ York alludes to the protuberance on Gloster's back, which was com-
modious for carrying burdens.

As closely to conceal what we impart.
 Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way ;—
 What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter
 To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
 For the instalment of this noble duke
 In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

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

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

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

Buck. Well, then, no more but this ; go, gentle
 Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
 How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
 And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
 To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons ;
 If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination ;
 For we to-morrow hold divided¹ councils,
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to lord William ; tell him,
 Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret castle ;
 And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
 Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

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

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

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

¹ " But the protectoure and the duke after they had sent to the lord cardinal, the lord Stanley, and the lord Hastings, then lord chamberlaine, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation *in one place*, as fast were they *in another place*, contriving the contrarie to make the protectoure king. The lord Stanley, that was after earle of Darby, wisely mistrusted it, and said unto the lord Hastings that he much mislyked *these two severall counceils*."—*Holinshed, from sir T. More.*

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit CATESBY.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

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

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables
Whereof the king my brother was possessed.

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

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

SCENE II.¹ *Before Lord Hastings' House.*

Enter a Messenger.

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

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from lord Stanley.

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

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

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

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had rased² off his helm.

¹ Every material circumstance in this scene is from Holinshed, except that it is a *knight* with whom Hastings converses instead of *Buckingham*.

² This term *rased*, or *rashed*, is always given to describe the violence inflicted by a boar. By the *boar*, throughout this scene, is meant Gloucester, in allusion to his crest.

Besides, he says, there are two councils held ;
 And that may be determined at the one,
 Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
 Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
 If, presently, you will take horse with him,
 And with all speed post with him toward the north,
 To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
 Bid him not fear the separated councils.
 His honor,¹ and myself, are at the one ;
 And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;
 Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
 Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance ;²
 And for his dreams—I wonder he's so fond³
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,
 And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

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

[*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

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

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

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

¹ This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakspeare's time ; it was indifferently used with *your lordship*. See any old letter or dedication of that age.

² *Instance* is here put for *motive, cause*.

³ Weak.

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

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

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

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

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

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

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

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

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

Hast. I know they do ; and I have well deserved it.

Enter STANLEY.

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

Stan. My lord, good morrow ! and good morrow,
Catesby :—

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

¹ Cross.

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

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

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord ?
 To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
 Than some, that have accused them, wear their hats.
 But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before ; I'll talk with this good fellow.
 [*Exeunt STAN. and CATESBY.*

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

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

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

Purs. God hold it,¹ to your honor's good content !

Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me
 [*Throwing him his purse*

Purs. I thank your honor. [*Exit Pursuivant*

¹ That is, continue it.

Enter a Priest.

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

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John,¹ with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*²

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain ?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest :
Your honor hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower ?

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

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

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

Come, will you go ?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS,
GREY,³ and VAUGHAN, to execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—

¹ See note 1 on the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

² From the continuation of *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543, where the account given originally by sir Thomas More is transcribed with some additions, it appears that the person who held this conversation with Hastings was sir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the last act of this play as earl of Surrey.

³ Queen Elizabeth Grey is deservedly pitied for the loss of her two sons ; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, sir Richard Grey. It is remarkable how

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of
you !

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this here
after.

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

Riv. O, Pomfret, Pomfret ! O, thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hacked to death ;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

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

When she exclaimed on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabbed her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she
Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard :—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !
And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt !

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.¹

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

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

slightly the death of earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity ; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors.—*Walpole.*

¹ We have this word in the same sense again in Shakspeare's twenty-second sonnet :—

“Then look I death my days should *expiate.*”

Steevens thinks it an error of the press for *expiate.*

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the BISHOP of ELY,*¹ CATESBY, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table : Officers of the Council attending.*

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

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

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

Stan. They are ; and wants but nomination.²

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

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind, here-
in ?

Who is most inward³ with the noble duke ?

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

Buck. We know each other's faces ; for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours ;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine :
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

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

Enter GLOSTER.

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

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow :
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,

¹ Dr. John Morton, who was elected to the see of Ely in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed lord chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500.

² The appointment of a particular day for the ceremony.

³ Intimate, confidential.

My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue,¹ my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be
bolder ;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast. I thank your grace.²

Glo. My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;³
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

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

[*Exit ELY.*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*

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

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

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

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

Re-enter BISHOP of ELY.

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

¹ See note on Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2. Vol. VII. p. 307.

² This sentence Malone restored from the original quarto ; it was omitted in the folio.

³ This circumstance of asking the bishop for some of his strawberries originates with sir Thomas More, who mentions the protector's entrance to the council " fyrste about ix of the clocke, saluting them curtesly, and excusing himself that he had ben from them so long, saieng *merily* that he had been a slepe that day. And after a little talking with them he said unto the bishop of Elye, my lord, you have very good strawberries at your gardayne in Holberne, I require you let us have a messe of them."

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning ;

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

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

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

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

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

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders. Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

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

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

Glo. If ! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs ?—Thou art a traitor :—
Off with his head : now, by saint Paul, I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovel, and Catesby, look that it be done ;
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLO. and BUCK.*

Hast. Woe, woe, for England, not a whit for me :
For I, too fond, might have prevented this :
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm ;
But I disdained it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,¹
 And startled, when he looked upon the Tower,
 As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
 O, now I want the priest that spake to me :
 I now repent I told the pursuivant,
 As too triumphing, how mine enemies
 To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,
 And I myself secure in grace and favor.
 O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
 Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord ; the duke would be at
 dinner ;

Make a short shrift ; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O, momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
 Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,²
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. The Tower Walls.*

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armor, and
 marvellous ill-favored.*

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

¹ A *foot-cloth horse* was a palfrey covered with housings, used for state. This is from Holinshed, who copies sir Thomas More.

² William lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville, earl of Salisbury, and widow of William lord Bonville, was restored to his honors and estate by king Henry VII. in the first year of his reign. The daughter of lady Hastings, by her first husband, was married to the marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play.

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

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
 Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
 Intending¹ deep suspicion: ghastly looks
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
 And both are ready in their offices,
 At any time to grace my stratagems.
 But what, is Catesby gone?

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

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

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

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

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

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

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF,² with HASTINGS's head.

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

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

Glo. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
 I took him for the plainest, harmless creature,
 That breathed upon the earth a Christian;
 Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
 The history of all her secret thoughts.

¹ i. e. *pretending*.

² The quarto has "*Enter Catesby with Hastings's head.*" For this absurd alteration, by which Ratcliff is represented at Pomfret and in London at the same time, it is probable the editors of the folio have to answer.

So smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent, open guilt omitted,—
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st, sheltered
traitor

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

May. What! had he so?

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

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

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

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

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

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,¹
Yet witness what you hear we did intend ;
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post ;—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof, was termed so.²
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretched unto their servants, daughters,
wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, lusted to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.
Buck. Doubt not, my lord ; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself ; and so, my lord, adieu.

¹ "Too late of our intent." In common speech, a similar phrase is sometimes used ; viz. "to come short of a thing." Mason would have changed *of* to *for*.

² This person was *one Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer, at the *Crown* in Cheapside. These topics of Edward's cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, &c. are enlarged upon in that most extraordinary invective, the petition presented to Richard before his accession, which was afterwards turned into an act of parliament.—*Parl. Hist.* 2. p. 396.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;¹

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

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

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*To* CAT.] to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence² out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

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

Which in a set hand fairly is engrossed,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,

¹ *Baynard's castle* was originally built by Baynard, a nobleman who (according to Stowe) came in with the Conqueror. It had belonged to Richard duke of York, but was now Edward the Fifth's. This edifice, which stood in Thames-street, has been long pulled down; it is said that parts of its strong foundations may be seen at low water.

² *Edward earl of Warwick*, who, the day after the battle of Bosworth, was sent by Richmond from his confinement at Sheriff-Hutton castle to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him, and who was afterwards cruelly sacrificed to a scruple of Ferdinand king of Spain, who was unwilling to marry his daughter Katharine to Arthur prince of Wales while he lived, conceiving that his claim might interfere with Arthur's succession to the crown. He was beheaded in 1499. *Margaret*, afterwards married to sir Richard Pole, the last princess of the house of Lancaster, who was restored in blood in the fifth year of Henry VIII., and afterwards, in the thirty-first year of his reign [1540], barbarously led to the block at the age of seventy, for some offence conceived at the conduct of her son cardinal Pole.

For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me ;
 The precedent¹ was full as long a doing ;
 And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,
 Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
 Here's a good world the while !—Who is so gross,
 That cannot see this palpable device ?
 Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not ?
 Bad is the world ; and all will come to nought,
 When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. Court of Baynard's
 Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

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

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

Glo. Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

Buck. I did ; with his contract with lady Lucy,²
 And his contract by deputy in France ;
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,
 And his enforcement of the city wives ;
 His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,—
 As being got, your father then in France ;³

¹ i. e. the original draught.

² The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage, to obstruct which, his mother alleged a precontract between them. But Elizabeth Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine. Edward, however, had been married to lady Eleanor Butler, widow of lord Butler of Sudely, and daughter to the great earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground his children were declared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by king Richard III. ; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

³ This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the duke of Clarence when he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue after the death of Henry VI. Sir Thomas More says that the duke of Gloster, soon after Edward's death, revived this scandal. Walpole thinks it highly improbable that Richard should have urged such a topic to the people, or "start doubts of his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers, to be tossed and bandied about before the multitude." He has also shown that Richard "lived in perfect har-

And his resemblance, being not like the duke ;
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind ;
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
 Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
 Untouched, or slightly handled, in discourse.
 And, when my oratory grew to an end,
 I bade them, that did love their country's good,
 Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;
 But, like dumb statuas,¹ or breathless stones,
 Stared on each other, and looked deadly pale.
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them ;
 And asked the mayor what meant this wilful silence :
 His answer was—the people were not used
 To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
 Then he was urged to tell my tale again :
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred ;
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o' the hall, hurled up their caps,
 And some ten voices cried, *God save king Richard!*
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I ;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard ;
 And even here brake off and came away.

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

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

Buck. The mayor is here at hand ; intend² some fear ;

mony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time.
 —*Historic Doubts*, 4to. 1768.

¹ *Statue* was formerly a word of three syllables ; the old orthography is *statua*.

² Pretend.

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

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

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads : the lord mayor
 knocks. [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord ; I dance attendance here.
 I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby ! what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day.
 He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation ;
 And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;
 Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
 In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
 No less importing than our general good,
 Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
 He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,¹
 But on his knees at meditation ;
 Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,
 But meditating with two deep divines ;
 Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,

¹ i. e. a couch, or sofa.

But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
 Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
 Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
 But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say us
 nay!

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again;

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
 Such troops of citizens to come to him,
 His grace not being warned thereof before.
 He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
 Suspect me, that I mean no good to him.
 By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
 And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

When holy and devout, religious men
 Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between two
 Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two
 clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
 To stay him from the fall of vanity.
 And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
 True ornaments to know a holy man.—
 Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
 Lend favorable ear to our request;
 And pardon us the interruption
 Of thy devotion, and right-Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
 I rather do beseech you pardon me,
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,

Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungoverned isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord. Would it might please
your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemished stock;
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shouldered¹ in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure,² we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,

¹ *Shouldered in* may mean *rudely thrust into*. Johnson proposes to read *smouldered*. Mason thinks we should read *smothered*.

² Recover. The word is frequently used by Spenser; and both as a verb and a substantive by Lyly.

Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
 If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So seasoned with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I checked my friends.
 Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
 And, then in speaking, not to incur the last,—
 Definitely thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty, and so many, my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapor of my glory smothered.
 But, God be thanked, there is no need of me ;
 (And much I need to help you, if need were ;))
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
 Which, God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that Edward is your brother's son ;
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife.
 For first he was contráct to lady Lucy ;
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;
 And afterwards by substitute betrothed

To Bona, sister to the king of France.
 These both put by, a poor petitioner,
 A care-crazed mother to a many sons,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loathed bigamy.¹
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,²
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffered benefit of dignity ;
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing time,
 Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty.—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
 Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;
 As well we know your tenderness of heart,
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,³
 Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
 And equally, indeed, to all estates,—

¹ *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274 (adopted by a statute in 4 Edw. I.), was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once ; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. This is from sir T. More, as copied by Hall and Holinshed.

² The duke here hints at the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By "some alive" is meant the duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. This is very closely copied from sir Thomas More.

³ Pity.

Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
 But we will plant some other in your throne ;
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
 And, in this resolution, here we leave you ;
 Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their
 suit ;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?
 Well, call them again ; I am not made of stone,
 But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit* CATESBY.

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and you sage, grave men,—
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load.
 But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
 For God he knows, and you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace ! We see it, and will
 say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
 Long live king Richard, England's worthy king !

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crowned ?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have
 it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace ;
 And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.—
 [To the Bishops.
 Farewell, good cousin ;—farewell, gentle friends.¹
 [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS of YORK, and MARQUIS of DORSET ; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS of GLOSTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here ?—My niece² Plantagenet
 Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster ?
 Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
 On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
 Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
 A happy and a joyful time of day !

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister ! Whither
 away ?

Anne. No further than the Tower ; and, as I guess,
 Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
 To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks ; we'll enter all to-
 gether.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
 Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
 How doth the prince, and my young son of York ?

¹ To this act should probably be added the next scene ; so will the coronation pass between the acts ; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible.

² i. e. *grand-daughter*. The words *grandson* or *grand daughter* never occur in Shakspeare.

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them ;
The king hath strictly charged the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king ! who's that ?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly
title !

Hath he set bounds between their love and me ?
I am their mother ; who shall bar me from them ?

Duch. I am their father's mother ; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother.
Then bring me to their sights ; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so ;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the DUCHESS of GLOSTER.*]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder !

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despitful tidings ! O, unpleasing news !

Dor. Be of good cheer.—Mother, how fares your
grace ?

Q. Eliz. O, Dorset, speak not to me ; get thee gone ;
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels ;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead ;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;
 You shall have letters from me to my son
 In your behalf, to meet you on the way ;
 Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O, ill-dispersing wind of misery !—
 O, my accursed womb, the bed of death ;
 A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world,
 Whose unavoyded eye is murderous !

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
 Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
 And die, ere men can say—*God save the queen !*

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul ; I envy not thy glory ;
 To feed my humor, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ?—When he, that is my husband
 now,
 Came to me, as I followed Henry's corse ;
 When scarce the blood was well washed from his hands,
 Which issued from my other angel husband,
 And that dead saint which then I weeping followed ;
 O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face,
 This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accursed,
 For making me, so young, so old a widow !
 And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
 And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
 More miserable by the life of thee,
 Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !*
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
 And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse :
 Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest ;
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his timorous dreams¹ was still awaked.

¹ It is recorded by Polydore Virgil that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu ; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory !

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it !

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune
guide thee ! [*To* DORSET.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee !—

[*To* ANNE.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

[*To* Q. ELIZABETH.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty odd years¹ of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wrecked with a week of teen.²

Q. Eliz. Stay yet ; look back, with me, unto the
Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immured within your walls !

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !

Rude, ragged nurse ! old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well !

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets. RICHARD, as king, upon his
throne ; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Bucking-
ham,——

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy
advice,

¹ The present scene is in 1483. Richard duke of York, the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but *seventy-three* years old, and we may reasonably suppose she was not older ; nor did she go speedily to her grave ; she lived till 1495.

² Sorrow.

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated.—
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and forever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,¹
To try if thou be current gold, indeed.—
Young Edward lives;—think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward
lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly performed.

What say'st thou now? Speak suddenly; be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice; thy kindness
freezes.

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear
lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

[*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*Descends from his throne.*

And unrespective boys;² none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes;—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy,—

Page. My lord.

¹ "To play the touch" is to resemble the *touchstone*.

² *Unrespective*, i. e. *inconsiderate, unregardful*.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting
gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit¹ of death?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind.
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go, call him
hither, boy.— [*Exit Page.*]
The deep-revolving, witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news!

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby; rumor it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.
The boy is foolish,² and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,³
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

¹ Secret act.

² This youth was, at this time, about ten years old, and we are not told that he had then exhibited any symptoms of folly. Being confined by king Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his education being entirely neglected, he is described by Polydore Virgil, at the time of his death, in 1499, as an idiot; his account is copied by Holinshed.

³ i. e. it is incumbent upon me.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear;

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so;—say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.¹

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [Exit.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to
Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he's your wife's son.—Well, look
to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

¹ The quarto has the following very characteristic line:—

“*King.* Shall we hear from thee, Tirril, ere we sleep?”

For which your honor and your faith is pawned;
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king?—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not, at
that time,
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called it—Rouge-mont;¹ at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold

To put your grace in mind of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke

Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,² thou keep'st
the stroke

¹ Hooker, who wrote in queen Elizabeth's time, in his description of Exeter, mentions this as a "very old and antient castle, named Rugemont; that is to say, Red Hill, taking the name of the red soil or earth where-upon it is situated." It was first built, he adds, *as some think*, by Julius Cæsar, but rather, and in truth, by the Romans after him.

² This alludes to the *jack of the clock house*, mentioned before in King Richard II. Act v. Sc. 5. It was a figure made in old public clocks to strike the bell on the outside; of the same kind as those still preserved at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. Richard compares Buckingham to one of the automatons, and bids him not to suspend the stroke on the clock bell, but strike, that the noise may be past, and himself at liberty to

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and Train.*]

Buck. And is it thus ? Repays he my deep service
With such contempt ? Made I him king for this ?

O, let me think on Hastings ; and be gone
To Brecknock,¹ while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster, innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind ;
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopped ;
When Dighton thus told on—we smothered
The most replenished, sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

pursue his meditations. *Jack* was a term of contempt, occurring before
in this play.

¹ His castle in Wales.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes :—all health, my sovereign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penned up close.
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage ;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne¹ Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly, thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so
bluntly ?

Cate. Bad news, my lord ; Morton² is fled to Rich-
mond ;
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

¹ Richmond, after the battle of Tewksbury, had taken refuge in the court of Francis II., duke of Bretagne, where he was kept a long time in honorable custody.

² Bishop of Ely.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learned that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary :
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !
Go, muster men. My counsel is my shield ;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slyly have I lurked,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction¹ am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret ! Who comes here ?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my tender
babes !
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation !

Q. Mar. Hover about her ; say, that right for right²
Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute !—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

¹ Induction is preface, introduction, or prologue.

² Justice answering to the claims of justice.

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?

When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done ?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor, mortal-living
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurped,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood !

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a
grave,

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ;

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here !

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we ?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :—

I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him ;

I had a husband, till a Richard killed him :

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard killed him :

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
killed him ;

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death :

That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood ;

That foul defacer of God's handiwork ;

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
 O, upright, just, and true-disposing God,
 How do I thank thee, that this carnal¹ cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her pew-fellow² with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.
 Thy Edward he is dead, that killed my Edward;
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
 Young York he is but boot,³ because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabbed my Edward;
 And the beholders of this tragic play,
 The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
 Only reserved their factor, to buy souls,
 And send them thither. But at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
 To have him suddenly conveyed from hence:—
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, *The dog is dead!*

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would
 come,
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse
 That bottled spider, that foul, bunch-backed toad.

Q. Mar. I called thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
 I called thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
 The presentation of but what I was,
 The flattering index⁴ of a direful pageant,

¹ *Sanguinary, fleshly-minded.*

² This word appears to have been used metaphorically for an *equal*, a companion.

³ i. e. thrown into the bargain.

⁴ Mr. Nares suggests that the *index* of a pageant was probably a painted cloth hung up before a booth where a pageant was to be exhibited.

One heaved a high, to be hurled down below ;
 A mother only mocked with two fair babes ;
 A dream of what thou wast ; a garish¹ flag,
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
 Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—*God save the queen* ?
 Where be the bending peers that flattered thee ?
 Where be the thronging troops that followed thee ?
 Decline all this,² and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
 For queen, a very caitiff crowned with care ;
 For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me ;
 For one being feared of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obeyed of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheeled about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place ; and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke ;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O, thou well skilled in curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the
 day ;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe :
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he that slew them, fouler than he is :

¹ Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were intrusted.

² i. e. run through all this from first to last.

Bettering¹ thy loss makes the bad causer worse ;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull ; O, quicken them with
 thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
 like mine. [*Exit* Q. MARGARET.

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
 Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : though what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smothered.

[*Drum within.*

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
 By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
 crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
 The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
 And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers ?
 Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children ?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
 Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings ?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
 Let not the heavens hear these telltale women
 Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.—

[*Flourish. Alarums.*

¹ *Bettering* is *amplifying, magnifying* thy loss.

Either be patient and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son ?

K. Rich. Ay ; I thank God, my father, and yourself

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then ; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in
haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty ? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;
Tetchy¹ and wayward was thy infancy ;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous ;
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred ;
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company ?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,² that
called your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

¹ Touchy, fretful.

² Steevens supposes that this is an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the duchess had been suspected. There is no mention of any thing of the kind in the Chronicles. Malone conjectures that *Humphrey Hour* is merely used as a ludicrous periphrasis for *hour*, like *Tom Troth*, for truth, in Gabriel Harvey's Letter to Spenser.

Duch. Hear me a word ;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse ;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armor that thou wear'st !
My prayers on the adverse party fight ;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
Shame serves¹ thy life, and doth thy death attend.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse
Abides in me ; I say amen to her. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam ; I must speak a word with
you. [*Going.*

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder. For my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter called—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed ;
Throw over her the veil of infamy ;
So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth ; she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

¹ i. e. accompanies.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births, good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoyded¹ is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoyded grace makes destiny.

My babes were destined to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
cozened

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanced their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still² use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Than ever you or yours by me were harmed!

Q. Eliz. What good is covered with the face of
heaven,

To be discovered, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high, imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it.

¹ Unavoidable.

² i. e. constant use.

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honor,
Canst thou demise¹ to any child of mine ?

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul, I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her
soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy
soul :

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers ;
And from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her
king ?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen. Who
else should be ?

Q. Eliz. What, thou ?

K. Rich. Even so. How think you
of it ?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humor.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York ; then, haply, will she weep.

¹ The second folio reads *devise*.

Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
 Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood—
 A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
 The purple sap from her sweet brothers' body,
 And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
 If this inducement move her not to love,
 Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
 Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
 Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
 Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
 To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
 Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
 And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then, indeed, she cannot choose but
 hate thee,¹

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
 amended;

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
 Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
 If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
 To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
 If I have killed the issue of your womb,
 To quicken your increase, I will beget
 Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
 A grandam's name is little less in love,
 Than is the doting title of a mother;
 They are as children, but one step below,
 Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
 Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
 Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.²

¹ Tyrwhitt suggested that the sense seemed to require we should read "but *love* thee," ironically. Mason proposed "but *have* thee," which Steevens admitted into the text. "It is by no means evident that this is spoken ironically (says Mr. Boswell), and if not, the old reading affords a perfectly clear meaning. A virtuous woman would hate the man who thought to purchase her love by the commission of crimes."

² *Of* is used for *by*; *bid* is the past tense from *bide*.

Your children were vexation to your youth,
 But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
 The loss you have, is but—a son being king,
 And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
 I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
 Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul,
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home
 To high promotions and great dignity.
 The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
 Again shall you be mother to a king,
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repaired with double riches of content.
 What! we have many goodly days to see;
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
 Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl;
 Advantaging their loan, with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys;
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
 To whom I will retail¹ my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? Her father's
 brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
 Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honor, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

¹ i. e. *recount*.

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as Heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonored, and the third usurped.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profaned, hath lost his holy honor ;
Thy garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue ;
Thy crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory :

If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wronged.

K. Rich. Now by the world,——

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,——

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonored.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,——

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self misused.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,——

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst feared to break an oath by him,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had graced the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-
past;

For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wronged by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughtered,
Ungoverned youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whose children thou hast butchered,
Old, barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by times ill used o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous, princely daughter

In her consists my happiness, and thine.
 Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
 It cannot be avoided but by this ;
 It will not be avoided but by this ;
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
 Be the attorney of my love to her.
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong
 yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them ;
 Where, in the nest of spicery,¹ they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
 And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so fare-
 well. [*Kissing her.* *Exit Q. ELIZABETH.*
 Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman !²
 How now ? what news ?

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
 Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore
 Throng many doubtful, hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarmed, and unresolved to beat them back ;
 'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral ;

¹ Alluding to the phoenix.

² Such was the real character of this queen-dowager.

And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
Norfolk ;

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither ; post to Salisbury ;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,

[To CATESBY.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'
pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby.—Bid him levy
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salis-
bury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before
I go ?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is changed.—Stanley, what
news with you ?

Stan. None, good my liege, to please you with the
hearing ;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad !
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way ?
Once more, what news ?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him !
White-livered runagate, what doth he there ?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed?

Is the king dead, the empire unpossessed?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?¹

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege, You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes. Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back? Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore, Safe-cónducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord; my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me; what do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king. Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave, I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace, Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond.

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.

¹ There was a male heir of the house of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he, Edward earl of Warwick, the only son of George duke of Clarence; but Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV., and all her sisters, had a better title than either of them. He had, however, been careful to have the issue of king Edward pronounced illegitimate; and as the duke of Clarence had been attainted of high treason, he had some color for his bravado.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you,
leave behind
Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit* STANLEY.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advértised,
Sir Edward Courtenay, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors¹
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of
death? [*He strikes him.*]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered;
And he himself wandered away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy;
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.

¹ *Competitors* here means confederates.

But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
 The Bretagne navy is dispersed by tempest.
 Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
 Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
 If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
 Who answered him, they came from Buckingham
 Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
 Hoised sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in
 arms;
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken;
 That is the best news. That the earl of Richmond
 Is with a mighty power¹ landed at Milford,
 Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we rea-
 son here,
 A royal battle might be won and lost.—
 Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
 To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Lord Stanley's House.*

*Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*²

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me;—
 That in the sty of this most bloody boar,

¹ The earl of Richmond embarked with about two thousand men at Harfleur, in Normandy, August 1, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive him cordially as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Katharine of France, the widow of king Henry V.

² Sir Christopher Urswick, a priest, chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who was married to the lord Stanley. This priest, the chronicles tell us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages between the countess of Richmond and her husband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England.

My son George Stanley is franked¹ up in hold ;
 If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
 The fear of that withholds my present aid.
 But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales

Stan. What men of name resort to him ?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
 Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley ;
 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
 And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
 And many other of great fame and worth ;
 And towards London do they bend their course,
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord ; commend me to
 him ;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented

He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell.

[*Gives papers to* SIR CHRISTOPHER.
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Salisbury.² *An open Place.*

*Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to
 execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with
 him ?³

Sher. No, my good lord ; therefore be patient.

He was afterwards almoner to king Henry VII., and refused the bishopric of Norwich. He retired to Hackney, where he died in 1527.

¹ Vide note on p. 31, ante.

² There is reason to think that Buckingham's execution took place at *Shrewsbury*.

³ The reason why the duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with Richard is explained in King Henry VIII. Act i.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,
Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand, corrupted, foul injustice ;
If that your moody, discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not ?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's
doomsday.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wished might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day, wherein I wished to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted ;
This, this, All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determined respite of my wrongs.¹
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begged in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms ;
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—*
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.²
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

¹ The time to which the punishment of his injurious practices or the wrongs done by him was respited.

² Johnson thinks this scene should be added to the fourth act, which would give it a more full and striking conclusion. In the original quarto copy, 1597, this play is not divided into acts and scenes.

SCENE II. *Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with drum and colors, RICHMOND, OXFORD,¹ SIR JAMES BLUNT,² SIR WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment,
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoiled your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowelled bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for
fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ John de Vere, earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who, after a long confinement in Hammes castle, in Picardy, escaped in 1484, and joined Richmond at Paris. He commanded the archers at the battle of Bosworth.

² Sir James Blunt had been captain of the castle of Hammes, and assisted Oxford in his escape.

SCENE III. Bosworth Field.

Enter KING RICHARD, and Forces; the DUKE of NORFOLK, EARL of SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks. Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent. Here will I lie to-night;¹

[Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account;²

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:—

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other LORDS. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

¹ Richard is reported not to have slept in his tent on the night before the battle, but in the town of Leicester.

² Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand. But lord Stanley lay

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
 Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
 Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—
 I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
 Limit each leader to his several charge,
 And part in just proportion our small power.
 My lord of Oxford, you, sir William Brandon,—
 And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
 The earl of Pembroke keeps¹ his regiment;—
 Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
 And by the second hour in the morning
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent.
 Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
 Where is lord Stanley quartered, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colors much,
 (Which, well I am assured, I have not done,)
 His regiment lies half a mile at least
 South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
 Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
 him,
 And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
 And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
 gentlemen,
 Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
 In to my tent; the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF,
 and CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
 It's nine o'clock.

at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

¹ Remains with.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—
And all my armor laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.¹—

[*To CATESBY.*

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves² be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?³

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut⁴ time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine;

¹ By a *watch* is most probably meant a *watch-light*.

² i. e. the *staves* or poles of his lances.

³ Richard calls him *melancholy*, because he did not join heartily in his cause.

⁴ i. e. *twilight*. A *cock-shut* was a large net stretched across a glade, and so suspended upon poles as easily to be drawn together, and was employed to catch woodcocks. These nets were chiefly used in the twilight of the evening, when woodcocks "take wing to go and get water, flying generally low; and when they find any thoroughfare through a wood or range of trees, they venture through." The artificial glade made for them to pass through were called *cock-roads*. Hence *cock-shut time* and *cock-shut light* were used to express the evening twilight.

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*KING RICHARD retires into his tent.*
Exeunt RATCLIFF and CATESBY.

*RICHMOND'S tent opens, and discovers him, and
Officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good.
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell; the leisure¹ and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long-sundered friends should dwell upon:

¹ We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem.
"I would do this if *leisure* would permit."

God give us leisure for these rites of love.
Once more adieu.—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;
Lest leaden slumber peise¹ me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c., with STANLEY.

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes!
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still. [Sleeps.

*The Ghost*² of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth,
rises between the two tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[To KING RICHARD.

Think how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury ; despair therefore, and die!—

Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls
[To RICHMOND.

Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf ;
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[To KING RICHARD.

By thee was punched full of deadly holes.
Think on the Tower and me ; despair, and die ;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
[To RICHMOND.

¹ Weigh.

² The hint for this scene is furnished by Holinshed, who copies from Polydore Virgil.

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep. Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To KING RICHARD.*

I, that was washed to death with fulsome¹ wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall² thy edgeless sword; despair, and die!—

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To RICHMOND.*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

[*To KING RICHARD.*

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

[*To KING RICHARD.*

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

[*To KING RICHARD.*

All. Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's
bosom

[*To RICHMOND.*

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[*To KING RICHARD.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[*To RICHMOND.*

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

¹ i. e. *teeming* or *superabundant* wine. Clarence was killed before he was thrown into the Malmsey butt.

² *Fall* is here a verb active, signifying to drop or let fall.

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smothered in the
Tower ; [To RICHARD.

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy ;
[To RICHMOND.

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !

Live, and beget a happy race of kings !

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne, thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair, and die !—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;

[To RICHMOND.

Dream of success and happy victory ;

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that helped thee to the
crown ; [To RICHARD.

The last was I that felt thy tyranny :

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness !

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;

Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—

I died for hope¹ ere I could lend thee aid :

[To RICHMOND.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed :

God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side ;

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING RICHARD starts out
of his dream.

: Buckingham's hope of aiding Richmond induced him to take up arms.

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
 O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
 The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
 Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by:
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am.
 Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason; Why?
 Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
 I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree,
 All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all—Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
 And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn.
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armor.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream!¹

¹ This and the two following lines are omitted in the folio.

What thinkest thou ? will our friends prove all true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*]

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and others.

Lords. Good-morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
dreams,

That ever entered in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murdered,
Came to my tent, and cried—On ! victory !
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords ?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give
direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on. Yet, remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side :
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces :
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow ? Truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant, and a homicide ;
 One raised in blood, and one in blood established ;
 One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughtered those that were the means to help
 him ;

A base, foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair,¹ where he is falsely set ;
 One that hath ever been God's enemy :
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers ;
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit ² it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords ;
 For me, the ransom ³ of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
 God, and saint George ! Richmond, and victory !

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and
 Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching
 Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth. And what said Surrey
 then ?

Rat. He smiled, and said, the better for our purpose.

¹ England's *chair* is the *throne*. The allusion is to the practice of setting gems of little worth, with a bright-colored *foil* under them.

² *Requite*.

³ i. e. the *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness.

K. Rich. He was i' the right ; and so, indeed, it is.
[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,
He should have braved¹ the east an hour ago :
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ;—caparison my
horse ;—

Call up lord Stanley ; bid him bring his power :—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst :
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle ; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and saint George to boot !—What think'st thou,
Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*

¹ Baret's definition of *brave*, is "to look aloft and go gayly, desiring to have the preëminence."

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,* [Reads.
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge ;
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe ;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferred ?
Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—
A sort¹ of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base, lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;
You having lands, and blessed with beauteous wives,
They would restrain² the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's³ cost ?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famished beggars, weary of their lives ;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves :
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes ; whom our fathers

¹ Company.

² To *restrain* is to abridge, to diminish, to withhold from.

³ Thus Holinshed:—"You see further, how a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprise. And to begin with the earl of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh milksop, brought up by *my mooother's* means and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine," p. 756. Holinshed copied this verbatim from Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54 ; but his printer has given us, by accident, the word *mooother* instead of *brother* ; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakspeare. In the first edition of Holinshed the word is rightly printed *brother*. So that this circumstance not only shows that the Poet follows Holinshed, but points out the edition used by him.

Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and thumped,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is passed the marsh;¹
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
 bosom.

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
 Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces;
 to him CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
 The king enacts more wonders than a man,
 Daring an opposite to every danger;²
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

¹ There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry passed it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies; a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use.

² i. e. *daringly opposing himself to every danger.*

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die ;
I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him :—¹
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and RICHMOND ; and
exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter
RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the crown, with divers
other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be praised, victorious
friends ;

The day is ours ; the bloody dog is dead

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit
thee !

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows withal :
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all !—
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living ?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

¹ Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined if possible to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the earl was ; attacked his standard bearer, sir William Brandon, and killed him ; then assaulted sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but at that instant sir William Stanley, with three thousand men, joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation.

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us ;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red.—
Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frowned upon their enmity !—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—Amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarred herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his own son,
The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire ;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.—
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair, prosperous days !
Abate¹ the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce² these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now civil wounds are stopped, Peace lives again ;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ i. e. diminish, or take away.

² To reduce is to bring back ; an obsolete sense of the word.

"THIS is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances ; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable."—JOHNSON.

Malone says, he "agrees with Dr. Johnson in thinking that this play, from its first exhibition to the present hour, has been estimated greatly beyond its merits." He attributes its popularity to the detestation in which Richard's character was held at the time that Shakspeare wrote, and to the patronage of queen Elizabeth, "who was pleased at seeing king Henry VII. placed in the only favorable light in which he could be placed on the scene." Steevens, in the following note, has stated the true grounds of the perpetual popularity of the play, which can only be attributed to one cause—the wonderful dramatic effect produced by the character of Richard.

"I most cordially join with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone in their opinions ; and yet, perhaps, they have overlooked one cause of the success of this tragedy. The part of Richard is, perhaps beyond all others, variegated, and consequently favorable to a judicious performer. It comprehends, indeed, a trait of almost every species of character on the stage. The hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repenting sinner, &c., are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author."—STEEVENS.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IT is the opinion of Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, that this play was written a short time before the death of queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th of March, 1602-3. The eulogium on king James, which is blended with the panegyric of Elizabeth, in the last scene, was evidently a subsequent insertion, after the succession of the Scottish monarch to the throne; for Shakspeare was too well acquainted with courts, to compliment, in the lifetime of queen Elizabeth, her presumptive successor; of whom, history informs us, she was not a little jealous. That the prediction concerning king James was added after the death of the queen, is still more clearly evinced, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, by the awkward manner in which it is connected with the foregoing and subsequent lines.

After having lain by some years, unacted, probably on account of the costliness of its exhibition, it was revived in 1613, under the title of "*All is True*," with new decorations, and a new Prologue and Epilogue; and this revival took place on the very day, being St. Peter's, on which the Globe Theatre was burnt down. The fire was occasioned, as it is said, by the discharge of some small pieces of ordnance called *chambers*, in the scene where king Henry is represented as arriving at cardinal Wolsey's gate at Whitehall, one of which, being injudiciously managed, set fire to the thatched roof of the theatre.* Dr. Johnson first suggested that Ben

* The circumstance is recorded by the continuator of Stowe; and in a MS. letter of Thomas Lorkin to sir Thomas Puckering, dated *London, this last of June, 1613*, it is thus mentioned:—"No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his company were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII., and there, shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire caught," &c.—*MS. Harl. 7002*.

So in a letter from John Chamberlaine to sir Ralph Winwood, dated London, 8th July, 1613:—"But the burning of *the Globe*, or *Playhouse*, on the Bankside, on St. Peter's day, cannot escape you; which fell out by a peale of *chambers* (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play), the tampion or stopple of one of them lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burned it to the ground in less than two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoining; and it was a great marvaile and faire grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out at."—*Winwood's Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 469.

The event is also recorded by sir Henry Wotton, in his letter of the 2d of July, 1613, where

Jonson might have supplied the Prologue and Epilogue to the play upon the occasion of its revival. Dr. Farmer, Steevens, and Malone, support his opinion; and even attribute to him some of the passages of the play.

Mr. Gifford has controverted this opinion of Jonson having been the author of the Prologue and Epilogue of this play, and thinks the play which was performed under the title of *All is True* was a distinct performance, and not Shakspeare's Henry the Eighth. To this it has been answered,—“That the Prologue, which has always accompanied Shakspeare's drama from its first publication in 1623, manifestly and repeatedly *alludes* to the *title* of the play which was represented on the 29th of June, 1613, and which we know to have been founded on the history of king Henry the Eighth, affords a strong proof of their identity, as appears by the following passages:—

‘————— Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find *truth* too,’ &c.
‘————— Gentle readers know
To rank our *chosen truth* with such a show
As fool and fight is,’ &c.
‘To make that only *true* we now intend.’

And though sir Henry Wotton mentions it as a new play, we have Stowe and Lorkin who call it ‘*The play of Henry the Eighth.*’”

“That the Prologue and Epilogue were not written by Shakspeare, is, I think, clear from internal evidence,” says Mr. Boswell; but it does not follow that they were the production of Ben Jonson's pen. That gentleman has clearly shown that there was no intention of covertly sneering at Shakspeare's other works in this Prologue; but that this play is opposed to a rude kind of farcical representation on the same subject by Samuel Rowley. This play, or interlude, which was printed in 1605, is probably referred to in the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company:—“Nathaniel Butter, Feb. 12, 1604, That he get good allowance for the *Enterlude of King Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the warden's hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy.” Stowe has observed that “Robert Greene had written somewhat on the same story;” but there is no evidence that it was in a dramatic form: it may have been something historical, and not by the dramatic poet of that name; as Stowe cites the authority of Robert Greene, with Robert Brun, Fabian, &c., in other places of his Chronicle.

This historical drama comprises a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of king Henry VIII. (1521), and ending with the

he says, it was at “a new play, acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth.”—*Reliquie Wotton*, p. 425, Ed. 2d.

christening of Elizabeth in 1533. The Poet has deviated from history in placing the death of queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536. In constructing his scenes he has availed himself largely of the eloquent narrative of Wolsey's faithful servant and biographer, George Cavendish, as copied by the Chronicles ; and, indeed, the pathos of the cardinal's dying scene is almost as effective in the simple narrative of Cavendish as in the play. The fine picture which the Poet has drawn of the suffering and defenceless virtue of queen Katharine, and the just and spirited, though softened, portrait he has exhibited of the impetuous and sensual character of Henry, are above all praise. It has been justly said that "this play contains little action or violence of passion ; yet it has considerable interest of a more mild and thoughtful cast, and some of the most striking passages that are to be found in the Poet's works."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*

CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk. Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*

Bishop of Lincoln.

LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine.*

Three other Gentlemen.

DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*

Garter, *King at Arms.*

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, *and a Sergeant at Arms.*

Door-keeper of the Council Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*

ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honor; afterwards Queen.*

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.*

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh ; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
 The subject will deserve it. Such as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree,
 The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
 In a long, motley coat, guarded¹ with yellow,
 Will be deceived ; for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend,)
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The first and happiest² hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye : think ye see
 The very persons of our noble story.

¹ i. e. faced or trimmed.

² *Happiest* being here used in a Latin sense for *propitious* or *favorable*

As they were living ;, think you see them great,
 And followed with the general throng and sweat
 Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery !
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
 A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, at one door ; at the other, the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.*¹

Buckingham. GOOD morrow, and well met. How
 have you done,
 Since last we saw in France ?

Nor. I thank your grace ;
 Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
 Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
 Stayed me a prisoner in my chamber, when
 Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
 Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :²
 I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
 Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
 In their embracement, as³ they grew together ;
 Which had they, what four throned ones could have
 weighed
 Such a compounded one ?

¹ George Nevill, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham.

² Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde (*Ardres*) to the French ; they are towns of Picardy. The valley where Henry VIII. and Francis I. met lies between them.

³ *As for as if.*

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory. Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's. To-day, the French,
All clinquant,¹ all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India; every man, that stood,
Showed like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labor
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis² was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honor honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebelled;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,

¹ i. e. *glittering, shining.*

² The old romantic legend of Bevis of Hampton.

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element¹
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! No man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce² vanities ? I wonder
That such a keech³ can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;
For, being not propped by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor called upon
For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him ; let some graver eye
Pierce into that : but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him. Whence has he that ?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file⁴

¹ No initiation, no previous practice.

² *Fierce* is here used, like the French *fier*, for *proud*.

³ A round lump of fat. The prince calls Falstaff *tallow-keech* in the First Part of King Henry IV. It has been thought that there was some allusion here to the cardinal, being reputed the son of a butcher.

⁴ List.

Of all the gentry ; for the most part such,
 Too, whom as great a charge as little honor
 He meant to lay upon ; and his own letter,
 The honorable board of council out,
 Must fetch him in he papers.¹

Aber. I do know
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so sickened their estates, that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
 Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
 For this great journey. What did this vanity,
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue ?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
 The peace between the French and us not values
 The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
 After the hideous storm that followed,² was
 A thing inspired ; and, not consulting, broke
 Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
 The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out ;
 For France hath flawed the league, and hath attached
 Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
 The ambassador is silenced ?³

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
 At a superfluous rate !

Buck. Why, all this business
 Our reverend cardinal carried.

¹ He *papers*, a verb ; i. e. his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down.

² " Monday the xviii of June was such an *hideous* storme of winde and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes."—*Holinshed*.

³ The French ambassador, being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenced*.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
 The state takes notice of the private difference
 Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
 (And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
 Honor and plenteous safety,) that you read
 The cardinal's malice and his potency
 Together; to consider further, that
 What his high hatred would effect, wants not
 A minister in his power. You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
 Hath a sharp edge; it's long, and, it may be said,
 It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
 That I advise your shunning.

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him,)
 certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers.
 The CARDINAL, in his passage, fixeth his eye on
 BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of
 disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
 Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-
 ingham
 Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, and I
 Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Out-worths a noble's blood.¹

Nor. What, are you chafed?
 Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
 Which your disease requires.

¹ That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me ; and his eye reviled
Me, as his abject object : at this instant
He bores¹ me with some trick. He's gone to the king ;
I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse ; who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you ; be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advised ;
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along
By your prescription. But this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

¹ i. e. he stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction.

Buck. To the king I'll say it ; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it ; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests¹ the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favor, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleased ; and they were ratified,
As he cried, *Thus let be* ; to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead. But our count cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor.
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his color ; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation.
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
Peeped harms that menaced him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,
Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promised ; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was asked ;—but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal

¹ i. e. incites, or tempts.

Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and
two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.¹

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present.² 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
Heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O, my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—The king
[*To ABERGAVENNY.*
Is pleased, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,

¹ i. e. *treachery.*

² I am sorry that I am obliged to be present, and an eye-witness of
your loss of liberty.

The will of Heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obeyed.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute,¹ and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,²
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs of the plot ; no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins ?³

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath showed him gold : my life is spanned already.
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham ;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out,⁴
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Council Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY,
the Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL,
Officers, and Attendants. *The King enters, leaning*
on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care ; I stood i' the level⁵
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it.—Let be called before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;

¹ This was Henry Pole, grandson to George duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to cardinal Pole. He had married lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored to favor at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.

² The name of this monk of the Chartreux was John de la Car, alias, de la Court.

³ Nicholas Hopkins, another monk of the same order, belonging to a religious house called Henton-beside-Bristow.

⁴ The old copy reads, "this instant sun puts on."

⁵ To stand in the *level* of a gun, is to stand in a line with its mouth.

And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power.
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsidered leave your honor, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flawed the heart
Of all their loyalties;—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honor Heaven shield from soil!) even he es-
capes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
 Unfit for other life, compelled by hunger
 And lack of other means, in desperate manner
 Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
 And Danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
 Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
 You that are blamed for it alike with us,
 Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
 I know but of a single part, in aught
 Pertains to the state; and front but in that file¹
 Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
 You know no more than others; but you frame
 Things, that are known alike; which are not whole-
 some

To those which would not know them, and yet must
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
 Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
 They are devised by you; or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
 The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
 Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
 In tempting of your patience; but am boldened
 Under your promised pardon. The subject's grief
 Comes through commissions, which compel from each
 The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
 Without delay; and the pretence for this
 Is named, your wars in France. This makes bold
 mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
 Allegiance in them; their curses now

¹ He means to say that he is but one among many counsellors, who proceed in the same course with him in the business of the state.

Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.¹

K. Hen. By my life, .
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice ; and that not passed me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake²
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope³ malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimmed ; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once⁴ weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allowed ;⁵ what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mocked or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?

¹ The old copy reads, "There is no primer *baseness*." Warburton made the alteration.

² Thicket.

³ i. e. to engage with, to encounter.

⁴ Sometime.

⁵ i. e. approved.

A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hacked,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,
 Where this is questioned, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has denied
 The force of this commission; pray, look to't;
 I put it to your care.

Wol.

A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved commons
 Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

*Enter Surveyor.*¹

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen.

It grieves many.

The gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker;
 To nature none more bound; his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so cômplete,
 Who was enrolled 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with ravished listening, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmeared in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him

¹ Holinshed says that this surveyor's name was Charles Knyvet.

Things to strike honor sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what
you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—That, if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny ; to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learned lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ? To this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this ?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose,¹ within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners

¹ This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, some time master of the merchant tailors' company, and is now the merchant tailors' school, in Suffolk-lane.

Concerning the French journey: I replied,
 Men feared the French would prove perfidious,
 To the king's danger. Presently the duke
 Said, 'Twas the fear indeed; and that he doubted,
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words
 Spoke by a holy monk: *That oft, says he,
 Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
 John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
 To hear from him a matter of some moment;
 Whom after under the confession's seal¹
 He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
 My chaplain to no creature living, but
 To me, should utter, with demure confidence
 This pausingly ensued,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
 (Tell you the duke,) shall prosper; bid him strive
 To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
 Shall govern England.*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
 On the complaint o' the tenants. Take good heed
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
 And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
 Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
 I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
 The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous
 for him

To ruminate on this so far, until
 It forged him some design, which, being believed,
 It was much like to do. He answered, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage; adding further,
 That, had the king in his last sickness failed,
 The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
 Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ah!
 There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say further?

¹ The old copy has "commission's seal."

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,¹—

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time :—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retained him his.—But on ; what hence ?

Surv. *If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have played
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence ; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.*²

K. Hen. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison ?

Q. Kath. God mend all !

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee ;
what say'st ?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the knife,—
He stretched him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenor
Was,—Were he evil used, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attached :
Call him to present trial : if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us. By day and night !
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Sir William Blomer (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the Star Chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's.

² The accuracy of Holinshed, from whom Shakspeare took his account of the accusations and punishment, together with the qualities of the duke of Buckingham, is proved, in the most authentic manner, by a very curious report of his case in East. Term., 13 Hen. VIII., in the year books published by authority, edit. 1597, f. 11, 12.

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and LORD SANDS.*¹

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,—
Nay, let them be unmanly,—yet are followed.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face;² but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reigned among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapped upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travelled gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

¹ Shakspeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles earl of Worcester was then lord chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1524. He succeeded the earl of Worcester as chamberlain.

² A *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance.

Cham. I am glad 'tis there ; now I would pray our
monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honorable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks ;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blistered breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men ;
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laughed at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords ; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them ! I am glad they're
going,
(For, sure, there's no converting of them :) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r lady,
Held¹ current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going ?

¹ The late edition of Mr. Boswell reads *hold*, noticing that *held* is the reading of the first folio.

Lov. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true ;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble ;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in
him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal ;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Presence Chamber in York Place.*

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter, at one door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests ; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.*

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all. This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad : he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy ;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapped wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them. By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were ;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir
Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this.
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze ;
Two women placed together makes cold weather.—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking ;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies.

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and
another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too.
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated ;—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended; and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble;—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbors.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester, my lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.¹—
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets within: chambers*²
discharged.

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and landed;

¹ i. e. if I may choose my game.

² *Chambers* are short pieces of ordnance.

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome ; you can speak the French
tongue ;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise,
and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all ; and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you ;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers ; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company ! What are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
prayed

To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks ; and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I pay
them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses
ANNE BULLEN.*]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touched ! O,
beauty,

Till now I never knew thee. [Music. Dance.

Wol. My lord,——

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me :
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.—

[*Comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen :—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal :

[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.¹

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,

Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet-
heart,

I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.²—A health, gentlemen ;
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing, is a little heated.

¹ i. e. waggishly, mischievously.

² A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry :—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favor.—Let the music knock it.¹

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast ?

2 *Gent.* O,—God save you !
Even to the hall to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labor, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happened ?

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

¹ Thus in Antonio and Mellida :—

Fla. Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

Catz. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

Fla. Pert Catzo, knock it, then."

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how passed it ?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar ; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses ; which the duke desired
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face :
At which appeared against him, his surveyor ;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Court,
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies ?

1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accused him strongly ; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not ;
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,—
to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirred
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty ;
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest showed a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not ;
He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures. First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who removed,

Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep, envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally : whoever the king favors,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him, bounteous Bucking-
ham,
The mirror of all courtesy ;—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble, ruined man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him ; halberds on each side : with him SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS,¹ and common People.

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die. Yet, Heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death ;
It has done, upon the premises, but justice :
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians :
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them ;
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,

¹ The old copy reads " Sir Walter." The correction is justified by Holinshed.

Nor build their evils¹ on the graves of great men ;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few that loved
 me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
 As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
 There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : no black envy
 Shall make² my grave.—Commend me to his grace ;
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
 You met him half in heaven ; my vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !
 Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be !
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;
 Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there ;
 The duke is coming ; see, the barge be ready ;
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,

¹ *Evils* are *foricæ*.

² Warburton reads "mark my grave."

Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :¹
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succor to his servant Banister,
Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the Seventh, succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honors, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
Forever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most ;
A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all. Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain ;
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the last hour
Of my long, weary life is come upon me.
Farewell :
And when you would say something that is sad,

¹ The name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford* ; it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun*, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns. Shakspeare follows Holinshed.

Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!
 [Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.]

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
 Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith¹ to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
 I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
 You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing, of a separation
 Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;
 For when the king once heard it, out of anger
 He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
 To stop the rumor, and allay those tongues
 That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
 Is found a truth now; for it grows again
 Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
 The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
 Or some about him near, have, out of malice
 To the good queen, possessed him with a scruple
 That will undo her. To confirm this too,
 Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
 As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
 And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
 For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
 The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark; but is't
 not cruel,

¹ Great fidelity.

That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.*

'Tis woful.

We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. *My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome ; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king ; which stopped our mouths, sir.*

I fear he will, indeed. Well, let him have them.
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employed?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor.

What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf.

No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor.

'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal.

That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,

Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do ! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has cracked the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage.
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister.¹ Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honors
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashioned
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

¹ It was the main *end* or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister, the duchess of Alençon.

Nor. Let's in ;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him.—

My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me ;
The king hath sent me other-where ; besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.]

*NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*¹

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there ? ha ?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say ? How dare you thrust
yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant ; our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate ; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold.
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business.
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there ? my good lord cardinal ?—O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,

¹ The stage direction in the old copy is singular—"Exit lord chamberlain, and the king draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively."—This was calculated for the state of the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of that time was, to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered (as Henry in the present case), drew back just at the proper time.

Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
 [To CAMPEIUS.]

Most learned, reverend sir, into our kingdom ;
 Use us, and it.—My good lord, have great care
 I be not found a talker.¹ [To WOLSEY.]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
 Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy ; go.

[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him ?

Suf. Not to speak of ;

I would not be so sick, though,² for his
 place :

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one have at him.³

Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
 Above all princes, in committing freely
 Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
 Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
 The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,
 Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
 I mean, the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
 Have their free voices ; Rome, the nurse of judgment,
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,
 This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius ;
 Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him
 welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;
 They have sent me such a man I would have wished for.

¹ "That my professions of welcome be not found empty talk."

² i. e. *so sick* as he is proud.

³ To *have* at any thing or person, meant to *attack* it, in ancient phraseology.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
 You are so noble. To your highness' hand
 I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
 (The court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord
 Cardinal of York, are joined with me, their servant,
 In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
 forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A woman of less place might ask by law—
 Scholars, allowed freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favor
 To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
 Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
 I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit WOLSEY.*]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favor to you;
 You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
 Forever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

[*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
 In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
 Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
 And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,

Kept him a foreign man¹ still ; which so grieved him,
That he ran mad, and died.²

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !
That's Christian care enough ; for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit* GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars ;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business :—
My Wolsey, see it furnished.—O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An Antechamber in the Queen's
Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither ;—Here's the pang that
pinches :
His highness having lived so long with her ; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonor of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing ;—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which

¹ i. e. kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies.

² "Aboute this time the king received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abrode in ambassades, and the same oftentimes not much necessarie, by the Cardinales appointment, at length he toke such greefe therwith, that he fell out of his right wittes."—*Holinshed.*

To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
 To give her the avaunt!¹ it is a pity
 Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
 She ne'er had known pomp; though it be temporal,
 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce²
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
 As soul and body's severing.³

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
 She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
 Is our best having.⁴

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
 I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
 And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
 You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
 Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity
 Of your soft, cheveril⁵ conscience would receive,
 If you might please to stretch it.

¹ To send her away contemptuously.

² Steevens thinks that we should read:—

“Yet if that quarrel, fortune *to* divorce
 It from the bearer,” &c.; using *fortune* as a verb.

³ To *pang* is used as a verb active by Skelton, in his book of Philip Sparrow, 1568, sig. R v.

⁴ Our best *possession*.

⁵ *Cheveril* is kid leather.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bowed would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little;¹

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to; if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing:² I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'longed
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women; there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind; and heavenly
blessings

¹ The old lady says, "Pluck off a little;" let us descend a little lower.

² The old lady's meaning is more easily comprehended than explained.

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honor to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender:
More than my all is nothing; nor¹ my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and
wishes

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perused her well;
[*Aside.*

Beauty and honor in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honored lord.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds; and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie upon
This compelled fortune!) have your mouth filled up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

¹ Mason proposes to substitute *for* for *nor*.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,¹ no. There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,) That would not be a queen, that would she not, For all the mud in Egypt.—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke! A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect; No other obligation. By my life, That promises more thousands; honor's train Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time, I know, your back will bear a duchess;—say, Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady, Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy, And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being, If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me, To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful In our long absence; pray, do not deliver What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets sennet,² and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher, bareheaded, accompanied with a Ser-

¹ *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager.

² This word *sennet* is the *senne* of the old French, or the *segno* or *segnata* of the Italians, a signal given by sound of trumpet—"signum dare buccina."

geant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars;¹ after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allowed;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so;—proceed.

Scribe. Say, *Henry king of England, come into the court.*

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, *Katharine queen of England, come into court.*

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,

¹ Ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals.

In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment. Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince, that there had reigned by many
A year before. It is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel

I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled !¹

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court ;² as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly. Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dreamed so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge.
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,

¹ The historical fact is, that the queen staid for no reply to this speech. Cavendish says, 'And with that she rose up, making a low courtesy to the king, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place ; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning (as she was wont always to do) upon the arm of her general receiver Master Griffiths.'—*Life of Wolsey*, p. 152.

² That you desire to *protract* the business of the court. "To pray for a longer day," i. e. a more distant one, is yet the language of the bar in criminal trials.

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong.

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any; how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal. I do deny it;
The king is present; if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you; the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble
mouthed;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your wards,¹
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please

¹ The old copy reads:—

“Where *powers* are your retainers; and your *words*,
Domestics to you,” &c.

Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honor, than
 Your high profession spiritual; that again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judged by him.

[*She courtesies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by it; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the
 court.

Grif. Madam, you are called back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? Pray you, keep
 your way;

When you are called, return.—Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on;
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate.
 That man i' the world, who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
 Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
 The queen of earthly queens. She is noble born;
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
 In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears (for where I am robbed and bound,
 There must I be unloosed; although not there

At once and fully satisfied,¹) whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness; or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't? or ever
 Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady—spake one the least word, might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen.

My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
 The queen is put in anger. You are excused;
 But will you be more justified? You ever
 Have wished the sleeping of this business; never
 Desired it to be stirred; but oft have hindered, oft,
 The passages made toward it.—On my honor,
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,²
 And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to't,—
 I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give
 heed to't.—

My conscience first received a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches uttered
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
 Wherein he might the king his lord advértise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,

¹ The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this:—
 I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed* I shall not be satisfied fully and
at once; that is, I shall not be immediately satisfied.

² The king, having first addressed Wolsey, declares upon his honor to
 the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point
 in question.

Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, entered me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast; which forced such way,
 That many mazed considerings did throng,
 And pressed in with this caution. First, methought
 I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
 If it conceived a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had aired them. Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that
 I weighed the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling¹ in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,
 And doctors learned.—First, I began in private
 With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek,²
 When I first moved you.

Lin.

Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleased yourself to say
 How far you satisfied me.

Lin.

So please your highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,—
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread,—that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;

¹ A ship is said to *hull* when she is dismasted, and only her *hull* or *hulk* is left at the direction and mercy of the waves.

² Waste, or wear away.

And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then moved you,
My lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court ;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on ;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp, thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward ;
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragoned¹ o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day.
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me ; I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learned and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return ! With thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court.
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

¹ Shakspeare uses the verb to *paragon* both in *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Othello*.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Palace at Bridewell.*

A Room in the Queen's Apartment. The Queen, and some of her Women, at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench; my soul grows sad with troubles.

Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst; leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals wait in the presence.¹

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They willed me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their
business

¹ Presence chamber.

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favor?
 I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
 They should be good men; their affairs¹ as righteous.
 But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a house-
 wife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
 What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
 Into your private chamber, we shall give you
 The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
 There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
 Deserves a corner. 'Would all other women
 Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
 My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
 Above a number) if my actions
 Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
 Envy and base opinion set against them,
 I know my life so even. If your business
 Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,²
 Out with it boldly. Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina
 serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
 I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have lived in;
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-
 picious.

Pray, speak in English; here are some will thank you,
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
 Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,

¹ "Being churchmen, they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office; but all hoods make not monks."

² This is obscurely expressed, but seems to mean, "If your business is with me, and relates to the question of my marriage, out with it boldly."

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)¹
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honor every good tongue blesses ;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady ; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honored madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace ;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills.
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so !)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honor,
(More near my life I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause.
Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

¹ This line stands so awkwardly, and out of its place, that Mr. Edwards proposes to transpose it thus :—

“I am sorry my integrity should breed
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
And service to his majesty and you.”

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears ;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out¹ my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here ;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir ?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection ;
He's loving, and most gracious ; 'twill be much
Both for your honor better, and your cause ;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel ? Out upon ye !
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye ; holy men I
thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady ?
A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries ;
I have more charity. But say, I warned ye ;
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

¹ Massinger uses the phrase *weigh up*, for raise ; and Mason proposes to substitute it for *weigh out* here. Perhaps it is equivalent to *outweigh*.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors ! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
Alas ! he has banished me his bed already ;
His love too long ago. I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him,
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness ? All your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—(let me speak
myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one ?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion ?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king ? loved him next Heaven ? obeyed him ?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?¹
Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
And am I thus rewarded ? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure ;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honor,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady ?

¹ Served him with superstitious attention.

I am the most unhappy woman living.—

Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her Women.

Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allowed me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol.

If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? Alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm. Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not. For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords. And, pray,
forgive me,

If I have used¹ myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty.
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,

¹ Behaved.

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me ; she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Antechamber to the King's Apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, the DUKE of SUFFOLK,
the EARL of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncondemned gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lord, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not ;
His spell in that is out : the king hath found
Matter against him, that forever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur.

Sir,

I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.

In the divorce, his contrary proceedings¹
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king ; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,

And hedges, his own way.² But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death ; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace³ the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to't !

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation.
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,

¹ i. e. his secret endeavors to counteract the divorce.

² To *coast* is to pursue a sidelong course about a thing. To *hedge* is to creep along by the hedge.

³ To *trace* is to follow.

She is a gallant creature, and complete
 In mind and feature ; I persuade me, from her
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
 In it be memorized.

Sur. But will the king
 Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
 The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no ;
 There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
 Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
 Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
 To second all this plot. I do assure you
 The king cried, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
 And let him cry ha, louder !

Nor. But, my lord,
 When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is returned, in his opinions ; which
 Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
 Together with all famous colleges
 Almost in Christendom :¹ shortly, I believe,
 His second marriage shall be published, and
 Her coronation. Katharine no more
 Shall be called queen ; but princess dowager,
 And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Craumer's
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
 In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him,
 For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
 The cardinal—

¹ The passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) may mean, He is returned in effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him.

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Looked he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them; and the first he viewed,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. You, he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this, he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him.

There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;

Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,

And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one

Hath crawled into the favor of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vexed at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret the
string,
The master-cord of his heart !

