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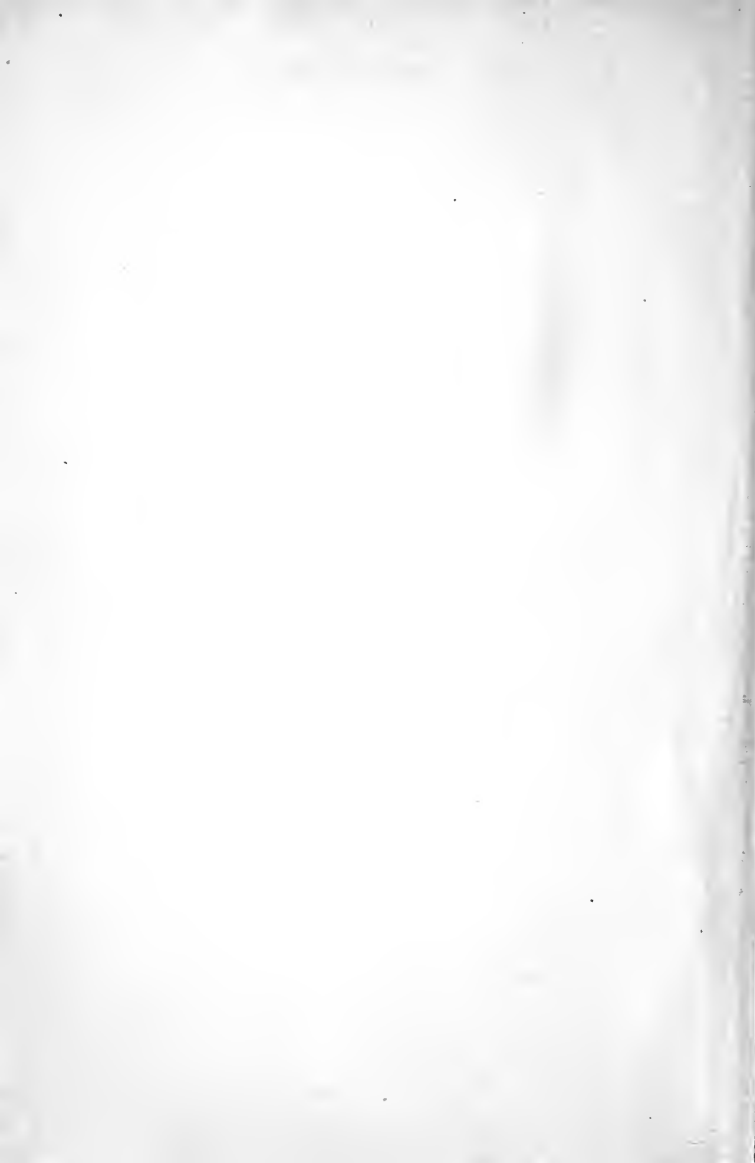


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The Eversley Edition

THE WORKS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE

VOL. IV

•The  Co. •



WOODHOUSE.  
THE WORKS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED  
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES  
BY

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES, ABERYSTWYTH

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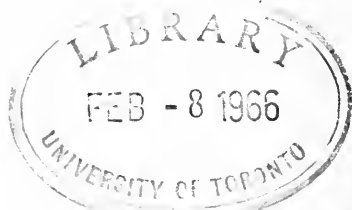
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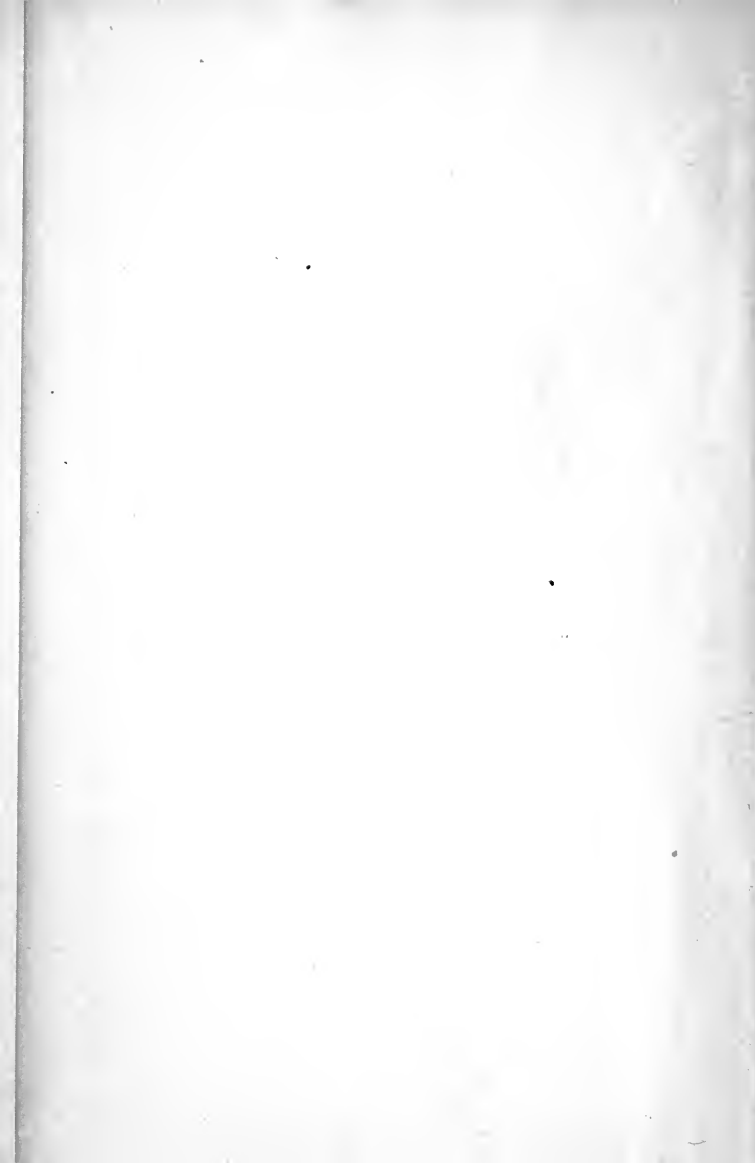
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PERICLES



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.  
PERICLES, prince of Tyre.  
HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.  
ESCANES, }  
SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.  
CLEON, governor of Tarsus.  
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.  
CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.  
THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.  
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.  
LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.  
Marshal.  
A Pandar.  
BOULT, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.  
DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.  
THAISA, daughter to Simonides.  
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.  
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.  
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen,  
and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE : *Dispersedly in various countries.*

### DURATION OF TIME

The story comprises from fifteen to sixteen years, of which fourteen days are represented on the stage, the chief intervals being accounted for by the choruses.

Day 1. I. 1.  
An Interval.  
,, 2. I. 2., 3.  
An Interval.

# Pericles

- Day 3. I. 4.  
An Interval. 2nd Chorus.
- „ 4. II. 1.
- „ 5. II. 2.-4.
- „ 6. II. 5.  
An Interval (several months). 3rd Chorus.
- „ 7. III. 1.
- „ 8. III. 2.  
Interval (a few days).
- „ 9. III. 3., 4.  
An Interval (fourteen years). 4th Chorus.
- „ 10. IV. 1.  
An Interval.
- „ 11. IV. 2., 3.  
An Interval (a few days). 5th Chorus.
- „ 12. IV. 5., 6.  
An Interval (three months). 6th Chorus.
- „ 13. V. 1., 2.  
An Interval.
- „ 14. V. 3.

P. A. Daniel, 'Time Analysis' (*Trans. of N. Shakesp. Soc.*, 1877-79).

Mr. Daniel believes that the play was divided into seven Acts.



## INTRODUCTION

*PERICLES* was first printed in quarto in 1609, with the following title: THE LATE | And much admired Play, | called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no less strange and worthy accidents | in the Birth and Life, of his daughter | MARIANA. | As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on | the Banckside. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Paternoster row, etc. | 1609.

Another, almost identical, edition appeared in the same year; and others followed in 1611, 1619, 1630 and 1635. Of these six editions the best is the first, and this teems with corruptions of every kind. From the sixth quarto the play was reprinted, with unauthentic corrections, by the editors of the Third Folio, 1664, who for the first time included *Pericles*, in company with several undoubtedly spurious pieces, in the collected works of Shakespeare. It was again reprinted in the Fourth Folio.

It is obvious from the briefest inspection that large parts of *Pericles* are not by Shakespeare, and this may have contributed to its exclusion from the First and Second Folios; though we cannot

## Pericles

suppose that curious zeal for the perfect authenticity of their text was one of the qualities of the men who included in the Shakespearean canon *Titus Andronicus* and the First Part of *Henry VI.*, *Timon of Athens* and *Henry VIII.* But it is equally unquestionable that a considerable portion is, apart from the extraordinary corruption of the extant texts, absolutely authentic; and the most difficult problem which *Pericles* presents concerns the process by which some of Shakespeare's most consummate poetry became embedded in its present environment.

The story of *Pericles* is taken, with hardly a change of moment, from the romance of Apollonius of Tyre; a story famous throughout the Middle Ages, familiar on the continent through the *Gesta Romanorum*, and in England also from having been included in his *Confessio Amantis* by the 'moral' Gower. To the Elizabethans it was still better known in the prose novel of Laurence Twine (1576, reprinted 1607). As a story, however, it is of the third rank, hardly atoning by a profusion of sensational crimes and calamities for its want of inner coherence and tragic grip. It may be described as a prelude or preliminary story with three concurrent sequels.<sup>1</sup> In the prelude, Apollonius guesses the riddle of Antiochus, escapes to Tyre, flies thence to Tharsus, suffers shipwreck and is relieved by the King of Pentapolis, marries his daughter Lucina, returns to Tyre, undergoes a storm off Ephesus, loses his wife, and delivers his infant daughter to the care of a friend of Tharsus

<sup>1</sup> The Patterne of | Painfull  
Ad|ventures: Containing the  
most excel|lent, pleasant and  
variable Hi|storie of the  
strange accidents that be|fell  
unto Prince Apollonius, the  
Lady Lucina his wife and

Tharsia his daughter. | Where-  
in the uncertaintie of | this  
world, and the fickle state of  
man's life are liue-|ly described.  
|Gathered into English by  
LAVRENCE TWINE Gentleman.

## Introduction

(Twine, cc. i.-x.). The threads thus scattered are separately pursued in the three sequels. The first tells the adventures of the lost wife (Twine, viii.-ix.), the second those of the infant daughter (Twine, x.-xiv.), and the third the mourning of Apollonius and his final recovery of both (Twine, xv.-xxiv.).

At no period of his career can Shakespeare have thought of putting this entire complex of loosely connected adventures into the five acts of a play. But to the purveyors of third-rate romance, it was congenial material; and the public for whom they catered, impervious alike to Sidney's lofty ridicule<sup>1</sup> and to Beaumont's riotous burlesque,<sup>2</sup> formed the staple of every Elizabethan audience. Our first definite trace of a play on the story is the entry of one called *Pericles* in the Stationers' Register, 20th May 1608, publication of which was 'to be stayed.' The book so 'stayed' was almost certainly the First Quarto of our *Pericles* actually published in 1609. For later in the same year was published a prose version of the play by George Wilkins, with the title: 'THE | Painfull adventures | of *Pericles* Prince of Tyre. | *Being* | The true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was | lately presented by the worthy and an|cient Poet *John Gower* | AT LONDON | Printed by T. P. for Nat. Butter, | 1608.' Not only are the names and incidents identical, but the novel has retained unmistakable fragments of Shakespearean phraseology. In iii. 1. *Pericles* addresses his new-born infant:—

Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world  
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make.

---

<sup>1</sup> *An Apology for Poetry*, part iii. (1580).

<sup>2</sup> *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1611).

## Pericles

In the novel this becomes :—

Poor inch of nature! . . . thou art as rudely welcome to the world as ever princess' babe was, and hast as chiding a nativity as fire, air, earth, and water can afford thee.

There may be no other passage so clearly Shakespearean as this, not only in what it copies but what it adds;<sup>1</sup> but one such suffices to show that Shakespeare's hand had been set upon the play when Wilkins paraphrased it, and creates a presumption for the view that all that he ever did to it was already done. And what he had already was beyond question recently done; for all the marks of Shakespeare in *Pericles* are marks of Shakespeare's ripest time. We may therefore confidently date his share in 1607-08.

What his share amounted to is within certain limits, as has been said, unmistakable. The first two acts, helplessly reproducing the incoherent series of Pericles' pre-nuptial adventures, are equally devoid of the brilliance of his youth and of the subtle technique of his maturity. They combine the imperfect craft of the 'prentice with the dulness of the journeyman. Here and there, however, Shakespeare has certainly touched what he did not care to remodel, as in the lines

The blind mole casts  
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd  
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't  
(i. I. 100 f.)

—lines sharply contrasted, in their careless nobility of phrase and their defiance of rhythmic symmetries, with the careful rhetoric in which they are embedded.

But the opening of the third act, by one of the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Collier adduces several striking ones, especially Marina's expostulation with Lysimachus in iv. 6.: 'If you were born to honour, show it now.'

## Introduction

most amazing transitions in literature, suddenly steps us in the atmosphere of high poetry which we have here for a moment breathed. In the tossing ship Marina has her rude welcome to the world, and throughout the rest of the play, Shakespeare's comings-in and goings-out tend to follow hers. Next to the birth-scene in clear Shakespearean quality is the recognition-scene (v. 1.), then, her dialogue with Dionyza by the shore (iv. 1.), and her brief passionate appeal to Lysimachus, passing into a wail of agony (iv. 6.) :—

If you were born to honour, show it now ;  
If put upon you, make the judgement good  
That thought you worthy of it. . . .  
O, that the gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i' the purer air !

Besides exhibiting Shakespearean style, these portions of *Pericles* abound in Shakespearean motives. Especially close affinities bind them with the 'Romances' which immediately followed them. For the most part *Pericles* presents these common motives in a cruder form, so that it has been plausibly said to hold the same relation to *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Cymbeline* that the *Two Gentlemen* holds to *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like it*. Like *The Tempest*, these Marina-scenes open with storm, and *Pericles*, confronting its tragic cruelty, is as grand a figure as Prospero. Marina stands 'flower-like among her flowers' like Perdita, and reads the poisonous tenderness of a jealous foster-mother, like Imogen. The meeting of *Pericles* with Thaisa and with Marina is drawn with as profound a feeling for joy as that of Leontes with Perdita and with Hermione.

Hence the attractive theory which supposes the

## Pericles

Marina-scenes of *Pericles* to represent an unfinished drama of Shakespeare's own, to which the tedious flourish of the first two acts of an older play on the entire story was prefixed.

But this theory is not without difficulties. With all the extraordinary power of single scenes, the 'Marina' has not, as it stands, any more than the *Pericles* story as a whole, the dramatic substance, the backbone, of Shakespeare's most 'romantic' plots. It is like *The Winter's Tale* divested of the tragedy of Hermione. The most critical moment of Marina's career, that in which she turns the governor of Mytilene from his evil purpose, can hardly have appealed to Shakespeare, with its Spenserian breadth and simplicity, as proper for the central situation of a drama. And the earlier crisis, in which Dionyza plots her death, is treated with a marked subordination of dramatic to epic effect. We are hardly made aware of Dionyza's jealousy, when we find her putting the last touches to the murderer's instructions :—

Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do't :

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known (iv. 1. 1).

And the raptures of the final re-union are made poignant by no mingling of remorse. Blameless sufferers embrace, but no Leontes, no Alonso, no Iachimo, Posthumus, or Cymbeline looks on. The real criminals are in the conclusion simply ignored. Neither the vengeance which Pericles proposed to inflict, nor the 'nobler virtue' of pardon which his later counterparts bestow, gives dramatic significance to their fate ; but they fall by a popular uprising, and this last act of their story is huddled away in an Epilogue. The so-called 'Marina' is an assemblage of striking parallels to the Romances, but is not, as a whole, a parallel.

## Introduction

And a great part even of the 'Marina' itself is only intermittently of clear Shakespearean quality. It would be rash to say that the Mytilene-scenes in the fourth act are too repulsive for him to have written; certainly the loathsome figures of Boult and his crew are drawn with a drastic vigour of which there is hardly a trace in the first two acts. But powerful realism of this kind was within the compass of many a Jacobean dramatist, when he could draw direct from the low life of daily experience. It is where his common experience fails him, that the common dramatist betrays himself. Certainly such phenomena as the conversion of Lysimachus and Boult must have been as startling in London as in Ephesus; and it is at this point that the writer of the Mytilene-scenes discloses his psychological ineptitude. We may perhaps recognise Shakespeare in Marina's virginal protest, but its instantaneous effect upon hardened men must be attributed to a hand less subtle or more perfunctory than his. Similarly, the majority of the 'choruses' in acts iv. and v., while differing in measure and in style from those of i. and ii., show only here and there a Shakespearean touch. The Gower of i. and ii. speaks in rude octosyllabic verse like his own, sprinkled with antique forms. In iv. and v. he archaïses no more and cultivates the five-foot measure, the ornate phrase, and the interwoven rhymes of the Elizabethan sonneteer. And the opening 'chorus' of act v., otherwise clumsy enough, contains, in its description of Marina's dainty feminine craft, a little vignette full of Shakespearean flavour.

It therefore seems probable, as most critics have held, that Shakespeare rather elaborated another man's *Pericles*, scene by scene, here more, here less, according to the fluctuating attractions of the theme,

## Pericles

than that he seriously plotted a 'Marina,' still less a *Pericles*, of his own.

What the other *Pericles* was, and who the other man, are questions which an editor of Shakespeare who prints large portions, of the other man's work cannot altogether pass by, but which we have no means of decisively answering. Delius inferred from George Wilkins' description of his novel as 'a poore infant of my brain,' that he was also the author of the drama from which it was taken. And Mr. Fleay, on this hint, constructed a romance (or rather two if not three romances)<sup>1</sup> of theatrical jealousies and rivalries, in which Shakespeare as well as Wilkins played a part. Wilkins, a latter-day Greene, resents the suppression of his *Pericles* by Shakespeare's riper work; instead, however, of emulating the earlier Greene's malignant snarl at the 'upstart crowe,' he contents himself with reproducing his own *Pericles* in a novel, claiming it as his own in a phrase so cautiously inoffensive that Mr. Fleay was the first to divine what he meant. Upon this, Shakespeare or Shakespeare's company hastens to publish his *Pericles*, 'probably as an answer to Wilkins.' Two circumstances alone give some slight plausibility to these conjectures. Wilkins in 1607 left the King's Company, and joined the rival company of the

<sup>1</sup> It is impossible to be sure that one has Mr. Fleay's final opinion. In one place (*Shakespeare*, p. 245) Wilkins published his novel, 1608, because he was probably 'annoyed by the adoption of Shakespeare's version of the Marina story instead of his own.' In another passage of the same volume (p. 61), 'Marina, the part of *Pericles* which replaced Wilkins' work, . . . was written in this

winter [1608-9] and hurriedly printed in 1609 as a practical answer to Wilkins' prose version.' Thus Shakespeare's *Pericles* was written after a book which quotes it, and published 'as a practical answer' to one inspired by 'annoyance' at the 'adoption' of work not yet written. Such are the results of reducing dramatic history to a function of theatrical feuds.



## Introduction

Queen. And his acknowledged play, *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage* (1603), though totally unlike *Pericles* in plot (it is founded on the contemporary history of a Yorkshire family), has in common with it some tricks of metre, especially (as Delius noticed) the use of rhymes promiscuously interspersed in the midst of blank verse, even in verse-speeches which themselves alternate with prose. Cf. e.g. *Pericles'* dialogue with the fishermen in ii. 1., and the dialogues between Ilford and Scarborough, Ilford and the Clown (*Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, in Hazlitt-Dodsley, ix. 492, 493).

But the suggestion that the publication of the First Quarto of *Pericles* was an act of reprisal by Shakespeare's company is wholly unwarranted. For the state of the text leaves no doubt that it was published surreptitiously from a copy less authentic than that on which Wilkins himself had based his paraphrase.

*Pericles* was surpassed by few of Shakespeare's most authentic plays in popularity. In 1609 an anonymous satirist compared a crowd of outstretched throats to an audience come 'to see *Shore* or *Pericles*.'<sup>1</sup> The name of *Pericles* became a by-word for good fortune,<sup>2</sup> and Boulton seems, like Pandarus, to have given a new sobriquet to his class.<sup>3</sup>

But the immense vogue of *Pericles* was chiefly among the populace of all ranks. Grave and scholarly persons resented its monstrous defects as a drama, as well as its pardonable if not legitimate grossness: and presently their voices began to be heard. Jonson, smarting from the derisive rejection

<sup>1</sup> *Pimlyco, or Runne Red-Cap*, 1609 (cf. *Cent. of Shakespeare's Praise*, p. 89).

Taylor's *The Hogg hath lost his Pearle*, 1614 (ib. p. 107).

<sup>2</sup> 'Fortunate like *Pericles*'; <sup>3</sup> Barthwaite, *Strappado for the Divell*, 1615 (ib. p. 113).

## Pericles

of his *The New Inn* (1629), turned savagely upon the 'mouldy tale' which it was still a safe venture to perform; and even Owen Feltham's Reply seems to admit that there were many whom *Pericles* 'deeply displeased.' After the Restoration it passed from the stage, on account of its offences against art rather than against decency, though its grossness was of too primitive a type to please the contemporaries of Etherege. Dryden singles it out, with the English histories collectively, as a type of the 'ridiculous incoherent story which in one play many times took up the business of an age'; and in an unfortunate, but often-quoted, line used it to illustrate the contention that no first plays are good, since

'Shakespeare's own Muse his *Pericles* first bore.

In our own time it has, somewhat tardily, shared in the heightened repute of the Romances.

# PERICLES

## ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Before the palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song that old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves and holy-ales ;  
And lords and ladies in their lives  
Have read it for restoratives :  
The purchase is to make men glorious ;  
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that to hear an old man sing  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like taper-light.  
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great

10

1. *old*, of old ; apparently intended for an archaism.      9. *purchase*, gain, profit.  
6. *ember-eves*, the eves of      16. *Waste*, spend.

Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat ;  
 The fairest in all Syria,  
 I tell<sup>o</sup> you what mine authors say : 20  
 This king unto him took a fere,  
 Who died and left a female heir,  
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace ;  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke :  
 Bad child ; worse father ! to entice his own  
 To evil should be done by none :  
 But custom what they did begin  
 Was with long use account no sin. 30  
 The beauty of this sinful dame  
 Made many princes thither frame,  
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :  
 Which to prevent he made a law,  
 To keep her still, and men in awe,  
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not, lost his life :  
 So for her many a wight did die,  
 As yon grim looks do testify. 40  
 What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye  
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, *and*  
*followers.*

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large  
received

21. *fere*, mate.

29, 30. The confused syntax  
of this couplet is probably due  
to the writer. Malone proposed

*By custom*, which only em-  
phasises its apparent tautology.

32. *frame*, betake them-  
selves.

The danger of the task you undertake.

*Per.* I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul  
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a  
bride,

For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

10

*Music.* *Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.*

*Per.* See where she comes, apparell'd like the  
spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!

Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.

You gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflamed desire in my breast

20

To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,—

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:

6. *Bring in our daughter.* 'Music' as a stage direction;  
Qq and Ff prefix 'Music' to and Dyce transferred it to v. 11.  
these words, as a part of the 8. *till Lucina reign'd*, until  
speech. Malone distinguished her birth.

# Pericles

ACT I.

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain ;  
 And which, without desert, because thine eye  
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
 Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,  
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
 Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance  
 pale,

30

That without covering, save yon field of stars,  
 Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;  
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
 For going on death's net, whom none resist.

40

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
 My frail mortality to know itself,  
 And by those fearful objects to prepare  
 This body, like to them, to what I must ;  
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
 Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.  
 I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do  
 Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling  
 woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did ;  
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you  
 And all good men, as every prince should do ;  
 My riches to the earth from whence they came ;  
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

50

[*To the daughter of Antiochus.*]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
 I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

*Ant.* Scorning advice, read the conclusion,  
 then :

Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
 As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

33. *heap*, body.

56. *Scorning advice*, etc. Qq  
 and Ff include this line in

Pericles' speech. Malone first  
 proposed the present arrange-  
 ment.

*Daugh.* Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove  
prosperous!

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage.

*He reads the riddle.*

I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh which did me breed.

I sought a husband, in which labour

I found that kindness in a father :

He's father, son, and husband mild ;

I mother, wife, and yet his child.

How they may be, and yet in two, 70

As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last : but, O you powers  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's  
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?

Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill :

But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt ;

For he's no man on whom perfections wait

That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. 80

You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,

Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to  
hearken :

But being play'd upon before your time,

Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.

Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,

59. *Of all say'd yet*, of all who yet assayed. Qq and Ff *sayd*  
or *said*.

For that's an article within our law,  
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired :  
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence. 90

*Per.* Great king,  
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;  
 'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
 He's more secure to keep it shut than shown :  
 For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,  
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;  
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear  
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole  
 casts 100

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is  
 throng'd

By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth  
 die for 't.

Kings are earth's gods ; in vice their law's their  
 will ;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill ?  
 It is enough you know ; and it is fit,  
 What being more known grows worse, to smother it.  
 All love the womb that their first being bred,  
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my  
 head.

*Ant.* [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head !  
 he has found the meaning :  
 But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre, 110  
 Though by the tenour of our strict edict,  
 Your exposition misinterpreting,  
 We might proceed to cancel of your days ;  
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

96. *vice repeated*, the dis-  
 closure of vice.

101. *Copp'd*, peaked.

110. *gloze with him*, delude  
 him with words.



As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :  
 Forty days longer we do respite you ;  
 If by which time our secret be undone,  
 This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son :  
 And until then your entertain shall be  
 As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120

*[Exeunt all but Pericles.]*

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
 The which is good in nothing but in sight !  
 If it be true that I interpret false,  
 Then were it certain you were not so bad  
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;  
 Where now you 're both a father and a son,  
 By your untimely claspings with your child,  
 Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father ;  
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130  
 By the defiling of her parent's bed ;  
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
 Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men  
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.  
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;  
 Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke :  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame : 140  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for which  
 we mean  
 To have his head.  
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,

119. *entertain*, entertainment.

# Pericles

ACT I

Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin  
 In such a loathed manner ;  
 And therefore instantly this prince must die ;  
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
 Who attends us there ?

*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* Doth your highness call ? 150

*Ant.* Thaliard,  
 You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes  
 Her private actions to your secrecy ;  
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold ;  
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him :  
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
 Because we bid it. 'Say, is it done ?

*Thal.* My lord,  
 'Tis done.

*Ant.* Enough. 160

*Enter a Messenger.*

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

*Mess.* My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* As thou  
 Wilt live, fly after : and like an arrow shot  
 From a well-experienced archer hits the mark  
 His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return  
 Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'

*Thal.* My lord,  
 If I can get him within my pistol's length,  
 I'll make him sure enough : so, farewell to your  
 highness.

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu ! [*Exit Thal.*] Till  
 Pericles be dead, 170  
 My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

152. *partakes*, imparts.

SCENE II. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb  
us.—Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,  
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed  
me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes  
shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here :

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

10

Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread,

Have after-nourishment and life by care ;

And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.

And so with me : the great Antiochus,  
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,

Since he's so great can make his will his act,  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;

Nor boots it me to say I honour him,

20

If he suspect I may dishonour him :

And what may make him blush in being known,  
He'll stop the course by which it might be known ;

1. [*To Lords without.*] Dyce  
supplied this direction, Qq and  
Ff making the Lords enter with  
Pericles.

which dyes all thoughts its own  
colour.

3. *Be my,* Dyce's emendation  
for Qq and Ff *by me.*

1. *change of thoughts,* that

15. *cares it be not done,* is  
anxious lest it should be done.

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,  
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,  
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;  
 Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,  
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence :  
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees, 30  
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend  
 them,  
 Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,  
 And punish that before that he would punish.

*Enter HELICANUS, with other Lords.*

*First Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred  
 breast !

*Sec. Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return  
 to us,  
 Peaceful and comfortable !

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.  
 They do abuse the king that flatter him :  
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;  
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40  
 To which that blast gives heat and stronger  
 glowing ;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.  
 When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,  
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life.  
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;  
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else ; but let your cares  
 o'erlook

25. *ostent*, display.

26. *Amazement*, bewilderment.

30. *am*, Farmer's emendation of *once*, Qq Ff.

41. *blast*, Mason's proposal for *spark* of the old copies, repeated by an oversight from v. 40.

44. *Sooth*, flattering assent.

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou

50

Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven,  
from whence

They have their nourishment ?

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power  
To take thy life from thee.

*Hel.* [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself ;

Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, prithee, rise.

Sit down : thou art no flatterer :

60

I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid

That kings should let their ears hear their faults  
hid !

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,

Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,

What wouldst thou have me do ?

*Hel.* To bear with patience  
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,  
That minister'st a potion unto me  
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me, then : I went to Antioch,

70

Where as thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,

From whence an issue I might propagate,

Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.

62. *hear their faults hid*, hear between 73 and 74, such as :  
the flattery which hides their faults. *Worthy to heir my throne ; for*  
74. A line is probably lost *kingly boys* (Sydney Walker).

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;  
 The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest :  
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou  
 know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.  
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80  
 Under the covering of a careful night,  
 Who seem'd my good protector ; and, being here,  
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
 I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears  
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years :  
 And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,  
 That I should open to the listening air  
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,  
 To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms, 90  
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;  
 When all, for mine, if I may call offence,  
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :  
 Which love to all, of which thyself art one,  
 Who now reprovest me for it,—

*Hel.* Alas, sir !

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from  
 my cheeks,  
 Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
 How I might stop this tempest ere it came ;  
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 100

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me  
 leave to speak,  
 Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
 Who either by public war or private treason

78. *smooth*, flatter.

86. *doubt*, suspect. Malone's emendation of *do't*, Q 1-3.

Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,

Till that his rage and anger be forgot,

Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any ; if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be. 110

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith ;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ?

*Hel.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the  
earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to  
Tarsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;

And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good

On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can  
bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath : 120

Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both :

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber in the  
palace.*

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this the court.  
Here must I kill King Pericles ; and if I do  
it not, I am sure to be hanged at home : 'tis

105-110. Printed as prose in Qq 123. *convince*, refute, over-  
Ff. Arranged as verse by Rowe. come.

dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre. 10

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES, with other Lords of Tyre.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,

Further to question me of your king's departure:  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* [*Aside*] How! the king gone!

*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch——

*Thal.* [*Aside*] What from Antioch?

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not— 20

Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

4 f. *he was a wise fellow*, etc. he loved him, made this answer to the king, that your majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets' (Steevens).

This story is more fully referred to in Barnabie Riche's 'Souldier's Wish to Britaine's Welfare': 'I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who, being demanded by King Lysimachus what favour he might do unto him for that

11-40. Printed as prose in Qq Ff. First arranged as verse by Rowe.



*Thal.* [*Aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; but since he's gone, the king's seas must please: he 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea. I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

30

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles;  
But since my landing I have understood  
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,  
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it,  
Commended to our master, not to us:  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

40

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*

*Enter CLEON, the Governor of Tarsus, with  
DIONYZA, and others.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to  
quench it;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

26-30. This being 'aside' it seems probable that the prose may be here intended to mark the distinction between Thaliard's informal soliloquies (as in vv. 1-

10) and his ceremonial addresses. It is therefore retained.  
8. *mischief's*, (apparently 'misery's.' Steevens proposed *mistful*, S. Walker *misery's*.)

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza,  
 Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
 Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?  
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep  
 Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,  
 Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them  
 louder;  
 That, if heaven slumber while their creatures  
 want,  
 They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
 And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir. 20

*Cle.* This Tarsus, o'er which I have the  
 government,  
 A city on whom plenty held full hand,  
 For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;  
 Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the  
 clouds,  
 And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;  
 Whose men and dames so jett'd and adorn'd,  
 Like one another's glass to trim them by:  
 Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,  
 And not so much to feed on as delight;  
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
 The name of help grew odious to repeat. 30

*Dio.* O, 'tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this  
 our change,  
 These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
 Were all-too little to content and please,  
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,

9. *topp'd*, lopp'd. The attempt to diminish grief by reciting the griefs of others is like lopping trees, which only grow the higher for it.  
 26. *jett'd*, strut.

## Pericles

As houses are defiled for want of use,  
 They are now starved for want of exercise :  
 Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,  
 Must have inventions to delight the taste, 40  
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :  
 Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,  
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
 To eat those little darlings whom they loved.  
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
 Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life :  
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;  
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall  
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
 Is not this true ? 50

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O, let those cities that of plenty's cup  
 And her prosperities so largely taste,  
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !  
 The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where 's the lord governor ?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in  
 haste,  
 For comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbour-  
 ing shore, 60

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,

39. *two summers.* Monk  
 Mason's correction (confirmed  
 by the novel) of Qq Ff *too (to)*  
*sauers.*

42. *nouse*, cherish.

43. *curious*, 'recherché.

54. *With their superfluous*  
*riots*, running riot in super-  
 fluity.

61. *sail*, fleet.

That may succeed as his inheritor ;  
 And so in ours : some neighbouring nation,  
 Taking advantage of our misery,  
 Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,  
 To beat us down, the which are down already ;  
 And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
 Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

70

*Lord.* That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
 And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat :

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.  
 But bring they what they will and what they can,  
 What need we fear ?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.

Go tell their general we attend him here,  
 To know for what he comes, and whence he comes, 80  
 And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;  
 If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
 Let not our ships and number of our men  
 Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.  
 We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
 And seen the desolation of your streets :

67. *Hath.* Rowe's correction for Qq Ff *that*.

70. *Whereas no glory's got to overcome*, where victory brings no glory.

71. *semblance* (three syllables).

74. *him's*, him that is. Malone's emendation for Qq Ff *himnes*, *hymns*.

83. *on peace consist*, stand on, demand, peace.

Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90  
 But to relieve them of their heavy load ;  
 And these our ships, you happily may think  
 Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within  
 With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,  
 Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,  
 And give them life whom hunger starved half  
 dead.

*All.* The gods of Greece protect you !  
 And we 'll pray for you.

*Per.* Arise, I pray you, rise :  
 We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
 And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men. 100

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !  
 Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be  
 seen,—

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here  
 awhile,  
 Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king  
 His child, I wis, to incest bring ;  
 A better prince and benign lord,

92. *happily, haply.*

That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
 Be quiet then as men should be,  
 Till he hath pass'd necessity.  
 I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
 The good in conversation,  
 To whom I give my benison, 10  
 Is still at Tarsus, where each man  
 Thinks all is writ he speken can ;  
 And, to remember what he does,  
 Build his statue to make him glorious :  
 But tidings to the contrary  
 Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

## DUMB SHOW.

*Enter at one door PERICLES talking with  
 CLEON ; all the train with them. Enter at  
 another door a Gentleman, with a letter to  
 PERICLES ; PERICLES shows the letter to  
 CLEON ; gives the Messenger a reward, and  
 knights him. Exit PERICLES at one door, and  
 CLEON at another.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,  
 Not to eat honey like a drone  
 From others' labours ; for though he strive  
 To killen bad, keep good alive ; 20  
 And to fulfil his prince' desire,  
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :  
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin  
 And had intent to murder him ;

4. *awful*, devout, holy.

9-11. *The good in conversation . . . is still at Tarsus*, the good (Pericles) is still dwelling at Tarsus.

12. *writ*, Scripture.

ib. *speken*, Qq Ff *spoken*.

22. *Sends word*. Malone's correction (confirmed by the novel) of Qq Ff *saved one*.

And that in Tarsus was not best  
 Longer for him to make his rest.  
 He, doing so, put forth to seas,  
 Where when men been, there 's seldom ease ;  
 For now the wind begins to blow ;  
 Thunder above and deeps below 30  
 Make such unquiet, that the ship  
 Should house him safe is wreck'd and split ;  
 And he, good prince, having all lost,  
 By waves from coast to coast is tost :  
 All perishen of man, of pelf,  
 Ne aught escapen but himself ;  
 Till fortune, tired with doing bad,  
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad :  
 And here he comes. What shall be next,  
 Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. 40  
[Exit.

SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.*

*Enter PERICLES, wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of  
 heaven !  
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
 Is but a substance that must yield to you ;  
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you :  
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me  
 breath  
 Nothing to think on but ensuing death :

27. *doing so, i.e.* following Helicanus' counsel. belongs to the play, not to the 'Chorus.'

36. *escapen* ; Qq *escapen'd.* 6. *me breath.* Malone's cor-

40. *this longs the text,* this rection of Qq Ff *my breath.*

Let it suffice the greatness of your powers  
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;  
 And having thrown him from your watery grave, 10  
 Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

*First Fish.* What, ho, Pilch !

*Sec. Fish.* Ha, come and bring away the nets !

*First Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say !

*Third Fish.* What say you, master ?

*First Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come  
 away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

*Third Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of  
 the poor men that were cast away before us even  
 now. 20

*First Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my  
 heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us  
 to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce  
 help ourselves.