Enter the King, reading a schedule ;¹ and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king !

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain ; he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight,
Springs out into fast gait ; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required. And, wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will ;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fixed on spiritual objects, he should still

¹ That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history.

Dwell in his musings : but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me !
Ever God bless your highness !

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit : sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well ;
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you ;
He said he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you.¹ Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employed you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?

Sur. The Lord increase this business ! [*Aside.*]

¹ So in Macbeth :—

“To crown my thoughts with acts.”

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Showered on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavors;—my endeavors
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filled with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to Heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answered;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honor of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has opened bounty to you,
My heart dropped love, my power rained honor, more
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.¹

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labored
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.²
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did

¹ Beside your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your especial benefactor.

² This seems to mean, "that or such a man I am, have been, and will ever be."

Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
 For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;

[*Giving him papers.*

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon CARDINAL WOL-
 SEY: the Nobles throng after him, smiling
 and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
 What sudden anger's this? how have I reaped it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leaped from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
 I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know 'twill stir him strongly. Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
 Will bring me off again. What's this? *To the Pope!*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
 I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

Re-enter the DUKES of NORFOLK¹ and SUFFOLK, the EARL of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal ; who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house,² my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol.

Stay,

Where's your commission, lords ? Words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf.

Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
(I mean your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! And how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me :
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it ?

¹ The time of this play is from 1521, just before the duke of Buckingham's commitment, to 1533, when Elizabeth was born and christened. The duke of Norfolk, therefore, who is introduced in the first scene of the first act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey ; for the former died in 1525. Having thus made two persons into one, so the Poet has, on the contrary, made one person into two. The earl of Surrey here is the same who married the duke of Buckingham's daughter, as he himself tells us ; but Thomas Howard, earl of Surrey, who married the duke of Buckingham's daughter, was at this time the individual above mentioned, duke of Norfolk. Cavendish, and the chroniclers who copied from him, mention only the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being sent to demand the great seal. The reason for adding a third and fourth person is not very apparent.

² *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher*, in Surrey.

Sur. The king that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest ;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robbed this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succor, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honor ;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee, else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.¹

¹ A cardinal's hat is scarlet ; and the method of daring larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth, which engages the attention of the birds while the fowler draws his net over them.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness,
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king ; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life :—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,¹ when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.²

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
man,
But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you ;
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry *Guilty*, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir.
I dare your worst objection ; if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,

¹ The little bell which is rung to give notice of the elevation of the Host, and other offices of the Romish church.

² The amorous propensities of cardinal Wolsey are much dwelt upon in Roy's Satire against him, printed in the Supplement to Mr. Park's edition of the Harleian Miscellany.

You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamped on the king's coin.¹

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere² undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,³—

¹ This was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation ; inasmuch as the archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham, were indulged with the same privileges.

² Absolute.

³ The judgment in a writ of *præmunire* (a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*) is, that the defendant shall be out of the king's protection ; and his lands and tenements, goods and chattels, forfeited to the king ; and

That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
 Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
 Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
 About the giving back the great seal to us,
 The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
 So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure. The old copy reads, erroneously, *castles* instead of *cattels*, the old word for *chattels*, as it is found in Holinshed, p. 909.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is
chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

This day was viewed in open,¹ as his queen,
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down !
 O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost forever.
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king ;
 That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
 What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
 Some little memory of me will stir him
 (I know his noble nature) not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not ; make use² now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
 Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego
 So good, so noble and so true a master ?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
 The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
 Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
 And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee ;
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.

¹ *In open* is a Latinism.

² *i. e. interest.*

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ,
 Corruption wins not more than honesty ;
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Crom
 well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king :

And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in :

There take an inventory of all I have,¹

To the last penny : 'tis the king's : my robe,

And my integrity to Heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my king, he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies.²

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.

2 *Gent.* And so are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
 The lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

¹ This inventory is still to be seen among the Harleian MSS. No. 599.

² This was actually said by the cardinal when on his death-bed, in a conversation with sir William Kingston ; the whole of which is very interesting.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true ; but that time offered sorrow ;
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well. The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,¹
(As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward,)
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honor.

1 *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
'That paper in your hand ?

1 *Gent.* Yes ; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward ; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal ; you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir ; had I not known those
customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.
But I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager ? How goes her business ?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amptill, where the princess lay ; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appeared not ;
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage² made of none effect :
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

¹ *Royal* minds are *high* minds, or, as we still say, *princely* dispositions
"To avaunt himself *royally* ; Magnifice se effere."—*Baret*.

² i. e. the marriage lately considered as valid.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!— [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound; stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets; then enter

1. *Two judges.*
2. *Lord chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Music.]
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat-of-arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the cinque-ports; under it, the queen in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the queen's train.*
9. *Certain ladies or countesses, with plain circlets of gold, without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset;
And that the earl of Surrey with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold, brave gentleman; and that should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same ; high steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee !

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady ;

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honor over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all are
near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars,
indeed ;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

2 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey ; where a
finger

Could not be wedged in more ; I am stifled

With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw

The ceremony ?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it ?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off

A distance from her; while her grace sat down
 To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
 In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
 The beauty of her person to the people.
 Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
 That ever lay by man; which when the people
 Had the full view of, such a noise arose
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
 (Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
 That had not half a week to go, like rams¹
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 And make them reel before them. No man living
 Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.*

But what followed?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest
 paces

Came to the altar; where she kneeled, and, saint-like,
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.
 Then rose again, and bowed her to the people;
 When by the archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of a queen;
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
 Laid nobly on her; which performed, the choir,
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full state paced back again
 To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.*

Sir, you

Must no more call it York-place; that is past;
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
 'Tis now the king's, and called—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.*

I know it;

But 'tis so lately altered, that the old name
 Is fresh about me.

¹ i. e. battering rams.





2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Win-
chester,
(Newly preferred from the king's secretary,
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that.
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, dowager, sick; led between GRIF-
FITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honor, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died.
If well, he stepped before me, happily,¹
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam ;
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas ! poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honorably received him ;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !

So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity ;—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,² ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion³
Ty'd all the kingdom ; Simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law ; i' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,

¹ *Happily*, here, probably means *opportunistly*.

² i. e. of unbounded pride.

³ *Suggestion* here means wicked *prompting*. It is used in this sense in *The Tempest*. We should probably read *tythed* instead of *tyed*, as Dr. Farmer proposed, and as the passage quoted from *Holinshed warrants*. The word *tythes* was not exclusively used to signify the emoluments of the clergy.

Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill,¹ and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly,
 Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
 Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely. Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;²
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little;
 And, to add greater honors to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honor from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

¹ Lewd in life and manners.

² "Unwilling to outlive the good that did it."

Good appears here to be put for *goodness*, as in the passage just above.

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honor. Peace be with him!—
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower;
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Music.

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down
 quiet,
 For fear we wake her;—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies; then the two that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head; which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven; and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all
 gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for.
 Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
 They promised me eternal happiness;
 And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
 I am not worthy yet to wear; I shall,
 Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
 Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave;
 They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
 How much her grace is altered on the sudden?
 How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
 And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
 Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
 Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
 To use so rude behavior; go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
 My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
 A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
 Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
 You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
 My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
 The times, and titles, now are altered strangely
 With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
 What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
'Tis like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banished the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam. [*Giving it to KATHARINE.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.¹

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model² of our chaste loves, his young daughter ;³—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She is young, and of a noble, modest nature ;
I hope she will deserve well ;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully ;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

¹ This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. Lord Herbert has given a translation of it in his History of King Henry VIII.

² *Model*, it has been already observed, signified, in the language of our ancestors, a *representation* or *image*.

³ Afterwards queen Mary.

For honesty, and decent carriage,
 A right good husband, let him be a noble ;
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
 The last is, for my men : they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw them from me ;—
 That they may have their wages duly paid them,
 And something over to remember me by ;
 If Heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents.—And, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will ;
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness :
 Say, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world : tell him, in death I blessed him ;
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be used with honor ; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave ; embalm me,
 Then lay me forth ; although unqueened, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
 I can no more.¹—— [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

¹ Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth ; for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536, which was three years after.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights;¹ times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero²
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter?

It seems you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch³ of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labor,
They say, in great extremity; and feared
She'll with the labor end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily; that it may find

¹ The delights at which Gardiner hints seem to be the king's diversions, which keep him in attendance.

² *Primero*, prime, or primavista—a game at cards, said, by some writers, to be one of the oldest known in England.

³ i. e. some *hint* of the business that keeps you awake so late.

Good time, and live ; but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubbed up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas. You are a gentleman
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remarked i'the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade¹ of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue. And who dare speak
One syllable against him ?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him ; and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incensed² the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land ; with which they, moved,
Have broken³ with the king ; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care ; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council board
He be convented.⁴ He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,

¹ i. e. *course or way*.

² *Incensed*, or *insensed*, in this instance, and in some others, only means
instructed, informed ; still in use in Staffordshire.

³ That is, have broken silence ; told their minds to the king.

⁴ i. e. summoned, convened.

And we must root him out. From your affairs,
I hinder you too long; good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your
servant. [*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the DUKE
of SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night,
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who returned her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance
made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

*Enter SIR ANTONY DENNY.*¹

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true. Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[*Exit DENNY.*

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake.
I am happily² come hither. [*Aside.*

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[*LOVELL seems to stay.*

Ha! I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*

Cran. I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being considered,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall

¹ The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs, &c. 1533.

² i. e. *luckily, opportunely.*

This morning come before us ; where, I know,
 You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
 But that, till further trial, in those charges
 Which will require your answer, you must take
 Your patience to you, and be well contented
 To make your house our Tower. You a brother of us,¹
 It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
 Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness ;
 And am right glad to catch this good occasion
 Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my chaff
 And corn shall fly asunder ; for, I know,
 There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
 Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury ;
 Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
 In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand ; stand up ;
 Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
 What manner of man are you ? My lord, I looked
 You would have given me your petition, that
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
 Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you
 Without indurance,² further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
 The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty ;
 If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
 Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
 What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
 Your state stands i' the world, with the whole world ?
 Your enemies are many, and not small ; their practices
 Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever³
 The justice and the truth o' the question carries
 The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

¹ You being one of the council.

² *Indurance*, which Shakspeare found in Fox's narrative, means here imprisonment.

³ Not always.

To swear against you? Such things have been done.
 You are potently opposed; and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween¹ you of better luck,
 I mean, in perjured witness, than your Master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
 And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
 The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
 They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
 You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you; if entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
 He's honest, on mine honor. God's blest mother!
 I swear, he is true hearted; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you. [*Exit CRANMER.*]

He has strangled
 His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back. What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks

¹ To *ween* is to *think* or *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers.

I guess thy message. Is the queen delivered?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy. The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'Tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [*Exit King.*]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I, for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Lobby before the Council Chamber.*

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c.
attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the
gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, prayed me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—
Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure you know me?

D. Keep Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be called for.

*Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.**Cran.*

So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily. The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician. As he passed along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

*Enter, at a window above, the King and BUTTS.**Butts.* I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—*K. Hen.* What's that, Butts?*Butts.* I think your highness saw this many a day.*K. Hen.* Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord;
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honor they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above them yet. I had thought
They had parted¹ so much honesty among them
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favor,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery.
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.— [*Exeunt.*]

¹ i. e. *shared, possessed.*

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak, to the business, master secretary.

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honors,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.¹

[CRANMER approaches the council-table.

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty. But we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable²
Of our flesh, few are angels; out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemeaned yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For so we are informed,) with new opinions,

¹ The old stage direction at the commencement of this scene is, "A council table brought in with chayres and stooles and placed under the state." Our ancestors were contented to be told that the same spot, without any change of its appearance (except, perhaps, the drawing back of a curtain), was at once the outside and the inside of the council chamber.

² "Capable of our flesh," probably means, "susceptible of the failings inherent in humanity."

Divers, and dangerous ; which are heresies,
And, not reformed, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle ;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honor) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic ; and what follows then ?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state ; as of late days, our neighbors,
The upper Germany,¹ can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labored,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever, to do well ; nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray Heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it ! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

¹ Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522.

And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower ;
 Where, being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
 You are always my good friend ; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful. I see your end ;
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition ;
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
 By your good favor, too sharp ; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty,
 To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
 I cry your honor mercy ; you may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favorer
 Of this new sect ? Ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest ;
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord:—It stands agreed, I take it, by all voices, that forthwith You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner ; There to remain, till the king's further pleasure Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gar. What other Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome ! Let some of the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me ?
Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by Heaven : I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vexed ?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him ?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.

Enter the King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to Heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince !
Not only good and wise, but most religious ;
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honor ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.¹
To me you cannot reach ; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*To CRANMER.*] sit down. Now let me
see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,

¹ The old copy reads, "thin and base ;" the emendation was suggested by Malone.

More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan.

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;
 I am sure, in me.

K. Hen.

Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
 Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him,—If a prince
 May be beholden to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;
 Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Can-
 terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me ;
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism ;
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honor ; how may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
 spoons ;¹ you shall have
 Two noble partners with you ; the old duchess of
 Norfolk,
 And lady marquis Dorset. Will these please you ?
 Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
 Embrace, and love this man.

Gar.

With a true heart,

And brother-love, I do it.

Cran.

And let Heaven

Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

¹ It was an ancient custom (which is not yet quite out of use) for the sponsors at christenings to offer silver or silver gilt spoons as a present to the child. The ancient offerings upon such occasions were called *Apostle-spoons*, because the extremity of the handle was formed into the figure of one or other of the apostles.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend forever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honor gain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take the court for Paris-garden?¹ Ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.²

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads. You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons) To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep On May-day morning; which will never be.

We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hanged?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

¹ This celebrated bear-garden, on the Bankside, was so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of king Richard II. The *Globe* Theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder.

² i. e. shouting or roaring; a sense the word has now lost.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,¹ to mow them down before me; but, if I spared any, that had a head to it, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?² or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door; he should be a brazier³ by his face; for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line; they need no other penance. That fire-drake⁴ did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer⁵ fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor⁶ once, and hit that woman, who

¹ *Guy* of Warwick, nor *Colbrand* the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester.

² The trained bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields.

³ A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal, occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood.

⁴ "Fire-drake; a fire sometimes seen flying in the night like a dragon."—*Bullockar's Expositor*, 1616. A *fire-drake* appears to have been also an artificial *firework*.

⁵ Her pinked cap.

⁶ The brazier.

cried out, *Clubs!*¹ when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succor, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me; I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot,² delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honor in, and let them win the work.³ The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,⁴ their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*,⁵ and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles,⁶ that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows. There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honor,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done.
An army cannot rule them.

¹ See note on the First Part of King Henry VI. Act i. Sc. 3.

² *Shooters.*

³ i. e. the *fortress*; it is a term in fortification.

⁴ By the *tribulation of Tower-hill* and the *limbs of Limehouse* it is evident that Shakspeare meant noisy rabble frequenting the theatres, supposed to come from those places.

⁵ i. e. in confinement. The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old fathers and patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection.

⁶ A public whipping.

Cham. As I live,
 If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
 By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
 Clap round fines, for neglect. You are lazy knaves;
 And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,¹ when
 Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
 They are come already from the christening.
 Go, break among the press, and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
 A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make
 your head ache.

Port. You i'th camlet, get up o'th rail; I'll
 pick² you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*³

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE of NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls⁴ for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

¹ A *bumbard* was a large black jack of leather used to carry beer to soldiers upon duty, or upon any occasion where a quantity was required.

² To *pick* is to *pitch*, cast, or throw.

³ At Greenwich.

⁴ *Standing-bowls* were bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray :—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye !

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop ;
What is her name ?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen.

Stand up, lord.—

[*The King kisses the Child.*

With this kiss take my blessing. God protect thee !
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran.

Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (Heaven, still move about her !)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.
She shall be loved and feared ; her own shall bless her ;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with
her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,

Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.
 God shall be truly known ; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 [Nor¹ shall this peace sleep with her ; but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself ;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fixed. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honor and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations.² He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him.—Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more ! But she must die ;
 She must ; the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing.
 This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,

¹ Some of the commentators think that this and the following seventeen lines were probably written by Ben Johnson, after the accession of king James. We have before observed Mr. Gifford is of opinion that Ben Jonson had no hand in the additions to this play.

² The year before the revival of this play there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.

That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;
I have received much honor by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords ;
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye ;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay ;
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, *'Tis naught!* others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry, *That's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we showed them. If they smile,
And say, *'Twill do!* I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

THE play of Henry VIII. is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendor of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine, have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of Henry IV. and Henry V. are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and King John, Richard III., and Henry VIII., deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall. From Holinshed, Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the Poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities.* The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing the History of the World.

JOHNSON.

* It appears that the tradesmen of Chester were three days employed in the representation of twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. See Mr. Markland's Disquisition, prefixed to his very elegant and interesting selection from the Chester Mysteries, printed for private distribution; which may be consulted in the third volume of the late edition of Malone's Shakspeare, by Mr. Boswell. The Coventry Mysteries must have taken up a longer time, as they were no less than forty in number.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

“MR. STEEVENS informs us that Shakspeare received the greater part of the materials that were used in the construction of this play from the *Troy Book of Lydgate*. It is presumed that the learned commentator would have been nearer the fact, had he substituted the *Troy Book*, or *Recueyl*, translated by *Carton* from *Raoul Le Fevre*; which, together with a translation of Homer, supplied the incidents of the Trojan war. Lydgate's work was becoming obsolete, whilst the other was at this time in the prime of its vigor. From its first publication, to the year 1619, it had passed through six editions, and continued to be popular even in the eighteenth century. Mr. Steevens is still less accurate in stating Le Fevre's work to be a translation from Guido of Colonna; for it is only in the latter part that he has made any use of him. Yet Guido actually had a French translation before the time of Raoul; which translation, though never printed, is remaining in MS. under the whimsical title of ‘*La Vie de la pitieuse Destruction de la noble et superlative Cite de Troye le grand. Translatée en François l'an MCCCLXXX.*’ Such part of the present play as relates to the loves of Troilus and Cressida, was most probably taken from Chaucer, as no other work, accessible to Shakspeare, could have supplied him with what was necessary.” This account is by Mr. Douce, from whom also what follows on this subject is abstracted.

Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Creseide*, asserts that he followed *Lollius*, and that he translated from the *Latin*; but who *Lollius* was, and when he lived, we have no certain indication, though Dryden boldly asserts that he was an historiographer of Urbino, in Italy, and wrote in Latin verse. Nothing can be more apparent than that the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio afforded Chaucer the fable and characters of his poem, and even numerous passages appear to be mere literal translations; but there are large additions in Chaucer's work, so that it is possible he may have followed a free Latin version, which may have had for its author *Lollius*.

Boccaccio does not give his poem as a translation, and we must therefore suppose him to have been the inventor of the fable, until we have more certain indications respecting *Lollius*. So much of it as relates to the departure of Cressida from Troy, and her subsequent amour with Diomed, is to be found in the *Troy Book* of Guido of Colonna, composed in 1287, and, as he states, from Dares Phrygius, and Dicty's Cretensis, neither of whom mention the name of Cressida. Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectured, and Mr. Douce confirmed the conjecture, that Guido's Dares was in reality an old Norman poet, named *Benoit de Saint More*, who wrote in the reign of our Henry the Second, and who himself made use of Dares. Guido is said to have come into England, where he found the Metrical Romance of *Benoit*, and translated it into Latin prose; and, following a practice too prevalent in the middle ages, he dishonestly suppressed the mention

of his real original. Benoit's work exists also in a prose French version. And there is a compilation also in French prose, by Pierre de Beauvau, from the Filostrato.

Lydgate professedly followed Guido of Colonna, occasionally making use of and citing other authorities. In a short time after, Raoul le Fevre compiled, from various materials, his *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, which was translated into English and published by Caxton: but neither of these authors have given any more of the story of Troilus and Cressida than any of the other romances on the war of Troy; Lydgate contenting himself with referring to Chaucer.

Chaucer having made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, Shakspeare was induced to try their fortunes on the stage. Lydgate's Troy Book was printed by Pynson in 1519. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered, "A proper Ballad dialogueswise between Troilus and Cressida." Again, by J. Roberts, Feb. 7, 1602: "The Booke of Troilus and Cressida, as it is acted by my Lord Chamberlain's men." And in Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Richard Bonian and Hen. Whalley: "A Booke called the History of Troilus and Cressida." This last entry is made by the booksellers, who published this play in 4to. in 1609. To this edition is prefixed a preface, showing that the play was printed before it had been acted; and that it was published, without the author's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the booksellers' hands. This preface, as bestowing just praise on Shakspeare, and showing that the original proprietors of his plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted, is prefixed to the play in the present edition. It appears from some entries in the accounts of Henslowe the player, that a drama on this subject, by Decker and Chettle, at first called *Troyelles and Cressida*, but, before its production, altered in its title to *The Tragedy of Agamemnon*, was in existence anterior to Shakspeare's play, and that it was licensed by the master of the revels on the 3d of June, 1599. Malone places the date of the composition of Shakspeare's play in 1602; Mr. Chalmers in 1600; and Dr. Drake in 1601. They have been led to this conclusion by the supposed ridicule of the circumstance of Cressid receiving the sleeve of Troilus, and giving him her glove, in the comedy of *Histrionmastix*, 1610. I think that the satire was pointed at the older drama of Decker and Chettle; and should certainly give a later date to the play of Shakspeare than that which has been assigned to it. If we may credit the preface to the 4to. of 1609, this play had not then appeared on the stage, and could not therefore have been ridiculed in a piece written previous to the death of queen Elizabeth. Malone says, "Were it not for the entry in the Stationers' books [of which there is no proof that it relates to this play], I should have been led, both by the color of the style, and from this preface, to class it in the year 1608."

There is no reason for concluding, with Schlegel, that Shakspeare intended his drama as "one continued irony of the crown of all heroic tales—the tale of Troy." The Poet abandoned the classic, and followed the Gothic or romantic authorities; and this influenced the color of his performance. The fact probably is, that he pursued the manner in which parts of the story had been before dramatized. There is an interlude on the subject of Thersites,* resembling the old mysteries in its structure, but full of the lowest buffoonery. If the drama of Decker and Chettle were now to be found, I doubt not we should see that the present play was at least founded on it, if not a mere *rifacimento*.†

* This interlude, together with another not less curious, called Jack Juggler, was reprinted from a unique copy by Mr. Haslewood for the Roxburgh club.

† Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed that there are more hard, bombastical phrases in this play than can be picked out of any other six plays of Shakspeare. Would not this be an additional argument that it may be a mere alteration of the older play above mentioned?

"The whole catalogue of the *Dramatis Personæ* in the play of *Troilus and Cressida* (says Mr. Godwin), so far as they depend upon a rich and original vein of humor in the author, are drawn with a felicity which never was surpassed. The genius of Homer has been a topic of admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in Shakspeare. This is a species of honor which ought by no means to be forgotten when we are making the eulogium of our immortal Bard, a sort of illustration of his greatness which cannot fail to place it in a very conspicuous light. The dispositions of men, perhaps, had not been sufficiently unfolded in the very early period of intellectual refinement when Homer wrote; the rays of humor had not been dissected by the glass, or rendered perdurable by the rays of the poet. Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency; but his Achilles, his Ajax, and his Nestor, are, each of them, rather a species than an individual, and can boast more of the propriety of abstraction than of the vivacity of the moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, Ajax, and the various Grecian heroes of Shakspeare, on the other hand, are absolutely men, deficient in nothing which can tend to individualize them, and already touched with the Promethean fire that might infuse a soul into what, without it, were lifeless form. From the rest, perhaps, the character of Thersites deserves to be selected, (how cold and schoolboy a sketch in Homer!) as exhibiting an appropriate vein of sarcastic humor amidst his cowardice, and a profoundness and truth in his mode of laying open the foibles of those about him, impossible to be excelled."

"Shakspeare possessed—no man in a higher perfection—the true dignity and loftiness of the poetical afflatus, which he had displayed in many of the finest passages of his works with miraculous success. But he knew that no man ever was, or ever can be, always dignified. He knew that those subtler traits of character which identify a man, are familiar and relaxed, pervaded with passion, and not played off with an eye to external decorum. In this respect the peculiarities of Shakspeare's genius are no where more forcibly illustrated than in the play we are here considering."

"The champions of Greece and Troy, from the hour in which their names were first recorded, had always worn a certain formality of attire, and marched with a slow and measured step. No poet, till this time, had ever ventured to force them out of the manner which their epic creator had given them. Shakspeare first supplied their limbs, took from them the classic stiffness of their gait, and enriched them with an entire set of those attributes which might render them completely beings of the same species with ourselves."*

* *Life of Chaucer*, vol. 1. p. 509-12, 8vo. ed.

P R E F A C E

TO THE QUARTO EDITION OF THIS PLAY, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Newes.

ETERNALL READER, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies change for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeas'd with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more than ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowd,) but for so much worth, as

even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude ; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it.—*Vale.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy* :

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS, } *his Sons.*
DEIPHOBUS, }
HELENUS, }

ÆNEAS, } *Trojan Commanders.*
ANTENOR, }

CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

MARGARELON, *a Bastard Son of Priam.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX, } *Grecian Commanders.*
ULYSSES, }
NESTOR, }
DIOMEDES, }
PATROCLUS, }

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE. Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.¹

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes orgulous,² their high blood chafed,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia. And their vow is made,
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
 The ravished Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps. And that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage.³ Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperr⁴ up the sons of Troy.

¹ This prologue is wanting in the quarto editions. Steevens thinks that it is not by Shakspeare; and that perhaps the drama itself is not entirely of his construction. It appears to have escaped Heminge and Condell, the editors of the first folio, until the volume was almost printed off; and is thrust in between the tragedies and histories without any enumeration of pages, except on one leaf. There seems to have been a previous play on the same subject by Henry Chettle and Thomas Decker. Entries appear in the accounts of Henslowe of money advanced to them in earnest of Troylles and Cressida, in April and May, 1599.

² Proud, disdainful.

³ Freight.

⁴ *Sperr* or *spar*, to close, fasten, or bar up.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
 A prologue armed,—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice ; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt¹ and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle ; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like or find fault ; do as your pleasures are ;
 Now, good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROILUS, armed, and PANDARUS.

Troilus. CALL here my varlet,² I'll unarm again :
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within ?
 Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
 strength,³
 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder⁴ than ignorance :

¹ i. e. the *avant*, what went before.

² This word, which we have from the old French *varlet* or *vadlet*,
 anciently signified a groom, a *servant* of the meaner sort.

³ i. e. *in addition to*.

⁴ i. e. more weak.

Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skillless as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this ; for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the bolting ; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening ; but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench¹ at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit ;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor !—when she comes !—When is she thence ?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,

Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile ;

But sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women.—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman ; I would not, as they term it, praise her, —But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit ; but—

¹ To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off.

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
 When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drowned,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 They lie indrenched. I tell thee, I am mad
 In Cressid's love. Thou answerest, She is fair;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
 Handlest¹ in thy discourse — O, that her hand!
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
 The cygnet down is harsh, and spirit of sense²
 Hard as the palm of ploughmen! This thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as
 she is; if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be
 not, she has the mends in her own hands.³

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labor for my travel; ill thought
 on of her, and ill thought on of you; gone between and
 between, but small thanks for my labor.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with
 me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not
 so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she
 would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday.
 But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-
 moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

¹ *Handlest* is here used metaphorically, with an allusion, at the same time, to its literal meaning.

² Warburton rashly altered this to "— *spite* of sense."—Hanmer reads:—"— *to th'* spirit of sense;" which is considered right and necessary by Mason. It appears to mean "The spirit of sense (i. e. the most fine or exquisite sense of touch,) is harsh and hard as the palm of a ploughman, compared to the sensation of softness in pressing Cressid's hand."

³ "The remedy lies with herself."

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father ;¹ let her to the Greeks ; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her : for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me ; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PANDARUS. An alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamors ! peace, rude sounds !

Fools on both sides !—Helen must needs be fair,
 When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
 I cannot fight upon this argument ;
 It is too starved a subject for my sword.
 But, Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me !
 I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar ;
 And he's as tetchy to be wooed to woo,
 As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we ?
 Her bed is India ; there she lies, a pearl ;
 Between our Ilium,² and where she resides,
 Let it be called the wild and wandering flood ;
 Ourself, the merchant ; and their sailing Pandar,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

¹ Calchas, according to the Old Troy Book, was "a great, learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which threatened Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him saying, Calchas, Calchas, beware thou returne not back againe to Troy, but goe thou with Achylles unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Trojans, by the agreement of the gods."—*Hist. of the Destruction of Troy, translated by Caxton, ed. 1617.* The prudent bishop immediately joined the Greeks.

² *Ilium*, properly speaking, is the name of the city ; *Troy*, that of the country. But Shakspeare, following the Troy Book, gives that name to Priam's palace, said to have been built upon a high rock

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there. This woman's answer sorts,¹

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might were may.*—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fixed, to-day was moved:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harnessed light,²
And to the field goes he; where every flower

¹ i. e. fits, suits.

² *Light* and *lightly* are often used for *nimbly*, *quckly*, *readly*, by our old writers. No expression is more common than "*light of foot.*" And Shakspeare has even used "*light of ear.*"

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this :—There is among the
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good ; and what of him ?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,¹
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of
their particular additions ;² he is as valiant as the lion,
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant ; a man into
whom nature hath so crowded humors that his valor is
crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion ;
there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse
of ; nor any man an attainment, but he carries some stain
of it ; he is melancholy without cause, and merry
against the hair ;³ He hath the joints of every thing ;
but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty
Briareus, many hands and no use ; or purblind Argus,
all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry ?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the
battle, and struck him down ; the disdain and shame
whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and
waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here ?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

¹ i. e. an extraordinary or incomparable person, like the letter *A* by
itself. Thus in Henrysoun's Testament of Cresseid, wrongly attributed
by Steevens to Chaucer :—

“Of faire Cresseide, the floure and a *per se* of Troy and Greece.”

² Their *titles, marks of distinction or denominations*.

³ Equivalent to a phrase still in use—*against the grain*. The French
say, *à contre poil*.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend or end. Well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were

in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favor, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath color enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much. If she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek,¹ indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed² window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

¹ See *Twelfth Night*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

² A *compassed* window is a *circular* bow-window.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter!¹

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing;—queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.²

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

¹ *Lifter*, a term for a *thief*; from the Gothic *hliftus*.

² So in King Richard III. :—

“Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears.”

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One-and-fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white. That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter!* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?* *The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.¹

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; is not that a brave man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

¹ i. e. passed all expression.

ANTENOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough; he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that! There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance. Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good;—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting; there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say; there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over.*

Pan. Swords? Any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one. By God's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt; why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

¹ To give the nod was a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. The word also signifies a *silly fellow*. *Cressid* means to call Pandarus a *noddy*; and says he shall, by more nods, be made more significantly a *fool*.

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is.—That's Helenus; I think he went not forth to-day.—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no:—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark, do you not hear the people cry Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROIUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man; and then to be baked with no date¹ in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward² you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROIILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; [*Exit* Boy.
I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise :

¹ *Dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind.