*Third Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much  
 when I saw the porpus how he bounced and  
 tumbled ? they say they're half fish, half flesh :  
 a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to  
 be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live  
 in the sea. 30

*First Fish.* Why, as men do a-land ; the great  
 ones eat up the little ones : I can compare our  
 rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; a'  
 plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before  
 him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful :  
 such whales have I heard on o' the land, who  
 never leave gaping till they've swallowed the  
 whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

12. *What, ho, Pilch!* So 17. *with a wanion,* 'with a  
 Tyrwhitt and Malone for Qq vengeance.'  
 Ff *What, to pelch?*



*Per.* [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

*Third Fish.* But, master, if I had been the  
sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

*Sec. Fish.* Why, man?

*Third Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too : and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

*Per.* [*Aside*] Simonides!

*Third Fish.* We would purge the land of these  
drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of  
the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;  
And from their watery empire recollect  
All that may men approve or men detect !  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

*Sec. Fish.* Honest ! good fellow, what's that ?  
It it be a day fits you, steal't out of the calendar,  
and nobody look after it.

*Per.* May see the sea hath cast me upon your  
coast.

*Sec. Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea  
to cast thee in our way !

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the  
wind,

In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him ;  
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

58. *steal't.* Hudson's reading *see the sea hath cast upon your*  
for the unintelligible *search* of *coast.* Ff *Y' may see the sea*  
Qq and Ff. Malone, Steevens, *hath cast me,* etc. The line is  
and Singer substituted *scratch.* probably corrupt, but no satis-  
factory emendation has been

60. *May see,* etc. Qq *May* proposed.

*First Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

*Sec. Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes, then? 70

*Per.* I never practised it.

*Sec. Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on: A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, 80  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

*First Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

*Sec. Fish.* Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg. 90

*Per.* I did but crave.

*Sec. Fish.* But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

*Sec. Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exit with Third Fisherman.]

87. flap-jacks, pancakes.

*Per.* [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

*First Fish.* Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are? 100

*Per.* Not well.

*First Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good King Simonides, do you call him?

*First Fish.* Ay, sir: and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. 110  
How far is his court distant from this shore?

*First Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

*First Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul. 120

*Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.*

*Sec. Fish.* Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

120, 121. *what a man cannot get . . . his wife's soul.*  
Obscure and doubtful. If the text is correct the meaning is: if a man cannot directly win the

affections of his (future) wife, he is free to bargain for them (by the tourney, of which her love was the prize).

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,  
 Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;  
 And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,  
 Which my dead father did bequeath to me, 130  
 With this strict charge, even as he left his life,  
 'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield  
 'Twixt me and death;'—and pointed to this  
 brace;—  
 'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—  
 The which the gods protect thee from!—may  
 defend thee.'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;  
 Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
 Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again:  
 I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now 's no ill,  
 Since I have here my father's gift in 's will. 140

*First Fish.* What mean you, sir?

*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;  
 I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,  
 And for his sake I wish the having of it;  
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's  
 court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman;  
 And if that ever my low fortune's better,  
 I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

*First Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady? 150

*Per.* I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

*First Fish.* Why, do'e take it, and the gods  
 give thee good on 't!

133. *brace*, armour.

*defend thee.* Malone's and Dyce's  
 correction of Qq Ff *protect thee*,

135. *protect thee from!*—may *Fame may*, etc.

*Sec. Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters : there are certain condolences, certain veils. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per.* Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel ; 160  
 And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,  
 This jewel holds his building on my arm :  
 Unto thy value I will mount myself  
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.  
 Only, my friend, I am yet unprovided  
 Of a pair of bases.

*Sec. Fish.* We'll sure provide : thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair ; and I'll bring thee to the court myself. 170

*Per.* Then honour be but equal to my will.  
 This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, etc.*

*Enter* SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords and Attendants.

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?

*First Lord.* They are, my liege ;

161. *rapture*, violent seizure. Rowe's emendation (confirmed by Wilkins' novel) for Qq Ff *rupture*.

162. *building*, (perhaps) fixity. Others have proposed to read, *gilding, biding*.

167. *bases*, the embroidered mantle worn by knights on horseback, which hung down from the waist to the knees.

171. *equal*. Staunton's emendation of Qq Ff a *goal*.

And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express

My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim.* It's fit it should be so; for princes are 10  
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:  
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,  
So princes their renowns if not respected.  
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to interpret  
The labour of each knight in his device.

*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.*

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Ethiopie reaching at the sun; 20  
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

*Sim.* He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The Second Knight passes over.*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father;

4. *Return*, reply to.

14. *interpret.* Schmidt's probable emendation of Qq Ff entertain.

18. *A knight of Sparta.* Of the five knights who precede

Pericles, the fourth and fifth have no specified nationality. Wilkins mentions five knights respectively of Macedon, Corinth, Antioch, Sparta, Athens.  
21. *word*, motto.

And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady ;  
The motto thus, in Spanish, ' Piu por dulzura que  
por fuerza.'

[*The Third Knight passes over.*

*Sim.* And what's the third ?

*Thai.* The third of Antioch ;  
And his device, a wreath of chivalry ;  
The word, ' Me pompæ provexit apex.'

30

[*The Fourth Knight passes over.*

*Sim.* What is the fourth ?

*Thai.* A burning torch that's turned upside  
down ;  
The word ' Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

*Sim.* Which shows that beauty hath his power  
and will,  
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*

*Thai.* The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,  
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried ;  
The motto thus, ' Sic spectanda fides.'

[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over.*

*Sim.* And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself  
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

40

*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger ; but his  
present is  
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;  
The motto, ' In hac spe vivo.'

27. *Piu por dulzura*, etc. Wilkins adds the English version : ' More by lenity than by force.'

30. *Me pompæ*, etc. Englished by Wilkins : ' The desire of renown drew him to this enterprise.'

33. *Quod*, etc. Englished by Wilkins : ' That which gives me life gives me death.'

38. *Sic spectanda*, etc. Englished by Wilkins : ' So faith is to be looked into.'

44. *In hac spe*, etc. Englished by Wilkins : ' In that hope I live.'

*Sim.* A pretty moral;  
From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

*First Lord.* He had need mean better than his  
outward show  
Can any way speak in his just commend;  
For by his rusty outside he appears  
To have practised more the whipstock than the  
lance.

*Sec. Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he  
comes  
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

*Third Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour  
rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.  
But stay, the knights are coming: we will with-  
draw  
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*  
[*Great shouts within, and all cry 'The mean  
knight!'*

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state: a  
banquet prepared.*

*Enter* SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants,  
and Knights, *from tilting.*

*Sim.* Knights,  
To say you're welcome were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

57. *The outward habit by the outward habit by), or a confusion  
inward man.* Either an awkward of thought.  
inversion must be supposed (*the*



Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,  
 Since every worth in show commends itself.  
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :  
 You are princes and my guests.

*Thai.* But you, my knight and guest ;  
 To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10  
 And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;  
 And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
 In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,  
 To make some good, but others to exceed ;  
 And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen  
 o' the feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place :  
 Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good  
 Simonides. 20

*Sim.* Your presence glads our days : honour we  
 love ;

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

*First Knight.* Contend not, sir ; for we are  
 gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes  
 Envy the great nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*Sim.* Sit, sir, sit.

[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
 These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

*Thai.* [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage, 30  
 All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,  
 Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant  
 gentleman.

29. *resist me*, repel, are distasteful to.

*Sim.* [*Aside*] He's but a country gentleman ;  
Has done no more than other knights have done ;  
Has broken a staff or so ; so let it pass.

*Thai.* [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to  
glass.

*Per.* [*Aside*] Yon king's to me like to my father's  
picture,  
Which tells me in that glory once he was ;  
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence ;  
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,  
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy :  
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light :  
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,  
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights ?

*Knights.* Who can be other in this royal pre-  
sence ?

*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stored unto the  
brim,—  
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—  
We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

*Sim.* Yet pause awhile :  
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa ?

*Thai.* What is it  
To me, my father ?

*Sim.* O, attend, my daughter :  
Princes in this should live like gods above,

42. *vail*, lower.

50. *stored* ; Steevens' correction of Qq *stur'd*, Ff *stirr'd*.

Who freely give to every one that comes 60  
To honour them :

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.  
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,  
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to  
him.

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold :  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How ! 70

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai.* [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not  
please me better.

*Sim.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to  
know of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him  
freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage. 80

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre ; my name, Pericles ;  
My education been in arts and arms ;  
Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men  
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace ; names himself  
Pericles,

63. *kill'd are wonder'd at*, i.e. prove, in spite of their sound, to be marvellously small.

64. *entrance* (three syllables).

65. *standing-bowl*, a bowl resting on a foot.

69. *impudence*, immodesty.

A gentleman of Tyre,  
 Who only by misfortune of the seas  
 Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune, 90  
 And will awake him from his melancholy.  
 Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
 And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
 Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
 Will very well become a soldier's dance.  
 I will not have excuse, with saying this  
 Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
 Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.  
 Come, sir; 100  
 Here is a lady that wants breathing too :  
 And I have heard, you knights of Tyre  
 Are excellent in making ladies trip ;  
 And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them they are, my  
 lord.

*Sim.* O, that's as much as you would be denied  
 Of your fair courtesy.

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Unclasp, unclasp :

Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well,  
 [*To Per.*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to  
 conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings ! [*To*  
*Per.*] Yours, sir, 110

We have given order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love ;  
 And that's the mark I know you level at :

94. *address'd*, arrayed.

104. *measures*, slow and solemn dances.

Therefore each one betake him to his rest ;  
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.*

*Enter* HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

*Hel.* No, Escanes, know this of me,  
Antiochus from incest lived not free :  
For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
Due to this heinous capital offence,  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,  
A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up  
Their bodies, even to loathing ; for they so stunk, 10  
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Esca.* 'Twas very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but justice ; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*Esca.* 'Tis very true.

*Enter two or three Lords.*

*First Lord.* See, not a man in private conference  
Or council has respect with him but he.

*Sec. Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without  
reproof.

*Third Lord.* And cursed be he that will not  
second it.

*First Lord.* Follow me, then. Lord Helicane,  
a word.

*Hel.* With me? and welcome: happy day, my  
lords.

*First Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to  
the top,  
And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs! for what? wrong not your  
prince you love.

*First Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble  
Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath  
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; 30  
And be resolved he lives to govern us,  
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leave us to our free election.

*Sec. Lord.* Whose death indeed's the strongest  
in our censure:

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—  
Like goodly buildings left without a roof  
Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self,  
That best know how to rule and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

*All.* Live, noble Helicane! 40

*Hel.* For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:  
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.  
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
To forbear the absence of your king:  
If in which time expired, he not return,

31. *be resolved*, obtain assurance.

34. *censure*, judgment.

43. *seas*, the troubled waters of sovereignty.

I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
 But if I cannot win you to this love,  
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50  
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;  
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

*First Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will  
 not yield ;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
 We with our travels will endeavour us.

*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp  
 hands :

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, at one door :  
 the Knights meet him.*

*First Knight.* Good morrow to the good Si-  
 monides.

*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you  
 know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
 A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,  
 Which yet from her by no means can I get.

*Sec. Knight.* May we not get access to her, my  
 lord ?

*Sim.* 'Faith, by no means ; she hath so strictly  
 tied

Her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.  
 One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery ; 10  
 This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,  
 And on her virgin honour will not break it.

# Pericles

ACT II

*Third Knight.* Loath to bid farewell, we take  
our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*]

*Sim.* So,

They are well dispatch'd ; now to my daughter's  
letter :

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress ; your choice agrees with mine ;  
I like that well : nay, how absolute she's in 't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no !

20

Well, I do commend her choice ;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft ! here he comes : I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides !

*Sim.* To you as much, sir ! I am beholding  
to you

For your sweet music this last night : I do  
Protest my ears were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;  
Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.

30

*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good  
lord.

*Sim.* Let me ask you one thing :  
What do you think of my daughter, sir ?

*Per.* A most virtuous princess.

*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not ?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

*Sim.* Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you ;  
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,  
And she will be your scholar : therefore look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

40

*Sim.* She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.



*Per.* [*Aside*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!  
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and  
thou art

A villain. 50

*Per.* By the gods, I have not:  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor!

*Sim.* Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat—unless it be the king—  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

*Sim.* [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud  
his courage.

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent. 60

I came unto your court for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter* THAISA.

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe

62. *her*, i.e. honour's. But Wilkins makes it probable that the corresponding passage in the word should be *your*.

# Pericles

ACT III

To any syllable that made love to you.

70

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,

Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—

I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in blood as I myself.—

80

Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,

Either be ruled by me, or I will make you—

Man and wife:

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—

What, are you both pleased?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

*Sim.* What, are you both agreed?

90

*Both.* Yes, if it please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you  
wed;

And then with what haste you can get you to  
bed. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;

No din but snores the house about,

i. *yslaked*, laid to rest.

Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
 Of this most pompous marriage-feast.  
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
 Now couches fore the mouse's hole ;  
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
 E'er the blither for their drouth.  
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
 A babe is moulded. Be attent,  
 And time that is so briefly spent  
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche :  
 What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

10

## DUMB SHOW.

*Enter, PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter : PERICLES shows it SIMONIDES ; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter THAISA with child, with LYCHORIDA a nurse. The KING shows her the letter ; she rejoices : she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with LYCHORIDA and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest.*

By many a dern and painful perch  
 Of Pericles the careful search,  
 By the four opposing coigns  
 Which the world together joins,  
 Is made with all due diligence  
 That horse and sail and high expense  
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,

20

4. *pompous*, splendid.13. *eche*, enlarge.14. *plain*, interpret.15. *dern*, solitary, gloomy.15. *perch*, rod (of distance).17. *coigns*, angles, *i.e.* the points of the compass.21. *stead*, promote.

Fame answering the most strange inquire,  
 To the court of King Simonides  
 Are letters brought, the tenour these :  
 Antiochus and his daughter dead ;  
 The men of Tyrus on the head  
 Of Helicanus would set on  
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none :  
 The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress ;  
 Says to 'em, if King Pericles 30  
 Come not home in twice six moons,  
 He, obedient to their dooms,  
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
 Y-ravished the regions round,  
 And every one with claps can sound,  
 ' Our heir-apparent is a king !  
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?  
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :  
 His queen with child makes her desire— 40  
 Which who shall cross?—along to go :  
 Omit we all their dole and woe :  
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut : but fortune's mood  
 Varies again ; the grisled north  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That, as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives : 50  
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-neighbor  
 Does fall in travail with her fear :  
 And what ensues in this fell storm  
 Shall for itself itself perform.  
 I will relate, action may  
 Conveniently the rest convey ;  
 Which might not what by me is told.

In your imagination hold  
 This stage the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.* 60

## SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.*

*Per.* Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these  
 surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou,  
 that hast

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having call'd them from the deep! O, still  
 Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench  
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Ly-  
 chorida,

How does my queen? Thou storm, venomously  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,

Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O 10  
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
 Of my queen's travails!

*Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.*

Now, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a  
 place,  
 Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I

1. *vast*, boundless sea.

7. *Thou*; Malone's correction  
 for Qq Ff *then*. Dyce's *Thou*  
*stormest venomously*, adopted by  
 Camb. edd., is less in keeping  
 with the situation than the bold

irregularity of the old reading,

8. *The seaman's whistle*, i.e.  
 the whistle regularly carried by  
 the boatswain of a ship. Cf.  
*The Tempest*, i. 1.

16. *conceit*, apprehension.

Am like to do : take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

*Per.* How, how, Lychorida !

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir ; do not assist the  
storm.

Here 's all that is left living of your queen,  
A little daughter : for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

20

*Per.* O you gods !

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away ? We here below  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with you.

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life !  
For a more blustrous birth had never babe :  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions ! for  
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world  
That ever was prince's child. Happy what  
follows !

30

Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb : even at the first  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,  
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good  
gods  
Throw their best eyes upon 't !

25. *may use honour with you*, are entitled to enjoy honour on equal terms with you.

29. *thy conditions*, the circumstances of thy life.

30. In Wilkins' novel ; Pericles here addresses his child in the Shakespearean phrase : ' Poor inch of nature ' ( ' thou art

as rudely welcome,' etc. ).

35. *Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here* ; the child's loss even at the outset is such that all that it inherits by birth falls short of what its birth has cost. This seems to be the clear meaning, irregularly expressed.

*Enter two Sailors.*

*First Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you

*Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;  
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love 40  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

*First Sail.* Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt  
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

*Sec. Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy  
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

*First Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard:  
the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not  
lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition. 50

*First Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it  
hath been still observed; and we are strong in  
custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she  
must overboard straight.

*Per.* As you think meet. Most wretched  
queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible childbed hast thou had, my  
dear;

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight 60  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze,  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,

39. *flaw*, blast.

53. *custom*; Boswell's certain  
correction of Qq Ff 'eastern.'  
The old texts also interpolate  
the last sentence of the First

Sailor in Pericles' following  
speech.

63. *aye-remaining lamps*, i.e.  
the ever-burning lamps of a vault.  
Qq Ff *air-remaining*.

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
 My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander  
 Bring me the satin coffer : lay the babe  
 Upon the pillow : hie thee, whiles I say  
 A priestly farewell to her : suddenly, woman. 70

[*Exit Lychorida.*

*Sec. Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the  
 hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast  
 is this?

*Sec. Sail.* We are near Tarsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner,  
 Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou  
 reach it?

*Sec. Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O, make for Tarsus !  
 There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus : there I'll leave it 80  
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner :  
 I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's  
 house.*

*Enter CERIMON, with a Servant, and some  
 Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho !

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call ?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men :

76. *thy course for Tyre*, i.e. exact expression, which the  
 thy course which is at present novelist is likely in any case to  
 for Tyre. Wilkins' novel has have preferred.  
 'from Tyre' ; a simpler but less



'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Serv.* I have been in many ; but such a night  
as this,

Till now, I ne'er endured.

*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return ;  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature  
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this  
to the 'pothecary,  
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Good morrow. 10

*Sec. Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early ?

*First Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook as the earth did quake ;  
The very principals did seem to rend,  
And all-to topple : pure surprise and fear  
Made me to quit the house.

*Sec. Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you  
so early ;

'Tis not our husbandry.

*Cer.* O, you say well. 20

*First Gent.* But I much marvel that your  
lordship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,

16. *principals*, main beams. stirring' was held particularly

17. *all-to*, in pieces. characteristic. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv.

20. *husbandry*, zeal for i. 7 ; *Troil. and Cress.* i. 2. 7.

business, of which to be 'early 22. *tire*, (?) furniture.