² A metaphor from the art of defence.

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
 Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;
 Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing ;
 Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :
 That she ¹ beloved knows nought that knows not this,—
 Men prize the thing ungained more than it is ;
 That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue.
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
 Achievement is command ; ungained, beseech ;²
 Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before
 Agamemnon's Tent.*

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
 MENELAUS, *and others.*

Agam. Princes,
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?
 The ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promised largeness ; checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest reared ;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand ;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

¹ That woman.

² "Achievement is command ; ungained, beseech." The meaning of this obscure line seems to be, "Men after possession become our commanders ; before it they are our suppliants."

"My heart's content," in the next line, probably signifies my *will*, my *desire*.

And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave't surmised shape. Why, then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works ;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men ?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love ; for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affined¹ and kin ;
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,²
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply³
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow, bawble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk ;
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse.⁴ Where's then the saucy boat.
 Whose weak, untimbered sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness ? either to harbor fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so

¹ Joined by affinity.

² The throne.

³ To *apply*, here, is used for to *bend the mind*, or *attend particularly* to Agamemnon's words.

⁴ Pegasus was, strictly speaking, Bellerophon's horse ; but Shakspeare followed the Old Troy Book. "Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head] there engendered Pegasus or the *flying horse*. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood that of her riches issuing of that realme he [Perseus] founded, and made a ship named Pegase, and *this ship was likened unto an horse flying*," &c. In another place we are told that this ship, which the writer always calls Perseus' flying horse, "flew on the sea like unto a bird."—*Destruction of Troy*, 4to, 1617, p. 155—164.

Doth valor's show, and valor's worth, divide
In storms of fortune ; for, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,¹
Than by the tiger ; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of
courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.²

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[To AGAMEMNON.
And thou, most reverend for thy stretched-out life,—
[To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass ; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatched in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue,³—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca ; and be't of less
expect⁴
That matter needless, of importless burden,

¹ The gadfly that stings cattle.

² i. e. *replies to noisy or clamorous* fortune.

³ Ulysses evidently means to say that Agamemnon's speech should be *writ in brass* ; and that venerable Nestor, with his *silver hairs*, by his speech should *rivet the attention* of all Greece. The phrase *hatched in silver*, is a simile borrowed from the art of design ; to *hatch* being to fill a design with a number of consecutive fine lines ; and to *hatch in silver* was a design inlaid with lines of silver. The lines of the graver on a plate of metal are still called *hatchings*. Hence, *hatched in silver*, for *silver-haired* or *gray-haired*.

⁴ *Expect* for expectation.

Divide thy lips ; than we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master,
 But for these instances.

The specialty of rule¹ hath been neglected :
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
 When that the general is not like the hive,
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,²
 Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order ;
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
 Amidst the other ; whose medicinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents ? what mutiny ?
 What raging of the sea ? shaking of earth ?
 Commotion in the winds ? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married³ calm of states
 Quite from their fixture ? O, when degree is shaken,
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods⁴ in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable⁵ shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,

¹ The particular rights of supreme authority.

² i. e. this *globe*.

³ The epithet *married* denotes an intimate union.

⁴ *Confraternities*, corporations, companies.

⁵ The termination *ble* is often thus used by Shakspeare for *ed*.

But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe.
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead.
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate
 Follows the choking.

And this neglect¹ of degree it is,
 'That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb.² The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath; so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation;
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,

¹ This uncommon word occurs again in *Pericles*, 1609.

² "That goes backward *step by step*, with a design in each man to aggrandize himself by slighting his immediate superior."

Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests ;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action,
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless¹ deputation he puts on ;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage,
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming²
 He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a-mending ; with terms unsquared,³
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
 Cries—*Excellent !—'tis Agamemnon just.*—
Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being dressed to some oration.
 That's done ;—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife ;
 Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent !*
'Tis Nestor right ! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough and spit,
 And, with a palsy-fumbling⁴ on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet ;—and at this sport
 Sir Valor dies ; cries, *O !—enough, Patroclus ;—*
Or give me ribs of steel ; I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,⁵

¹ Supreme, sovereign.

² i. e. overstrained, wrested beyond true semblance.

³ i. e. unsuited, unfitted.

⁴ Paralytic fumbling.

⁵ *Grace exact* seems to mean *decorous habits*.

Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-willed; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Foretell prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those that, with the fineness of their souls,
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [Trumpet sounds.

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears ?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks,
Know them from eyes of other mortals ?¹

Agam.

How ?

Æne. Ay ;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Which is that god in office, guiding men ?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace.
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and, Jove's
accord ;—

Nothing so full of heart.² But peace, Æneas,

Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

If that the praised himself bring the praise forth ;

But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame follows ; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas ?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you ?

Æne. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from
Troy.

¹ And yet this was the seventh year of the war.

² Theobald's interpretation of this passage is, perhaps, nearly correct :—
"They have galls, good arms, &c. and Jove's consent :—Nothing is so full
of heart as they."

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him.
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind ;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,
A prince called Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce¹
Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honor higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;
That knows his valor, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge,
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, Hector shall honor him ;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,

¹ Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken ; in this very act it is said, that " Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle." Shakspeare found in the seventh chapter of the third book of *The Destruction of Troy*, that a truce was agreed on, at the desire of the Trojans, for six months.

The Grecian dames are sun-burned, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home. But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire sucked. He is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace¹ put this withered brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now Heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand,
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis.

Blunt wedges rive hard knots. The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropped,

¹ An armor for the arm. *Avant bras.*

Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up;¹
And in the publication make no strain,²
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes.

It is most meet. Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honors off,
If not Achilles! Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate. And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling³
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks⁴
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed,
He that meets Hector, issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distilled
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,

¹ "The *intent* is as plain and palpable as *substance*, and it is to be collected from small circumstances, as a gross body is made up of many small parts." This is the scope of Warburton's explanation.

² Make no *doubt*.

³ A *scantling* is a measure, a proportion.

⁴ i. e. small *points* compared with the volumes.

What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
 Which entertained, limbs are his instruments,
 In no less working, than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
 Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
 Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
 And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
 The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By showing the worse first.¹ Do not consent,
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
 For both our honor and our shame, in this,
 Are dogged with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are
 they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
 But he already is too insolent;
 And we were better parch in Afric sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foiled,
 Why, then we did our main opinion² crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort³ to fight with Hector. Among ourselves,
 Give him allowance for the better man,
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,⁴
 We'll dress him up in voices. If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

¹ The folio reads:—

“The lustre of the better, yet to show
 Shall show the better.”

² *Opinion for estimation or reputation.*

³ Lot.

⁴ Shakspeare, misled by *The Destruction of Troy*, appears to have confounded Ajax Telamonius with Ajax *Oileus*; for in that book the latter is called simply Ajax, as the more eminent of the two.

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
 Ajax, employed, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice ;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon ; go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other ; pride alone
 Must tarre¹ the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.²

SCENE I. *Another Part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils ? full, all
 over generally ?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run ?—Say so,—did not
 the general run then ? were not that a botchy core ?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him ; I
 see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ?
 Feel, then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece³ upon thee, thou
 mongrel, beef-witted lord !⁴

Ajax. Speak, then, thou unsalted leaven,⁵ speak !
 I will beat thee into handsomeness.

¹ i. e. urge, stimulate. See King John, Act iv. Sc. 1.

² This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions.

³ Alluding to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army.

⁴ He calls Ajax *mongrel*, on account of his father being a Grecian and his mother a Trojan.

⁵ The folio has "thou *whinid'st* leaven," a corruption, undoubtedly, of *vinewd'st* or *vinnied'st*, i. e. *mouldy* leaven. Thou *unsalted leaven*, is as much as to say, "thou *foolish lump*."

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness ; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou ? a red murrain¹ o'thy jade's tricks !

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus ?

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not : my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee ; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles ; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites !

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf !²

Ther. He would pun³ thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur ! [Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch !

Ther. Ay, do, do ; thou sodden-witted lord ! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows : an assinico⁴ may tutor thee. Thou scurvy-valiant ass ! thou art here put to thrash Trojans ; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at

¹ In *The Tempest*, Caliban says, "The red plague rid you."

² *Cobloaf* is, perhaps, equivalent to *ill-shapen-lump*. Minsheu says, a *cobloaf* is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cobirons which support the fire.

³ i. e. pound ; still in use provincially.

⁴ From the Spanish *asinico*, a young or little ass ; a word, indeed, entirely similar in sound, which seems to have been adopted into our language to signify a silly ass, a stupid fellow.

thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou !

Ajax. You dog !

Ther. You scurvy lord !

Ajax. You cur ! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot ! do rudeness ; do, camel ; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax ? wherefore do you thus ?
—How now, Thersites ? what's the matter, man ?

Ther. You see him there, do you ?

Achil. Ay ; what's the matter ?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do ; what's the matter ?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him ; for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters ! His evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones ; I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What ?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES
interposes.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool !

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not ; he there ; that he ; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur ! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's ?

Ther. No, I warrant you ; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel ?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary ; no man is beaten voluntary ; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so ?—A great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains ; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites ?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what ?

Ther. Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles ! to, Ajax ! to !

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites ; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach¹ bids me, shall I ?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents ; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

¹ Both the old copies read *brooch*, which may be right ; for we find *monile* and *bullæ* in the dictionaries interpreted "a bosse, an hart ; a *brooch*, or jewel of a round compass to hang about ones neck." The term *brach* was suggested by Rowe, and is "a mannerly name for all *hound-bitches*."

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host ;

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach ; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what ; 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

Achil. I know not ; it is put to lottery ; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you ;—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Troy. *A Room, in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks ;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honor, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off.—Hector, what say you to't ?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows ?*
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,¹
Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean, of ours.

¹ Disme is properly *tenths* or *tithes* ; but *dismes* is here used for *tens*.

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
 Weigh you the worth and honor of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces? Will you with counters sum
 The past-proportion of his infinite?¹
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
 You fur your your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons.

You know an enemy intends you harm;
 You know a sword employed is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm;
 Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star disorbed?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep. Manhood and honor
 Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
 thoughts

With this crammed reason; reason and respect²
 Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;

¹ i. e. that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.

² i. e. consideration, regard to consequences.

It holds his estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
 As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the god;
 And the will dotes, that is attributive
 To what infectiously itself affects,¹
 Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will;
 My will, enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
 Although my will distaste what it elected,
 The wife I chose? There can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honor.
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
 When we have soiled them; nor the remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective sieve,²
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks.
 Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service! He touched the ports desired;
 And, for an old aunt,³ whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh-
 ness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt;
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,
 And turned crowned kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cried—*Go, go,*)
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapped your hands,

¹ "The will dotes that *attributes* or gives the qualities which it affects:" that first causes excellence, and then admires it. The folio reads *inclinable*, the quarto *attributive*.

² That is, into a *common voider*. The folio copy reads, by mistake, *unrespective same*."

³ Priam's sister, Hesione.

And cried—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you prized
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister; I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,¹
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamors! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
 Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe.
 Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
 strains

Of divination in our sister, work
 Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
 So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
 We may not think the justness of each act

¹ The quarto thus. The folio reads "wrinkled *old*," which Ritson thinks should be "wrinkled *eld*."

Such and no other than event doth form it ;
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds
 Because Cassandra's mad : her brainsick raptures
 Cannot distaste¹ the goodness of a quarrel,
 Which hath our several honors all engaged
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touched than all Priam's sons ;
 And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain !

Par. Else might the world convince² of levity
 As well my undertakings, as your counsels ;
 But I attest the gods, your full consent³
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas ! can these my single arms ?
 What propugnation is in one man's valor,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights.
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wiped off, in honorable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransacked queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion ! Can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?

¹ Corrupt, change to a worse state.

² To *convince* and to *convict* were synonymous with our ancestors.

³ *Consent* is *agreement, accord, approbation.*

There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestowed, or death unfamed,
 Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glozed,—but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle¹ thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

The reasons you allege, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distempered blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice.

Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be rendered to their owners. Now,
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection;
 And that great minds, of² partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
 There is a law in each well-ordered nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back returned. Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this, in way of truth; yet, ne'ertheless,
 My sprightly brethren, I propend³ to you

¹ We may be amused at Hector's mention of Aristotle, but "let it be remembered (says Steevens), as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library."

² Through.

³ Incline to, as a question of honor.

In resolution to keep Helen still ;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touched the life of our design.
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honor and renown ;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes ;
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us ;
 For I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promised glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revénue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
 I have a roisting¹ challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
 I was advértised, their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation² in the army crept ;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer.

¹ Blustering.

² *Emulation* is here put for *envious rivalry, factious contention*. It is generally used by Shakspeare in this sense.

If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *caduceus*;¹ if ye take not that little, little, less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache!² for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit,³ thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter. Thyself! upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood⁴ be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the Heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

¹ The wand of Mercury is wreathed with serpents.

² In the quarto, "the *Neapolitan* bone-ache!"

³ To understand this joke, it should be known that *counterfeit* and *slip* were synonymous.

⁴ Thy *blood* means thy *passions*.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles.—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites.—Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus.—Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.¹

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here!

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,
and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! All the argument is, a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous² factions, and

¹ The four next speeches are not in the quarto.

² See Act ii. Sc. 2.

bleed to death upon! Now the dry *serpigo*¹ on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

He shent² our messengers; and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him.

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr.

I shall say so to him.

[*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart; you may call it melancholy, if you will favor the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride. But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Takes AGAMEMNON aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction. But it was a strong composure,³ a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for

¹ The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter.

² *Rebuked, reprimanded.* Instead of *shent* the folio reads *sent*; the quarto, *sate*.

³ The folio reads *counsel*.

courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.¹

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state²
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.³

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, winged thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than
himself

Here tend the savage strangeness⁴ he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite⁵ in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes,⁶ his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,

¹ This was one of the errors of our old natural history.

² This stately train.

³ i. e. exercise, relaxation.

⁴ i. e. attend upon the brutish, distant arrogance or rude haughtiness he assumes.

⁵ To *underwrite* is synonymous with to *subscribe*, which is used by Shakspeare, in several places, for to *yield*, to *submit*.

⁶ Fitful lunacies. The quarto reads:—

“His course and time, his ebbs and flows, and if
The passage and whole stream of his commencement
Rode on his tide.”

We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report—
 Bring action hither ; this cannot go to war :
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance¹ give
 Before a sleeping giant :—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied ;
 We come to speak with him—Ulysses, enter.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think he thinks
 himself a better man than I am ?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—
 he is ?

Agam. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as valiant,
 as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether
 more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ? How doth
 pride grow ? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your
 virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself ;
 pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own
 chronicle ; and whatever praises itself, but in the deed,
 devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engen-
 dering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself. Is it not strange ?

[*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse ?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none ;
 But carries on the stream of his dispose,
 Without observance or respect of any,
 In will peculiar and in self-admission.

¹ Allowance is approbation.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake
only,

He makes important. Possessed he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath; imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swollen and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdomed Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself. What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent.
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;¹
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipped
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles.
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

¹ *Seam* is *fat*; the grease, fat, or tallow, of any animal; but chiefly applied to that of a hog.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll pash¹ him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze² his pride;
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!—

Nest. How he describes
Himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven
Chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will let his humors blood.³

Agam. He'll be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men
Were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.
Aside.

Ajax. He should not bear it so;
He should eat swords first. Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.
[*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:—

¹ *Scyphus ei impactus est. Baret.*

"He was *pashed* over the pate with a pot."

The word is used twice by Massinger in his *Virgin Martyr*; and Mr. Gifford has adduced an instance from Dryden: he justly observes, it is to be regretted that the word is now obsolete, as we have none that can adequately supply its place. To *dash* signifying to throw one thing with violence against another; to *pash* is to strike a thing with such force as to crush it to pieces.

² See note on the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*.

³ There is a curious collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c. printed in 1600, with this quaint title:—"The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head Vaine." A small reimpression was made at Edinburgh in 1815, with a preface and notes by sir Walter Scott.

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm : force ¹ him with praises :

Pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face ;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?

He is not emulous,² as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us !

I would he were a Trojan !

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud !

Dio. Or covetous of praise !

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne !

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected !

Ulyss. Thank the Heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-famed, beyond all erudition :³

But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half : and, for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition⁴ yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

¹ Force him, that is, *stuff* him (*farcir*, Fr.).

² See the preceding scene.

³ The quarto reads:—

“Thrice famed beyond all *thy* erudition.”

⁴ i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for strength.

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;—
 But, pardon, father Nestor, were your days
 As green as Ajax', and your brain so tempered,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here ; the hart Achilles
 Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war ;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy. To-morrow,
 We must with all our main of power stand fast :
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep ;
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word. Do not you
 follow the young lord Paris ?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean ?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman ; I
 must needs praise him.

Serv. The Lord be praised !

Pan. You know me, do you not ?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better ; I am the lord Pan-
 darus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honor better.¹

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend! honor and lordship are my titles;—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir; Helen. Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

¹ The servant means to quibble. He hopes Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—
Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life,
you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out
with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of
harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O sir,——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.¹

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—
My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear
you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.
—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most
esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends him-
self most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; if
you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet
queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour
offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall
it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words;
no, no.—²And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the
king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very, very
sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? Where sups he to-
night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,——

¹ A quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song or tune.

² "And, my lord," &c. Johnson thinks that the speech of Pandarus
should begin here; and that the former part should be added to that of
Helen.

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.¹

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer² Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him: they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

*Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:*

¹ "You must not know where he sups." These words, in the old copies, are erroneously given to Helen.

² Steevens would give this speech to Helen, and read *deposer* instead of *disposer*.

Disposer appears to have been an equivalent term, anciently, for steward, or manager. If the speech is to be attributed to Helen, she may mean to call Cressid her *handmaid*.

*The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.*

*These lovers cry—Oh! ho! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!*

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers. Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field; let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white, enchanting fingers touched,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,

Or force of Greekish sinews ; you shall do more
Than all the island kings—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
Paris :

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have ;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now ? where's thy master ? at my cousin
Cressida's ?

Serv. No, sir ; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now ?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin ?

Tro. No, Pandarus : I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks,
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Proposed for the deserver ? O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid !

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.
[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Tro. I am giddy ; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar ? death, I fear me ;
Swooning destruction ; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,

For the capacity of my ruder powers :
 I fear it much ; and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready ; she'll come straight ;
 you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
 fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a
 sprite ; I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain ; she
 fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom.
 My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse ;
 And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
 Like vassalage at unawares encountering
 The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush ? shame's
 a baby.—Here she is now ; swear the oaths now to
 her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone
 again ? you must be watched¹ ere you be made tame,
 must you ? Come your ways, come your ways ; an
 you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.²—Why
 do you not speak to her ?—Come, draw the curtain,
 and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you
 are to offend daylight ! an 'twere dark, you'd close
 sooner. So, so ; rub on, and kiss the mistress.³ How
 now, a kiss in fee-farm !⁴ build there, carpenter ; the
 air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere

¹ Hawks were tamed by *keeping them from sleep.*

² i. e. the *shafts.*

³ The allusion is to bowling ; what is now called *the jack* was formerly termed *the mistress.* A bowl that kisses the jack or mistress is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term in the game. See *Cymbeline*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

⁴ "A kiss in fee-farm" is a kiss of duration, that has bounds, a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee ; that is, forever reserving a certain rent.

I part you. The falcon as the tercel,¹ for all the ducks i' the river; go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; give her deeds; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*²—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abrupton? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.³

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one.

¹ The *tercel* is the male, and the *falcon* the female hawk. Pandarus backs the falcon against the tercel for any stake.

² Thus in a future page:—"Go to, a bargain made; seal it."

³ From this passage a *Fear* appears to have been a personage in other pageants, or perhaps in our ancient moralities.

They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth;¹ and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you: they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.—

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much

¹ Even malice (i. e. envy) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attach him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy.

But I might master it; in faith, I lie;
 My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
 Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
 Why have I blabbed? Who shall be true to us,
 When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
 But, though I loved you well, I wooed you not;
 And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man;
 Or that we women had men's privilege
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
 For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
 Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you pardon me;
 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.
 I am ashamed;—O Heavens! what have I done?—
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
 morning,——

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
 Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
 I have a kind of self resides with you;
 But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
 To be another's fool. I would be gone.
 Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak
 so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than
 love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
 To angle for your thoughts. But you are wise;
 Or else you love not. For to be wise, and love,
 Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
 (As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
 To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
 Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted¹ with the match and weight
 Of such a winnowed purity in love ;
 How were I then uplifted ! But, alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
 When right with right wars who shall be most right !
 True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus ; when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
 Want similes of truth, tired with iteration,²—
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,³
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 As true as Troilus shall crown up⁴ the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be !
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated

¹ Met with and equalled.

² In the old copy this line stands,—

“Wants similes truth tired with iteration.”

The emendation was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

³ *Plantage* is here put for any thing planted, which was thought to depend for its success upon the influence of the moon.

⁴ i. e. conclude it.

To dusty nothing ; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood ! When they have said—as
 false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son ;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made ; seal it, seal it ; I'll
 be the witness.—Here I hold your hand ; here, my
 cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since
 I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all
 pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after
 my name ; call them all—Pandars : let all constant¹
 men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all
 brokers-between Pandars ! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a
 chamber and a bed ; which bed, because it shall not
 speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death ;
 away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
 Bed, chamber, Pandar, to provide this gear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
 AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
 The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
 To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,

¹ Hanmer altered this to "*inconstant* men ;" but the Poet seems to
 have been less attentive to make Pandarus talk consequentially, than
 to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names in his own
 time.

That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove¹
 I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,
 Incurred a traitor's name; exposed myself,
 From certain and possessed conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into² the world, strange, unacquainted.
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many registered in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan! make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, called Antenor,
 Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still denied. But this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest³ in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him. Let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence

¹ The old copies all concur in reading—

“That through the sight I bear in things to *love*.”

The present reading of the text is supported by Johnson and Malone; to which Mason makes this objection:—“That it was *Juno*, and not *Jove*, that persecuted the Trojans. Some modern editions have the line thus:—

“That through the sight I bear in things to *come*.”

As Mason observes, “the speech of Calchas would have been incomplete, if he had said he abandoned Troy, from the sight he *bore of things*, without explaining it by adding the words *to come*.”

The merit of Calchas did not merely consist in having come over to the Greeks; he also revealed to them the fate of Troy, which depended on their conveying away the palladium, and the horses of Rhesus, before they should drink of the river Xanthus.

² *Into* for *unto*; a common form of expression in old writers.

³ A *wrest* is an instrument for tuning harps, &c. by *drawing up* the strings.

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.¹

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange;
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answered in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent.—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last. 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turned on him.
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good. Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not looked on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind; I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil.

¹ Hanmer and Warburton read, "In most accepted pay." But the construction of the passage, as it stands, appears to be, "*Her presence shall strike off*, or recompense the service I have done, even in those labors which were most accepted."

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha!

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit* AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely; they were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too. What the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that leaned on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me.
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man—how dearly ever parted,¹
How much in having, or without, or in—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes ; nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself ; but eye to eye opposed,
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation² turns not to itself,
Till it hath travelled, and is married there
Where it may see itself ; this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position ;
It is familiar ; but at the author's drift ;
Who, in his circumstance,³ expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others.
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they are extended ; which,⁴ like an arch, re-
verberates
The voice again ; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back

¹ *However excellently endowed*, with however dear or precious parts enriched.

² *Speculation* has here the same meaning as in *Macbeth*:—

“Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.”

³ Detail of argument.

⁴ The old copies read “*who*, like an arch, *reverberate* ;” which may mean, they who applaud reverberate. The elliptical mode of expression is in the Poet's manner. Rowe made the alteration.

His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
 And apprehended here immediately
 The unknown Ajax.¹

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
 there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow,
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him,—
 Ajax renowned. O Heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do !

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
 To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrieking.²

Achil. I do believe it ; for they passed by me,
 As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me
 Good word, nor look. What, are my deeds forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,³
 A great-sized monster of ingrattitudes.
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devoured
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done. Perséverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honor bright. To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
 For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path ;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue. If you give way,

¹ i. e. Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use.

² The folio reads *shrinking*.

³ This image is literally from Spenser.

Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost ;—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,¹
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on. Then what they do in
 present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours ;
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,²
 Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'erdusted.³
 The present eye praises the present object.
 Then marvel not, thou great and cômplete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might ; and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,

¹ The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus :—

“ And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present.”

² New-fashioned toys.

³ *Gilt*, in this second line, is a substantive. See *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 3. *Dust a little gilt* means ordinary performances, which have the gloss of novelty. *Gilt o'erdusted* means splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

Made emulous missions¹ 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical.

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.²

Achil.

Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought,³ and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle⁴) in the soul of state;

Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath or pen can give expressure to.

All the commérce that you have had with Troy,

As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;

And better would it fit Achilles much,

To throw down Hector, than Polyxena.

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,

When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—

Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.

Farewell, my lord. I as your lover speak;

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you.

¹ i. e. the descent of deities to combat on either side. Shakspeare probably followed Chapman's Homer: in the fifth book of the Iliad, Diomed wounds Mars, who, on his return to heaven, is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* alluded to.

² Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris.

³ There is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity*.

⁴ There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover.

A woman impudent and mannish grown,
 Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemned for this ;
 They think my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus :
 Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak, wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.¹

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honor by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake ;
 My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then beware ;
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves.
 Omission to do what is necessary,
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus ;
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
 To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full view. A labor saved !

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for
 himself.

Achil. How so ?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector ;
 and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling,
 that he raves in saying nothing.

¹ The folio has "ayrie air."

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand; ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard,¹ as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone forever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me; I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Ther-sites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus; tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honored captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent!—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

¹ i. e. a sly look.

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not. But I am sure none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings¹ on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred: And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

¹ Lute-strings made of *catgut*.

Æne. Is the prince there in person ?
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, *Æneas* ; take his hand :
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how *Diomed*, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question¹ of the gentle truce ;
But when I meet you armed, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other *Diomed* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm ; and so long, health :
But when contention and occasion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to *Troy* ! Now, by *Anchises'* life,
Welcome, indeed ! By *Venus'* hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize :—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun !
But, in mine emulous honor, let him die,
With every joint a wound ; and that to-morrow !

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you :² 'twas to bring this
Greek

¹ i. e. conversation while the truce lasts.

² i. e. I bring you his meaning and his orders.

To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,
 For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
 Let's have your company ; or if you please,
 Haste there before us : I constantly do think
 (Or, rather, call my thoughts a certain knowledge)
 My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;
 Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
 With the whole quality wherefore. I fear
 We shall be much unwelcome.

Ane. That I assure you ;
 Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
 Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help ;
 The bitter disposition of the time
 Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

Ane. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed ; 'faith, tell me
 true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
 Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
 Myself, or Menelaus ?

Dio. Both alike.

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
 (Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
 With such a hell of pain, and world of charge ;
 And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
 (Not palating the taste of her dishonor,)
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
 The lees and dregs of a flat, tamed piece ;
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleased to breed out your inheritors :
 Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more ;
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.¹

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris,—
 For every false drop in her bawdy veins

¹ The merits of each, being weighed, are exactly equal ; in each of the scales a harlot must be placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one.

A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple
Of her contaminated, carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffered death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy ;
But we in silence hold this virtue well ;—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.¹
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself ; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down ;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not ;
To bed, to bed. Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought !

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you awearry of me ?

Tro. O Cressida ! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald² crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch ! with venomous wights³
she stays,
As tediously as hell ; but flies the grasps of love,

¹ Warburton would read :—

“ We'll not commend what we intend *not* sell.”

² i. e. “ the *roguish* or *thievish* crows.” It may, however, be used in the sense of *obscene*.

³ i. e. *venefici*, those who use nocturnal sorcery.

With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—
You men will never tarry.—

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one
up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

*Enter PANDARUS.*¹

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? How go maidenheads?
—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty, mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll
ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia?²
—hast not slept to-night? Would he not, a naughty
man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*

Cres. Did I not tell you?—'Would he were
knocked o' the head!—

Who's that at door? Good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such
thing.— [*Knocking.*

How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROIILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the

¹ The hint for the following scene appears to have been suggested by
Chaucer, *Troilus and Cresseide*, b. iii. v. 1561.

² *Capocchia*, an Italian word for *fool*.

matter? will you beat down the door? How now?
what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth,
I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him,
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn.—For my own part, I came in late:
What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then.—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him;
Do not you know of him? yet go fetch him hither;
Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROIILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash.¹ There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Delivered to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy;
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exeunt TROIILUS and ÆNEAS.]

¹ i. e. *hasty or abrupt.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! The young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? what is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in. 'Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor! thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane: he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch¹ of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown² of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,

¹ *Sense or feeling of relationship.*

² *i. e. the very height.*

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
 With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR,
and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning;¹ and the hour prefixed
 Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
 Comes fast upon.—Good my brother Troilus,
 Tell you the lady what she is to do,
 And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house.
 I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
 And to his hand when I deliver her,
 Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
 A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [Exit.]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
 And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
 Please you, walk in, my lords. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
 The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
 And violenteth² in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief.

¹ i. e. broad day. It is a familiar French idiom,—C'est grand matin.

² This verb is used by Ben Jonson in the Devil is an Ass:—

“Nor nature *violenceth* in both these.”



My love admits no qualifying dross ;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks !

Cres. O Troilus ! Troilus ! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me embrace too. O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

—O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse ; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs ?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strained a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy ?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay ; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy ?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too ?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible ?

Tro. And suddenly ; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our locked embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own laboring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,

Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how.
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath and consigned¹ kisses to them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
 And scants us with a single, famished kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord ! is the lady ready ?

Tro. Hark ! you are called : some say, the Genius so
 Cries, *Come !* to him that instantly must die.—
 Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this wind,
 or my heart will be blown up by the root !

[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks ?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks.
 When shall we see again ?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of
 heart,——

Cres. I true ! how now ? what wicked deem² is this ?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
 For it is parting from us.

I speak not, *Be thou true*, as fearing thee ;
 For I will throw my glove to death himself,³
 That there's no maculation in thy heart ;
 But *Be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
 My sequent protestation ; be thou true,
 And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
 As infinite as imminent ! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
 sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you ?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
 To give thee nightly visitation.
 But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens !—*Be true* again ?

¹ *Consigned* means *sealed*, from *consigno* (Lat.).

² *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies *opinion*, *surmise*.

³ That is, I will *challenge* death himself in defence of thy fidelity.

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love.
The Grecian youths are full of quality;¹
They're loving, well composed, with gifts of nature
 flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O Heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit; I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt,² nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant;
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not;
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault.
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity:
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

¹ Quality, like condition, is applied to manners as well as dispositions.

² The *lavolta* was a dance.

Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit¹
Is,—*Plain and true* ;—there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and
DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed ! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you.
At the port,² lord, I'll give her to thy hand ;
And by the way, possess³ thee what she is.
Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects.
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be called her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge ;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, prince Troilus ;
Let me be privileged by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust ;⁴ and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth
She shall be prized ; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honor,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I tell thee, Diomed,

1 "The moral of my wit" is the *meaning* of it.

2 i. e. the gate.

3 i. e. *inform*.

4 i. e. I'll answer to my *will* or *pleasure*, according to my *inclination*.

This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
 Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROIUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.
 [Trumpet heard.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
 The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
 That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with
 him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
 On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATRO-
 CLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment¹ fresh and fair,
 Anticipating time with starting courage.
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
 Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
 May pierce the head of the great combatant,
 And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe.
 Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias-cheek²
 Outswell the colic of puffed Aquilon.
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
 Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

¹ i. e. preparation.

² i. e. swelling out like the *bias* of a bowl. So in Vittoria Corombona,
 1612:—

“—— Faith, his cheek
 Has a most excellent *bias*.”

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he; I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kissed in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel. I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady;
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popped Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine;
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live.¹
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

¹ I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as may bring me profit, therefore will not take a worse kiss than I give.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.

[*DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.*

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive¹ of her body.

O, these encounters, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome² ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,³

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojan's trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROIUS, and other
Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall be
done

¹ *Motive for part that contributes to motion.*

² So in Venus and Adonis:—

“Anon she hears them chaunt it lustely,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.”

³ i. e. of whose chastity every opportunity makes an easy prey.

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose
 A victor shall be known? Will you the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity
 Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
 By any voice or order of the field?
 Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely¹ done,
 A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
 The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
 What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles. But, whate'er, know
 this;—

In the extremity of great and little,
 Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector;
 The one almost as infinite as all,
 The other blank as nothing.² Weigh him well,
 And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
 This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;³
 In love whereof, half Hector stays at home:
 Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
 Stand by our Ajax; as you and lord Æneas
 Consent upon the order of their fight,
 So be it; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath;⁴ the combatants being kin,

¹ "*Securely done*," in the sense of the Latin *securus*, a negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed.

² Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valor more than other valor.

³ Ajax and Hector were cousins-german.

⁴ i. e. a *breathing*, an *exercise*. See Act ii. Sc. 3. note 3, p. 285.

Half stints¹ their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?²

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight ;
Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calmed.
His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows ;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair² thought with breath.
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes³
To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love :
They call him Troilus ; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth,
Even to his inches ; and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st ;
Awake thee !

Agam. His blows are well disposed :—there, Ajax !

Dio. You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet ; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more :—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed.
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

¹ Stops.

² "An *impair* thought" is an *unworthy* or *injurious* thought.

³ i. e. submits, yields.

That thou couldst say—*This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's ;* by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member,
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt,¹ should by my mortal sword
Be drained ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax.
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.
Cousin, all honor to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector ;
Thou art too gentle and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus² so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he !*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honor torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it ;³
The issue is embracement.—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish ; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me ;
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;

¹ The Greeks give to the *aunt*, the *father's sister*, the title of *sacred*.

² By *Neoptolemus* Shakspeare seems to have meant *Achilles* ; finding that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, he considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. Or he was probably led into the error by some book of the time.

³ i. e. answer the *expectance*.

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.¹

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name ;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy ;
But that's no welcome. Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strewed with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion ;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strained purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious² Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.
[To TROILUS.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
ing ;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Men. The noble Menelaus.³

Hect. O you, my lord ? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks !
Mock not, that I affect the untraded⁴ oath ;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove :
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon ; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youths ; and I have seen
thee,

¹ These *knights*, to the amount of about *two hundred thousand* (for there were no less in both armies), Shakspeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in the Old Troy Book.

² It has been asserted that *imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the same signification ; but Bullokar carefully distinguishes them :—“ *Imperial*, royal or chief, emperor-like ; *imperious*, that commandeth with authority, lord-like, stately.”

³ Ritson thought that this speech belonged to Æneas.

⁴ *Untraded* is *uncommon, unusual*.

As hot as Perseus,¹ spur thy Phrygian steed,
 Despising many forfeits and subduements,
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
 Not letting it decline on the declined ;²
 That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemmed thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen ;
 But this thy countenance, still locked in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,³
 And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee ;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walked hand in hand with time :—
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in conten-
 tion,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha !

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
 Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
 When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favor, lord Ulysses, well.
 Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
 My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
 For yonder walls, that perty front your town,

¹ As the equestrian fame of Perseus is here again alluded to, it should appear that in a former simile his horse was meant for a real one, and not allegorically for a ship. See Act i. Sc. 3.

² i. e. the *fallen*.

³ Laomedon.

Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you.
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood. The end crowns all ;
And that old, common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou !¹—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted² joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee ; let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him ? Whether there, there, or there ?
That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the blessed gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,

¹ Mr. Tyrwhitt thought we should read :—

“ I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, *though* ! ”

² *Quoted* is noted, observed. The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector is furnished by Lydgate.

As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithed Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavor deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting¹ wars, since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my
tent;
There in the full convive² we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the taborines,³ let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,

¹ i. e. petty or paltry wars. ² A convive is a feast. ³ Small drums.

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honor was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But, still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my cimeter I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and
idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?¹

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

¹ In his answer, Thersites quibbles upon the word *tent*.

Patr. Well said, Adversity!¹ and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet,² you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson, indistinguishable cur,³ no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immaterial skein of sleive⁴ silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies;⁵ diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;⁶
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honor, or go, or stay,

¹ *Adversity* is here used for contrariety.

² This expression is met with in Decker's *Honest Whore*:—"Tis a *male varlet*, sure, my lord!" The person spoken of is Bellafronte, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's clothes.

³ Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.

⁴ See *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

⁵ So Hamlet, speaking of Osrick:—

"Dost know this *water-fly*?"

⁶ This is a circumstance taken from the old story-book of *The Destruction of Troy*.

My major vow lies here ; this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent ;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad ; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails;¹ but he has not so much brain as ear-wax. And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;² a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced³ with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing : he is both ass and ox : to an ox were nothing : he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,⁴ a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a her-ring without a roe, I would not care : but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites ; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus — Hey-day ! spirits and fires !⁵

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis ;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

¹ By *quails* are meant *women*. "*Caille coeffer*" is a sobriquet for a harlot.

² He calls *Menelaus* the transformation of *Jupiter*, that is, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*.

³ i. e. farced or stuffed.

⁴ A polecat.

⁵ This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector ; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught.¹ Sweet, quoth 'a ! sweet sink,
sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night.

And welcome both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch ; he goes
To Calchas' tent : I'll keep you company.

[*Aside* to TROILUS.]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honor me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED ; ULYSSES and TROILUS
following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX and
NESTOR.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue,
a most unjust knave ; I will no more trust him when
he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses : he will
spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound ;²
but when he performs, astronomers foretell it ; it is
prodigious, there will come some change ; the sun
borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word.
I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him ;

¹ *Draught* is the old word for *forica*.

² If a hound *gives mouth*, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is called a *babbler* or *brabbler*.

they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [Exit

SCENE II *The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them, THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff!¹ She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then,
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly

Ther. Roguery!

¹ That is, her *key* (clef, Fr.).

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin. You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night. I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off;

You flow to great destruction;¹ come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O withered truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, my lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

¹ i. e. your impetuosity exposes you to *imminent peril*. The folio reads *distraction*.

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.¹

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word.

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience;—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger,² tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one.

[*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.³

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord!—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—

He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. No matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night;

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

¹ To *palter* is to *equivocate*, to shuffle.

² *Luxury*, or lasciviousness, is said to have a *potatoe-finger*, because that root was thought "to strengthen the bodie, and procure bodily lust."

³ This *sleeve* was given by Troilus to Cressida at their parting. It was probably such a sleeve as was formerly worn at tournaments.

Ther. Now she sharpens ;—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this ?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods !—O pretty, pretty pledge !
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me ; and sighs and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;
He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before ; this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed ; 'faith, you
shall not ;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this. Whose was it ?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,¹
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past.—And yet it is
not ;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell ;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto ; but that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come ? the hour ?

¹ i. e. the stars.

Cres. Ay, come.—O Jove!—
Do come;—I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—

[*Exit* DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, swayed by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* CRESSIDA.]

Ther. A proof of strength, she could not publish
more,¹

Unless she said, my mind is now turned whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniate.—
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord; Cressid was here but
now.

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!²
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,

¹ She could not publish a stronger proof.

² For the sake of womanhood.

For depravation—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule ; rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our
mothers ?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes ?

Tro. This she ? No, this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,¹
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself !
Bi-fold authority !² where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt : this is, and is not, Cressid !
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable³
Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's⁴ broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of Heaven.
Instance, O instance ! strong as Heaven itself ;
The bonds of Heaven are slipped, dissolved, and loosed ;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied.⁵
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith,⁶ are bound to Diomed.

¹ If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons.

² The folio reads "*By foul authority,*" &c. There is a madness in that disquisition, in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against himself upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid*. The words *loss* and *perdition*, in the subsequent line, are used in their common sense ; but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of reason.

³ i. e. the plighted faith of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it sometimes is.

⁴ One quarto copy reads *Ariachna's* ; the other *Arialhna's* ; the folio *Ariachne's*. *Arachne* was the name applied to the spider.

⁵ A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed.

⁶ Her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she was *surfeited*.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attached
With that which here his passion doth express?¹

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus; never did young man fancy²
With so eternal and so fixed a soul.

Hark, Greek.—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it; not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.³

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord,
adieu;
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!⁴

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.]

¹ "Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of what he utters?"

² Love.

³ A cant word, formed from *concupiscence*.

⁴ i. e. defend thy head with armor of more than common security. It appears that a kind of close helmet was called a *castle*. See Titus Andronicus, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore; the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently tempered,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in.
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; armed and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,¹
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamed
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say; the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish² vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorred
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded. Do not count it holy

¹ i. e. earnest, anxious petition.

² Foolish.

To hurt by being just ; it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,¹
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow ;
But vows to every purpose must not hold ;
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honor keeps the weather² of my fate.
Life every man holds dear ; but the dear man³
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man ? mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus ; doff thy harness,
youth ;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.⁴

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus ? Chide me
for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.⁵

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by Heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now ? how now ?

¹ i. e. to use violent thefts, *because* we would give much.

² *To keep the weather* is to keep the wind or advantage. *Estre au dessus du vent*, is the French proverbial phrase.

³ The man of *worth*.

⁴ The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity.

⁵ Shakspeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector, whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency.

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother ;
And when we have our armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords ;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.¹

Hect. Fie, savage, fie !

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me ?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears ;²
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam ; hold him fast :
He is thy crutch ; now, if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back.
Thy wife hath dreamed ; thy mother hath had visions ;
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous.
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is afield ;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valor, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ;³ but give me leave

¹ *Ruthful* is *rueful*, *woful* ; and *ruth* is *mercy*.

² i. e. tears that continue to *course* each other down the face.

³ i. e. disgrace the respect I owe you.

To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you;
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills¹ her dolours forth!
Behold! destruction,² frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—*Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!*

Tro. Away!—Away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take my leave;
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell; the gods with safety stand about
thee!

[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM and HECTOR.
Alarums.]

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROIUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

¹ The same verb is used by Spenser.

² The folio reads *distraction*.

Pan. A whoreson pthistic, a whoreson, rascally pthistic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days. And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed,¹ I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from
the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE. IV. *Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling, abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy, doting, foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm. I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish, whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling, luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty, swearing rascals,²—that stale, old, mouse-eaten, dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry.—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,³ and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

¹ That is, under the influence of a malediction.

² Theobald proposes to read "*sneering* rascals."

³ To set up the authority of ignorance, and to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

Enter DIOMEDES, *TROILUS following.*

Tro. Fly not ; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire.
I do not fly ; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee !

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian !—now for thy
whore, Trojan !—now the sleeve, now the sleeve !
[*Exeunt* TROIUS and DIOMEDES, *fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek ? art thou for Hector's
match ?
Art thou of blood, and honor ?¹

Ther. No, no.—I am a rascal ; a scurvy, railing
knave ; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee ;—live. [Exit.

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me ;
but a plague break thy neck, for frightening me ! What's
become of the wenching rogues ? I think they have
swallowed one another ; I would laugh at that miracle.
Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.
[Exit.

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse ;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty ;
Tell her, I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

¹ This, like several others in this play, is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantic chivalry, and even from the usage of the Poet's age. It appears from Segar's Honour, Military and Civil, folio, 1602, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged might refuse combat.

Serv.

I go, my lord.

[*Exit* Servant.]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,¹
Upon the pashed² corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius. Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary³
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field;
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls⁴
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath.
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is called impossibility.

¹ i. e. his *lance*, like a weaver's beam.

² Bruised, crushed.

³ "A mervaylloous beaste that was called *Sagittayre*, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man: this beste was heery like an horse, and shotte well with a bowe: this beste made the Greekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe."—*Destruction of Troy*, by *Carton*.

⁴ i. e. dispersed shoals. "A *scull* of fishes—examen vel agmen piscium" (*Baret*)—was also, in more ancient times, written "a *scoole*."

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance.
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hacked and chipped, come to
him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is armed, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.¹

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller,² show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field.**Enter AJAX.*

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

¹ This remark seems to be made in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field, he having lately refused to coöperate or *draw together* with the Greeks.

² i. e. murderer of boys.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office

Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROIILUS.

Tro. O, traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.¹

Tro. Come both, you cogging² Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus! O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee; ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan;
Be happy, that my arms are out of use.
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

¹ That is, I will not be a *looker-on*.

² *Cheating*; Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks.

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; shall it be?
 No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
 He shall not carry him; ¹ I'll be taken too,
 Or bring him off.—Fate, hear me what I say!
 I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in sumptuous armor.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
 mark:—
 No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armor well;
 I'll frush ² it, and unlock the rivets all,
 But I'll be master of it.—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
 Why then, fly on; I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *The same.**Enter* ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my myrmidons;
 Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel;
 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,
 Empale him with your weapons round about;
 In fellest manner execute ³ your arms.
 Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye!
 It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. *The same.**Enter* MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at
 it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my

¹ i. e. prevail over him.

² To *frush* is to break or bruise (*froisser*, Fr.).

³ To *execute* their arms is to employ them.

double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS and MENELAUS.]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards;¹ I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valor, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath;
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield
behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels.
Even with the vail² and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarmed: forego this vantage, Greek.

¹ *Bastard*, in ancient times, was not a disreputable appellation.

² "The vail of the sun," is the sinking, setting, or *vailing* of the sun.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike ; this is the man I seek.¹

[*HECTOR falls.*

So, Ilium, fall thou next ! now, Troy, sink down !

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, myrmidons ; and cry you all amain,

Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[*A retreat sounded.*

Hark ! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, stickler² like, the armies separates.

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleased with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheathes his sword.*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail ;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *The same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIO-
MEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest.

Peace, drums.

[*Within.*]

Achilles !

Achilles ! Hector's slain ! Achilles !

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

¹ Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, gives the same account of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers. In *Lydgate* and the old story book, the same account is given of the death of Troilus. *Lydgate*, following *Guido of Colonna*, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by *Homer*, reprehends the Grecian poet as the original offender.

² *Sticklers* were persons who attended upon combatants in trials of skill, to part them when they had fought enough, and, doubtless, to see fair play. They were probably so called from the *stick* or wand which they carried in their hands. The name is still given to the arbitrators at wrestling-matches in the west country.

Agam. March patiently along.—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragged through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens; effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile¹ at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so;
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl eye be called,
Go into Troy, and say there—*Hector's dead.*
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

¹ Hanmer and Warburton read:—

“— smile at Troy.”

Stay yet.—You vile, abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight¹ upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-sized
 coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

As TROIUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
 PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker² lackey! ignomy³ and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit TROIUS.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—O
 world! world! world! thus is the poor agent de-
 spised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you
 set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our
 endeavor be so loved, and the performance so loathed?
 what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me
 see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
 And being once subdued in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.⁴

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall.
 Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

¹ Pitched, fixed.

² *Broker* anciently signified a bawd of either sex.

³ Ignominy.

⁴ Canvass hangings for rooms, painted with emblems and mottoes.

Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made ;
 It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
 Some galled goose of Winchester¹ would hiss ;
 Till then I'll sweat,² and seek about for eases,
 And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.]

¹ See King Henry VI. Part I. Act i. Sc. 3.

² See Measure for Measure, Act i. Sc. 2.

THIS play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions ; but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention ; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters disgust, but cannot corrupt ; for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and condemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favorites of the writer : they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature ; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has, in his story, followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular ; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer.*

JOHNSON.

* It should, however, be remembered that Thersites had been long in possession of the stage in an interlude bearing his name.

“The first seven books of Chapman's Homer were published in 1596, and again in 1598, twelve books not long afterward, and the whole 24 books at latest in 1611. The classical reader may be surprised that Shakspeare, having had the means of being acquainted with the great father of poetry, through the medium of Chapman's translation, should not have availed himself of such an original instead of the Troy Booke ; but it should be recollected that it was his object, as a writer for the stage, to coincide with the feelings and prejudices of his audience, who, believing themselves to have drawn their descent from Troy, would by no means have been pleased to be told that Achilles was a braver man than Hector. They were ready to think well of the Trojans as their ancestors, but not very anxious about knowing their history with much correctness ; and Shakspeare might have applied to worse sources of information than even Lydgate.”—BOSWELL.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of the *Misanthrope* is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted—The *Palace of Pleasure*, and the Translation of Plutarch, by sir Thomas North. The latter furnished the Poet with the following hint to work upon:—"Antonius forsook the city and companie of his friendes, saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him that was offered unto Timon; and for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man."

Mr. Strutt, the engraver, was in possession of a MS. play on this subject, apparently written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet, given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water*, he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act, is followed by his fickle mistress, &c., after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academic) is a wretched one. The *personæ dramatis* are as follows:—"Timon: Laches, his faithful servant. Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man. Gelasimus, a cittie heyre. Pseudocheus, a lying traveller. Demeas, an orator. Philargurus, a covetous churlish old man. Hermogenes, a fiddler. Abyssus, a usurer. Lollo, a country clowne, Philargurus' sonne. Stilpo, and Speusippus, two lying philosophers. Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus. Obba, Timon's butler. Pædio, Gelasimus' page. Two sergeants. A sailor. Callimela, Philargurus' daughter. Blatte, her prattling nurse.—Scene, Athens."

To this manuscript play Shakspeare was probably indebted for some parts of his plot. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold, which he had dug up in the wood; a circumstance which it is not likely he had

from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to that subject.

Malone imagines that Shakspeare wrote his Timon of Athens in the year 1610.

“Of all the works of Shakspeare, Timon of Athens possesses most the character of a satire—a laughing satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and a Juvenalian in the bitterness and the imprecations of Timon against the ingratitude of a false world. The story is treated in a very simple manner, and is definitely divided into large masses:—in the first act, the joyous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extravagance, and the throng of every description of suitors to him; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need; in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon’s flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode, is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude,—the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor.* As the merits of the general towards his fellow-citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviors are no less different. Timon frets himself to death; Alcibiades

* “It appears to me,” says Singer, “that Schlegel and professor Richardson have taken more unfavorable view of the character of Timon, than our great Poet intended to convey. Timon had not only been a benefactor to his private, unworthy friends, but he had rendered the state service, which ought not to have been forgotten. He himself expresses his consciousness of this, when he sends one of his servants to request a thousand talents at the hands of the senators—

‘Of whom, *even to the state’s best health*, I have
Deserved this hearing.’

And Alcibiades afterwards confirms this:—

————— I have heard, and grieved
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting *thy great deeds*, when neighbor states,
But for *thy sword and fortune*, trod upon them.’

“Surely, then, he suffered as much mentally from the ingratitude of the state, as from that of his faithless friends. Shakspeare seems to have entered entirely into the feeling of bitterness, which such conduct was likely to awaken in a good and susceptible nature, and has expressed it with vehemence and force. The virtues of Timon, too, may be inferred from the absence of any thing which could imply dissoluteness or intemperance in his conduct: as Richardson observes, ‘He is convivial, but his enjoyment of the banquet is in the pleasure of his guests; Phrynia and Timandra are not in the train of Timon, but of Alcibiades. He is not so desirous of being distinguished for magnificence, as of being eminent for courteous and beneficent actions: he solicits distinction, but it is by doing good.’ Johnson has remarked that the attachment of his servants in his declining fortunes, could be produced by nothing but *real virtue* and disinterested kindness. I cannot, therefore, think that Shakspeare meant to stigmatize the generosity of Timon as that of a *fool*, or that he meant his misanthropy to convey to us any notion of ‘the vanity of wishing to be singular.’”

regains his lost dignity by violence. If the Poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity ; he is a madman in his discontent ; he is every where wanting in the wisdom which enables man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though, when he digs up a treasure, he spurns at the wealth which seems to solicit him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both parts of the play, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as his anchoretical seclusion. This is particularly evident in the incomparable scene where the cynic Apemantus visits Timon in the wilderness. They have a sort of competition with each other in their trade of misanthropy : the cynic reproaches the impoverished Timon with having been merely driven by necessity to take to the way of living which he had been long following of his free choice, and Timon cannot bear the thought of being merely an imitator of the cynic. As in this subject the effect could only be produced by an accumulation of similar features, in the variety of the shades an amazing degree of understanding has been displayed by Shakspeare. What a powerfully diversified concert of flatteries and empty testimonies of devotedness ! It is highly amusing to see the suitors, whom the ruined circumstances of their patron had dispersed, immediately flock to him again when they learn that he had been revisited by fortune. In the speeches of Timon, after he is undeceived, all the hostile figures of language are exhausted,—it is a dictionary of eloquent imprecations.” *

* Schlegel

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.*
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

FLAMINIUS, }
LUCILIUS, } *Timon's Servants.*
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS, }
PHILOTUS, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*
TITUS, }
LUCIUS, }
HORTENSIUS, }

Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore, two of Timon's Creditors.

CUPID and MASKERS. *Three Strangers.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA, }
TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE. *Athens, and the Woods adjoining.*

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.**Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.**Poet.* Good day, sir.*Pain.* I am glad you are well.*Poet.* I have not seen you long ; how goes the world ?*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.*Poet.* Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity ? what strange,
 Which manifold record not matches ?¹ See,
 Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
 Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both ; t'other's a jeweller.*Mer.* O, 'tis a worthy lord !*Jew.* Nay, that's most fixed.*Mer.* A most incomparable man ; breathed,² as it
 were,

To an untirable and continue goodness.

He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.*Mer.* O, pray, let's see't ; for the lord Timon, sir ?

¹ The poet merely means to ask if any thing extraordinary or out of the common course of things has lately happened ; and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing so many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend.

² *Breathed* is *exercised*, inured by constant practice. He *passes*, i. e. exceeds or goes beyond common bounds.

Jew. If he will touch the estimate.¹ But for that——

*Poet.*² *When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking at the jewel.*

Jew. And rich; here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipped idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes³
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.⁴ What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—And when comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment,⁵ sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis; this comes off well⁶ and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable. How this grace
Speaks his own standing?⁷ what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.⁸

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

¹ *Touch the estimate*, that is, *come up to the price*.

² We must here suppose the poet busy in reciting part of his own work.

³ The old copies read:—

“Our poesie is a *gowne* which uses.”

⁴ It is not certain whether this word is *chafes* or *chases*, in the folio.

⁵ i. e. as soon as my book has been presented to Timon.

⁶ *This comes off well*, apparently means this piece is *well executed*.

⁷ How the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favor of its own fixture. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to propriety.

⁸ One might venture to supply words to such intelligible action.

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature ; artificial strife¹
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's followed !

Poet. The senators of Athens ;—happy men !

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world² doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly,³ but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax.⁴ No levelled malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt⁵ to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon. His large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties⁶ to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer⁷
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself ; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod.

¹ i. e. the contest of art with nature.

² So in Measure for Measure we have, "This *under generation* ;" and in King Richard III., the *lower world*.

³ My design does not stop at any particular character.

⁴ An allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a style, on tablets covered with wax ; a custom which also prevailed in England until about the close of the fourteenth century.

⁵ i. e. open, explain.

⁶ i. e. *subjects and appropriates*.

⁷ One who shows by reflection the looks of his patron.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feigned Fortune to be throned. The base o' the mount
Is ranked with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labor on the bosom of this sphere
To propagatè their states.¹ Amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixed,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.²
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckoned from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well expressed
In our condition.³

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,⁴
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.⁵

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants,
Which labored after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common.
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,

¹ i. e. to *improve* their conditions.

² i. e. extensively imagined.

³ i. e. in our *art*, in painting. *Condition* was used for *profession*, *quality*.

⁴ *Whisperings* of officious servility, the *incense* of the worshipping parasite to the patron as a god.

⁵ To "drink the free air through another;" is to breathe freely at his will only.

To show lord Timon, that mean eyes¹ have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON attended; the Servant
of VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

Tim. Imprisoned is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait.
Your honorable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods² his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me.³ I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him; I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honor! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so. What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before
thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy
creature,

¹ i. e. inferior spectators.

² *To period* is perhaps a verb of Shakspeare's coinage.

³ Should we not read "When he *most needs* me?"

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love. I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:¹
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own précèdent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future,
all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

¹ Perhaps we should read:—

Therefore he will be [rewarded], Timon;
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee ; mine honor on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you !¹

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labor, and long live your lord-
ship !

Tim. I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon ;
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend ?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside. These pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out.² I like your work,
And you shall find, I like it : wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you !

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen. Give me your hand ;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffered under praise.

Jew. What, my lord ? dispraise ?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extolled,
It would unclaw³ me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give. But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters :⁴ believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mocked.

¹ "Let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess but as owed or due to you ; held for your service."

² Pictures have no hypocrisy ; they are what they profess to be.

³ To unclaw a man is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes ; to unclaw being to unwind a ball of thread.

⁴ Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou knowest, I do: I called thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going.

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation. What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords: so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labor.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing,¹ which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labor. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.²—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

¹ Alluding to the proverb: Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they who use it die beggars.

² This line is corrupt, undoubtedly, and none of the emendations or substitutions that have been proposed are satisfactory. Perhaps we should read, "That I had (*now* angry) *wished* to be a lord;" or, "That I had (*so* angry) *will* to be a lord." Malone proposed to point the passage thus, "That I had no angry wit. To be a lord!" and explains it, "That I *had no wit* [or discretion] *in my anger*, but was absurd enough to wish myself one of that set of men whom I despise." These are the best helps which have been afforded towards a solution of this enigmatical passage, and it must be confessed they are feeble.

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee.

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.¹

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to
us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thanked you;—and, when dinner's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

Apem. So, so; there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.²

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart,³ we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

¹ i. e. Alcibiades' companions.

² Man is degenerated; his *strain* or lineage is worn down into a monkey.

³ It has been before observed that to *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou,¹ that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes

The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out. Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed,² but he repays

Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,

But breeds the giver a return exceeding

All use of quittance.³

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever governed man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

1 Ritson says we should read:—

“The more accursed thou.”

2 *Meed* here means *desert*.

3 i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in Timon's House. Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending.*

Then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants.—Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honored Timon, 't hath pleased the gods
to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich :
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love :
I gave it freely ever ; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.¹

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand, ceremoniously, looking on*
TIMON.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devised at first to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confessed it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confessed it? hanged it,² have you
not?

¹ "The faults of rich persons wear a plausible appearance."

² There seems to be some allusion to a common proverbial saying of Shakspeare's time, "Confess and be hanged."

Tim. O Apemantus! you are welcome.

Apem.

No,

You shall not make me welcome.

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie! thou art a churl: you have got a humor there

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame:—

They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est*;

But yond' man's ever angry.¹

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,² Timon;

I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome; I myself would have no power: pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for³ I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat

In one man's blood; and all the madness is,

He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.

Methinks they should invite them without knives;⁴

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved.

If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,

¹ The old copy reads, "Yond' man's *very* angry.

² Steevens and Malone dismissed *apperil* from the text, and inserted *own peril*; but Mr. Gifford has shown that the word occurs several times in Ben Jonson:—

"Sir, I will bail you at mine own *apperil*."

Devil is an Ass.

³ For in the sense of *cause* or *because*.

⁴ It was the custom, in old times, for every guest to bring his own knife

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes;¹
Great men should drink with harness² on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart;³ and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem.

Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. *Timon,*⁴

Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.

Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.

This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;

I pray for no man but myself.

Grant, I may never prove so fond⁵

To trust man on his oath or bond;

Or a harlot for her weeping;

Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;

Or a keeper with my freedom;

Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to't;

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich⁶ thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

¹ "The windpipe's notes" were the indications in the throat of its situation when in the act of drinking. Perhaps, as Steevens observes, a quibble is intended on *windpipe* and *notes*.

² i. e. armor.

³ "My lord's health in *sincerity*."

⁴ This speech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as prose in the old copy, nor could it be exhibited as verse without transposing the word *Timon*, which follows *look ill*, to its present place. Malone thinks that many of the speeches in this play, which are now exhibited in a loose and imperfect kind of metre, were intended by Shakspeare for prose, in which form they are exhibited in the old copy.

⁵ Foolish.

⁶ i. e. do it.

Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves forever perfect.¹

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you. How had you been my friends else? Why have you that charitable² title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!³ Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

¹ i. e. arrived at the perfection of happiness.

² "Why are you distinguished from thousands, by that title of *endearment*?"

³ "O joy! e'en made away [i. e. destroyed, turned to tears] ere it can be born."

Apem. Much!¹ [Tucket sounded
Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cupid. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleased from thy table rise, They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance.

Music, make their welcome. [Exit CUPID.

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are beloved.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.²

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.³

¹ *Much!* was a common ironical expression of doubt or suspicion.

² Shakspeare probably borrowed this idea from the puritanical writers of his time.

³ "The glory of this life is like [or just such] madness, in the eye of reason, as this pomp appears when opposed to the frugal repast of a philosopher."

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
 Upon whose age we void it up again,
 With poisonous spite and envy. Who lives, that's not
 Depraved, or depraves ? Who dies, that bears
 Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift ?
 I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
 Would one day stamp upon me. It has been done ;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON ;
 and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon,
 and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two
 to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
 ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind ;
 You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
 And entertained me with mine own device ;
 I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.¹

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would
 not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
 Attends you ; please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius,——

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet ?

There is no crossing him in his humor ; [Aside.

Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be crossed² then, an he could.

¹ i. e. "you think favorably of our performance, and make the *best* of it."

² An equivoque is here intended, in which *crossed* means, have his hand crossed with money, or have money in his possession, and to be *crossed* or *thwarted*.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind ;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.¹

[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*]

1 *Lord.* Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O, my friends,

I have one word to say to you. Look, my good lord,
I must entreat you honor me so much,
As to advance² this jewel ; accept and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honor,
Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near ? why then another time I'll hear thee :
I pr'ythee, let us be provided³
To show them entertainment.

Flav.

I scarce know how.

[*Aside.*]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honor, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapped in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly ; let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertained.—How now, what news ?

¹ "That man might not become wretched for his nobleness of soul."

² i. e. prefer it, raise it to honor by wearing it.