Being thereto not compell'd.

*Cer.* I hold it ever,  
 Virtue and cunning were endowments greater  
 Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs  
 May the two latter darken and expend;  
 But immortality attends the former, 30  
 Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever  
 Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
 By turning o'er authorities, I have,  
 Together with my practice, made familiar  
 To me and to my aid the blest infusions  
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;  
 And I can speak of the disturbances  
 That nature works, and of her cures; which doth  
 give me

A more content in course of true delight  
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40  
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,  
 To please the fool and death.

*Sec. Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus  
 pour'd forth  
 Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
 Your creatures, who by you have been restored:  
 And not your knowledge, your personal pain,  
 but even  
 Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon  
 Such strong renown as time shall never——

*Enter two or three Servants with a chest.*

*First Serv.* So; lift there.

*Cer.* What is that?

*First Serv.* Sir, even now

27. *cunning*, knowledge.

46. *pain*, labour.

48. *never*——. This reading  
 is found only in Q<sub>1</sub>, the other

old editions substituting *ne'er*  
*decay*. Probably the speech is  
 broken off to emphasise the  
 strangeness of the interruption.

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest: 50

'Tis of some wreck.

*Cer.* Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

*Cer.* Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

*Cer.* How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed!

Did the sea cast it up?

*First Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
As toss'd it upon shore.

*Cer.* Wrench it open;

Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

*Sec. Gent.* A delicate odour.

*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

*First Gent.* Most strange!

*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and  
entreaured

With full bags of spices! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

*[Reads from a scroll.]*

'Here I give to understand,

If e'er this coffin drive a-land,

I, King Pericles, have lost 70

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;

She was the daughter of a king:

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart

That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.

55. 'Fortune has done well in forcing it to disgorge upon our coast.'

*Sec. Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night ;  
For look how fresh she looks ! They were too  
rough

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within : 80  
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian  
That had nine hours lien dead,  
Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins,  
and fire.*

Well said, well said ; the fire and cloths.  
The rough and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, beseech you.  
The viol once more : how thou stirr'st, thou  
block !

90

The music there !—I pray you, give her air.  
Gentlemen,  
This queen will live : nature awakes ; a warmth  
Breathes out of her : she hath not been entranced  
Above five hours : see how she gins to blow

84 f. This passage is probably corrupt. The corresponding place in the novel makes the cure exercised by, not upon, 'Egyptians': 'I have read of some Egyptians who, after four hours' death, . . . have raised impoverished bodies like to this, unto their former health.' Hudson has plausibly restored the lines thus :—

Of an Egyptian  
I have heard who had by good ap-  
pliances

Recover'd bodies nine hours lying  
dead.

(but *lying* for *lien* is clearly  
wrong).

90. *viol.* The Ff and three later Qq have *vial*, i.e. 'phial'; and it is possible that Wilkins understood it so, as he says : 'When pouring a precious liquor into her mouth, he perceived warmth,' etc. But the context strongly suggests that the reference is to music.

Into life's flower again !

*First Gent.* The heavens,  
Through you, increase our wonder and set up  
Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive ; behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost, 100  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;  
The diamonds of a most praised water  
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*]

*Thai.* O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world  
is this?

*Sec. Gent.* Is not this strange?

*First Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, my gentle neighbours !  
Lend me your hands ; to the next chamber bear  
her.

Get linen : now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come ; 110  
And Æsculapius guide us !

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LYCHORIDA with MARINA in her arms.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be  
gone ;  
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands

106. *Where am I?* etc. novel, Cerimon, with a physi-  
Thaisa's words are from Gower, cian's instinct, gives a reassuring  
*Conf. Am.* (bk. viii.). In the answer to her questions.

In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt  
you mortally,  
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

*Dion.* O your sweet queen!  
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought  
her hither,  
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar 10  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,  
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here  
I charge your charity withal, leaving her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord, but think  
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,  
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,  
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection 20  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,  
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all  
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave. 30  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,  
Who shall not be more dear to my respect  
Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cle.* We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge  
o' the shore,  
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears :  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

40

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain  
jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer : which are now  
At your command. Know you the character ?

*Thai.* It is my lord's.  
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Even on my eaning time ; but whether there  
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,  
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.

10

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,

36. *the mask'd Neptune*, the was on the point of being de-  
sea-god in his calmest aspect. livered.

6. *on my eaning time*, when I

# Pericles

ACT IV

Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date expire.  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all ;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,  
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there 's a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters ; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place 10  
Of general wonder. But, alack,  
That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even ripe for marriage-rite ; this maid  
Hight Philoten : and it is said  
For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with Marina be : 20

4. 's, as. So the old editions. word. But the roughness was  
Modern edd. mostly omit the thought to be archaic.



Be't when she weaved the sleided silk  
 With fingers long, small, white as milk ;  
 Or when she would with sharp needle wound  
 The cambric, which she made more sound  
 By hurting it ; or when to the lute  
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
 That still records with moan ; or when  
 She would with rich and constant pen  
 Vail to her mistress Dian ; still  
 This Philoten contends in skill 30  
 With absolute Marina : so  
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
 All praises, which are paid as debts,  
 And not as given. This so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks,  
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good Marina, that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40  
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead :  
 And cursed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath  
 Prest for this blow. The unborn event  
 I do commend to your content :  
 Only I carry winged time  
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;  
 Which never could I so convey,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50

21. *sleided*, raw, untwisted.23. *needle* (pron. *neeld*).27. *records*, sings (used especially of the nightingale).29. *Vail*, do homage (with odes in Diana's praise).31. *absolute*, perfectly accomplished.45. *Prest*, ready prepared.46. *your content*, the satisfied attention of the spectators (who will see it represented instead of hearing it reported).

Dionyza does appear,  
With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

*Enter* DIONYZA and LEONINE.

*Dion.* Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,  
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,  
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which  
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter, then, the gods should have 10  
her.

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.

Thou art resolved?

*Leon.* I am resolved.

*Enter* MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

*Mar.* No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,

5. *inflaming love i' thy bosom*; Knight's reading for Qq *in flaming thy love bosom*, Ff *inflaming thy love bosom*. This gives a possible meaning. Conscience, itself 'cold,' kindles emotion. But it is very probable that *inflame*, or *inflaming*, or both, conceal a corruption.

6. *Inflame too nicely*, incite you with over-idle scruples.

7. *be a soldier*, be resolute.

11. *for her only mistress' death*. This line has also hitherto defied restoration. Perhaps *mistress* is a corruption of *minion's*.

To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows,  
blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,  
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20  
Whirring me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now, Marina! why do you keep  
alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have  
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's changed  
With this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.  
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her. 30

*Mar.* No, I pray you;  
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.* Come, come;

I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign heart. We every day  
Expect him here: when he shall come and find  
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;  
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken  
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,  
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve 40  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;  
I can go home alone.

25. *of*, in.

27. *it*, (probably) the flowers,  
collectively. Others connect  
the latter clause of this line with

the first half of the next, taking  
*it* to mean 'the way,' or read-  
ing with Hudson: 'on the sea  
margin.'

*Mar.* Well, I will go ;

But yet I have no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.

Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least :

Remember what I have said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while :

Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood :

What ! I must have a care of you.

*Mar.* My thanks, sweet madam. 50

[*Exit Dionyza.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

*Leon.* South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.

*Leon.* Was't so ?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,

But cried 'Good seamen !' to the sailors, galling

His kingly hands, haling ropes ;

And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea

That almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this ?

*Mar.* When I was born :

Never was waves nor wind more violent ; 60

And from the ladder-tackle washes off

A canvas-climber. 'Ha !' says one, 'wilt out ?'

And with a dropping industry they skip

From stem to stern : the boatswain whistles, and

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* Come, say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you ?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,

I grant it : pray ; but be not tedious,

For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn 70

To do my work with haste.

63. *dropping*, dripping, drenched.

*Mar.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life:  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature: believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,  
Or my life imply her any danger?

80

*Leon.* My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I  
hope.

You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:  
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:  
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

90

*Leon.* I am sworn,  
And will dispatch. [*He seizes her.*]

*Enter Pirates.*

*First Pirate.* Hold, villain!

[*Leonine runs away.*]

*Sec. Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

*Third Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part.  
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

*Re-enter LEONINE.*

*Leon.* These roguing thieves serve the great  
pirate Valdes;

And they have seized Marina. Let her go :  
 There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's  
 dead,  
 And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further : 100  
 Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
 Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
 Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.  
 [Exit.

SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

*Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Boul't !

*Boul't.* Sir ?

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly ; Mytilene  
 is full of gallants. We lost too much money this  
 mart by being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures.  
 We have but poor three, and they can do no more  
 than they can do ; and they with continual action  
 are even as good as rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones, what- 10  
 e'er we pay for them. If there be not a con-  
 science to be used in every trade, we shall never  
 prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true : 'tis not our bringing  
 up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought  
 up some eleven—

*Boul't.* Ay, to eleven ; and brought them down  
 again. But shall I search the market ?

*Bawd.* What else, man ? The stuff we have,  
 a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so 20  
 pitifully sodden.

*Pand.* Thou sayest true ; they're too unwhole-

17. *to eleven, to the age of eleven.*

some, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

*Boult.* Ay, she quickly pooped him, she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [Exit.

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old? 30

*Pand.* O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we. 40

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

*Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.*

*Boult.* [To Marina] Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

*First Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

*Boult.* Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boult, has she any qualities? 50

*Boult.* She has a good face, speaks well, and

25. *pooped*, despatched; properly said of a ship fatally struck by the wind.

29. *as pretty a proportion*, a fair enough portion (to live on, giving up our business).

37. *hatched*, closed (with a half-door).

47. *gone through*, done my utmost, made the highest offer.

48. *piece*, creature.

has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boul't?

*Boul't.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

60

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*]

*Bawd.* Boul't, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boul't.* Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*]

*Mar.* Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me 70  
For to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault  
To scape his hands where I was like to die. 80

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentle-

55. *I cannot be bated, I cannot* me.  
get them to reduce the price to

78. *live, pass your life.*



men of all fashions ; you shall fare well ; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What ! do you stop your ears ?

*Mar.* Are you a woman ?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman ?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman. 90

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling : I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me !

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market ?

*Boul't.* I have cried her almost to the number 100 of her hairs ; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

*Bawd.* And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort ?

*Boul't.* 'Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with 110 his best ruff on.

*Boul't.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams ?

*Bawd.* Who, Monsieur Veroles ?

*Boul't.* Ay, he : he offered to cut a caper at 116. *offered*, made an effort,—which resulted only in a 'groan.'

# Pericles

ACT IV

the proclamation ; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd.* Well, well ; as for him, he brought his disease hither : here he does but repair it. I know <sup>120</sup> he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd.* [*To Mar.*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me : you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers : seldom but that <sup>130</sup> pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O, take her home, mistress, take her home : these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must ; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boult.* 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, <sup>140</sup> mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

*Bawd.* Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

*Bawd.* Who should deny it ? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town : report what a sojourner we have ; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this <sup>150</sup>

132. *mere*, pure, unalloyed. *custom*, you will profit by the  
149. *you'll lose nothing by* customers you procure.

piece, she meant thee a good turn ; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways ; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

160

Diana, aid my purpose !

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana ? Pray you, will you go with us ? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*

*Enter* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

*Dion.* Why, are you foolish ? Can it be undone ?

*Cle.* O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon !

*Dion.* I think  
You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o' the earth  
I' the justice of compare ! O villain Leonine !  
Whom thou hast poison'd too :

10

If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy fact : what canst thou say

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the  
fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,

And for an honest attribute cry out

'She died by foul play.'

*Cle.* O, go to. Well, well,

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods 20

Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those that think

The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,

And open this to Pericles. I do shame

To think of what a noble strain you are,

And of how coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding

Who ever but his approbation added,

Though not his prime consent, he did not flow

From honourable sources.

*Dion.* Be it so, then:

Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 30

She did distain my child, and stood between

Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;

Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin

Not worth the time of day. It pierced me

thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural,

You not your child well loving, yet I find

It greets me as an enterprise of kindness

18. *for an honest attribute,*  
to gain the title of an honourable  
man.

34. *blurted at,* cried 'pish'

at; derided.

34. *a malkin not worth the  
time of day,* a common wench  
not worth greeting.

Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles, 40  
 What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
 And yet we mourn: her monument  
 Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs  
 In glittering golden characters express  
 A general praise to her, and care in us  
 At whose expense 'tis done.

*Cle.* Thou art like the harpy,  
 Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
 Seize with thine eagle's talons.

*Dion.* You are like one that superstitiously  
 Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies: 50  
 But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARINA  
 at Tarsus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues  
 make short;  
 Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;  
 Making, to take your imagination,  
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.  
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
 To use one language in each several clime  
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech  
 you  
 To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach  
 you,  
 The stages of our story. Pericles  
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, 10

2. *have an wish but for't*, have a wish merely by wishing.

Attended on by many a lord and knight,  
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
 Old Helicanus goes along. Behind  
 Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,  
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
 Advanced in time to great and high estate.  
 Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have  
 brought  
 This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought;  
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow  
 on,—  
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. 20  
 Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;  
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

## DUMB SHOW.

*Enter PERICLES, at one door, with all his train;  
 CLEON and DIONYZA, at the other. CLEON  
 shows PERICLES the tomb; whereat PERICLES  
 makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in  
 a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON  
 and DIONYZA.*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!  
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;  
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-  
 shower'd,  
 Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears  
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:

13-16. These lines were radically rearranged by Steevens, whom most modern edd. have followed. Daniel's punctuation, though not convincing, gives a fair sense to the original order.

18. *think his pilot thought*, suppose thought his pilot; then your own thoughts will keep pace with the thought-like swiftness of his voyage.

19. *steerage*, steering.

24. *passion*, grief.

He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30  
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit  
 The epitaph is for Marina writ  
 By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*

'The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,  
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.  
 She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,  
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;  
 Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,  
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the  
 earth :

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, 40  
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens be-  
 stow'd :

Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never  
 stint,

Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany

So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,

And bear his courses to be ordered

By Lady Fortune ; while our scene must play

His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day

In her unholy service. Patience, then,

And think you now are all in Mytilene. 50 [Exit.

SCENE V. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*

*Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Did you ever hear the like ?

*Sec. Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a  
 place as this, she being once gone.

*First Gent.* But to have divinity preached there !  
did you ever dream of such a thing ?

*Sec. Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more  
bawdy-houses : shall's go hear the vestals sing ?

*First Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is vir-  
tuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting for  
ever. [*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the brothel.*

*Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth  
of her she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fie, fie upon her ! she's able to freeze  
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation.  
We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her.  
When she should do for clients her fitment, and  
do me the kindness of our profession, she has me  
her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her  
prayers, her knees ; that she would make a puri-  
tan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

*Boult.* 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll  
disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our  
swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness  
for me !

*Bawd.* 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't  
but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord  
Lysimachus disguised.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and lown,  
if the peevish baggage would but give way to 20  
customers.

7. *shall's* shall we ; through the analogy of 'let us.'



*Enter* LYSIMACHUS.

*Lys.* How now ! How a dozen of virginities ?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to bless your honour !

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honour in good health.

*Lys.* You may so ; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now ! wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon ?

*Bawd.* We have here one, sir, if she would— 30  
but there never came her like in Mytilene.

*Lys.* If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

*Bawd.* Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

*Lys.* Well, call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose ; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

*Lys.* What, prithee ? 40

*Boult.* O, sir, I can be modest.

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk ; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

*Re-enter* BOULT *with* MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature ?

*Lys.* 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you : leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honour, give me leave : 50  
a word, and I 'll have done presently.

43. *gives a good report to a* modesty) gives many the reputation to be chaste, (outward of chastity.

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not. 60

*Bawd.* Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Ha' you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boul.*] 70

*Lys.* Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* E'er since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven? 80

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say

69. *manage*, government (of a horse).

you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am? 90

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgement good 100  
That thought you worthy of it.

*Lys.* How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

*Mar.* For me,  
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune  
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,  
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,  
O, that the gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i' the purer air!

*Lys.* I did not think  
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd  
thou couldst. 110

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thyspeech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:  
Persever in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The good gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten

100. *If put upon you*, if your honour was conferred, not inborn.

115. *be you thoughten*, believe.

That I came with no ill intent ; for to me  
 The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
 Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and  
 I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.  
 Hold, here's more gold for thee. 120  
 A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
 That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou dost  
 Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Re-enter* BOULT.

*Boult.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper !  
 Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,  
 Would sink and overwhelm you. Away ! [*Exit.*

*Boult.* How's this ? We must take another 130  
 course with you. If your peevish chastity,  
 which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest  
 country under the cope, shall undo a whole  
 household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.  
 Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me ?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken  
 off, or the common hangman shall execute it.  
 Come your ways. We'll have no more gentle-  
 men driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter* Bawd.

*Bawd.* How now ! what's the matter ? 140

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress ; she has  
 here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O abominable !

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to  
 stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever !

132. *the cope*, the vault of heaven.

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball: saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy <sup>150</sup> pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! <sup>160</sup>

[*Exit.*

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

*Mar.* Whither wilt thou have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Prithee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress. <sup>170</sup>

*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib; To the choleric fisting of every rogue

160. *rosemary and bays*; commonly used as a garnishing for various dishes at Christmas.

176. *Coistrel*, base fellow.

176. *Tib*, cant term for a low woman.

177. *fisting*, clutch.

Thy ear is liable ; thy food is such  
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me do? go to <sup>180</sup>  
the wars, would you? where a man may serve  
seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not  
money enough in the end to buy him a wooden  
one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty  
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth ;  
Serve by indenture to the common hangman :  
Any of these ways are yet better than this ;  
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,  
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods <sup>190</sup>  
Would safely deliver me from this place !

Here, here 's gold for thee.  
If that thy master would gain by me,  
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast ;  
And I will undertake all these to teach.  
I doubt not but this populous city will  
Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again, <sup>200</sup>  
And prostitute me to the basest groom  
That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee :  
if I can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But amongst honest women.

*Boult.* 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little  
amongst them. But since my master and mis-  
tress have bought you, there 's no going but by  
their consent : therefore I will make them ac-  
quainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but <sup>210</sup>  
I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I 'll  
do for thee what I can ; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

186. *shores, sewers.*

## ACT V

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and  
 chances  
 Into an honest house, our story says.  
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
 As goddess-like to her admired lays ;  
 Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her needl com-  
 poses  
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,  
 That even her art sisters the natural roses ;  
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry :  
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
 Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain 10  
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place ;  
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him  
 lost ;  
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived  
 Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast  
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived  
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep : from whence  
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense ;  
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20  
 In your supposing once more put your sight  
 Of heavy Pericles ; think this his bark :

8. *inkle*, a kind of tape.21. *In your supposing once more put your sight of heavy**Pericles*, once more imagine that you see the sorrowful Pericles.

# Pericles

ACT V

Where what is done in action, more, if might,  
Shall be discover'd ; please you, sit and hark.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene.  
A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before  
it ; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A  
barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel,  
the other to the barge ; to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail.* [*To the Sailor of Mytilene*] Where  
is Lord Helicanus ? he can resolve you.

O, here he is.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,  
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,  
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will ?

*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentle-  
men.

*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen ! my lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Doth your lordship call ?

*Hel.* Gentlemen, there's some of worth would  
come aboard ;

I pray ye, greet them fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,  
and go on board the barge.*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords ; with  
the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,

23. *more, if might*, i.e. the fully set forth if the conditions  
supposed action would be more of the stage allowed.



This is the man that can, in aught you would,  
Resolve you.

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

*Hel.* And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,  
And die as I would do.

*Lys.* You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

*Hel.* First, what is your place? 20

*Lys.* I am the governor of this place you lie  
before.

*Hel.* Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
A man who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance  
But to prorogue his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hel.* 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;

But the main grief springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

*Lys.* May we not see him?

*Hel.* You may;

But bootless is your sight: he will not speak  
To any.

*Lys.* Yet let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him. [*Pericles discovered.*] This  
was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,  
Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!  
Hail, royal sir! 40

26. *prorogue*, prolong, linger out. He has eaten only enough to keep him in languishing sorrow.

36. [*Pericles discovered.*] Wilkins describes his condition

in more detail: 'with a long overgrown beard, diffused hair, undecent nails on his fingers, and himself lying upon his couch, grovelling on his face.'

# Pericles

ACT V

*Hel.* It is in vain ; he will not speak to you.

*First Lord.* Sir,

We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,  
Would win some words of him.

*Lys.* 'Tis well bethought.

She questionless with her sweet harmony  
And other chosen attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
Which now are midway stopp'd :  
She is all happy as the fairest of all,  
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

50

[*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the  
barge of Lysimachus.*

*Hel.* Sure, all's effectless ; yet nothing we'll  
omit

That bears recovery's name. But, since your  
kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy

Which if we should deny, the most just gods  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so inflict our province. Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

60

*Hel.* Sit, sir, I will recount it to you :  
But, see, I am prevented.

49. *happy*, accomplished.

her fellow maids now upon.'

50. The line has been patched  
up by Malone and Steevens.

60. *graff*, graft, scion.

The Qq and Ff have: 'And

61. *inflict*, afflict.

*Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA,  
and a young Lady.*

*Lys.* O, here is  
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is't not a goodly presence?

*Hel.* She's a gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such a one, that, were I well  
assured

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,  
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely  
wed.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty 70  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided  
That none but I and my companion maid  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her;  
And the gods make her prosperous! 80

[*Marina sings.*

*Lys.* Mark'd he your music?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

*Per.* Hum, ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,

67. *that, were I well assured*  
*came.* The construction is  
idiomatic, the subject of *came*  
being supplied from the relative  
*that.*

72. *artificial feat,* dexterous  
performance; *prosperous* is pro-  
leptic, anticipating the success  
of the 'feat,' which is still in  
question. Cf. v. 80.

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
 But have been gazed on like a comet : she speaks,  
 My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief  
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
 Though wayward fortune did malign my state, 90  
 My derivation was from ancestors  
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings :  
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
 And to the world and awkward casualties  
 Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist ;  
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
 And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parent-  
 age—

To equal mine !—was it not thus ? what say you ?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my  
 parentage, 100

You would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes  
 upon me.

You are like something that—What country-  
 woman ?

Here of these shores ?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores :

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver  
 weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one

My daughter might have been : my queen's square  
 brows ;

94. *awkward*, adverse.

95. He may be supposed here to hold her from him at arm's length (cf. v. 127) ; but certainly not, as the novelist thought,

in resentment at her presumption : ' presumptuous beauty in a child, how darest thou urge so much ? and therewithal in this rash distemperature, struck her in the face.'

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ; 110  
 As silver-voiced ; her eyes as jewel-like  
 And cased as richly ; in pace another Juno ;  
 Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them  
     hungry,  
 The more she gives them speech. Where do you  
     live ?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger : from the deck  
 You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred ?  
 And how achieved you these endowments, which  
 You make more rich to owe ?

*Mar.* If I should tell my history, it would seem  
 Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Prithee, speak : 120  
 Falseness cannot come from thee ; for thou look'st  
 Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
 For the crown'd Truth to dwell in : I will believe  
     thee,  
 And make my senses credit thy relation  
 To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st  
 Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends ?  
 Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—  
 Which was when I perceived thee—that thou  
     camest  
 From good descending ?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st 130  
 Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal  
     mine,  
 If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing  
 I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
 Did warrant me was likely.

118. *to owe*, by possessing them.

*Per.* Tell thy story ;  
 If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
 Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
 Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look  
 Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling  
 Extremity out of act. What were thy friends? 140  
 How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind  
 virgin ?

Recount, I do beseech thee : come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* O, I am mock'd,  
 And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
 To make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good'sir,  
 Or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient.  
 Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me  
 To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name  
 Was given me by one that had some power, 150  
 My father, and a king.

*Per.* How ! a king's daughter ?  
 And call'd Marina ?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me ;  
 But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
 I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood ?  
 Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ?  
 Motion ! Well ; speak on. Where were you  
 born ?

And wherefore call'd Marina ?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina

139. *smiling extremity out of act*, smiling frantic sorrow into self-control. be understood, with Dyce, as intimating his discovery that Marina has 'a working pulse.'

156. *Motion!* Probably to

For I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea! what mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the minute I was born, 160  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O, stop there a little!

[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:  
My daughter's buried. Well: where were you  
bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did  
give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave: 170  
How came you in these parts? where were you  
bred?

*Mar.* The king my father did in Tarsus leave  
me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180  
If good King Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,

That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.* I know not ; but  
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene  
Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She would never tell  
Her parentage ; being demanded that, 190  
She would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir ;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come  
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget ;  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,  
And found at sea again ! O Helicanus,  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud 200  
As thunder threatens us : this is Marina.  
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,  
What is your title ?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now  
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said  
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms  
And another like to Pericles thy father. 210

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter than  
To say my mother's name was Thaisa ?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.

206-210. The sense, as shown  
by Marina's ensuing question,  
clearly is : ' Tell me my drown'd  
queen's name, and, as thou hast  
shown thyself of godlike per-  
fection in all the rest, thou wilt

prove in addition the heir of  
kingdoms and another Pericles.'  
Some such words as ' thou art  
then ' are probably lost before  
*the heir.*



*Per.* Now, blessing on thee ! rise ; thou art my child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus ;  
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,  
By savage Cleon : she shall tell thee all :  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge  
She is thy very princess. Who is this ?

220

*Hel.* Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you.

Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens bless my girl ! But, hark, what music ?  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music ?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None !

230

The music of the spheres ! List, my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him ; give him way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds ! Do ye not hear ?

*Lys.* My lord, I hear. [*Music.*]

*Per.* Most heavenly music !

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes : let me rest. [*Sleeps.*]

*Lys.* A pillow for his head :

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you.

240

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

DIANA *appears to PERICLES as in a vision.*

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus ; hie thee  
thither,  
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

217. *should have been*, was said to be.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
 Before the people all,  
 Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife :  
 To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call  
 And give them repetition to the life.  
 Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe ;  
 Do it, and happy ; by my silver bow !  
 Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.* 250  
*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,  
 I will obey thee. Helicanus !

*Re-enter* HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and  
 MARINA.

*Hel.* Sir ?

*Per.* My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike  
 The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am  
 For other service first : toward Ephesus  
 Turn our blown sails ; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.  
 [*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your  
 shore,

And give you gold for such provision  
 As our intents will need ?

*Lys.* Sir, 260  
 With all my heart ; and, when you come ashore,  
 I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
 Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems  
 You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* GOWER, *before the temple of*  
 DIANA *at Ephesus.*

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run ;  
 More a little, and then dumb.

This, my last boon, give me,  
 For such kindness must relieve me,  
 That you aptly will suppose 270  
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
 What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
 The regent made in Mytilene  
 To greet the king. So he thrived,  
 That he is promised to be wived  
 To fair Marina ; but in no wise  
 Till he had done his sacrifice,  
 As Dian bade : whereto being bound,  
 The interim, pray you, all confound.  
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd, 280  
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
 At Ephesus, the temple see,  
 Our king and all his company.  
 That he can hither come so soon,  
 Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The temple of Diana at Ephesus ;  
 THAISA standing near the altar, as high  
 priestess ; a number of Virgins on each side ;  
 CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus  
 attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, with his train ; LYSIMACHUS,  
 HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

*Per.* Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just command,  
 I here confess myself the King of Tyre ;  
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
 At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.  
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
 A maid-child call'd Marina ; who, O goddess,  
 Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus

Was nursed with Cleon ; who at fourteen years  
 He sought to murder : but her better stars  
 Brought her to Mytilene ; 'gainst whose shore 10  
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
 Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favour !

You are, you are—O royal Pericles ! [*Faints.*]

*Per.* What means the nun ? she dies ! help,  
 gentlemen !

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
 If you have told Diana's altar true,  
 This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no ;  
 I threw her overboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain. 20

*Cer.* Look to the lady ; O, she's but o'erjoyed.  
 Early in blustering morn this lady was  
 Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,  
 Found there rich jewels ; recover'd her, and placed  
 her  
 Here in Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them ?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my  
 house,  
 Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is  
 Recovered.

*Thai.* O, let me look !  
 If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
 Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,  
 But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
 Are you not Pericles ? Like him you spake,  
 Like him you are : did you not name a tempest,  
 A birth, and death ?

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa !

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead  
And drown'd.

*Per.* Immortal Dian!

*Thai.* Now I know you better.  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king my father gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*]

*Per.* This, this: no more, you gods! your  
present kindness 40  
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do  
well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to Thaisa.*]

*Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy  
flesh, Thaisa;  
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina  
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Blest, and mine own!

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly  
from Tyre, 50  
I left behind an ancient substitute:  
Can you remember what I call'd the man?  
I have named him oft.

*Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus then.

*Per.* Still confirmation:  
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.  
Now do I long to hear how you were found;  
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon; my lord; this man,

Through whom the gods have shown their power ;  
that can 60

From first to last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer  
More like a god than you. Will you deliver  
How this dead queen re-lives ?

*Cer.* I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;  
How she came placed here in the temple ;  
No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision ! I  
Will offer night-oblations to thee. 70 Thaisa,  
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,  
This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form ;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,  
sir,  
My father's dead.

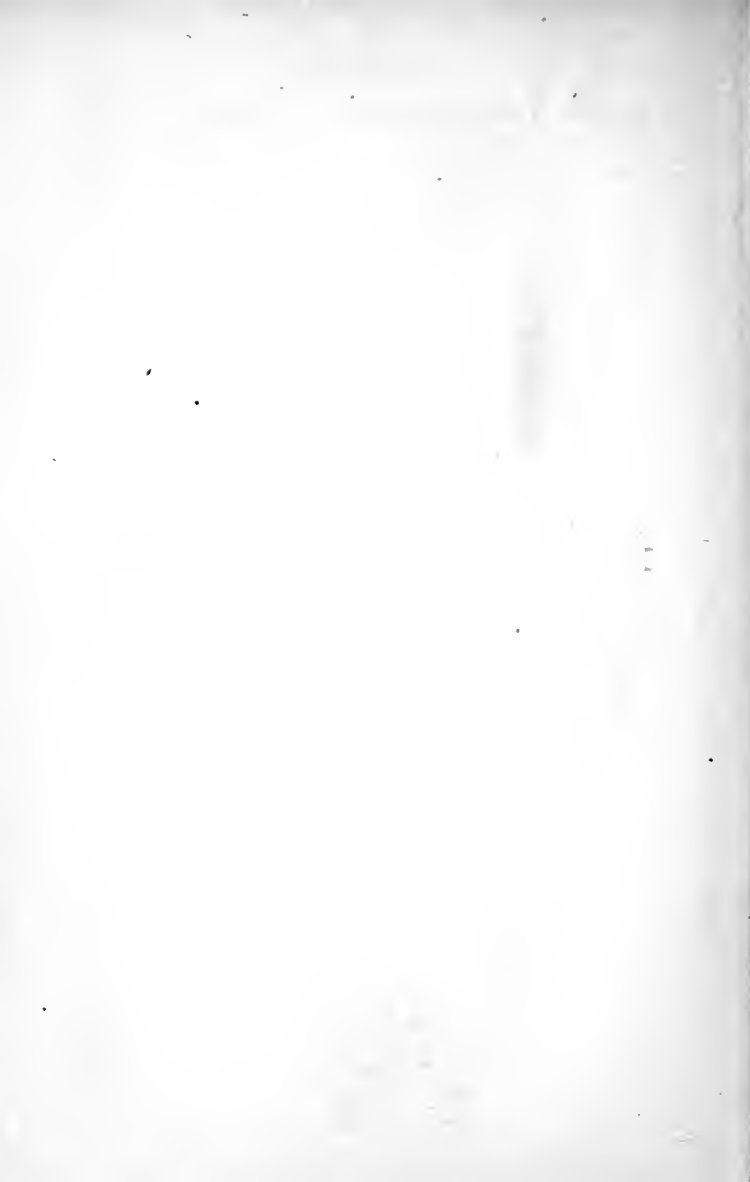
*Per.* Heavens make a star of him ! Yet there,  
my queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves 80  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days :  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay  
To hear the rest untold : sir, lead's the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* In Antiochus and his daughter you have  
heard  
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,  
 Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,  
 Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,  
 Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last : 90  
 In Helicanus may you well descry  
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :  
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
 The worth that learned charity aye wears :  
 For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
 Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name  
 Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,  
 That him and his they in his palace burn ;  
 The gods for murder seemed so content  
 To punish them ; although not done, but meant.  
 So, on your patience evermore attending, 100  
 New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.  
[Exit.





CYMBELINE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

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

GUIDERIUS,  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names} \\ \text{of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to} \\ \text{Morgan.} \end{array} \right.$

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus,  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{IACHIMO, friend to Philario.} \end{array} \right\} \text{Italians.}$

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

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

Apparitions.

SCENE : *Britain ; Rome.*

*Dramatis Personæ.* This was first added by Rowe.

*Posthumus.* This is regularly accented Posthúmus.

## INTRODUCTION

*CYMBELINE* was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it occurs as the last of the 'Tragedies,' closing the volume. The acts and scenes are marked, but there is no list of the persons. The drama seems from the first to have fallen into a relative neglect, from which, in spite of the incomparable charm of certain portions, it has never decisively emerged. It was not, like the kindred *Tempest* and *Winter's Tale*, performed at the royal wedding festivities of 1613. With the exception of a single court performance in 1633, there is hardly one recorded allusion to it before the Restoration, and it survived that event only to become the subject of an infamous travesty by Thomas Huffey, who (less scrupulous than Iachimo) dared to sully the purity of Imogen. In our own century it has captivated readers rather than audiences. Its beautiful extravagance commended it to the Romantic school, and it helped to furnish forth the plot of Coleridge's *Zapolya* (1817).

The downward limit of the composition of *Cymbeline* is fixed with approximate certainty by the record of a performance of it at the Globe in Dr. Simon Forman's *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Policie*. The half-dozen manuscript pages thus ambitiously entitled contain, as

## Cymbeline

has been previously noticed, epitomes of three Shakespearean dramas witnessed by him. The performance of *Cymbeline* is not dated, but the others all fall in 1610-11, and there is little doubt that the diary was begun, as well as ended, in these few months, the last of his life. He died in August 1611.

*Cymbeline* was probably a new play when Forman saw it. All the remaining evidence either confirms, or is consistent with, this view. Fletcher's beautiful *Philaster* betrays the impression made upon him by this the most Fletcherian of Shakespeare's plays in numerous detailed touches, and particularly in the character and fortunes of the maiden page, Euphrasia; but it cannot be shown to be earlier than 1610-11. Malone characteristically held that *Cymbeline* must have been contemporary with *Lear* and *Macbeth* on the ground that all three are founded on Holinshed; and Mr. Fleay has applied this argument, with little mitigation of its nakedness, to prove that the quasi-historical portion was written in 1606, some three years before it was turned to account as a framework for the Romance of Imogen. The answer to this is, that the story of Cymbeline's wars with Rome might serve to furnish forth a History or the background of a romantic comedy, but is entirely devoid of the elements of tragic conflict. To suppose even this portion of the play to be contemporary with *Macbeth* and *Lear* is to save the continuity of Shakespeare's reading at the cost of the continuity of his art.

Several striking parallels of expression, it is true, connect *Cymbeline* with *Macbeth*; but these happen to occur not in the political portion, but in the romance—in the bed-chamber scene, where the sleep betrayed by Iachimo might naturally call up reminiscences of the equally 'innocent' sleep 'murder'd'

1. Cf. also A + C. IV 15 where Obedience may be such a small consideration hardly seem like do

To rush into the secret house of death  
breath dare come to us?

Introduction

by Macbeth.<sup>1</sup> The stride of the ravishing Tarquin (*Macbeth*, ii. 1. 55; *Cymbeline*, ii. 2. 12) and the unconsciously ironical praise of sleep (*Macbeth*, ii. 2. 38; *Cymbeline*, ii. 2. 11) were appropriate enough to each situation.<sup>2</sup> Parallels, moreover, as striking can be found to a much earlier play. Imogen, like Hamlet, is 'craven'd' by the 'prohibition so divine against self-slaughter' (iii.4.78). And the internal evidence connects *Cymbeline* very closely with *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, neither of which can be dated before 1610.

*Cymbeline* is, notwithstanding its title, the story of Imogen and Posthumus. In its main outlines it was at least three centuries old. French romancers and playwrights of the thirteenth century had told a story substantially the same: a husband boasts of his wife's constancy, is challenged to lay a wager on it, is fraudulently convinced that his wager is lost, and plans a peremptory vengeance upon his wife. She, however, eludes it, and finally after many adventures discovers and exposes the betrayer. This is the subject of the romances of *La Violette* by Gilbert de Montreuil (c. 1220) and the *Count of Poitiers*. In two points tradition fluctuated: the nature of the deception, and the after-history of the husband and wife. Both romances smooth the challenger's path by giving him the aid of the lady's waiting-woman. In the one she enables him to look at her mistress in the bath, and to note—

sur sa destre mamelote  
Le semblant d'une violette;

in the other she furnishes him with the more material tokens—a ring, a lock of hair, a scrap of samite

<sup>1</sup> Cf. also iii. 4. 60 f. with blue of heaven's own tinct' *Ham.* i. (*Cymb.* ii. 2. 22, 23) and Duncan's silver skin laced with his golden blood (*Macb.* ii. 3. 118).