³ Steevens, to complete the measure, proposed to read:—

"I pr'ythee, let us be provided *straight*."

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honorable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honor two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give Great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer. Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes For every word; he is so kind, that he now Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books. Well, 'would I were gently put out of office, Before I were forced out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such as do even enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves Much wrong; you bate too much of your own merits.— Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on; it is yours, because you liked it.

2 *Lord.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man Can justly praise but what he does affect. I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations

So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;
Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitched field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endeared—

Tim. All to you.¹—Lights, more lights.

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,

Honor, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon !

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here !

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums !

I doubt whether their legs² be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs ;

Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on courtesies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I'd
be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing ; for, if I should be bribed
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee ; and
then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long,
Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper³
shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and vain
glories ?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I
am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell ; and
come with better music. [Exit.]

¹ That is, "all good wishes to you," or "all happiness attend you."

² He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a limb, and a *bow* or *act of obeisance*.

³ Warburton explained this, "be ruined by his securities entered into." Dr. Farmer would read *proper*, i. e. I suppose, *in propria persona*.

Apem. So;—thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven¹ from thee.
O that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate;²
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound his state in safety.³ Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased⁴
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,

¹ By his *heaven* he means *good advice*; the only thing by which he could be saved.

² *Sternness* was the characteristic of a porter.

³ Johnson altered this to "*found* his state in safety." But the reading of the folio is evidently *sound*, which will bear explanation thus:—"No reason can *proclaim* his state in safety, or not dangerous."

⁴ Be not *stayed* or *stopped*.

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit. I love and honor him ;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger.
 Immediate are my needs ; and my relief
 Must not be tossed and turned to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate aspéct,
 A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,¹
 Which² flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph.

I will, sir.

Sen.

Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop ! so senseless of expense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot ; takes no account
 How things go from him ; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue. Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.³
 What shall be done ? He will not hear, till feel ;
 I must be round with him now he comes from hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie !

¹ This passage has been thus explained by Wilbraham, in his Glossary of words used in Cheshire:—"Gull, s. a naked gull; so are called all nestling birds in quite an unfledged state."

² *Which* for *who*. The pronoun relative, applied to *things*, is frequently used for the pronoun relative applied to *persons*, by old writers, and does not seem to have been thought a grammatical error. It is still preserved in the Lord's prayer.

³ This is elliptically expressed:—

"——— Never mind

Was [*made*] to be so unwise [*in order*] to be so kind."

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even,¹ Varro. What,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharged!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,²
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens, here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month.

My master is awaked by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,——

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,——

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,——

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants,——

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six
weeks,

And past,——

¹ *Good even*, or *good den*, was the usual salutation from noon.

² i. e. to hunting; in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before.

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath :—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and Lords.

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you ;

[*To* FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encountered
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,¹
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honor ?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business.
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner ;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.
See them well entertained.

[*Exit* TIMON.

Flav. I pray, draw near.

[*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.²

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus ; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog !

Var. Serv. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No ; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[*To the Fool.*

Isid. Serv. [*To* VAR. SERV.] There's the fool
hangs on your back already.

¹ The old copy reads :—

“ ——— of debt, broken bonds.”

The emendation, which was made by Malone, is well supported by corresponding passages in the Poet.

² Johnson thought that a scene or passage had been here lost, in which the audience were informed that the fool and the page that follows him belonged to Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan ; upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single ; thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now ?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men ! bawds between gold and want !

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus ?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why ?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress ?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.¹

Apem. Good ! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain ? what do you in this wise company ?—How dost thou, Apemantus ?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters ; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read ?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon ; this to Alcibiades. Go ; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog ; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not ; I am gone.

[*Exit Page.*

¹ The reputation of the ladies of *Corinth* for gallantry caused the term to be anciently used for a house of ill repute.

Apem. Even so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there ?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers ?

All Serv. Ay ; 'would they served us !

Apem. So would I, as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men ?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant ; my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry ; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this ?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave ; which, notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool ?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit : sometime, it appears like a lord ; sometime, like a lawyer ; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one.¹ He is very often like a knight ; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore, to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man. As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside ; here comes lord Timon.

¹ Meaning the celebrated object of all alchymical research, the philosopher's stone, at that time much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it. Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Serv.*

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to.

Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,¹
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, prayed you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-loved lord,
Though you hear now (too late!) yet now's a time,²
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace.

¹ The construction is, "And made that unaptness your minister."

² "Yet now your affairs are in such a state."

What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?¹

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;²
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices³ have been oppressed
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blazed with lights, and brayed with minstrelsy;
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,⁴
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couched.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath passed my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,

¹ "How will you be able to subsist in the time intervening between the payment of the present demands and the claim of future dues; and, finally, on the settlement of all accounts, in what a wretched plight will you be?"

² i. e. as the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath.

³ The *cellar* and the *buttery* are probably meant.

⁴ A *wasteful cock* is possibly what we now call a *waste pipe*, a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns, &c., by carrying off their superfluous water. Hanmer supposed the phrase to mean "an unoccupied cockloft."

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,
 And try the argument¹ of hearts by borrowing,
 Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
 As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
 crowned,²

That I account them blessings; for by these
 Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
 Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
 Within there, ho!—Flaminius, Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord
 Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
 Honor to-day;—You to Sempronius;
 Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
 That my occasions have found time to use them
 Toward a supply of money. Let the request
 Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph!

[*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators,
 (Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
 Deserved this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant
 A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
 (For that I knew it the most general way)³
 To them to use your signet, and your name;
 But they do shake their heads, and I am here
 No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be.

¹ i. e. the *contents* of them.

² i. e. dignified, adorned, made gracious.

³ "The most *general* way," is the most compendious, to try many at a time.

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,¹ want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honorable,—
But yet they could have wished—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending² other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps,³ and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary;
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashioned for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius, [*To a Serv.*]—'Pr'ythee, [*To FLAVIUS,*]
be not sad;

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee;—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepped
Into a great estate. When he was poor,
Imprisoned, and in scarcity of friends,
I cleared him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remembered
With those five talents; that had, [*To FLAV.*] give it
these fellows,
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it. That thought
is bounty's foe;
Being free⁴ itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ i. e. at an ebb.

² Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, have explained *intending*, here, *regarding*, *turning their notice*, or *attending to*, &c.; but it certainly means *pretending*. Shakspeare uses *pretend* for *intend* in several instances.

³ *Fractions* are broken hints, abrupt remarks. A *half-cap* is a cap slightly moved, not put off.

⁴ Liberal, not parsimonious.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Room in Lucullus's House.*
FLAMINIUS waiting.

Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you ; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men ? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right ; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius ; you are very respectively¹ welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*]—And how does that honorable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master ?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius ?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir ; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honor to supply ; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him ; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he ? alas, good lord ! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't ; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less ; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault,

¹ i. e. regardfully.

and honesty¹ is his ; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason ; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well : good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman ; but thou art wise ; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money ; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares² for thee ; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ ; And we alive that lived ?³ Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha ! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit LUCULLUS.]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee !

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself !⁴
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights ? O you gods,

¹ *Honesty* here means *liberality*.

² We are not to look for the name of a Greek coin here ; it is, perhaps, formed from *solidari*, or *soldi*, a small coin, which Florio makes equal to shillings in value.

³ And we alive now who lived then.

⁴ So in King Lear :—

“ ——— my daughter,
Or rather a *disease*,” &c.

I feel my master's passion!¹ This slave
 Unto his honor,² has my lord's meat in him.
 Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turned to poison?
 O, may diseases only work upon't!
 And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!³ [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public Place.*

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumors; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents;⁴ nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! Now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honorable man? there was very little honor showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received

¹ i. e. suffering, grief.

² Some modern editions have changed *his honor* into *this hour*. The old reading, which Steevens explains, "This slave (to the honor of his character) has," &c., is not probably what is meant to be expressed.

³ i. e. prolong his *hour* of suffering.

⁴ "So many talents," a common colloquial phrase for an indefinite number.

some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honor.—My honored lord,—

[*To* LUCIUS.]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honorable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honor, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending. How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me. He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.¹

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,² I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honorable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor!³—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't: the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth

¹ Some modern editors have here substituted "fifty talents." But this was the phraseology of the Poet's age.

² "If he did not want it for a good use."

³ i. e. "by purchasing what brought me but little profit, I have lost the more honorable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend."

of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit.¹ Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,²
What charitable men afford to beggars.

2 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.*

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honorable carriage,

¹ The old copy reads:—

“Is every flatterer's *sport*.”

The emendation is Theobald's. This speech was, apparently, never intended for verse, though printed as such in the folio.

² i. e. “in respect of his *fortune*.”

Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,¹
 And the best half should have returned to him,
 So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;
 For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!
 'bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeemed from prison. All these
 Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
 They have all been touched,² and found base metal ; for
 They have all denied him.

Sem. How ! have they denied him ?
 Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?
 And does he send to me ? Three ? humph !³
 It shows but little love or judgment in him.
 Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physicians,
 Thrive,⁴ give him over. Must I take the cure upon me ?—
 He has much disgraced me in't ; I am angry at him,
 That might have known my place. I see no sense for't,
 But his occasions might have wooed me first ;

¹ The meaning appears to be—"Had he applied to me, I would have put my wealth into the form of a gift, and have sent him the best half of it."

² Alluding to the trial of metals by the *touchstone*.

³ This speech appears to be mutilated, and therefore unmetrical.

⁴ Johnson proposes to read :—

"Thrice, give him over ;"

but says, "perhaps the old reading is the true." The passage may mean "his friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either relinquish and forsake him, or give up his case as desperate."

For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er received gift from him :
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove
 An argument of laughter to the rest,
 And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;
 I had such a courage to do him good. But now, return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join :
Who bates mine honor, shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
 The devil knew not what he did, when he made man
 politic; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think,
 but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear.¹
 How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtu-
 tous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot,
 ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.²
 Of such a nature is his politic love.
 This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
 Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead,
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employed
 Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.³

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants to TIMON's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

¹ In the end, the villanies of man will (make the devil appear, in comparison, innocent) set him clear.

² Warburton thinks that this is levelled at the puritans.

³ i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor.

Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv.

Ay, and, I think,

One business does command us all; for mine

Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv.

And sir

Philotus, too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv.

Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi.

Laboring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi.

Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv.

Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor.

Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which you¹ wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv.

Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

¹ The old copy reads, "For which *I* wait for money."

Hor. I am weary of this charge,¹ the gods can witness;
 I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
 And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns.
 What's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep; and it should seem by
 the sum,
 Your master's confidence was above mine;
 Else, surely, his had equalled.²

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my
 lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are
 too diligent. [*Exit FLAMINIUS.*]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
 He goes away in a cloud; call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
1 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—
Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Ay,
 If money were as certain as your waiting,
 'Twere sure enough. Why then preferred you not
 Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate
 Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and
 fawn
 Upon his debts, and take down th' interest

¹ i. e. this office or employment.

² The meaning is, "it should seem by the sum your master lent, his confidence in Timon was greater than that of my master, else, surely, my master's loan had equalled his."

Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but
wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly.
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[*Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashiered worship
mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's
revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that
has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against
great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some
answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
some other hour, I should derive much from it; for,
take it on my soul, my lord leans wondrously to dis-
content. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he
is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not
sick;

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my
lord!—

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my
passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?

The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em; ¹ cleave me to the
girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,——

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 Var. Serv. My lord,——

2 Var. Serv. My lord,——

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!
[*Exit.*]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their
caps at their money: these debts may well be called
desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves.

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,——

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,——

Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,

¹ Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to *bills* or battle-axes.

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius ; all.¹
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O, my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul ;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care ; go,
I charge thee ; invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The Senate House. The Senate sitting.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it ; the fault's
Bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die.

Nothing imboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honor, health, and compassion to the senate !

1 *Sen.* Now, captain ?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepped into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,²

Of comely virtues.

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,

(An honor in him which buys out his fault ;)

¹ The first folio reads :—

“Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, *Ullorra* all.”

What is meant by this strange corruption, it is, perhaps, now vain to conjecture. Malone retains this strange word.

² i. e. putting this action of his, which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
 Seeing his reputation touched to death,
 He did oppose his foe ;
 And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behave¹ his anger, ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but proved an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,²
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labored
 To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valor ; which, indeed,
 Is valor misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were newly born :
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe ;³ and make his wrongs
 His outsides ; wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
 To revenge is no valor, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favor, pardon me,
 If I speak like a captain.—
 Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threats ? sleep upon it,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy ? But if there be
 Such valor in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad ?⁴ why then, women are more valiant,
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
 And th' ass more captain than the lion ; the felon,⁵

1 The folio reads :—

“ And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behoove his anger ere 'twas spent.”

2 You undertake a paradox too hard.

3 i. e. utter.

4 What do we, or what have we to do, in the field ?

5 The old copy reads “ fellow.” The alteration was made at Johnson's suggestion.

Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good:
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;¹
 But, in defence, by mercy,² 'tis most just.
 To be in anger is impiety;
 But who is man that is not angry?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
 And slain in fight many of your enemies.
 How full of valor did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em; he
 Is a sworn rioter,³ h'as a sin that often
 Drowns him, and takes his valor prisoner;
 If there were no foes, that were enough alone
 To overcome him; in that beastly fury
 He has been known to commit outrages,
 And cherish factions. 'Tis inferred to us,
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
 My lords, if not for any parts in him,
 (Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
 And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his, and join them both;
 And, for I know your reverend ages love
 Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
 My honor to you, upon his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,

¹ *Gust* here means rashness. We still say, "it was done in a *gust* of passion."

² i. e. "I call *mercy* herself to witness."

³ i. e. a man who practises riot as if he had made it an oath or duty.

Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law ; he dies ; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How ?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.*

What ?

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,¹
To sue, and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee forever.

Alcib. Banish me ?
Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain
thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our
spirit,²

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I am worse than mad. I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this ?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ? Ha ! banishment ?
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banished ;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

¹ *Base* for *dishonored*.

² This, says Steevens, I believe, means, "not to put ourselves into any tumor of rage, take our definitive resolution."

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.¹
 'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds;
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honorable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring;² when we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both;—and how fare you?

¹ To *lay* for hearts, is to endeavor to win the affections of the people.

² "Upon that were my thoughts *feeding*, or most *anxiously employed*."

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2 *Lord.* My most honorable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.¹
—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

2 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished. Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.²

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

¹ i. e. "your *good* memory."

² i. e. near at hand, or in prospect.

2 *Lord.* It does ; but time will—and so—

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress ; your diet shall be in all places alike.¹ Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised : but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another ; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees,² O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome. Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean ?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends ! smoke and lukewarm
water

Is your perfection.³ This is Timon's last ;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villany. Live loathed, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

¹ "In all places alike." This alludes to the mode in which guests were formerly placed at table according to rank.

² Warburton and Mason say we should read *foes* instead of *fees*, which is the reading of the old copy. Mr. Singer proposes to read *lees*.

³ i. e. the highest of your excellence.

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,¹
 Cap and knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks!²
 Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
 Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—
 [*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*
 Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
 What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
 Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
 Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?³

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humor sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat.—Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.⁴ [*Exeunt.*

¹ i. e. flies of a season.

² *Minute-jacks* are the same as *jacks of the clock-house*, automaton figures appended to clocks; but the term was used for "time-serving busybodies."

³ This and the next speech is spoken by the newly-arrived lords.

⁴ In the old MS. play of Timon, *painted stones* are introduced as part of this mock banquet.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children! Slaves, and fools,
 Pluck the grave, wrinkled senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads! To general filths¹
 Convert, o' the instant, green virginity!
 Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lined crutch from the old limping sire,
 With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty²
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath;

¹ *General filths* means *common strumpets*.

² *Liberty* here means *licentiousness* or *libertinism*.

That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou détestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!¹
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
 Amen.

[*Exit.*]SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.**Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our
 master?
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
 So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave;
 So his familiars from² his buried fortunes
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses picked; and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruined house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;

¹ i. e. accumulated curses.

² *From* is here substituted for *to*, as in the old copies.

That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,
 Serving alike in sorrow. Leaked is our bark ;
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
 Hearing the surges threat ; we must all part
 Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
 Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
 Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,
 As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some ;

[*Giving them money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more ;
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

O, the fierce¹ wretchedness that glory brings us !
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
 Who'd be so mocked with glory ? or to live
 But in a dream of friendship ?
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
 But only painted, like his varnished friends ?
 Poor, honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;
 Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,²
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
 Who then dares to be half so kind again ?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—blessed, to be most accursed,
 Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends ; nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out.
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[*Exit.*

¹ *Fierce* here means *vehement*.

² *Blood* is here used for *passion, propensity, affection*.

SCENE III. *The Woods.**Enter* TIMON.

Tim. O blessed, breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb¹
 Infect the air ! Twinned brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes ;
 The greater scorns the lesser. Not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature : ²
 Raise me this beggar, and deny't³ that lord ;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honor.
 It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
 The want that makes him lean.⁴ Who dares, who
 dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, *This man's*⁵ *a flatterer* ? if one be,
 So are they all ; for every grize⁶ of fortune
 Is smoothed by that below : the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool : all is oblique ;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,

¹ That is, the moon's—this *sublunary* world.

² “ Not even beings besieged with misery can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow creatures, above whom accident has elevated them.” *But* is here used in its exceptive sense, and signifies *without*.

³ This is the reading of the old copy. Steevens reads “*denude*.” It has been said that there is no antecedent to which “*deny it*” can be referred. It clearly refers to *great fortune* in the preceding sentence, with which it is connected, by placing a colon instead of a period at nature. The construction will be, “*Raise me this beggar to great fortune, and deny it to that lord,*” &c.

⁴ The folio of 1623 reads :—

“ It is the *pastour* lards the brother's sides,
 The want that makes him *leave*.”

The second folio changes *leave* to *lean*. The probable meaning of the passage, as it now stands, is, “*Men are courted and flattered according to their riches.*”

⁵ *This man* does not refer to any particular person, but to any supposed individual.

⁶ *Grize*, step or degree.

But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorred
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains.
 Destruction fang¹ mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist.² Roots, you clear heavens!³
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?

Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;⁴
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.⁵

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed,
 Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it,
 That makes the wappened⁶ widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores,
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April day again.⁷ Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.⁸—[March afar off.]—Ha! a drum?

Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, strong thief,

¹ i. e. seize, gripe.

² No insincere or inconstant supplicant.

³ You pure heavens.

⁴ Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with *Plutus*.

⁵ This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men, in their last agonies, to accelerate their departure.

⁶ It is not clear what is meant by *wappened* in this passage; perhaps *worn out, debilitated*.

⁷ "Restores to all the *freshness and sweetness of youth*." *Youth* is called, by the old poets, the "*April of man's life*."

⁸ i. e. lie in the earth, where nature laid thee. *Thou'rt quick*, means thou hast life and motion in thee.



When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.—
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner*; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?

Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,

That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
 But in thy fortunes am unlearned and strange.

Tim. I know thee, too; and more, than that I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules.

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
 To thine own lips again.¹

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
 But then renew I could not, like the moon;

There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
 What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
 Maintain my opinion.

¹ This alludes to the old, erroneous, prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another, left the infector free.

Alcib. What is it, Timon ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none : If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man ! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou art a man !

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voiced so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou Timandra ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still ! they love thee not, that use
thee ;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves
For tubs, and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.¹

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra ; for his wits
Are drowned and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost
trouble ?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well ;
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

¹ See Act ii. Sc. 2. The *diet* was a customary term for the *regimen* prescribed in these cases.

Tim. Warr'st thou against Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i'thy conquest;
and

Thee after, when thou hast conquered!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.

Put up thy gold. Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vised city hang his poison

In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honored age for his white beard;

He's an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant¹ sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars² bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ;

But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the
babe

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:

Think it a bastard,³ whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;⁴

Put armor on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
givest me,

Not all thy counsel.

¹ Cutting.

² By *window-bars*, the Poet, perhaps, means "the partlet, gorget, or kerchief, which women put about their neck."

³ An allusion to the tale of Œdipus.

⁴ i. e. against objects of charity and compassion.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon. Hast thou no more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade, And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts, Your aprons mountant. You are not oathable.— Although, I know you'll swear, terribly swear, Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues, The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths, I'll trust to your conditions.¹ Be whores still; And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you, Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; Let your close fire predominate his smoke, And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six months, Be quite contrary.² And thatch your poor thin roofs With burdens of the dead;—some that were hanged,³ No matter:—wear them, betray with them; whore still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?— Believe't that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets⁴ shrilly: hoarse the flamen,⁵

¹ *Conditions for dispositions.*

² The meaning of this passage appears to be as Steevens explains it—“Timon had been exhorting them to follow constantly their trade of debauchery, but he interrupts himself, and imprecates upon them that for half the year their pains may be quite contrary, that they may suffer such punishment as is usually inflicted upon harlots. He then continues his exhortations.”

³ The fashion of periwigs for women, which Stowe informs us “were brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris,” seems to have been a fertile source of satire.

⁴ *Quilllets* are subtillies, nice and frivolous distinctions. See Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 1.

⁵ The old copy reads “*hoar* the flamen,” which Steevens suggests may mean, give him the *hoary leprosy*. Upton's reading of *hoarse* is given in the text, because the whole construction of the speech shows that is the word the Poet wrote.

That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal:¹ make curled-pate ruf-
fians bald;

And let the unscarred braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave² you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given
you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum, towards Athens. Fare-
well, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike.

[*Drum beats.* *Exeunt* ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,

¹ To "foresee his particular" is "to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good."

² To *grave* is to *bury*. The word is now obsolete, but was familiar to our old writers.

The gilded newt, and eyeless, venom'd worm,¹
 With all the abhorred births below crisp² heaven,
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ,
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above³
 Never presented !—O, a root,—dear thanks !
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips !

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man ? Plague ! plague !

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
 Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected ;
 A poor, unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this place ?
 This slavelike habit ? and these looks of care ?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;
 Hug their diseased perfumes,⁴ and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper ;⁵
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive

¹ The serpent which we, from the smallness of the eye, call the *blind-worm*, and the Latins *cæcilia*.

² Perhaps Shakspeare meant *curled* (which was synonymous with *crisp*), from the appearance of the clouds.

³ Again in *Othello*:—

“Now by yon *marble* heaven.”

⁴ i. e. their diseased, perfumed mistresses.

⁵ “*Cunning* of a *carper*” is the the fastidiousness of a critic. Shame not these words, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault.

By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus ;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
 come,

To knaves and all approachers. 'Tis most just,
 That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
 thyself ;

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm ? Will these mossed trees,
 That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out ? Will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures,
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare, unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements exposed,
 Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee ;
 O ! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why ?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not ; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out ?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What ! a knave too ?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour, cold habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well ; but thou
 Dost it enforcedly ; thou'dst courtier be again,
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives incertain pomp, is crowned before :¹
 The one is filling still, never complete ;
 The other, at high wish. Best state, contentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath,² that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 With favor never clasped ; but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath,³ proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it⁴
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
 In general riot ; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust ; and never learned
 The icy precepts of respect,⁵ but followed
 The sugared game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary ;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment ;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows ;—I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden ;
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance ; time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate
 men ?

They never flattered thee. What hast thou given ?

¹ To have wishes *crowned* is to have them *completed*, to be content. The highest fortunes, if contentless, have a wretched being, worse than that of the most abject fortune accompanied by content.

² By his *breath* means by his *voice*, i. e. *suffrage*.

³ i. e. from infancy, from the first *swath-band* with which a new-born infant is enveloped. "There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful."—*Johnson*.

⁴ The old copy reads, "The passive *drugges* of it." *Drug*, or *drugge*, is only a variation of the orthography of *drudge*, as appears by Baret's *Alvearie*.

⁵ The cold admonitions of cautious prudence. *Respect* is *regardful consideration*.

If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject ; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee,
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone !—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now ;

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this !

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here ; I will mend thy feast,
[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of
thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botched ;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest ;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon ?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in
thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too

much curiosity;¹ in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts!

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury:² wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse,

¹ *Curiosity* is scrupulous exactness, *finical niceness*.

² Alluding to the unicorn's being sometimes overcome from striking his horn into a tree in his furious pursuit of an enemy.

thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion,¹ and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion;² and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter; the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.³

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee,—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst.

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

¹ This seems to imply that the lion "bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne."

² "Removing away, removing afar off; remotio."

³ See Act iii. Sc. 4.

Apem.

Toad!

Tim.

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave.

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twi'xt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch¹ of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

Apem.

'Would 'twere so;—

But not till I am dead!—I'll say thou hast gold;

Thou wilt be thronged to shortly.

Tim.

Thronged to?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem.

Live and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

*Enter Thieves.*²

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder.

¹ Touch for touchstone.

² The old copy reads, "Enter the *Banditti.*"

The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him. If he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of men.¹ Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes.

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves professed; that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft

¹ The old copy reads:—

“Your greatest want is, you want much of *meat*.”

Theobald proposed “you want much of *meet*,” i. e. much of what you *ought to be*. Steevens says, perhaps we should read:—

“Your greatest want is, you want much of *me*.”

“Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply to one in my situation.” Dr. Farmer would point the passage differently, thus:—

“Your greatest want is, you want much. Of *meat* Why should you want,” &c.

In limited¹ professions. Rascal thieves,
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape
 Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician ;
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together ;
 Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery.
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea ; the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ;
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears ;² the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture³ stolen
 From general excrement ; each thing's a thief ;
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have unchecked theft. Love not yourselves : away,
 Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats ;
 All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go,
 Break open shops ; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this
 I give you ; and gold confound you howsoever !

Amen. [TIMON retires to his cave.

3 Thief. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens. There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.⁴

[*Exeunt* Thieves.

¹ *Limited* professions are *allowed* professions.

² The moon is called the *moist* star in Hamlet, and the Poet in the last scene of *The Tempest* has shown that he was acquainted with her influence on the *tides*. The sea is therefore said to *resolve* her into *salt tears*, in allusion to the flow of the tides, and perhaps of her influence upon the weather, which she is said to govern.

³ i. e. compost, manure.

⁴ "There is no hour in a man's life so wretched, but he always has it in his power to become *true*, i. e. honest."

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestowed!
What an alteration of honor¹ has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely² does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wished³ to love his enemies.
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye. I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest, poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then

I know thee not. I ne'er had honest man
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then
I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

¹ *An alteration of honor, is an alteration of an honorable state to a state of disgrace.*

² *i. e. how admirably.*

³ *i. e. desired. Friends and enemies here mean those who profess friendship and profess enmity.*

Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,¹
 But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping ;
 Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
 weeping !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
 To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
 To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
 So comfortable ? It almost turns
 My dangerous nature mild.² Let me behold
 Thy face.—Surely this man was born of woman.—
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
 You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
 One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one.
 No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
 How fain would I have hated all mankind,
 And thou redeem'st thyself. But all, save thee,
 I fell with curses.
 Methinks thou art more honest now, than wise ;
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou mightst have sooner got another service ;
 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
 (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 If not³ a usuring kindness ; and as rich men deal gifts,
 Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
 Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late.
 You should have feared false times, when you did feast ;
 Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
 That which I show, Heaven knows, is merely love,
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

¹ To *give* is to yield, to *give way* to tears.

² The old copy reads :—

“ ————— It almost turns
 My dangerous nature *wild*.”

The emendation is Warburton's.

³ Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks, that *If not* has slipped in here, by an error of the compositor, caught from the *Is not* of the preceding line. Both sense and metre would be better without it.

Care of your food and living ; and, believe it,
 My most honored lord,
 For any benefit that points to me,
 Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
 For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
 To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so !—Thou singly honest man,
 Here, take ;—the gods out of my misery
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy ;
 But thus conditioned : Thou shalt build from men ;¹
 Hate all, curse all ; show charity to none ;
 But let the famished flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar ; give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow them,
 Debts wither them to nothing. Be men like blasted
 woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
 And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav.

O, let me stay,

And comfort you, my master.

Tim.

If thou hat'st

Curses, stay not ; fly whilst thou'rt blessed and free.
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter ;*² *TIMON behind, unseen.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
 where he abides.

¹ i. e. away from human habitation.

² The poet and painter were within view when Apemantus parted
 from Timon ; they must therefore be supposed to have been wandering
 about the woods in search of Timon's cave, and to have heard, in the

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumor hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him; he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his. It will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying¹ is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating² of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own

interim, the particulars of Timon's bounty to the thieves and the steward. "But (as Malone observes) Shakspeare was not attentive to these minute particulars, and if *he* and the *audience* knew these circumstances, he would not scruple to attribute the knowledge to persons who, perhaps, had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it."

¹ The doing of that we have said we would do.

² *Personating* for *representing* simply.

work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him.

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-cornered night,¹
Find what thou want'st by free and offered light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipped in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the
foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave.

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crowned with plagues, that thee alone obey!

'Fit I do meet them.

[*Advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain.

Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fallen off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of Heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better.
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain.

He, and myself,

¹ "Black-cornered night." Many conjectures have been offered about this passage, which appears to be a corruption of the text. Some have proposed to read *black-coned*, alluding to the conical form of the earth's shadow; others *black-crowned*, and *black-covered*. Mr. Singer suggests that it should be *black-curtained*.

Have travelled in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men. You have heard that I
have gold;

I am sure you have. Speak truth; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men.—Thou draw'st a counterfeit¹
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say.—And for thy fiction,
[*To the Poet.*

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault.

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honor
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assured,
That he's a made-up villain.²

¹ It should be remembered that a portrait was called a *counterfeit*.

² i. e. a *complete*, a *finished* villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet.

Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies.

Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,¹
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord ; let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in com-
pany ;—

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.²

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence ! pack ! there's gold ; ye came for gold, ye slaves.
You have done work for me, there's payment : hence !³
You are an alchymist, make gold of that :—
Out, rascal dogs ! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.*

Bring us to his cave :

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.*

At all times alike

¹ i. e. a *jakes*.

² The plain and simple meaning of this is, "where each of you is, a villain must be in his company."

³ The word *done* is omitted, by accident, in the old copy. This line is addressed to the painter, the next to the poet.

Men are not still the same. 'Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus ; time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon ! Timon !
Look out, and speak to friends. The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !—Speak, and
be hanged :
For each true word, a blister ! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

1 Sen. Worthy Timon—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them back the
plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross ;
Which¹ now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid,—hath sense withal
Of its own fall,² restraining aid to Timon ;

¹ *Which* should be *and*. It is now vain to inquire whether the mistake be attributable to the Poet, or to a careless transcriber or printer.

² The Athenians have a sense of *the danger* of their own fall by the arms of Alcibiades, by their *withholding* aid that should have been given to Timon.

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,¹
 Together with a recompense more fruitful
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
 And write in thee the figures of their love,
 Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears.
 Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
 And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
 And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allowed² with absolute power, and thy good name
 Live with authority ;—so soon we shall drive back
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
 Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir. Thus,—
 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,—
 That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
 And take our goodly, aged men by the beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brained war ;
 Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,
 I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
 And let him take't at worst ; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer ; for myself,
 There's not a whittle³ in the unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you

¹ *Render* is *confession*.