## Cymbeline

dress. In both the wife is carried off into the woods, where she eludes the intended vengeance, but undergoes other adventures. A further step is marked by the *Miracle de Notre Dame*. Here the scene of the wager is for the first time laid in Rome. The deception is aided by a sleeping-draught administered by the maid to her mistress; while the challenger, like Iachimo, tries to gain his point with the lady by insinuating scandal about her husband.<sup>1</sup>

Most of these points, but not quite all, were woven by Boccaccio into his history of *Bernabo of Genoa*. It is the ninth of the tales told on the second day of the *Decameron*, when the discourse was of men who 'from positions of peril found beyond their hope a happy deliverance.' The scene is here transferred from feudal to bourgeois society. Bernabo is a merchant of Genoa; Ambrogiulo, the challenger, a merchant of Piacenza. Unlike his counterparts in the romances, Ambrogiulo does not even seek an interview with the lady, Zinevra, but, having convinced himself by inquiries that he could not fairly win the wager, resorts at once to stratagem. In this the female ally still plays a part, but a less important one. At his instigation a poor woman frequently employed in the house entrusts a chest to Zinevra's keeping during a few days' absence. Ambrogiulo thus gains secret access to Zinevra's chamber, where, while she sleeps, he notes the pictures and furniture, and a mole with a tuft of golden hairs beneath her left breast. After three days' waiting the woman returns, and he is released. Bernabo, convinced by Ambrogiulo's story of his success, sets out for his home, but commissions a servant to carry out his vengeance, by escorting his wife as if to meet him, and slaying her on the road. Arrived in a 'very

<sup>1</sup> Cf. abstracts in Hazlitt, *Shakspeare's Library*, ii. 179.

## Introduction

deep and lonely valley,' the servant discloses his instructions. She protests her innocence, begs for mercy, and finally induces him to agree to a plan by which he may at once please God, his lord, and herself,—by reporting her slain and leaving her, disguised in some pieces of his dress, to find her way to some distant region where she will never more be heard of. In describing her subsequent adventures, Boccaccio fairly outbids his predecessors. Under the name of Sicurano, Zinevra enters the service of a Catalonian gentleman, then becomes a favourite captain of the Sultan of Alexandria, and in this capacity discovers in a shop her own purse and girdle. Ambrogiulo, the owner, on being interrogated, laughingly tells how he had received them from a lady of Genoa, and won a wager at her husband's cost. Zinevra, bent only upon vengeance, contrives to detain Ambrogiulo at Alexandria, summons Bernabo, causes Ambrogiulo to repeat his story before the Sultan, and then, disclosing her identity, begs for the punishment of the deceiver and the pardon of the deceived. Whereupon Ambrogiulo suffers the horrible death which Autolycus graphically foretells to the Clown in *The Winter's Tale*, his ample fortune being transferred to Bernabo and Zinevra.

There is no doubt that Shakespeare used Boccaccio's version of the wager-story. But it is extremely likely that independent traditions of it were current in England, as they were, from the early years of the sixteenth century, in Germany and Scandinavia. Singular coincidences between *Cymbeline* and French and German versions, which Shakespeare cannot possibly have known, point to this conclusion. It is not Boccaccio's Ambrogiulo but the Berengier of the French *Miracle* who anticipates Iachimo in stipulating for *two interviews*, and in persuading the

## Cymbeline

lady of her husband's infidelity. Perhaps, too, the English tradition may have agreed with the German *Volksbuch*<sup>1</sup> in making the wager originate in a company of 'four merchants,' corresponding to Pisanio's four guests of various nationalities.

Lastly, we have in the Fishwife's Tale in *Westward for Smelts* (1620) a version of the wager-story which presupposes an ignorance both of Boccaccio and of Shakespeare, and yet agrees in two significant points with *Cymbeline*. The entire management of the wager is extremely rude: the challenger hides under the bed, and convinces the husband, 'who dearly loved his wife,' by no more cogent argument than a crucifix abstracted from her chamber. But the lady's demeanour under the threat of death is more like Imogen's than Zinevra's; instead of pleading for her life she begs for death ('what should I desire to live having lost his favour?'), and instead of proposing the plan of living in disguise, she merely accepts it when proposed by the servant. Further, the wager-story is set in a framework of English history, and the complicated meetings and partings of husband, wife, and betrayer are connected with the revolutions of civil war in a way of which there is no trace in Boccaccio. The disguised wife, after starving on herbs, takes service as a page with King Edward IV., and attends him at Barnet, where both her husband and his challenger are fighting for King Henry. Both are taken, and confronted in Edward's presence, the wife forgiving her husband, but not also, like Zinevra, calling for vengeance upon the traitor, who is dismissed with the moderate penalty of a fine and a year's imprisonment. Though not published till ten years after the production of *Cymbeline*,<sup>2</sup> this tale

<sup>1</sup> *Ein liebliche History und Wahrheit von Vier Kaufmennern*, 4.

<sup>2</sup> It was entered in Jan. Stationers' Register in 1619-20.



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seems to represent an earlier phase of the legend. It at least favours the suspicion that the wager-story had already been brought into some connection with English history before Shakespeare.

Whether Shakespeare was the first to make the heroine's father a British king, and to interweave her fortunes with those of a Roman invading army, must remain undecided. But there can be no doubt that the more original, if less hazardous, achievement of flinging over the romance the enchantment of Germanic quasi-faery lore, is his alone.

The free manipulation of Roman history in the play has never quite ceased to scandalise some portion of the critical world. It is therefore to be noted that Shakespeare clearly designed *Cymbeline* to be as much and as little a picture of Augustan Britain as *Hamlet* is a picture of eleventh-century Denmark. Most of the political history of *Cymbeline* is to be found in Holinshed, but on pages often far apart and relating to remote and unconnected events. The king himself is in Holinshed a wise and peaceful prince, who maintains the best terms with Augustus and is complimented by him on his excellent government of Britain.<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare has made him

<sup>1</sup> The historical Cymbeline (Cunebolinus) was an actual king of the Britons, having his capital at Camulodunum (Colchester) (Stone, *Holinshed*, p. 6). Most of the names of the other persons occur scattered through the pages of Holinshed, and Shakespeare may have gleaned them thence. Thus CADWAL (the pseudonym of Arviragus) may be from 'Cadwallo,' an early king of Britain; CLOTEN, from 'Cloton,' a king of Cornwall; IMOGEN, from 'Innogen,'

wife of Brute, the first ruler of Britain (a name which Shakespeare had already chosen for the wife of Leonato in *Much Ado*, First Q. ed. 1600); LUCIUS, from a Roman captain in Gaul, vanquished by King Arthur of Britain; MORGAN, from a son of the Duke of Cornwall and 'Gonorilla,' eldest daughter of King Leir; POLIDORE or PALADOUR, perhaps from Polydor Virgil, an authority frequently cited in Holinshed's margin; POSTHUMUS, perhaps from a

## Cymbeline

anticipate his son Guiderius in revolting against Rome, repel an imaginary Roman invasion by a feat of heroism exhibited 900 years later in the wars of the Scots and Danes,<sup>1</sup> and then bring himself violently back into line with events by a sudden and unexplained submission.

If Cymbeline is deliberately detached from history, his queen and their children transport us into manifest faerie. The evil stepmother, with her malign beauty, culling the poison-flowers 'while yet the dew's on the ground' is a witch *manquée*, a Medea not quite perfect in her part; her clownish son is a Caliban made slightly more human and considerably more vulgar; Imogen, with all her added wealth of mind and heart, yet clearly betrays the lineaments of the peerless princess whom the malign stepmother pursues and good fairies defend; while the whole episode of her life in the cave with her unknown brothers, her seeming death and burial, differs from the *Märchen* of *Schneewittchen* ('Little Snowwhite') only as the poetry which moves wholly within the human sphere and is wrought out in dramatic detail and imaginative phrase differs from the naïve poetry of the fairy tale.<sup>2</sup> The evil stepmother provides her 'poison' by the aid of a physician; the kindly dwarfs become valiant young hunters, and Schneewittchen's crystal coffin becomes a woodland bed of flowers and moss lightly sprinkled on the face of the seeming dead.

son of Æneas and Lavinia, born after his father's death, and mentioned near the outset of the Chronicle (Stone's *Holinshed*, pp. 17, 18, where several other less clear correspondences are cited).

<sup>1</sup> Stone's *Holinshed*, pp. 6-18. The prowess of Belarius and his adopted sons is modelled on that

of a Scottish husbandman, Hay, who with his two sons' help routed the Danes at Loncourt, 976.

<sup>2</sup> The parallel was first traced in detail by Schenkl. It is followed out with peculiar sympathy by Mr. Gollancz in his finely-felt Introduction to this play.

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

## Cymbeline

action opens. In *Cymbeline*, as in *The Winter's Tale*, it occupies the first half of the drama. The cloud which involves the love of Imogen and Posthumus starts up without the least warning in the fourth scene and is unfolded with appalling swiftness. In the sixth scene Iachimo stands before Imogen ; in the tenth he has turned Posthumus' fearless faith in her into a frenzy of scorn for all women ; in the middle of the third act she has read his fatal letter. Then, for both, the scene changes. Posthumus, when we meet him again, still believes implicitly in Imogen's guilt, but the anguish of having slain a 'wife much better than himself, for wrying but a little,' has entered into his soul. The Roman invasion, which has brought him from Italy, provides him with the means of seeking death in the field. In the 'silly dress' of a British peasant he fights with blind fury by the side of Belarius and his sons, and the Roman victory becomes a rout ; then, once more a Roman, he yields himself captive and astonishes his gaoler with the 'prone eagerness' in which he awaits execution. He does not atone by death, but by the absorption of his whole being in the one consuming passion for atonement. Several of Shakespeare's tragic figures—Othello, Enobarbus—express remorse as poignant as his ; but only to find an immediate solution of it on their swords. It is only in the great prison soliloquy of Posthumus that the quivering nerves of the tormented brain are laid bare before our eyes, and the intellectual processes unfolded which make life seem an intolerable cruelty of the gods. A happier lot awaits him, but reunion with Imogen and discovery of her purity do not relax the keenness of his remorse, and it is the self-abasement of a fellow-criminal, rather than the lofty benignity of a judge, which speaks in his famous words of pardon to Iachimo :—

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The power that I have on you is to spare you ;  
The malice towards you to forgive you ; live  
And deal with others better.

The war, which thus provides a channel for Posthumus' remorse, also affects the fortunes of Imogen. But the more significant part of her after-story is, evidently, the 'Schneewittchen' sojourn in her brothers' cave. The history of Guiderius and Arviragus has no rigid coherence with the dramatic plot. But it satisfied the inclination, which all the latest dramas of Shakespeare betray, to bring his most ideal characters into a peculiarly sympathetic relation with the fresh charm of Nature. Not that Shakespeare's Naturalism is at all closely allied to Wordsworth's. His 'Nature' is a far less potent enchantress. She does not breed noble men except from noble race ; she does not suffice for their breeding. His Mopsas and Dorcasas live all their lives 'in the continual presence of Nature' without losing a particle of their native vulgarity. And the youth of Miranda and Perdita, of Guiderius and Arviragus, so graciously unfolded in seclusion, only prepares them to be right men and women in the world. In the most idyllic mood of his Stratford retirement, Shakespeare assuredly never disparaged the educative contact with great events. But he thought, it is hardly less evident, that a noble strain of manhood was most effectively shaped for that contact by a rough and simple training. Belarius' cave is a little world peopled by such men, so trained, without any of the coarser human alloy which serves as foil to Perdita and Miranda. It is, so to speak, the *point de repaire* for all the noble elements of the drama. To this little world Imogen, the soul of truth, finds her way, a stranger, and is instantly taken to their hearts. And, when the hunters have turned into a battalion of destroying 'angels,' it is

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Posthumus, in his agony of remorse, who becomes their single-handed ally. Thus the half-epic, half-legend-like story of Belarius, notwithstanding its loose cohesion with the structure of the plot, plays an essential part in its perspective and proportion.

The *dénoûment*, in which these several elements of story are brought into harmony, is an admitted masterpiece of dramatic technique. But one detail in it has always excited amazement and given an air of justification to Johnson's ferocious censure of the play. Posthumus' vision, the oracle, and a soothsayer's exposition of it, are, as literature, mean, frigid, and prosaic. As dramatic business, they affect only the outermost fringe of the plot, the political relations of Britain and Rome. It is possible to defend the bald style of the ghosts as imitated from the archaisms of the time when Posthumus' parents lived; but the grotesque descent of Jupiter is as un-Shakespearean in conception as it is incompetent in execution. Richard III. had dreamed to better purpose before Bosworth. Perhaps, with Mr. Fleay, we may find the solution in attributing to Shakespeare only the dumb show, which some foolhardy person rushed in to versify. The oracle, which Posthumus finds on his breast, is employed with a singular disregard of dramatic effect. It serves no purpose but to provide the British king with a not very logical reason for offering, 'though the victor,' to submit to Cæsar, and thus completing by a *volteface* amazing even in this impulsive and capricious Celtic king, this feeble Lear—the universal reconciliation. This gratuitous close has the air of having been inwoven in the fabric of Shakespeare's work,—perhaps with concealed political intention. It may be noted as a possible mark of imperfect piecing, that Cymbeline *twice* (v. 5. 398, 475) summons the assembly to do sacrifice to the gods.

The first scene inferior to Shakesp  
 usual first scenes—no interest  
 in character—instead of the  
 characters connected with the ac  
 — are not differentiated in any wa  
 — Then it is not particularly  
 probable. It is mechanical,  
 actual interest. unartistic

## CYMBELINE

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's  
 palace.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

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

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

*Sec. Gent.* But what's the matter?

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

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

1. *bloods*, dispositions.

3. *king*. Tyrwhitt's correc-  
 tion for *Ff king's*. Many con-  
 jectural emendations have been  
 proposed ; but the sense is clear,  
 though idiomatically expressed :

—the courtiers' faces reflect the  
 king's mood as absolutely as our  
 dispositions the varying influence  
 of the stars.

6. *referr'd herself*, committed  
 her destiny.

# Cymbeline

ACT I

*Sec. Gent.*

None but the king?

10

*First Gent.* He that hath lost her too, so is  
the queen,

That most desired the match; but not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

*Sec. Gent.*

And why so?

*First Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess  
is a thing

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

20

*Sec. Gent.*

You speak him far.

*First Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within him-  
self,

Crush him together rather than unfold  
His measure duly.

*Sec. Gent.*

What's his name and birth?

*First Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root:  
his father

Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour  
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,  
But had his titles by Tenantius whom  
He served with glory and admired success,  
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,

30

22. *compare*, compare himself  
with him.

29. *join his honour*, brought  
his renowned soldiership to the  
service of Cassibelan.

24. *speak him far*, give his  
merits a large compass.

31. *Tenantius*, the father of  
Cymbeline.



my approach with ordinary own-proposals of position scene. Usually Sh  
met under the effluence of the situation both audience. Usually Sh  
when he refers in this formality re. characterizing, besides the conversation  
between people who have a direct bearing on action - e. g. our notes

sc. 1

# Cymbeline

in AYT

Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time  
Died with their swords in hand; for which their  
father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow  
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased  
As he was born. The king he takes the babe 40  
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,  
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,  
Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,  
And in 's spring became a harvest, lived in court—  
Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved,  
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature  
A glass that feated them, and to the graver  
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress, 50  
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
By her election may be truly read  
What kind of man he is.

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

*First Gent.* His only child.  
He had two sons: if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it: the eldest of them at three years old,  
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery  
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in know-  
ledge 60  
Which way they went.

49. feated, shaped, fashioned. for proclaims what he was (to  
51. price, worth. his mistress).  
52. Proclaims how she esteem'd him. By a slight change of  
50. no guess in knowledge, none which approves itself as  
true.

need a footnote introducing the 125 those claim who enter. How get  
commentary on Leonatus: this is necessary as in our play he is

# Cymbeline

ACT I

*Sec. Gent.* How long is this ago?

*First Gent.* Some twenty years.

*Sec. Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,  
That could not trace them!

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

*Sec. Gent.* I do well believe you.

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

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Queen.* No, be assured you shall not find me,  
daughter, 70

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

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

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

[*Exit.*

*Imo.*

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,

I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—  
Always reserved my holy duty—what  
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world  
That I may see again.

90

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

100

*Re-enter* QUEEN.

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

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

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:

101. *Though ink be made of gall.* Ox-gall was actually one of the constituents of Elizabethan ink, as is shown by contem-

porary receipts for making it.  
105. *buy my injuries,* give me satisfaction for the wrongs I do him.

# Cymbeline

ACT I

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

*Post.* How, how ! another ?

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
 And sear up my embracements from a next  
 With bonds of death ! [*Putting on the ring.*]

Remain, remain thou here

While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,  
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
 To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120  
 I still win of you : for my sake wear this ;  
 It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it  
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*]

*Imo.* O the gods !

When shall we see again ?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Post.* Alack, the king !

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from  
 my sight !

If after this command thou fraught the court  
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest : away !  
 Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

*Post.* The gods protect you !

And bless the good remainders of the court !

I am gone. [*Exit.*]

116. *sear up*, wither, shrivel  
 away. Grant White proposed  
*cere*, Singer *seal*, for *sear* ; but  
 the bonds of death 'bind' by  
 wasting away. Probably, how-  
 ever, the associations of 'cere'  
 and cere-cloth (the waxed linen  
 shroud) suggested the latter  
 phrase.  
 124. *see*, see each other.  
 125. *avoid*, begone !  
 126. *fraught*, burden.  
 129. *the good remainders*, the  
 'good' whom I leave behind me.

## Cymbeline

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

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

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

*Cym.* Past grace ? obedience ?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past  
grace.

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

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

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

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

*Cym.* O thou vile one !

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

*Cym.* What, art thou mad ?

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

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing ! 150

135. *senseless of*, insensible to. 137. *that way, past grace* ;  
'past grace' as being past

135. *a touch more rare*, a more  
poignant feeling. 140. *puttock*, kite.

*Cymbeline*

ACT I

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

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

*Queen.* Beseech your patience. Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace ! Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some  
comfort  
Out of your best advice.

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

*Queen.* Fie ! you must give way.

*Enter PISANIO.*

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

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.

*Queen.* Ha ! 160

No harm, I trust, is done ?

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

*Queen.* I am very glad on 't.

*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend ; he takes  
his part.

To draw upon an exile ! O brave sir !  
I would they were in Afric both together ;  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer-back. Why came you from your master ?

*Pis.* On his command : he would not suffer  
me

To bring him to the haven ; left these notes

168. *needle* (probably pronounced *needl*).

① Cloten supplies comic element in play. This sc. is to make Cloten utterly ridiculous. The sc. is necessary in SC-II scheme. Cloten's character.

Cymbeline

Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When 't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been  
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour  
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,  
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least  
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.* ①

*Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.*

*First Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a  
shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek  
as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in:  
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you  
vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.  
Have I hurt him?

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

*First Lord.* Hurt him! his body's a passable <sup>10</sup>  
carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for  
steel, if it be not hurt.

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

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

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

176. *walk*, walk aside, with-  
draw.

10. *passable*, allowing free  
passage.

13. *it went o' the backside the  
town*, i.e. slunk, like a debtor  
avoiding his creditors, round the  
outskirts of Cloten's person.

# Cymbeline

ACT I

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

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

*Clo.* I would they had not come between us.

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

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

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. 30

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

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

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

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

*Clo.* You'll go with us? 40

*First Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

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

*Sec. Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'  
the haven,  
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,

33. *sign*, outward semblance; show.



## Cymbeline

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* It was his queen, his queen!

*Imo.* Then waved his handkerchief?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all?

*Pis.* No, madam; for so long

As he could make me with this eye or ear

Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,

How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou shouldst have made him

As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings;  
crack'd them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from

The smallness of a gnat to air, and then

Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good

Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assured, madam,

With his next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had

Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him

How I would think on him at certain hours

4. *offer'd mercy*; probably, mercy offered when it is too late, —the 'remorseful pardon slowly carried' of *All's Well*, v. 3. 58.

9. *this*, Ff his.

19. *space*, size.

24. *vantage*, opportunity.

# Cymbeline

ACT I

Such thoughts and such, or I could make him  
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest and his honour, or have charged  
him,

30

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
To encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father  
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

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

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them  
dispatch'd.

I will attend the queen.

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

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*

*Enter* PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a  
Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

*Iach.* Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain :  
he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove  
so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name  
of ; but I could then have looked on him without  
the help of admiration, though the catalogue of  
his endowments had been tabled by his side and  
I to peruse him by items.

32. *encounter*, join.

security from evil influences.

35. *charming words*, words  
which should give him a charmed

2. *crescent note*, growing  
reputation.

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

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

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

*French.* And then his banishment.

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

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

*Enter* POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to

16. *words him . . . from the matter*, extends his fame beyond his merits (cf. the converse image of i. i. 25).

20. *under her colours*, under her authority and prestige; her attendant ladies and courtiers.

21. *are, is* (by attraction to the plural, *colours*).

23. *less* (put idiomatically in a negative sentence for *more*).

25. *How creeps acquaintance?* How have you stolen into acquaintance? *Creeps* hints at the stealthy process implied in the unexpected result.

30. *knowing*, breeding and accomplishment.

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Cymbeline

ACT I

appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

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

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

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

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

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

*French.* Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirm-

42. atone, reconcile.

45. importance, cause.

47. to go even with what I heard, i.e. 'to be guided by others' experiences.' Posthumus says that, far from making this course his invariable rule, he regularly avoided it.

54. confounded, destroyed.

57. difference, ground of quarrel.

62. our country mistresses, the ladies of our nation.

63. bloody affirmation, attesting it with his blood.

## Cymbeline

ation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

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

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

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours 70  
of Italy.

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

*Iach.* As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have 80  
not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

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

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

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

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for 90  
the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

65. *constant-qualified*, composed of constancy. Ff *constant, qualified*, which may possibly be right, taking *qualified* to mean 'of tempered, restrained, passions.' The hyphen was first proposed by Capell.

74. *her adorer, not her friend*, her idolatrous worshipper, not her lover.

75. *hand-in-hand*, balanced; assigning equal merit to each side.

79. *could not but*; Malone's correction for Ff *could not*.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

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

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations; the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a <sup>100</sup> that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

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

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy <sup>110</sup> signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

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

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager <sup>120</sup> rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

*Post.* You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

99. *unprizable*, invaluable.

104. *convince*, conquer.

116. *to friend*, in my favour.

122. *herein too*, so F<sub>3</sub> and 4;

F<sub>1</sub>, 2 have *herein to*.

124. *abused*, deceived.

## Cymbeline

*Iach.* What's that?

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

*Phi.* Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in <sup>130</sup> too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

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

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail?

*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than <sup>140</sup> the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

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

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

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue; <sup>150</sup> you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

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

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

134. *approbation*, proof.

146. *afraid*; Theobald's  
emendation of Ff a *Friend*.

149. *religion*, conscientious

scruple.

152. *am the master of*, control  
and am responsible for.

153. *undergo*, carry out.

# Cymbeline

ACT I

*Phi.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the gods, it is one. If I bring you <sup>160</sup>  
no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the  
dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thou-  
sand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too:  
if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you  
have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and  
my gold are yours: provided I have your com-  
mendation for my more free entertainment.

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

*Iach.* Your hand; a covenant: we will have  
these things set down by lawful counsel, and  
straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should  
catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and <sup>180</sup>  
have our two wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

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

166. *commendation*, letter of introduction to procure me a more cordial reception. 170. *voyage*, adventurous attack.



SCENE V. *Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace*

*Enter* QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

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

Make haste : who has the note of them ?

*First Lady.*

I, madam.

*Queen.* Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam : [*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—  
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have  
Commanded of me these most poisonous com-  
pounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death ;  
But though slow, deadly ?

*Queen.*

I wonder, doctor,

10

Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been  
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so  
That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,—  
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is 't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgement in  
Other conclusions ? I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging, but none human, 20  
To try the vigour of them and apply

2. *the note*, the recipe of the required.  
poison, enumerating the flowers

18. *conclusions*, experiments.

# Cymbeline

ACT I

Allayments to their act, and by them gather  
Their several virtues and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness  
Shall from this practice but make hard your  
heart :

Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious.

*Queen.* O, content thee.

*Enter* PISANIO.

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

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

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

*Cor.* [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth  
think she has

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has  
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile ;  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and  
dogs,

Then afterward up higher : but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her. 40

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

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

22. act, action.

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

She will not quench and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work :  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my  
son,

I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50

As great as is thy master, greater, for  
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name  
Is at last gasp : return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is : to shift his being  
Is to exchange one misery with another,  
And every day that comes comes to decay  
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,  
To be depender on a thing that leans,  
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,  
So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops the  
box : Pisanio takes it up.*] Thou takest up 60

Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know  
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it ;  
It is an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her ; do 't as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king 70  
To any shape of thy preferment such  
As thou 'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,  
That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
To load thy merit richly. Call my women :  
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

56. *decay*, destroy.

*changest on*, with what good  
fortune in prospect you change

68. *what a chance thou* service.

Handwritten notes at top: "offer between ...", "more ...", "va to ...", "I have not nearly his eye", "I understand of 176 of ...", "There is none ...", "Sh has not nearly his eye".

# Cymbeline

ACT I

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

*Re-enter* PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so: well done, well done:  
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;  
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*  
*Pis.* And shall do:  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the palace.*

*Enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame false;  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!  
My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious: blest be those,

78. *hand-fast*, marriage engagement.      *bassadors*, agents, advocates.

80. *liegers*, 'resident am-      7. *glorious*, bent on glory.

## Cymbeline

How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? **Fie!**

*Enter* PISANIO and IACHIMO.

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

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

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

*Iach.* [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door  
most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
Rather, directly fly.

*Imo.* [*Reads*] 'He is one of the noblest note,  
to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.  
Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your  
trust—  
LEONATUS.'

So far I read aloud:  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.

9. *Which*, i.e. to have their wills. Phoenix.

9. *seasons comfort*, give zest to happiness.

11. *Change*, change colour.

17. *the Arabian bird*, the

25. *trust*—; she breaks off abruptly without reading 'the rest' aloud. The dash indicating this was substituted for the period of the Ff by Boswell.

# Cymbeline

ACT I

What, are men mad? Hath nature given them  
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and  
monkeys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and 40  
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judge-  
ment,

For idiots in this case of favour would  
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allured to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.* The cloyed will,  
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub  
Both filled and running, ravening first the lamb  
Longs after for the garbage.

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

33. *crop*, teeming expanse.

35. *twinn'd*, indistinguishably similar.

36. *number'd*, made up of a host of small parts (pebbles). Cf. 'the pebbled shore,' *Sonn.*  
lx. Theobald conjectured *un-number'd*.

37. *Partition make*, distinguish.

37. *spectacles*, organs of vision.

38. *admiration*, wonder.

40. *shes*, women.

ib. *chatter this way*, show their preference for one by chattering in her direction.

42. *case of favour*, question of relative beauty.

44, 45. Sluttishness, when confronted with such absolute excellence, would excite qualms of loathing in Lust itself.

47. *trow*, I wonder.

51. *raps you*, transports you.

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

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

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

*Iach.* Well, madam.

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

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

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

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.  
 There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
 An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
 A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces  
 The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—  
 Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries 'O,  
 Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows  
 By history, report, or his own proof,  
 What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
 But must be, will his free hours languish for  
 Assured bondage?' 70

*Imo.* Will my lord say so?

*Iach.* Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with  
 laughter:  
 It is a recreation to be by  
 And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens  
 know,

52. *desire my man's abode*, (like fire).  
 bid my servant stay.

66. *furnaces*, belches forth 70. *proof*, experience.

Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iach.* Not he : but yet heaven's bounty towards  
him might

Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;  
In you, which I account his beyond all talents, 80  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir ?

*Iach.* Two creatures heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir ?

You look on me : what wreck discern you in me  
Deserves your pity ?

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

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

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

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

79 f. ' That he is not grateful  
for his own gifts, is much ; that  
he is not grateful for you, his  
gift beyond price, fills me with  
wonder and pity.'

87. *a snuff*, candle-wick.

95. *doubting*, fearing (that).

97. *or, timely knowing*, etc.,  
or else, being known in time,  
are remedied as soon as known.

99. *What both you spur and  
stop*, the mystery which you  
seem eager to bring forward, yet  
still keep back.



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

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

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

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul ! your cause doth strike  
 my heart  
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, 120  
 Would make the great'st king double,—to be  
 partner'd  
 With tomboys hired with that self exhibition

107, 108. *Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as with labour, made hard by continual clasping, as if by labour.*

108. *by-peeping, glancing aside.*

109. *unlustrous ; so Rowe for FF illustrious.*

120. *empery, royal dominion.*

122. *tomboys, wild, wanton women. By the Elizabethans they were especially associated with Rome.*

122. *that self exhibition, the very allowance.*

1) This is good dramatically.

## Cymbeline

ACT I

Which your own coffers yield! with diseased  
ventures

That play with all infirmities for gold

Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd  
stuff

As well might poison poison! Be revenged;

Or she that bore you was no queen, and you

Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.*

Revenged!

How should I be revenged? If this be true,—

As I have such a heart that both mine ears

130

Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,

How should I be revenged?

*Iach.*

Should he make me

Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,

Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,

In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,

More noble than that runagate to your bed,

And will continue fast to your affection,

Still close as sure.

*Imo.*

What, ho, Pisanio!

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

140

*Imo.* Away! I do condemn mine ears that have

So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,

Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not

For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far

From thy report as thou from honour, and

Solicit'st here a lady that disdains

Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!

The king my father shall be made acquainted

Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,

150

A saucy stranger in his court to mart

123. *ventures*, creatures who  
hazard their persons for gold.

131. *abuse*, deceive.

134. *ramps*, leaps.

As in a Romish stew and to expound  
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court  
He little cares for and a daughter who  
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

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

*Imo.* You make amends.

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

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

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot 180  
To entreat your grace but in a small request,

157. *The credit*, the faith  
Imogen has in her husband's  
integrity.

163. *affiance*, fidelity.

177. *fan*, winnow.

# Cymbeline

ACT I

And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
Your lord ; myself and other noble friends  
Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is 't?

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

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

*Imo.* Willingly ;

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

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

*Imo.* O, no, no.

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

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

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

200. *short*, impair, infringe.

207. *is material to*, affects, *i.e.* causes delay in.

(1) Purpose of this scene. — Since — not  
nec. acc. of new act. Same as previous  
e. ACT II. *Cymbeline*  
e. *Clo. Character.*

*Imo.*

I will write.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.* (1)

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

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

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] If his wit had been like  
him that broke it, it would have run all out. 10

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

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

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

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

*Clo.* I am not vexed more at any thing in the  
earth: a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble 20  
as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of

2. *kissed the jack* (in the taken).  
game of bowls), hit the jack (*i.e.* 2. *up-cast*, throw (of his rival's  
the small ball at which aim is bowl).

the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

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

*Clo.* Sayest thou?

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

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

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

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

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

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

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

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

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

*First Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

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

*Sec. Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

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

*Clo.* Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I

25. *capon* (castrated cock), a term of contemptuous reproach; here also with a quibble on *cap* (*i.e.* cockcomb) *on*.  
 29. *undertake*, give satisfaction (in arms) to.  
 29. *companion*, common fellow.  
 51. *issues*, (1) actions, (2) descendants.

(1) on the stage this speech would  
be rather effective.

sc. II

## Cymbeline

have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him.  
Come, go.

*Sec. Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart, 60  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,  
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold  
firm

The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked  
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,  
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land! 70  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's  
palace: a trunk in one corner of it.* (1)

IMOGEN *in bed, reading*; a Lady *attending*.

*Imo.* Who's there? my woman Helen?

*Lady.* Please you, madam.

*Imo.* What hour is it?

*Lady.* Almost midnight, madam.

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

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:  
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;  
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

# Cymbeline

ACT II

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

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods.  
From fairies and the tempters of the night  
Guard me, beseech ye.

10

[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*]

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

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded. / Cytherea,  
How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,  
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!  
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,  
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the  
taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids, 20  
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under these windows, white and azure laced  
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,  
To note the chamber: I will write all down:  
Such and such pictures; there the window; such  
The adornment of her bed; the arras; figures,  
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the  
story.

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.

30

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

18. *How dearly they do't,*  
how exquisitely they (her lips)  
kiss.

27. *the story,* viz. that re-  
presented in the arras (cf. ii.  
4. 70).



## Cymbeline

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

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading  
 late

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down  
 Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:  
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that  
 dawn

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;  
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three: time, time!

[Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.

*(See prob. on mirror steps.)*

36. *conscience*, Posthumus' inward conviction.

Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book vi. 424 f.

45. *The tale of Tereus*. Tereus concealed his wife Procne and wooed her fairer sister, Philomela, who after a long resistance 'gave up.' It is characteristic that Imogen should stop at this point. Shakespeare probably supposed her to be reading the story in

48. *you dragons of the night*; dragons were mythically attached, in virtue of their supposed watchfulness, to the Car of Night, the serpent tribe sleeping with open eyes.

49. *bare the raven's eye*, the raven being reputed to wake with earliest dawn. *Ff beare*.

50. *this, this is*.

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.**Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

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

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

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

*Clo.* Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not? 10

*First Lord.* Day, my lord.

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

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider. 20

## SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;

23. *those springs*, the dew.

*One of his finest antiques  
number 162*

## Cymbeline

And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes :  
 With every thing that pretty is,  
 My lady sweet, arise :  
 Arise, arise.

30

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

*Sec. Lord.* Here comes the king.

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

*Enter Cymbeline and Queen.*

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious 40  
 mother.

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern  
 daughter ?

Will she not forth ?

*Clo.* I have assailed her with musics, but she  
 vouchsafes no notice.

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

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king,  
 Who lets go by no vantages that may 50

25. *Mary-buds*, marigolds.

27. *is*. Hanmer unjustifiably  
 substituted *bin* for the rhyme.

32. *consider*, reward.

33. *vice*. Rowe's emendation  
 of Ff *voyce*.

33. *horse-hairs and calves'-guts*, fiddle-bow and fiddle-strings.

34. *unpaved*, castrated.

44. *musics* (so all Ff), a Clotenism for 'pieces of music.' He has 'assailed her' as yet with only one ; but the plural gives a heightened impression of Imogen's obduracy.

46. *minion*, darling.

50. *vantages*, opportunities.

# Cymbeline

ACT II

Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself  
To orderly solicits, and be friended  
With aptness of the season ; make denials  
Increase your services ; so seem as if  
You were inspired to do those duties which  
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,  
Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.*

Senseless ! not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Cym.*

A worthy fellow,

60

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;  
But that's no fault of his : we must receive him  
According to the honour of his sender ;  
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,  
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your  
mistress,

Attend the queen and us ; we shall have need  
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our  
queen.

[*Exeunt all but Cloten.*]

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

70

I know her women are about her : what  
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold

51. *Prefer*, recommend.

52. *solicits*, F<sub>2,3,4</sub> ; F<sub>1</sub> *solicity* (a misprint), solicitations. Shakespeare does not use the word elsewhere ; but there is no sufficient ground for adopting (with most modern edd.) Collier's *soliciting*.

58. *are senseless*, must affect not to understand. Cloten takes the last words as a reflection upon his intelligence.

64. *towards himself*, etc., we must give him ampler recognition in view of his former services.

Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and  
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the  
thief;

Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man:  
what

Can it not do and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me, for  
I yet not understand the case myself.

80

[*Knocks*] By your leave.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Who's there that knocks?

*Clo.* A gentleman.

*Lady.* No more?

*Clo.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

*Lady.* That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's  
pleasure?

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

*Lady.* Ay,

To keep her chamber.

*Clo.* There is gold for you;

Sell me your good report.

*Lady.* How! my good name? or to report of  
you

What I shall think is good?—The princess!

90

74. *Diana's rangers*, nymphs vowed to chastity. Diana was the goddess at once of hunting and of chastity; the image is drawn from the first and applied to the second. Her 'rangers' are therefore primarily those who

are placed in charge of her deer, *i.e.* of their chastity.

74. *false themselves*, perjure themselves.

75. *stand*, the station of the hunters in wait for the game.

Cymbeline Comedies ACT II

Enter IMOGEN. (over)

*Clo.* Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand. [Exit Lady.]

*Imo.* Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks  
And scarce can spare them.

*Clo.* Still, I swear I love you.

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

*Clo.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say I yield being  
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith, <sup>100</sup>  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere my  
sin:

I will not.