² *Allowed* here signifies *confirmed*

³ A *whittle* is a clasp-knife

To the protection of the prosperous gods,¹
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph ;
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health,² and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough !

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country ; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well ; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whose please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself :³—I pray you, do my greeting.

¹ "The *prosperous gods*" undoubtedly here mean the *propitious* or *favorable gods*, *Dii secundi*.

² He means "the disease of life begins to promise me a period."

³ This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, where it is said Timon addressed the people of Athens in similar terms from the

Flav. Trouble him no further ; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens, Timon hath made his everlasting mansion Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ; Whom once a day with his embossed froth¹ The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come, And let my gravestone be your oracle.— Lips, let sour words go by, and language end : What is amiss, plague and infection mend ! Graves only be men's works ; and death their gain ! Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* Timon

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead : let us return, And strain what other means is left unto us In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discovered ; are his files As full as thy report ?

Mess. I have spoke the least : Besides, his expedition promises Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend : Whom, though in general part we were opposed, Yet our old love made a particular force,

public tribune in the market-place. See also *The Palace of Pleasure*, vol. i. Nov. 28.

¹ The first folio reads *who*. It was altered to *which* in the second folio. Malone reads *whom*, saying it refers to *Timon*, and not to his grave.

Embossed froth is *foaming, puffed or blown up froth*.

And made us speak like friends ;¹—this man was riding
 From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
 With letters of entreaty, which imported
 His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
 In part for his sake moved.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon ; nothing of him expect.—
 The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
 Doth choke the air with dust. In and prepare ;
 Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes, the snare.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a
 Tombstone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
 Who's here ? speak, ho !—No answer ?—What is this ?
 Timon is dead, who hath outstretched his span :
 Some beast reared this ;² there does not live a man.
 Dead, sure ; and this his grave.—
 What's on this tomb I cannot read ; the character
 I'll take with wax.
 Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
 An aged interpreter, though young in days :
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[*Exit.*

¹ This passage, Steevens, with great reason, considers corrupt ; the awkward repetition of the verb *made*, and the obscurity of the whole, countenance his opinion. Might we not read,

“Yet our old love *had* a particular force,
 And made us speak like friends ?”

² The old copy has “Some beast *read* this.” The emendation is Warburton's.

SCENE V. *Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. *[A parley sounded.]*

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and filled the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice ; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wandered with our traversed arms,¹ and breathed
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,²
When crouching marrow,³ in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, *No more* : now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.⁴

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humbled message, and by promised means ;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom

¹ *Traversed arms* are arms crossed.

² *Flush* is *mature*, ripe, or come to full perfection.

³ *Crouching marrow.* The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises when he finds he has as much laid on him as he can bear.

⁴ *Their* refers to *griefs*. "To give thy rages balm," must be considered as parenthetical.

You have received your griefs ; nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should
fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out ;¹
Shame, that they wanted cunning,² in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread.
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destined tenth ;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended ;
For those that were, it is not square,³ to take,
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage.
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope ;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove
Or any token of thine honor else,

¹ i. e. those who made the motion for your exile.

² *Cunning* is used in its old sense of *skill* or *wisdom* : extremity of shame that they wanted *wisdom* in procuring your banishment hath broke their hearts. Theobald had nearly thus interpreted the passage ; and Johnson thought he could improve it by reading—

“Shame that they wanted, *coming* in excess
Hath broke their hearts.”

³ i. e. not regular.

That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbor in our town, till we
Have sealed thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.¹
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own,
Whom you yourself shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more ; and—to atone² your fears
With my more noble meaning—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.³

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entombed upon the very hem o' the sea :
And on his gravestone, this insculpture ; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] *Here lies a wretched corse, of
wretched soul bereft ;
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left !
Here lie I, Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate.
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here
thy gait.*⁴

¹ i. e. *unattacked gates*. According to Johnson, *unguarded*.

² i. e. to *reconcile* them to it.

³ All attempts to extract a meaning from this passage, as it stands, must be vain. We should, perhaps, read:—

“ But shall be *remitted* to your public laws
At heaviest answer.”

It is evident that the context requires a word of this import: *remanded* might serve. The comma at *remedied* is not in the old copy. Johnson's explanation will then serve, “ Not a soldier shall quit his station, or commit any violence, but he shall answer it regularly to the law.”

⁴ This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs in North's *Plu-*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits.
 Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
 Scorn'dst our brains' flow,¹ and those our droplets which
 From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
 Is noble Timon; of whose memory
 Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword.
 Make war breed peace; make peace stint² war; make
 each
 Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.
 Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

tarch. The first couplet is there said to have been composed by Timon himself; the second by the poet Callimachus. The epithet *catiffs* was probably suggested by another epitaph, to be found in Kendal's Flowers of Epigrammes, 1577, and in the Palace of Pleasure, vol. i. Nov. 28.

¹ So in Drayton's Miracles of Moses:—

“But he from rocks that fountains can command
 Cannot yet stay the *fountains of his brain.*”

² Stop.

THE play of Timon is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits; and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavored to rectify or explain with due diligence; but, having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavors shall be much applauded.

JOHNSON

C O R I O L A N U S .

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

In this play, the narration of Plutarch, in the Life of Coriolanus, is very exactly followed; and it has been observed that the Poet shows consummate skill in knowing how to seize the true poetical point of view of the historical circumstances, without changing them in the least degree. His noble Roman is indeed worthy of the name, and his mob such as a Roman mob doubtless were; such as every great city has possessed, from the time of the polished Athenians to that of modern Paris, where such scenes have been exhibited by a people collectively considered the politest on earth, as shows that "the many-headed multitude" have the same turbulent spirit, when there is an exciting cause, in all ages.

Shakspeare has extracted amusement from this popular humor, and, with the aid of the pleasant satirical vein of Menenius, has relieved the serious part of the play with some mirthful scenes, in which it is certain the people's folly is not spared.

The character of Coriolanus, as drawn by Plutarch, was happily suited to the drama, and in the hands of Shakspeare could not fail of exciting the highest interest and sympathy in the spectator. He is made of that stern, unbending stuff, which usually enters into the composition of a hero. Accustomed to conquest and triumph, his inflexible spirit could not stoop to solicit, by flattering condescension, what it felt that its worthy services ought to command:—

"————— he was
 A noble servant to them; but he could not
 Carry his honors even;————
 —————commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controlled the war."

He hated flattery; and his sovereign contempt for the people arose from having witnessed their pusillanimity: though he loved "the bubble reputation," and would have grappled with fate for honor, he hated the breath of vulgar applause as "the reek o' the rotten fens."

He knew that his actions must command the good opinion of men ; but his modesty shrunk from their open declaration of it ; he could not bear to hear "his nothings monstered."

" — Pray you, no more ; my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me."

But yet his pride was his greatest characteristic—

" Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man."

This it was that made him seek distinction from the ordinary herd of popular heroes ; his honor must be won by difficult and daring enterprise, and worn in silence. It was this pride which was his overthrow, and from which the moral of the piece is to be drawn. He had thrown himself, with the noble and confiding magnanimity of a hero, into the hands of an enemy, knowing that the truly brave are ever generous ; but two suns could not shine in one hemisphere ; Tullus Aufidius found he was darkened by his light, and he exclaims—

" — He bears himself more prouder,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When I did first embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changeling."

The closeness with which Shakspeare has followed his original, sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, will be observed upon comparison of the following passage with the parallel scene in the play, describing Coriolanus's flight to Antium, and his reception by Aufidius :—"It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went immediately to Tullus Aufidius' house ; and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise ; for, ill-favoredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence : whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and, after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto him, 'If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity discover myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny, for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit

of the true and painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this surname; a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed, the name only remaineth with me; for the rest, the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor, to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I feared death, I would not have come hither to put myself in hazard; but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that have thus banished me, which now I do begin, by putting my person in the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my service may be a benefit to the Volces; promising thee that I will fight with better good-will for all you, than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help or pleasure thee.—Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, he said to him, ‘Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer; for in proffering thyself unto us, thou doest us great honor: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all Volces’ hands.’ So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honorablest manner he could, talking with him of no other matter at that present; but within a few days after they fell to consultation together in what sort they should begin their wars.”

In the scene of the meeting of Coriolanus with his wife and mother, when they come to supplicate him to spare Rome, Shakspeare has adhered very closely to his original. He felt that it was sufficient to give it merely a dramatic form. The speech of Volumnia, as we have observed in a note, is almost in the very words of the old translator of Plutarch.

The time comprehended in the play is about four years; commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer, in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266.

Malone conjectures it to have been written in the year 1610.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
 TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volcians.*
 COMINIUS, }
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*
 SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
 JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
 Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*
 A Roman Herald.
 TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volcians.*
 Lieutenant to Aufidius.
 Conspirators *with* Aufidius.
 A Citizen of Antium.
 Two Volcian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*
 VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*
 VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*
 Gentlewoman, *attending* Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volcian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors,
 Soldiers, Citizens, Messenger, Servants *to* Aufidius,
and other Attendants.

SCENE, *partly in Rome, and partly in the Territories*
of the Volcians and Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Citizen.* BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good.¹ What authority surfeits on, would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance: our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our

¹ *Good*, in a commercial sense.

piques, ere we become rakes;¹ for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen. Why stay we prating here? To the capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'would all the rest were so!

¹ "As lean as a rake" is an old proverbial expression. There is, as Warburton observes, a miserable joke intended:—"Let us now revenge this with *forks*, before we become *rakes*;" a *pike* or *pike-fork*, being the ancient term for a *pitchfork*. The origin of the proverb is, doubtless, "as lean as a *rache* or *ræcc*" (pronounced *rake*), and signifying a *greyhound*.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?
Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray
you.

I Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate;
they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend
to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say
poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we
have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest
neighbors,
Will you undo yourselves?

I Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

I Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er
cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-
houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to
support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act estab-
lished against the rich; and provide more piercing
statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the
wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love
they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;

But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale't¹ a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think
to fob off our disgrace² with a tale; but, an't please
you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's mem-
bers
Rebelled against the belly; thus accused it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labor with the rest; where³ the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly⁴
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer; what?

Men. The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart,⁵ the arm our soldier,

¹ i. e. *render it more common*: "the old copies have '*scale't* a little more;' for which Theobald judiciously proposed *stale*. To this Warburton objects, because to *scale* signifies to *weigh*; so indeed it does, and many other things; none of which, however, bear any relation to the text. Steevens, too, prefers *scale*, which he proves from a variety of authorities to mean 'scatter, disperse, spread:' to make any of them, however, suit his purpose, he is obliged to give an unfaithful version of the text."

² *Disgraces* are *hardships, injuries*.

³ *Where* for *whereas*.

⁴ i. e. *exactly*.

⁵ The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of the understanding. See the next note. There have been, in former editions, some inaccuracies in the appropriation of some portions of this dialogue, which Mr. Singer has judiciously rectified.

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
 With other muniments and petty helps
 In this our fabric, if that they——

1 Cit. What then?—

Men. 'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then?
 what then?

Should by the cormorant belly be restrained,
 Who is the sink o' the body,——

1 Cit. Well, what then?

The former agents, if they did complain,
 What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
 If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
 Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
 Your most grave belly was deliberate,
 Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:—

*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
 That I receive the general food at first,
 Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
 Because I am the store-house, and the shop
 Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
 I send it through the rivers of your blood,
 Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;¹
 And through the cranks² and offices of man,
 The strongest nerves, and small, inferior veins,
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
 You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—*

1 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot
 See what I do deliver out to each;
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flour of all,
 And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't?

¹ Shakspeare uses *seat* for *throne*. "I send it (says the belly) through the blood, even to the *royal residence*, the heart, in which the kingly-crowned understanding *sits enthroned*."

² *Cranks* are *windings*; the meandering ducts of the human body.

1 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members. For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal of the common; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost.
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,¹
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.² Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissensious
rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese. You are no surer, no,

¹ *Rascal* and *in blood*, are terms of the forest, both here used equivocally. The meaning seems to be, "Thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood*, thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself." "Worst in blood" has a secondary meaning of *lowest in condition*. The modern editions have, erroneously, a comma at *blood*, which obscures the sense.

² *Bale* is *evil* or *mischief*, *harm* or *injury*.

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it.¹ Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate ; and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favors, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust
 ye ?

With every minute you do change a mind ;
 And call him noble that was now your hate ;
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
 That in these several places of the city
 You cry against the noble senate, who,
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another ?—What's their seeking ?

Men. For corn at their own rates ; whereof, they say,
 The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em ! They say ?
 They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i' the capitol ; who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines ; side factions, and give
 out

Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain
 enough ?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,²
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry³
 With thousands of these quartered slaves, as high
 As I could pick⁴ my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded ;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,

¹ "Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished."

² i. e. pity, compassion.

³ *Quarry* or *querre* signified slaughtered game, so denominated from being deposited in a square inclosed space in royal hunting.

⁴ *Pick*, *peck*, or *picke*, i. e. *pitch*; still in provincial use

Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em!
They said, they were an hungry; sighed forth proverbs;
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answered,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,¹
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.²

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroofed the city,
Ere so prevailed with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrections arguing.³

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here. What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to
vent

Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;
JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms.

¹ *Generosity*, in the sense of its Latin original, for *nobleness*, *high birth*.

² *Emulation* is *factionous contention*.

³ For insurgents to debate upon.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.¹—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.²

Com. Noble Lartius!³

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valor puts⁴ well forth; pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM., MAR., TIT., and
MENEN. Citizens steal away.*

¹ i. e. immovable in my resolution.

² *Of* is understood.

³ The old copy has *Marcus*.

⁴ That is, You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valor.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Marked you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird¹ the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him; he is grown Too proud to be so valiant.²

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well graced,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attained, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he
Had borne the business!*

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits³ rob Cominius.

Bru. Come.
Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earned them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honors, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,

¹ A *gird* is a cut, a sarcasm, or stroke of satire.

² Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the sentence is, "He is grown too proud *of being* so valiant to be endured," or "too proud for one so valiant." It is still a common expression to say, "eat up with pride."

³ *Demerits* and *merits* had anciently the same meaning.

More than in singularity,¹ he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru.

Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Corioli. *The Senate House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and certain Senators.

1 *Sen.* So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entered in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,²
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention! 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words. I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
*They have prest³ a power; but it is not known
Whether for east or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumored,
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,—
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent. Most likely, 'tis for you;
Consider of it.*

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field;
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veiled, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the
hatching,

¹ "What he is to do beside *going himself*."

² The old copy reads:—

"What *have* been ever thought on in this state."

We must either suppose this an ellipsis for "What *things have*," &c., or read, with Steevens, *hath*, as in the text.

³ i. e. *ready*; from the old French *prest*.

It seemed, appeared to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shortened in our aim; which was,
To take in¹ many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli.
If they set down before us, for the remove²
Bring up your army; but I think you'll find
They have not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honors.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honors safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius'
House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA. They sit down on
two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself
in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my hus-
band, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein
he won honor, than in the embracements of his bed,
where he would show most love. When yet he was
but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb;

¹ To take in was formerly used as we now use to take for to subdue, to conquer.

² "If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to remove them."

when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way;¹ when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I—considering how honor would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.² I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire³ myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him.
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
*Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome.* His bloody brow
With his mailed hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's tasked to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,

¹ Attracted the attention of every one toward him.

² The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen.

³ This verb active (signifying to *withdraw*) occurs in *The Tempest*.

Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba,
 When she did suckle Hector, looked not lovelier
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
 At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
 We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot,¹ in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son; I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it. O, I warrant, how he mammocked² it!

Vcl. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack,³ madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle housewife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

¹ i. e. a handsome spot of embroidery.

² To *mammock* is to tear or cut in pieces.

³ A *crack* signifies a sprightly, forward boy. The word is often used by Jonson and his contemporaries.

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience ; I will not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie ! you confine yourself most unreasonably ; come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers ; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you ?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope ; yet they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me ; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me ; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you ; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam ?

Val. In earnest, it's true ; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is :—The Volces have an army forth ; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honor ; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam ; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady ; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would ;—fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No ; at a word, madam ; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colors, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news.—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him; lend you him,
I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!¹—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,²
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Alarums afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinned with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Other alarums.*

¹ i. e. our friends who are in the field.

² The Poet means—No, nor a man that fears you more than he; but he often entangles himself in the use of *less* and *more*.

There is Aufidius ; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave

Titus ;

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my
fellows ;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.

The Romans are beaten back to their trenches.—

Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of——Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorred
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you : look to't. Come on ;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope.—Now prove good seconds.
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.*

Nor I.

3 *Sol.*

See, they

Have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

All.

To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All.

Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapped-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart.

O noble fellow!

Who, sensible,¹ outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Mar-
cius;

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish,² not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,

¹ The old copy reads:—

“Who *sensibly* outdares.”

Sensible is here having *sensation*. Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword; for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field.

² The old copy has, erroneously, “*Calues* wish;” the error would easily arise: Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, “*Catoes* wish,” omitting to cross the *t*, and forming the *o* inaccurately. Cato was not born till after the death of Coriolanus; but the Poet was led into the anachronism by following Plutarch.

'Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 *Sol.*

Look, sir.

Lart.

'Tis Marcus :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.¹

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V. *Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their
hours²

At a cracked drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them!
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him.—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans. Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

¹ "Make remain, is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than *remain*."

² i. e. their *time*. Johnson adopted Pope's reading—*honors*.

Mar. Sir, praise me not ;
My work hath yet not warmed me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius ! [*Exit MARCIUS.*
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near the Camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends ; well fought ; we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire. Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends.—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes, as we wish our own ;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice !—Thy news ?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle.
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since ?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums.
How couldst thou in a mile confound¹ an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder
That does appear as he were flayed? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I wooed; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burned to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying,² threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

¹ So in King Henry VI. Part i. Act i. Sc. 3:—

"He did *confound* the best part of an hour," &c.

Confound is here used in the sense of *to expend*.

² i. e. remitting his ransom.

Mar. Let him alone ;
He did inform the truth. But for our gentlemen,
The common file ; (a plague !—tribunes for them !)
The mouse ne'er shunned the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevailed you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think—
Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?
If not, why cease you till you are so ?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle ? Know you on which
side
They have placed their men of trust ?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,¹
Of their best trust ; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates ;
And that you not delay the present ;² but,
Filling the air with swords advanced, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking ; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing :—If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smeared ; if any fear

¹ i. e. in the *front* are the soldiers of Antium. Shakspeare uses *Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written *Antiats*.

² i. e. "do not let slip the present time"

Lesser his person than an ill report ;¹
 If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
 And that his country's dearer than himself ;
 Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
 Wave thus, [*Waving his hand,*] to express his disposition,
 And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords ; take him
 up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O me, alone ! Make you a sword of me ?
 If these shows be not outward, which of you
 But is four Volces ? None of you but is
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all ; the rest
 Shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obeyed. Please you to march ;
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclined.²

Com. March on, my fellows :
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports³ be guarded ; keep your duties,
 As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
 Those centuries⁴ to our aid ; the rest will serve

¹ The old copy reads *lessen*. The reading of the text was introduced by Steevens. His *person* means his *personal danger*.

² From the obscurity of this passage there is good reason to suspect its correctness. Perhaps we might read *some* instead of *four*, words easily confounded in old MSS. The old translation of Plutarch only says :— "Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to follow him, he went out of the citie."

³ Gates.

⁴ Companies of a hundred men.

For a short holding. If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *A Field of Battle between the Roman
and the Volcian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy.¹ Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased. 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me masked; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip² of your bragged progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the
aid of AUFIDIUS.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds.³

[*Exeunt, fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

¹ The construction here appears to be, "Not Afric owns a serpent I more abhor and envy than thy fame." The verb to *envy*, in ancient language, signified to *hate*.

² i. e. the *whip* that your bragged progenitors were possessed of.

³ "You have to my shame sent me help, which I must *condemn* as intrusive."

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter, at one side, COMINIUS and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked,¹ hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honors,
Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!*—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison;²
Hadst thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more; my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that's what I can: induced
As you have been; that's for my country.³
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.⁴

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own. 'Twere a concealment

¹ i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation.

² The meaning is, "This man performed the action, and we only filled up the show."

³ *Country* is used here and in other places as a trisyllable.

⁴ That is, "has done as much as I have done."

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouched,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembered.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achieved, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius!
Marcius! cast up their caps and lances;
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*

May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing. When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars!¹ No more, I say;
For that I have not washed my nose that bled,
Or foiled some debile wretch,—which, without note,

¹ The old copy reads:—

“————— When steel grows
Soft as silk, let *him* be made
An overture for the wars!”

Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks that we should read *a coverture*. The personal pronoun *him* is not unfrequently used by old writers instead of *it*, the neuter. The sense of the passage will then be complete and apt:—
“When *steel* grows soft as silk, let armor be made of *silk* instead of *steel*.”

Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
 In acclamations hyperbolical ;
 As if I loved my little should be dieted
 In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you ;
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful
 To us that give you truly. By your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you
 (Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland : in token of the which
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamor of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
 Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no. Howbeit, I thank you.—
 I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,¹
 To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent ;
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back. Send us to Rome
 The best with whom we may articulate²
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
 Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
 Of my lord general.

¹ This appears to mean, "he will endeavor to support the honorable distinction conferred upon him to the fair extent of his power."

² i. e. the *chief men* of Corioli, with whom we may *enter into articles*. Bullokar has the word "*articulate*, to set down articles, or conditions of agreement."

Com. Take it ; 'tis yours.—What is't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house ; he used me kindly :
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelmed my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begged !
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot.—
I am weary ; yea, my memory is tired.—
Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent ;
The blood upon your visage dries : 'tis time
It should be looked to ; come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *The Camp of the Volces.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en !

1 Sol. 'Twill be delivered back on good condition.

Auf. Condition ?—

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,
Being a Volce,¹ be that I am.—Condition !—
What good condition can a treaty find
I'the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me ;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honor in't, it had ; for where²

¹ The *Volsci* are called *Volces* throughout the old translation of Plutarch, which Shakspeare followed.

² *Where* for *whereas*.

I thought to crush him in an equal force,
 (True sword to sword,) I'll potch¹ at him some way ;
 Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor's
 poisoned,²

With only suffering stain by him ; for him
 Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick ; nor fame, nor Capitol,
 The prayers of priest, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarquements³ all of fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to Marcius ; where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my brother's guard,⁴ even there,
 Against the hospitable canon, would I
 Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city ;
 Learn how 'tis held ; and what they are that must
 Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended⁵ at the cypress grove.

I pray you,
 ('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
 How the world goes ; that to the pace of it
 I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ To *potch* is to thrust at with a sharp-pointed instrument.

² Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed to read :—

“ My *valor* poisoned,” &c.

And the context seems to require this emendation. “ To mischief him, my *valor* should deviate from its native generosity.”

³ *Embarquements* meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*.

⁴ i. e. in my own house, with my brother posted to protect him.

⁵ *Attended* is waited for.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baas like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in,¹ that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange, now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure

¹ Pleonasms of this kind were by no means unfrequent.

to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud!

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single. Your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride; O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favoring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend, grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson¹ conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs;² you wear out a good, wholesome forenoon, in

¹ *Bisson* is blind.

² That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you.

hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.¹—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience;² and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing. All the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*BRU. and SIC. retire to the back of the scene.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

¹ It appears, from this whole speech, that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office.

² That is, declare war against patience.

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.¹—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen² is but empiric³, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.³

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that; an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed⁴ of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes: the

¹ "Menenius may be supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter."
—*Johnson*.

² In this mention of Galen there is an anachronism of near 650 years. The word *empiric* (*empiric* in the old copy) is evidently formed by the Poet from *empiric*, a quack.

³ Volunna answers Menenius without taking notice of his last words—"The wounds become him." Menenius had asked, "Brings 'a victory in his pocket?" He brings it, says Volunna, on his *brows*; for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory.

⁴ *Possessed* is fully informed.

senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war; he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded? God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm. There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received, in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout, and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius; before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears. Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lie; Which being advanced, declines; and then men die.¹

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli's gates; where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these

¹ Volumnia says that her son, to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand and let it fall.

In honor follows, Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart.

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petitioned all the gods

For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honor newly named,

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife,—

Cor. My gracious silence,¹ hail!

Wouldst thou have laughed, had I come coffined home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*

Vol. I know not where to turn.—O, welcome home;

And welcome, general;—and you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

And I could laugh; I am light and heavy; welcome.

A curse begin at very root of his heart,

That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,

That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will

not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:

We call a nettle, but a nettle; and

The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.²

¹ It is probable the Poet meant, "Thou, whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous applause of the rest."

² "Menenius is still the same affectionate friend as formerly."

Her. Give way, there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.
[*To his Wife and Mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited ;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honors.¹

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy ; only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On to the Capitol.
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as
before. The Tribunes remain.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture² lets her baby cry,
While she chats him ; the kitchen malkin³ pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy⁴ neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him ; stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smothered up, leads filled, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions ; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him ; seld⁵ shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station ; our veiled dames
Commit the war of white and damask,⁶ in

¹ "Change of honors" is *variety* of honors. Theobald would read *charge*.

² A *rapture* anciently was synonymous with a *fit* or *trance*.

³ A *malkin* or *maulkin* was a kind of mop made of rags, used for sweeping ovens, &c. ; a figure made of clouts to scare birds was also so called ; hence it came to signify a dirty wench. *Lockram* was a kind of coarse linen.

⁴ *Reechy* is *fumant* with sweat or grease.

⁵ *Seld* is *seldom*, often so used by old writers.

⁶ So in *Tarquin and Lucrece* :—

"The silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin viewed in her fair face's field."

Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses; such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.¹

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honors
From where he should begin, and end;² but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honors;
Which that he'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless³ vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills;⁴
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,

¹ That is, as if that god who leads him, whatsoever *god he be*.

² The meaning, though obscurely expressed, is, "He cannot carry his honors temperately from where he should begin, to *where he should end*."

³ i. e. threadbare.

⁴ i. e. "as our advantage requires."

We must suggest¹ the people, in what hatred
 He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would²
 Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders, and
 Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
 In human action and capacity,
 Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
 Than camels in their war; who have their provand³
 Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
 For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
 At some time when his soaring insolence
 Shall teach the people,⁴ (which time shall not want,
 If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
 As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
 To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
 Shall darken him forever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the capitol. 'Tis
 thought

That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen
 The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
 To hear him speak; matrons flung gloves,
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,⁵
 Upon him as he passed; the nobles bended,
 As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
 A shower, and thunder, with their caps and shouts.
 I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
 And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
 But hearts for the event.⁶

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ i. e. *prompt.*

² "That to the utmost of his power he would," &c.

³ We should probably read "the war." *Provand* is *provender*.

⁴ Theobald reads, "Shall reach the people," &c. Teach the people, may however mean, "instruct the people in favor of our purposes."

⁵ Shakspeare here attributes some of the customs of his own times to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them.

⁶ That is, "Let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus."

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them, and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently¹ 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite.² Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,³ without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report; but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury.

¹ i. e. "he would have waved indifferently," &c.

² Their adversary or opponent.

³ Bonnetted is here a verb, as *bonnetter* (Fr.), to pull off the cap.

To report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determined of the Volces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work performed
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honors like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius. Leave nothing out for length, and make us think, Rather our state's defective for requital, Than we to stretch it out.¹ Masters o' the people, We do request your kindest ears; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body,² To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts Inclined to honor and advance The theme of our assembly.³

¹ "Rather say that our means are too defective to afford an adequate reward, than our inclinations defective to extend it toward him."

² i. e. your kind interposition with the common people.

³ Shakspeare was probably not aware that, until the promulgation of

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blessed to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;¹
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises and offers to go away.]

I Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honors' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbenched you not.

Cor. No, sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You soothed not, therefore hurt not; but your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monstered. [*Exit* CORIOLANUS.]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honor,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

the *Lex Atinia*, which is supposed to have been in the time of Quintus Metellus Macedonicus, the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door, on the outside of the house.

¹ i. e. "that is nothing to the purpose."

Com. I shall lack voice ; the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be uttered feebly.—It is held,
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver ; if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome,¹ he fought
Beyond the mark of others ; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him ; he bestrid
An o'er-pressed Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers ; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,²
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea ;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,³
He lurched⁴ all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home. He stopped the fliers ;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport ; as waves⁵ before
A vessel under sail, so men obeyed,
And fell below his stem ; his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took : from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed⁶ with dying cries : alone he entered

¹ When Tarquin, who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome.

² The parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays until about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus.

³ Plutarch says, "seventeen years of service in the wars, and many and sundry battles ;" but from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death was only a period of eight years.

⁴ To *lurch* is to win or carry off easily the prize or stake at any game.

⁵ Thus the second folio ; the first folio, "as *weeds*," &c., which Malone adheres to.

⁶ The cries of the slaughtered regularly followed his motion, as music and a dancer accompany each other.

The mortal gate¹ o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden reinforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet : now all's his.
 When by-and-by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense ; then straight his doubled spirit
 Requickened what in flesh was fatigate,²
 And to the battle came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil ; and, till we called
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man !

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honors
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kicked at ;
 And looked upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' the world ; he covets less
 Than misery³ itself would give ; rewards
 His deeds with doing them ; and is content
 To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble ;
 Let him be called for.

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
 To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
 My life and services.

Men. It then remains,
 That you do speak to the people.⁴

¹ The gate which was made the scene of death.

² Wearied.

³ *Misery for avarice.*

⁴ Coriolanus (as Warburton observes) was banished A. U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, A. U. C. 393, the senate chose *both* consuls ; and then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of *one*. Shakspeare follows Plutarch.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage. Please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't;
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honor with your form.¹

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only,—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;² and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honor.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honor!

[*Flourish.* Then exeunt Senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require
them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here; on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

¹ "Your form" is the form which custom prescribes to you.

² "We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, to declare our purpose to them."

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.**Enter several Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Once,¹ if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once² we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colored; and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent³ of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

¹ i. e. once for all.

² *Once* signifies here *one time*, and not *as soon as ever*, which Malone takes to be its meaning. Rowe inserted *when* after *once*, which is, indeed, elliptically understood.

³ Consent is *accord, agreement*.

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.¹

3. *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behavior. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honor, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues. Therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O sir, you are not right; have you not known The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir;—my wounds!—

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roared, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.²

¹ The force of this colloquial phrase appears to be, "You may divert yourself as you please at my expense."

² "I wish they would forget me, as they do the virtuous precepts which our divines preach to them." This is another amusing instance of anachronism.

Men. You'll mar all ;
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*]

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir ; tell us what hath brought
you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert !

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How ! not your own desire ?

Cor. No, sir ;
'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship ?

1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly ?
Sir, I pray let me ha't ; I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir ;
What say you ?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir ;—
There is in all two worthy voices begged.
I have your alms ; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.
[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the
customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma.

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them. 'Tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal¹ your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolvis² gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick,³ that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't.—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,

¹ I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The *seal* is that which ratifies or completes a writing.

² Thus the second folio. The first folio reads "wolvish *tongue*," apparently an error of the press for *toge*; the same mistake having occurred in *Othello*, where "*tongued* consuls" is printed for "*toged* consuls." By a *wolvish* gown Coriolanus means a *deceitful* one.

³ *Hob* and *Dick* were names of frequent occurrence among the common people in Shakspeare's time, and generally used to signify a peasant or low person.

And mountainous error be too highly heaped
 For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honor go
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
 The one part suffered, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices; for your voices I have fought;
 Watched for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have¹
 Done many things, some less, some more; your voices;
 Indeed, I would be consul.

5 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without
 any honest man's voice.

6 Cit. Therefore, let him be consul. The gods
 give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens*
Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the
 tribunes
 Endue you with the people's voice. Remains
 That, in the official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged.
 The people do admit you; and are summoned
 To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

¹ Dr. Farmer says, perhaps we should read:—

“———— battles thrice six

*I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices
 Done many things,” &c.*

Coriolanus seeming now in earnest to petition for the consulate.

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOL. and MENEN.]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,

'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this
man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor, unworthy notice,
He mocked us, when he begged our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not
mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He used us scornfully; he should have showed us
His marks of merit, wounds received for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.

[*Several speak.*]

3 Cit. He said he had wounds, which he could
show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,¹

¹ The Romans (as Warburton observes) had but lately changed the regal for the consular government; for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. Plutarch, as we have before seen, led the Poet into the error concerning this *aged custom*.

*But by your voices, will not so permit me ;
Your voices therefore.* When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices ;—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.*—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?¹
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness,
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lessoned—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy ; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal : and now, arriving²
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices,³ and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touched his spirit,
And tried his inclination ; from him plucked
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had called you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have galled his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And passed him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,

¹ " Did you want knowledge to discern it?"

² So in the Third Part of King Henry VI. Act v. Sc. 3. :—

" ——— those powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia have *arrived* our coast."

³ i. e. " would retain a grateful remembrance of you," &c.

He did solicit you in free contempt,¹
 When he did need your loves ; and do you think
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies
 No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, denied the asker ? and, now again,
 On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your sued-for tongues ?

3 Cit. He's not confirmed ; we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him.

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to
 piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly ; and tell those
 friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take
 Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
 Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;
 And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
 Your ignorant election. Enforce² his pride,
 And his old hate unto you ; besides, forget not
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;
 How in his suit he scorned you ; but your loves,
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,³
 Which, most gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
 A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labored
 (No impediment between) but that you must
 Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say you chose him
 More after our commandment, than as guided

¹ That is, in *pure* contempt.

² Object his pride, and enforce the objection.

³ i. e. carriage.

By your own true affections ; and that, your minds
Preoccupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued ; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians ; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,¹
And nobly named so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances ; but you have found,
Scaling² his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on :³
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so ; almost all [*Several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

¹ Pope supplied this verse, which the context evidently requires, and which is warranted by the narration in Plutarch, from whence this passage is taken :—"The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, king Numa's daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus came of that familie, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 427 : and the Marcian waters were not brought to the city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus. Shakspeare has confounded the ancestors and posterity of Coriolanus together.

² That is, *weighing*.

³ i. e. our *incitation*.

Bru. Let them go on,
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,
 Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and answer
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the capitol.
 Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the people;
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
 TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which
 caused

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
 Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
 Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul,¹ so
 That we shall hardly in our ages see
 Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
 Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
 Yielded the town. He is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

¹ Shakspeare has here again given the usage of England to Rome.

Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
 That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
 Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
 To hopeless restitution, so he might
 Be called your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
 To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To LARTIUS.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
 The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise
 them;

For they do prank them in authority,
 Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
 Go on; no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not passed the nobles, and the
 commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-
 place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Stop,
 Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—
 Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
 And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your
 offices?

You, being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
 Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility.—
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call't not a plot.
The people cry, you mocked them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined;
Scandaled the suppliants for the people; called them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all

Cor. Have you informed them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way to better yours.¹

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abused;—Set on.—This
paltering²
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonored rub, laid falsely³
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,

¹ i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do.

² *Paltering* is *shuffling*.

³ i. e. treacherously. The metaphor is from a *rub* at bowls.

I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
 Regard me as I do not flatter, and
 Therein behold themselves. I say again,
 In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
 The cockle¹ of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
 Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sowed, and
 scattered,

By mingling them with us, the honored number;
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
 Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
 Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,²
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
 The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
 As if you were a god to punish, not
 A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well
 We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!
 Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
 By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
 Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—
 Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
 His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall!*
 O good,³ but most unwise patricians, why,

¹ *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with and chokes the corn.

² *Meazel*, or *mesell*, is the old term for a *leper*, from the Fr. *meselle*.

³ The old copy has, "O God, but," &c. The emendation was made by Theobald.

You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
 The horn and noise¹ o' the monsters, wants not spirit
 To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then veil your ignorance;² if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
 If they be senators; and they are no less,
 When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Most palates theirs.³ They choose their magistrate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frowned in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
 Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
 power,)

I say they nourished disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give

One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. They know the corn

¹ "The horn and noise," alluding to his having called him *Triton* of the minnows before.

² "If this man has power, let the *ignorance* that gave it him *veil* or bow down before him."

³ "The plebeians are no less than senators, when the voices of the senate and the people being blended, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate."

Was not our recompense ; resting well assured
 They ne'er did service for't. Being pressed to the war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touched,
 They would not thread¹ the gates ; this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis ; being i' the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they showed
 Most valor, spoke not for them. The accusation
 Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native²
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?
 How shall this bosom multiplied³ digest
 The senate's courtesy ? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words :—*We did request it ;
 We are the greater poll, and in true fear
 They gave us our demands.*—Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares, fears ; which will in time break ope
 The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more.

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal !⁴—This double worship,—
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness ; purpose so barred, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
 You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
 That love the fundamental part of state,

¹ To *thread* the gates is to *pass through* them. So in King Lear:—
 “*Threading* dark-eyed night.”

² *Native*, if it be not a corruption of the text, must be put for *native*
cause, the producer or bringer forth.

³ “This bosom *multiplied*,” is, the bosom of the people.

⁴ “No, let me add this further, and may every thing divine and human
 that can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall
 conclude with.”

More than you doubt¹ the change of't; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump² a body with a dangerous physic
 That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison: your dishonor
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it;
 Not having the power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,³
 And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS* ;] in whose
 name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
 A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. & Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
 Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

¹ To doubt is to fear.

² To jump a body is apparently "to risk or hazard a body."

³ "Let it be said by you that what is meet to be done, must be meet,
 i. e. shall be done."

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides, more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak.—You, tribunes,
To the people.—Coriolanus, patience.—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune;—peace. Speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties;
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were established
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him ;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No ; I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*]
There's some among you have beheld me fighting ;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword ;—tribunes, withdraw
awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help, Marcius ! help
You that be noble ; help him, young and old !

Cit. Down with him, down with him !

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the people, are all beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house ; be gone away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast ;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that ?

Sen. The gods forbid !
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house ;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome littered,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol.)

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.¹

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is called foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag² return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, begone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patched
With cloth of any color.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt COR., COM., and others.*]

1 Pat. This man has marred his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
Here's goodly work!

2 Pat. I would they were abed!

¹ Perhaps Menenius means to say, "Another time will offer, when you may be quits with them."

² The lowest of the populace.

Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

I Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't.¹
[Several speak together.]

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc,² where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak.—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

¹ We should probably read:—

“He shall, *be* sure on't.”

² “Item que nul soit si hardy de crier *havok*, sur peine d'avoir la test
coupe.”—*Ordinances des Battailes*, 9 R. ii. Art. 10.

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly, then ;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,
Were but one danger ; and to keep him here,
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now, the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved¹ children is enrolled
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropped it for his country ;
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.²

Bru. Merely³ awry ; when he did love his country,
It honored him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was ?

Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscanned swiftmess, will, too late,

¹ *Deserved* for *deserving* ; as *delighted* for *delighting*, in *Othello*.

² *Kam* is crooked.

³ i. e. absolutely.

Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process ;
Lest parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ?—Come ;—

Men. Consider this ;—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill schooled
In bolted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way ; the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place ;—we'll attend you
there :
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you ;
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
must come,
Or what is worse will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. II. *A Room in Coriolanus's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,

That the precipitation might down stretch
 Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
 Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse,¹ my mother
 Does not approve me further, who was wont
 To call them woollen vassals, things created
 To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
 In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance² stood up
 To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;
 [To VOLUMNIA.
 Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
 False to my nature? Rather say, I play
 The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
 I would have had you put your power well on,
 Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
 With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
 The thwartings³ of your dispositions, if
 You had not showed them how you were disposed
 Ere they lacked power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough; some-
 thing too rough;
 You must return, and mend it.

1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;

¹ I *muse*, that is, I *wonder*.

² *Ordinance* is here used for *rank*.

³ The old copy reads "*things* of your disposition." The emendation is Theobald's.

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counselled
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman.
Before he should thus stoop to the herd,¹ but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armor on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,
What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them!—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honor and policy, like unsevered friends,
I² the war do grow together; grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honor, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honor, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force³ you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,³

¹ Old copy, "stoop to the heart." Theobald made the correction.

² "Why urge you this?"

³ The word *to*, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied in the second.

But with such words that are but roted¹ in
 Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
 Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.²
 Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
 Than to take in³ a town with gentle words,
 Which else would put you to your fortune, and
 The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
 My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, required
 I should do so in honor. I am in this,
 Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;
 And you will rather show our general louts⁴
 How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
 For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
 Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady !
 Come, go with us ; speak fair ; you may salve so,
 Not⁵ what is dangerous present, but the loss
 Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
 Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
 And thus far having stretched it, (here be with
 them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
 More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
 Which often, thus correcting thy stout heart,⁶
 Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
 That will not hold the handling. Or, say to them,
 Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,

¹ The old copy reads *roated*. Mr. Boswell says, perhaps it should be *roated* ; we have no other example of *roated* for *got by rote*.

² i. e. of no *approbation*. The construction is "though but bastards to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart*."

³ See Act i. Sc. 2.

⁴ Common clowns.

⁵ *Not* seems here to signify *not only*.

⁶ It is probably from want of a more complete acquaintance with the rules of grammar which guided our ancestors, that the use they made of the pronouns appears to us anomalous. *Which*, here, as Malone observes, is to be understood as if the Poet had written "*It often*," &c.

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being asked, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be ruled; although, I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis
fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—
Pr'ythee, now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed¹ sconce?
Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't;
Yet were there but this single plot² to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place;
You have put me now to such a part, which³ never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son, as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,

¹ *Unbarbed* is *unarmed, unaccounted, uncovered.*

² *Plot* is piece, portion, applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcass.

³ *As* and *which* were convertible terms.

To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor.

Well, I must do't.

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turned,
Which quired¹ with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent² in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my armed knees,
Who bowed but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol.

At thy choice then;

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness;³ for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine; thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe⁴ thy pride thyself.

Cor.

Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going;
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol.

Do your will. [*Exit.*]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you. Arm
yourself

¹ i. e. *played in concert.*

² To *tent* is to *dwell, to take up residence.*

³ The meaning appears to be, "Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy."

⁴ i. e. *own.*

To answer mildly ; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, *mildly*.—Pray you, let us go :
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honor.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it, then ; mildly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power. If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy¹ to the people ;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come ?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied ?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favored him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll ?

Æd. I have ; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes ?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither.
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry *fine* ; if death, cry *death* ;

¹ *Enforce his envy*, i. e. *object his hatred*.

Insisting on the old prerogative
And power, i' the truth o' the cause.¹

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—
[*Exit* *Ædile*.]

Put him to choler straight. He hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth²
Of contradiction. Being once chafed, he cannot
Be reined again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.³

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.⁴—The honored
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! Plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

I Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

¹ Mason gives these words "in the truth of the cause" to the *ædile*, and omits the period.

² i. e. his full *part* or *share*, as we should now say his *pennyworth* of contradiction.

³ "The sentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction."

⁴ "Will bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume."

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience. Peace, I say.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy¹ you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being passed for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonored, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then; 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all seasoned² office, and to wind

¹ "Do not take his rougher accents for malicious sounds, but rather for such as become a soldier, than *spite* or *malign* you." See the first note on this scene, and Act i. Sc. 8.

² i. e. *wisely-tempered* office, established by time.

Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutched as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock; to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge.
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome,——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,

I pray you,——

Cor. I'll know no further.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, *Good morrow.*

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time

Envid¹ against the people, seeking means
 To pluck away their power; as² now at last
 Given hostile strokes, and that not³ in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
 Even from this instant, banish him our city;
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
 To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
 I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away.
 He's banished, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
 friends;—

Sic. He's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak.

I have been consul, and can show from⁴ Rome,
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good, with a respect more tender,
 More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
 My dear wife's estimate,⁵ her womb's increase,
 And treasure of my loins; then if I would
 Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift; speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banished,
 As enemy to the people, and his country.
 It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry⁶ of curs! whose breath I hate
 As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you;

¹ Showed hatred.

² *As* may here be a misprint for *has* or *and*; or it may signify *as well as*; such elliptical modes of expression are not uncommon.

³ *Not* is here again used for *not only*.

⁴ i. e. received in her service, or on her account.

⁵ "I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife," &c.

⁶ *Cry* here signifies a *pack*.

And here remain with your uncertainty!
 Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders; till, at length,
 Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
 Making but reservation of yourselves,¹
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
 Abated² captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back;
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
 Senators, and Patricians.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banished! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
 As he hath followed you, with all despite;
 Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
 Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
 come.—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Thus in the old copy. Malone, following Capell, changed this line to—

“Making *not* reservation of yourselves,” &c.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of the text is as correct as his subsequent remark upon it is judicious. Coriolanus imprecates upon the base plebeians that they may still retain the power of banishing their *defenders*, till their undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city *but themselves*.

² *Abated* is overthrown, depressed.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell.—
The beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity¹ was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Showed mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning:² you were used to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conned them.

Vir. O Heavens! O Heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be loved when I am lacked. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labors you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld

¹ This is the reading of the second folio; the first folio reads, *extremities was, &c.*

² "When fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a noble *wisdom.*" *Cunning* is often used in this sense by Shakspeare.

Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond¹ to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace; and
 Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes feared, and talked of more than seen,) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous² baits and practice.

Vol.

My first³ son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while. Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure⁴ to each chance
 That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor.

O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world to seek a single man;
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' the absence of the needer.

Cor.

Fare ye well;—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
 Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at gate.—
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch,⁵ when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still; and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Men.

That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.—
 If I could shake off but one seven years

¹ Foolish.

² *Cautelous* here means *insidious*.

³ i. e. *noblest*.

⁴ *Exposure*; for which it is probably a typographical error.

⁵ i. e. of true metal. The metaphor from the touchstone for trying metals, is common in Shakspeare.

From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.—
Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

The nobility are vexed, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home.
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[Exit Ædile.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us.
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met. The hoarded plague
o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone?

[To BRUTUS.]

Vir. You shall stay too. [To SIC.] I would I had
the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?¹

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed Heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—yet go;—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incensed the
rabble;

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone;
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this;
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banished, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

¹ i. e. *mankind woman*; a woman with the roughness of a man.
Volumnia chooses to understand it as meaning a *human* creature.

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with
me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go;
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volce meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me.
Your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir; truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you
are, against them. Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you,
but your favor is well appayed¹ by your tongue.
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the
Volcian state, to find you out there. You have well
saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrec-
tion; the people against the senators, patricians, and
nobles.

¹ The old copy reads, "Your favor is well *appeared* by your tongue." For the emendation in the text Mr. Singer is answerable. Warburton proposed *appealed*; Johnson, *affeaed*; Steevens, *approved*; and Malone thought the old reading might be right. No phrase is more common in our elder language than *well appaied*, i. e. satisfied, contented.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes forever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one; the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,¹ and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

¹ i. e. taken into pay.

SCENE IV. Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows ; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop. Then know me not ;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir ; farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity ; so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me ;—

My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter ; if he slay me,

He does fair justice ; if he give me way,

I'll do his country service.

[Exit.]

SCENE V. *The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? My master calls for him.
Cotus! [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are
you? Here's no place for you. Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.¹

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such com-
panions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now, thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked
with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

¹ i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli.

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on ; I cannot get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow ? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand ; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you ?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station ; here's no place for you ; pray you, avoid. Come.

Cor. Follow your function, go !
And batten¹ on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not ? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*]

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou ?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy ?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that ?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows ?—What an ass it is !—Then thou dwellest with daws too ?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir ! Do you meddle with my master ?

Cor. Ay ; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st ; serve with thy trencher, hence ! [*Beats him away.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow ?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir ; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

¹ Feed.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou?
Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man; what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?
[*Servants retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me
yet?

Auf. I know thee not.—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are required
But with that surname; a good memory,¹
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name re-
mains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whooped out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life; for if
I had feared death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,

¹ *Memory for memorial.*

Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak¹ in thee, that will revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those mains
 Of shame² seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee ; for I will fight
 Against my cankered country with the spleen
 Of all the under-fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tired, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice ;
 Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool ;
 Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
 'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarred the moon with splinters ! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword ;³ and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
 I love the maid I married ; never man
 Sighed truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold.⁴ Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,

¹ *Wreak* is an old term for *revenge*.

² i. e. disgraceful diminutions of territory.

³ To *clip* is to *embrace*. He calls Coriolanus the *anvil of his sword*.

⁴ Shakspeare was unaware that a Roman bride, on her entry into her

We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out¹
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamed of encounters 'twixt thyself and me.
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banished, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy ; and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'erbeat.² O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepared against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods.

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission ; and set down—
 As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own
 ways ;

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But, come in ;
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
 Say, *Yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand ! Most
 welcome ! *[Exeunt COR. and AUF.]*

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration !

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
 him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his
 clothes made a false report of him.

husband's house, was prohibited from *bestriding* his threshold ; lest she
 should even touch it, she was always lifted over it.

¹ i. e. fully, completely.

² Steevens thinks that we should read *o'erbear* instead of *o'erbeat*.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had, sir, a kind of face, me-thought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,——'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1 & 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends. He was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with his hand,¹ and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle² the porter of Rome gates by the ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.³

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't. For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood,⁴ they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon; 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing,⁵ but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

¹ "Considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress."

² To *sowle* is to pull by the ears.

³ i. e. bared, cleared.

⁴ See Act i. Sc. 1.

⁵ We should probably read, "This peace is *good for* nothing but," &c.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent.¹ Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled,² deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so; and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissensious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most kind Of late,—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much missed,

¹ i. e. full of *rumor*, full of materials for discourse.

² *Mulled* is *softened*, as wine when it is burnt and sweetened.

But with his friends. The commonwealth doth stand ;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well ; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you ?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing ; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both !

Sic. Good e'en, our neighbors.

Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive !

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbors ; we wished Corio-
lanus

Had loved you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you !

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.¹

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.²

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

¹ i. e. he aimed at absolute power ; he wanted to sway the state alone.

² We should surely read, "have found it so."

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are entered in the Roman territories ;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;
Which were inshelled, when Marcius stood ¹ for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius ?

Bru. Go see this rumorer whipped. It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be !
We have record that very well it can ;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason ² with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this ;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me :
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house ; some news is come,
That turns ³ their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave ;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes ;—his raising !
Nothing but his report !

¹ i. e. stood up in its defence.

² To reason with, is to talk with.

³ Changes.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Joined with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely;
He and Aufidius can no more atone,¹
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonored to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.²

¹ i. e. atone, accord, agree.

² So in Macbeth:—

“— our fate hid in an auger-hole.”

Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be joined with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men;¹ you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit.² You have made fair
work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt,³ and who resist,
Are mocked for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds. For his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charged him⁴ even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein showed like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

¹ i. e. *mechanics*.

² A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.

³ Revolt with pleasure.

⁴ "They charged, and therein showed," has here the force of "they would charge, and therein show."

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! was it we? We loved him; but, like
beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again.¹ Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer.—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and

¹ "As he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations."

though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!¹—Shall us to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismayed: These are a side, that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i'the wrong, when we banished him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol.—'Would half my wealth Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A Camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; And you are darkened in this action, sir, Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now; Unless, by using means, I lame the foot Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier Even to my person, than I thought he would, When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature

¹ *Pack.*

In that's no changeling ; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean for your particular,) you had not
Joined in commission with him ; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well ; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state ;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword ; yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
And the nobility of Rome are his.
The senators, and patricians, love him too ;
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,
As is the ospray¹ to the fish who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them ; but he could not
Carry his honors even. Whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion,² but commanding peace

¹ The *ospray* was supposed to possess a fascinating power over fish.

² Aufidius assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus ; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success ; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories ; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* to the *cushion*, or *chair of civil authority*, but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war.

Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controlled the war; but one of these
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,
 For I dare so far free him) made him feared,
 So hated, and so banished. But he has a merit,
 To choke it in the utterance.¹ So our virtues
 Lie in the interpretation of the time;
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a hair
 To extol what it hath done.²
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 Rights by rights fouler,³ strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

¹ But such is his merit as ought to choke the utterance of his faults.

² "—— So our *virtue*
 Lie in the interpretation of the time;
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a *chair*
 To extol what it hath done."

Thus the old copy. Well Steevens might exclaim that the passage and the comments upon it were equally intelligible. The whole speech is very incorrectly printed in the folio. Thus we have *'was* for *'twas*; *detect* for *defect*; *virtue* for *virtues*; and, evidently, *chair* for *hair*. What is the meaning of—

"Hath not a tomb so evident as a *chair*?"

A *hair* has some propriety, as used for a thing almost invisible. As in *The Tempest*:—

"—— not a *hair* perished."

I take the meaning of the passage to be, "So our virtues lie at the mercy of the time's interpretation; and power, which esteems itself while living so highly, hath not, when defunct, the least particle of praise allotted to it."
 —*Singer*.

³ "Rights by rights *fouler*, strengths by strengths do fail."

Malone reads *founder*, with a worthy but unsatisfactory argument in favor of his reading. *Singer* would read "Rights by rights *foiled*," &c., an easy and obvious emendation. Steevens has given the following explanation of the passage:—"What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proof."

ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.

Men. No, I'll not go. You hear what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who loved him
In a most dear particular. He called me father;
But what o' that? Go, you that banished him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coyed¹
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name;
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work;
A pair of tribunes that have racked² for Rome,
To make coals cheap. A noble memory!³

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected. He replied,
It was a bare⁴ petition of a state
To one whom they had punished.

Men. Very well;
Could he say less?

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For his private friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said 'twas folly,

¹ i. e. condescended unwillingly.

² Harassed by exactions.

³ Memorial.

⁴ Bare may mean *palpable, evident*; but perhaps we should read *base*

For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains.
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient. If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is returned,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it;
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined.
The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuffed
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priestlike fasts; therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not ?

Com. I tell you he does sit in gold,¹ his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome ; and his injury
The jailer to his pity. I kneeled before him ;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise* ; dismissed me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions :²
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife ;³
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *An advanced post of the Volcian Camp
before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 *Guard.* Stay ; whence are you ?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 'tis well. But, by your
leave,

¹ Pope was, perhaps, indebted to Shakspeare in the translation of the passage :—

“Th' eternal Thunderer *sat* throned *in gold*.”

² Perhaps we might read, “To yield to *no* conditions.” The sense of the passage would then be, “What he would do, he sent in writing after me ; *the things* he would not do, he bound *himself* with an oath to yield to *no* conditions that might be proposed.” It afterwards appears what these were :—

“The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics.”

³ To satisfy modern notions of construction, this line must be read as if written—

“Unless *in* his noble mother and his wife.”

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass; you must return; our
general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embraced with fire,
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,¹

My name hath touched your ears; it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back; the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover.² I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalleled, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified³ my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer; nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle⁴ ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamped the leasing.⁵ Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you
should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to
lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Me-
nenius, always factionary⁶ on the party of your general.

¹ *Lots to blanks is chances to nothing.*

² i. e. friend.

³ *Verified* must here be used for *displayed* or *testified*, if it be not a corruption of the text for *notified*, or some other word. Mr. Edwards proposed to read *varnished*, which was anciently written *varnished*.

⁴ *Subtle* here means *smooth, level*.

⁵ i. e. have almost given the *lie* such a sanction as to render it *current*.

⁶ *Factionary* is *adherent, partisan*.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy¹ groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant² as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having;—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack³ guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus; guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering. Behold now presently, and swoon

¹ i. e. slight, inconsiderable. ² Dotard. ³ Equivalent to *Jack in office*

for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs are servanted to others. Though I owe my revenge properly, my remission lies in Volcian breasts.¹ That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger than your gates against my force. Yet, for² I loved thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome; yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt COR. and AUF.*

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause do you think I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general; for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any,

¹ "Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are joined."

² i. e. cause, or because.



you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself,¹ fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, away. [Exit.

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general. He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly²
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopped your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a cracked heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love, I have
(Though I showed sourly to him) once more offered
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded to. Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within.

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

¹ i. e. by his own hands.

² How plainly is how openly.

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost ; then the honored mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection !
All bond and privilege of nature, break !

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—

What is that curt'sy worth, or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn ?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows ;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod ; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus changed,
Makes you think so.¹

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgined it e'er since. You gods ! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth ;

[*Kneels.*

¹ "Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, 'These eyes are not the same,' meaning that he saw things with *other eyes*, or other *dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance."

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blessed!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach¹
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murdering impossibility to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple. Dear Valeria!²

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove,³ inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the war
Like a great seamark, standing every flaw,⁴
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;

¹ The *hungry beach* is the *sterile beach*.

² Though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, Plutarch has allotted her no address when she appears with his wife and mother on this occasion. The Poet has followed him.

³ Jupiter was the tutelary god of Rome.

⁴ A *flaw* is a violent blast or sudden gust of wind.

The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
 Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
 Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
 Again with Rome's mechanics.—Tell me not
 Wherein I seem unnatural. Desire not
 To allay my rages and revenges, with
 Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
 You have said you will not grant us any thing;
 For we have nothing else to ask, but that
 Which you deny already. Yet we will ask;
 That, if you fail in our request, the blame
 May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
 Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
 And state of bodies, would bewray what life
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
 How more unfortunate than all living women
 Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
 Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sor-
 row;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
 Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
 Alas! how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
 Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles through our streets, or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed

Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
 These wars determine ;¹ if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me ;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.

I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honor. No ; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them ; while the Volces
 May say, *This mercy we have showed* ; the Romans,
This we received ; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blessed*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogged with curses ;
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wiped it out ;
Destroyed his country ; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorred. Speak to me, son.
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
 To imitate the graces of the gods ;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt

¹ i. e. conclude, end.

That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
 Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you ;
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy ;
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother : yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i' the stocks.¹ Thou hast never in thy life
 Showed thy dear mother any courtesy ;
 When she, (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,
 Has clucked thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honor. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back ; but, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away.
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; an end.
 This is the last ;—so we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbors.—Nay, behold us ;
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition² with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go ;
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli ; and his child,
 Like him, by chance.—Yet give us our despatch ;
 I am hushed until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor.

O mother, mother !

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.*

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome ;
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,—

¹ "Keeps me in a state of ignominy, talking to no purpose."

² i. e. does *argue* for us and our petition.

Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come ;—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were .
 And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honor
 At difference in thee ; out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune.¹ [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor.

Ay, by and by ;

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together ;² and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions, will have countersealed.
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you ;³ all the swords
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,
 Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol ; yond'
 corner-stone ?

¹ "I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power."

² Farmer has suggested that we should, perhaps, read *think*. Shakspeare has, however, introduced *drinking* as a mark of confederation in King Henry IV. Part ii. The text, therefore, may be allowed to stand, though at the expense of female delicacy.

³ Plutarch informs us that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies* was built, on this occasion, by order of the senate.

Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't ; our throats are sentenced, and stay¹ upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man ?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon ; he has wings : he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me ; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-year-old horse.² The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corselet with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made³ for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him. There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger ; that shall our poor city find ; and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us !

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them ; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house ; The plebeians have got your fellow tribune,

¹ i. e. stay but for it. ² *Sub-intelligetur*—remembers his dam.

³ That is, as one made to resemble Alexander.

And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news ?

Mess. Good news, good news.—The ladies have prevailed.

The Volces are dislodged, and Marcius gone :
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true ? Is it most certain ?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire.
Where have you lurked, that you make doubt of it ?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,¹
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you ;
[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you ! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news ;
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have prayed well to-day ;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !
[*Shouting and music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings ; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

¹ " As through an arch the violent, roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste."
Rape of Lucrece.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*]

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the stage.

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome.
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before
them;

Unshout the noise that banished Marcius,
Repeal¹ him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry,—*Welcome, ladies, welcome!*—

All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*]
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Antium. *A public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here.
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,²
The city ports³ by this hath entered, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Despatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants*]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.
Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoisoned,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein

¹ Recall.

² i. e. *he whom I accuse.*

³ *Ports are gates.*

You wished us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell ;

We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it :

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawned
Mine honor for his truth ; who being so heightened,
He watered his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends ; and, to this end,
He bowed his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,——

Auf. That I would have spoke of.

Being banished for't, he came unto my hearth ;
Presented to my knife his throat. I took him ;
Made him joint servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; served his designments
In mine own person ; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,
I seemed his follower, not partner ; and
He waged me with his countenance,¹ as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord ;

The army marvelled at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome ; and that we looked
For no less spoil, than glory,——

Auf. There was it ;——

¹ The verb *to wage* was formerly in general use for *to stipend, to reward*. The meaning is, "The countenance he gave me was a kind of wages."

For which my sinews shall be stretched upon him.¹
 At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor
 Of our great action; therefore shall he die,
 And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great
 shouts of the people.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you entered like a post,
 And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
 Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
 Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
 With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
 Ere he express himself, or move the people
 With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
 Which we will second. When he lies along,
 After your way his tale pronounced, shall bury
 His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
 Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserved it.
 But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
 What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
 What faults he made before the last, I think,
 Might have found easy fines; but there to end
 Where he was to begin; and give away
 The benefit of our levies, answering us
 With our own charge;² making a treaty, where
 There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

¹ "This is the point on which I will attack him with all my energy."

² "Rewarding us with our own expenses, making the cost of the war its recompense."

Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colors; a crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honor to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans. And we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory;
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.¹

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impressed on him; that must
bear

My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Fluttered your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*]

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces;
do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—
He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father!—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth.² His last offence to us
Shall have judicious³ hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

¹ This must be considered as continuing the former speech of Aufidius; he means to tell Coriolanus that he was "no more than a boy of tears."

² "His fame overspreads the world."

³ "*Judicious*, in the present instance, means *judicial*; it appears from Bullokar's Expositor that the words were convertible."

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus!—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valor will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet; Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage, Provoked by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors To call me to your senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body, And mourn you for him; let him be regarded As the most noble corse that ever herald Did follow to his urn.¹

2 *Lord.* His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone, And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up: Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.— Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully; Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he Hath widowed and unchilded many a one, Which to this hour bewail the injury, Yet he shall have a noble memory.²—

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS. A dead march sounded.*]

¹ This allusion is to a custom which was observed in the public funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased.

² Memorial. See Act iv. Sc. 5.

THE tragedy of Coriolanus is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius,—make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. V.

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