*Imo.* Fools are not mad folks.

*Clo.* Do you call me fool?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners, 110  
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,

102. *knowing*; cf. note to i. 4. 30.

106. *Fools are not mad folks*, i.e. *you* are in no danger of such 'madness' as mine. Warbur-

ton's suggestion *cure* for *are* (adopted by Theobald) is ingenious but not necessary.

111. *By being so verbal*, by his open protestations of love.

## Cymbeline

And am so near the lack of charity—  
To accuse myself—I hate you ; which I had rather  
You felt than make 't my boast.

*Clo.* You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none : 120  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—  
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,  
On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot ;  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil  
The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.

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

*Clo.* The south-fog rot him !

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance than  
come

121. *in meaner parties*, in the case of lowlier persons.

124. *self-figured*, formed by themselves, at their own choice.

125. *enlargement*, liberty.

126. *The consequence o' the crown*, the considerations implied in royalty.

127. *note*, fame, honour.

128. *hilding*, mean fellow.

128. *a squire's cloth* is in apposition to *livery*.

129. *pantler*, keeper of the pantry.

136. *The south-fog rot him* ; the moist south and south-west winds were held to be fruitful of disease. To be blistered with the south-west is one of Caliban's threats.

Cymbeline

ACT II

To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 140  
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

*Enter* PISANIO.

*Clo.* 'His garment!' Now the devil—

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

*Clo.* 'His garment!'

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

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

*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so: go and search.

*[Exit Pisanio.]*

*Clo.* You have abused me:

'His meanest garment!'

*Imo.* Ay, I said so, sir:

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

*Clo.* I will inform your father.

*Imo.* Your mother too:  
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,  
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,  
To the worst of discontent. *[Exit.]*

*Clo.* I'll be revenged: 160

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

144. sprited, haunted.

Example of how drama is written - a very common one



(1) This scene dramatic (The Posthumus yields too rapidly) but pleasing. Cymbeline  
 in her husband. The aim is striking effect not human nature.  
 SCENE IV. Rome. Philario's house.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO. (1)

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

*Phi.* What means do you make to him ?

*Post.* Not any, but abide the change of time,  
 Quake in the present winter's state and wish  
 That warmer days would come : in these fear'd  
 hopes,

I barely gratify your love ; they failing,  
 I must die much your debtor.

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

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

3. *What means*, what steps  
 are you taking to win him.

6. *fear'd hopes*, hopes fraught  
 with fears.

15. *Is yet fresh in their grief*,

i.e. is kept green by their grief  
 for the losses the Romans had  
 inflicted.

16. *Statist*, statesman.

# Cymbeline

ACT II

To their approvers they are people such  
That mend upon the world.

*Enter* IACHIMO.

*Phi.* See! Iachimo!

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by  
land;

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.

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

*Iach.* Your lady

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

*Post.* And therewithal the best; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

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

*Iach.* He was expected then,

But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet.

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

*Iach.* If I had lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness which

25. *their approvers*, those who put them to the test.

30. *your answer*, the answer you received.

37, 38. Ff give this speech to

Posthumus. But Posthumus is just occupied with Imogen's letter, which he finishes at v. 39 with 'All is well yet.' Capell therefore transferred the speech to Philario.

Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

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

*Iach.*

Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

*Post.*

Make not, sir,

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

*Iach.*

Good sir, we must,

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

50

*Post.*

If you can make 't apparent

That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
And ring is yours ; if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour gains or loses  
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them.

60

*Iach.*

Sir, my circumstances,

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

*Post.*

Proceed.

*Iach.*

First, her bedchamber,—

Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess  
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for

70

61. *circumstances*, detailed  
account.

71. *Cydnus*, a river in Asia  
Minor.

# Cymbeline

ACT II

The press of boats or pride : a piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship and value ; which I wonder'd  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Since the true life on 't was—

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

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

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

*Iach.* The chimney 80  
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece  
Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves : the cutter  
Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

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

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

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

83. *So likely to report themselves*, telling their own story so clearly. *their brands*, daintily inclined upon their inverted torches. Cf. *Sonnets* cliii. cliv.

83. *cutter*, carver.

91. *This is her honour!* Posthumus ironically scoffs at Iachimo's notions of evidence.

90. *nicely depending on*

*Iach.*

Then, if you can,

[*Showing the bracelet.*]

Be pale : I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see !  
 And now 'tis up again : it must be married  
 To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

*Post.*

Jove !

Once more let me behold it : is it that  
 Which I left with her ?

*Iach.*

Sir—I thank her—that : 100

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

*Post.*

May be she pluck'd it off

To send it me.

*Iach.*

She writes so to you, doth she ?

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

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
 Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour  
 Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ;  
 love,

Where there's another man : the vows of women 110  
 Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
 Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing.  
 O, above measure false !

*Phi.*

Have patience, sir,

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

*Post.*

Very true ;

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

120

102. *did outsell*, outdid in value.

# Cymbeline

ACT II

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

*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

'Tis true :—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : I am sure  
She would not lose it : her attendants are  
All sworn and honourable :—they induced to steal  
it !

And by a stranger !—No, he hath enjoy'd her :  
The cognizance of her incontinency  
Is this : she hath bought the name of whore thus  
dearly.

There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you !

*Phi.* Sir, be patient : 130

This is not strong enough to be believed  
Of one persuaded well of—

*Post.* Never talk on't ;

She hath been colted by him.

*Iach.* If you seek

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

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you hear more ?

*Post.* Spare your arithmetic : never count the  
turns ;

Once, and a million !

*Iach.* I'll be sworn—

*Post.* No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie ;

132. *Of one persuaded well, by one convinced of (his lady's virtue).*

## Cymbeline

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I'll deny nothing.

*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-  
meal!

I will go there and do 't i' the court, before  
Her father. I'll do something— *[Exit.*

*Phi.* Quite besides

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

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

SCENE V. *Another room in Philario's house.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS.

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be but women  
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;  
And that most venerable man which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd  
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with 10  
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought  
her  
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!  
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—  
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,

149. *besides*, beyond.

151. *pervert*, turn aside.

2. *half-workers*, sharers in

the work.

11. *pudency*, modesty.

15. *at first*, at the first attempt.

Cymbeline

ACT III

Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,  
 Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition  
 But what he look'd for should oppose and she  
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion 20  
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
 It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,  
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;  
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
 Nice longing, slanders, mutability,  
 All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,  
 Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;  
 For even to vice  
 They are not constant, but are changing still 30  
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
 Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill  
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:  
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and  
 Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS  
 LUCIUS and Attendants.

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

16. a German one, a wild boar, the hunting of which was especially associated with Germany.

25. change of prides, pride that lightly shifts its ground from one source of complacency to another.

26. Nice, whimsical.

stands secure rather than in danger. this opportunism in danger: all this show of fine patriotism leading to the



(1) This is hardly in keeping with the obs.  
we have seen up to this point. tho' it  
is so with the story Cymbeline that follows.

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance  
yet

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

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

*Clo.* There be many Cæsars, (1)  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own noses.

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

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame:' with  
shame—

The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his  
shipping—

Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,

18. *bravery*, state of defiance.

20. *rocks*, Seward's conjecture  
for *Ff oakes*.

27. *ignorant baubles*, toys,

such as only those ignorant of our  
'terrible seas' could launch there.

Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd  
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof  
 The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point— 30  
 O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,  
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright  
 And Britons strut with courage.

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

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe 40  
 as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one;  
 but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should  
 we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from  
 us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket,  
 we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no  
 more tribute, pray you now.

*Cym.* You must know,  
 Till the injurious Romans did extort  
 This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's am-  
 bition,

+ Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch 50  
 The sides o' the world, against all colour here  
 Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off  
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
 Ourselves to be.

*Clo. and Lords.* We do.

*Cym.* Say, then, to Cæsar,  
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which  
 Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar

30. *at point*, on the point of. arrangement was proposed by  
 31. *giglot*, strumpet. Dyce and adopted by the Globe  
 54. This line reads in Ff and Camb. edd.  
*Ourselves to be. We do. Say,* 56. *whose use*, the practice of  
*then, to Cæsar.* The present which.

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and  
franchise

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry: Mulmutius  
made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put 60  
His brows within a golden crown and call'd  
Himself a king.

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

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius. 70  
Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent  
Much under him ; of him I gather'd honour ;  
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for  
Their liberties are now in arms ; a precedent  
Which not to read would show the Britons cold :  
So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make  
pastime with us a day or two, or longer : if you  
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find 80  
us in our salt-water girdle : if you beat us out  
of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the adventure,  
our crows shall fare the better for you ; and  
there's an end.

57. *franchise*, unrestricted exercise. rance,' to the death.

73. *perfect*, well aware.

73. *at utterance*, 'à out-

77. *proof*, experience.

# Cymbeline

ACT III

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure and he  
mine :

All the remain is 'Welcome!' [Exeunt.

## SCENE II. *Another room in the palace.*

*Enter PISANIO, with a letter.*

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you  
not

What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!  
O master! what a strange infection  
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,  
'As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:  
She's punished for her truth, and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take in some virtue. O my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10  
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?  
Upon the love and truth and vows which I  
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?  
If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity  
So much as this fact comes to? 'Do't: the  
letter

That I have sent her, by her own command

2. *What monster's her accuser?* For Ff What monsters her accuse?

17. *as this fact comes to*, as the crime enjoined upon me implies.

17-19. 'Do't . . . opportunity.' These words agree only in sub-

stance with the letter quoted in full in iii. 4. 21 f. Pisanio may be supposed to summarise the essential purport. Ff print the words in vv. 18, 19 in italics, but the stage-direction 'Reading' was added by Rowe, and is best omitted.

## Cymbeline

Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!  
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless  
 bauble,

20

Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st  
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.  
 I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio!

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

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

30

[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, 40  
 should he take me in his dominion, could not  
 be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of  
 creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.  
 Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-

21. *feodary*, ally.

23. *I am ignorant*, I must feign  
 ignorance.

37. *in dangerous bonds*, who  
 have entered into bonds entailing  
 a penalty if broken or 'forfeited.'  
 The seal was essential to the

validity of the bond. The 'for-  
 feiter' of a bond does not there-  
 fore 'bless' the bees who fur-  
 nished its seal, as the lover does  
 those whose wax 'clasps' his  
 lady's *billets*.

42. *as*, but that.

Fine passage at II. 50, where Iruy is indignant because her lord  
 treats not into that duty broken vows which had in its favour  
 all its rejected promises  
 on a cynical reply

# Cymbeline

ACT III

Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio? 50  
 He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me  
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
 May plod it in a week, why may not I  
 Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—  
 Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who  
 long'st,—

O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,  
 But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;  
 For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak  
 thick;

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
 To the smothering of the sense—how far it is 60  
 To this same blessed Milford: and by the way  
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as  
 To inherit such a haven: but first of all,  
 How we may steal from hence, and for the gap  
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-  
 going

And our return, to excuse: but first, how get  
 hence:

Why should excuse be born or ere begot?  
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithce, speak,  
 How many score of miles may we well ride  
 'T'wixt hour and hour?

52. *of mean affairs*, concerned with common business.

56. *bate*, qualify (the statement 'long like me').

58. *speak thick*, crowd the words together.

63. *inherit*, come by, possess.

67. *or ere*, ere. 'Why should the excuse be framed before its occasion?'—*i.e.* the 'getting hence.'

(1) *the episodic character of the play - all together new*  
*III. Cymbeline with the new ch*  
*acters introduced an artist*

*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,<sup>70</sup>  
Madam, 's enough for you : [*Aside*] and too much  
too. *{defec*

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to's execution,  
man,  
Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding  
wagers,  
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is  
foolery :

Go bid my woman feign a sickness ; say  
She'll home to her father : and provide me pre-  
sently  
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's housewife.

*Pis.* Madam, you're best consider.

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

SCENE III. *Wales : a mountainous country  
with a cave.* (1)

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS ; GUIDERIUS,  
and ARVIRAGUS following.*

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys ; this  
gate  
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows  
you

75. *run i' the clock's behalf,* 2. *Stoop,* Hanmer's correction  
do the clock's work (*i.e.* in the of Ff *sleep.*  
hour-glass).

*a order to ...*  
*effect (i.e. comp. abuse of ...)*  
*concern) ...*  
*... in ...*

To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs  
 Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through  
 And keep their impious turbans on, without  
 Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!  
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
 As prouder livers do.

*Gui.* Hail, heaven!

*Arv.* Hail, heaven!

*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport: up to yond  
 hill;

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-  
 sider,

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

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
 This service is not service, so being done,  
 But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,  
 Draws us a profit from all things we see;  
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life  
 Is nobler than attending for a check,  
 Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,  
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
 Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,  
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

*Gui.* Out of your proof you speak: we, poor  
 unfledged,

5. *jet*, strut.  
 16. *This service*, i.e. that of  
 courts and princes.  
 17. *allow'd*, approved.  
 20. *sharded*, with scaly wing-  
 case.  
 22. *check*, rebuke.

23. *bauble*, Ff *babe*. Rowe's  
 emendation. Hanmer, *bribe*.  
 25. *gain the cap*, receive obse-  
 quious salutations (from the sup-  
 plier of the 'unpaid-for silk,' who  
 nevertheless remains unpaid).  
 27. *proof*, experience.



fulme of the world some function - which is  
divine ideas in & have plays of Pent.

Notes who are of  
New information  
Other given in the  
Notes of our  
Supposition

sc. III

# Cymbeline

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor  
know not

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

Infernal  
morning  
straw to  
30

*Arr.*

What should we speak of

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

I'd this meant  
else some further  
found that could  
lead the children  
to find without  
finding  
pick

*Bel.*

How you speak!

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

40

50

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph  
As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story  
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd

29. *What air's from home,* what the air is like abroad.

ation of FI prison or.

34. *prison for,* Pope's emend-

35. *stride,* overstep.

# Cymbeline

ACT III

With Roman swords, and my report was once  
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me,  
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
 Was not far off: then was I as a tree 60  
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one  
 night,

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

*Gui.* Uncertain favour!

*Bel.* My fault being nothing—as I have told  
 you oft—

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline  
 I was confederate with the Romans: so  
 Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years  
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world; 70  
 Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid  
 More pious debts to heaven than in all  
 The fore-end of my time. But up to the moun-  
 tains!

This is not hunters' language: he that strikes  
 The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;  
 To him the other two shall minister;  
 And we will fear no poison, which attends  
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the  
 valleys. [*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*]  
 How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
 These boys know little they are sons to the king; 80  
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
 They think they are mine; and though train'd up  
 thus meanly  
 I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit

63. *hangings*, fruit.

73. *fore-end*, fore-part.

83. *wherein they bow*; War-  
 burton's emendation of Ff  
*whereon the Bow(e).*

## Cymbeline

The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them  
 In simple and low things to prince it much  
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,  
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who  
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!  
 When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell  
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out 90  
 Into my story: say 'Thus mine enemy fell,  
 And thus I set my foot on 's neck;' even then  
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
 Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture  
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
 Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,  
 Strikes life into my speech and shows much more  
 His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is roused!—  
 O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows  
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 100  
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes  
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their  
 . mother,  
 And every day do honour to her grave:  
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
 They take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit.*]86. *trick*, art.87. *who*, whom.94. *nerves*, muscles.96. *in as like a figure*, 'acting my words' as graphically as his brother. While Guiderius'

gestures reflect the immediate impression of Belarius' tale, Arviragus, a more imaginative hearer, heightens what he hears by his greater energy of conception.

SCENE IV. *Country near Milford-Haven.**Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from  
 horse, the place  
 Was near at hand : ne'er long'd my mother so  
 To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio ! man !  
 Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind,  
 That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks  
 that sigh  
 From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,  
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
 Beyond self-explication : put thyself  
 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness  
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ? 10  
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
 A look untender ? If't be summer news,  
 Smile to't before ; if winterly, thou need'st  
 But keep that countenance still. My husband's  
 hand !  
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,  
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, man : thy  
 tongue  
 May take off some extremity, which to read  
 Would be even mortal to me.

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

*Imo.* [*Reads*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath  
 played the strumpet in my bed ; the testimonies

8. *self-explication*, the power  
 of accounting for himself.

15. *drug-damn'd*, detested for  
 its (poisonous) drugs.

9. *haviour*, posture.

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

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword?  
the paper

Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose  
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie  
All corners of the world: kings, queens and  
states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 40  
This viperous slander enters. What cheer,  
madam?

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge  
nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him  
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed,  
is it?

*Pis.* Alas, good lady!

*Imo.* I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks 50  
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy

39. *states*, men of high estate. 51. *jay*, bedizened harlot.

# Cymbeline

ACT III

Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd  
him :

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd :—to pieces with me !—O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good  
has been seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villany ; not born where't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false

*Æneas,*

60

Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's  
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity  
From most true wretchedness : so thou, Posthu-  
mus,

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;  
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured  
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest :  
Do thou thy master's bidding : when thou see'st  
him,

A little witness my obedience : look !  
I draw the sword myself : take it, and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :  
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things but grief :  
Thy master is not there, who was indeed  
The riches of it : do his bidding ; strike.

70

52. *Whose mother was her painting*, who is 'made' by her painted face. Cf. iv. 2. 81 : 'he made those clothes, which, as it seems, make thee.'

54. *for*, because.

60. *false Æneas*, i.e. in his betrayal of Dido.

61. *Sinon*, who induced the Trojans to admit the wooden horse into Troy by pretending to be a Greek deserter.

62. *scandal*, put a scandal upon, defame.

64. *proper*, fair seeming.

Not so much like set speeches as in her answers to Pis that

1. Up. Hamlet. 1.2. What the...  
 not set his canon against self-slaughter  
 and A. + G. TVs. Is it in the...  
 the secret how Cymbeline  
 come to us?

Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause ;  
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

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

*Imo.* Why, I must die ;  
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
 No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter  
 There is a prohibition so divine  
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my  
 heart.

80

Something's afore't. Soft, soft ! we'll no defence ;  
 Obedient as the scabbard. What is here ?  
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
 All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,  
 Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more  
 Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools  
 Believe false teachers : though those that are betray'd  
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up  
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father  
 And make me put into contempt the suits  
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
 It is no act of common passage, but  
 A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself  
 To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her  
 That now thou timest on, how thy memory  
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch :  
 The lamb entreats the butcher : where's thy knife ?

90

81. *afore't.* Rowe's emenda-  
 tion of Ff *afoot*.

83. *scriptures,* his letters,  
 which she had once devoutly  
 believed.

90. *set up,* instigate.

93. *fellows,* equals.

94. *common passage,* com-  
 mon occurrence.

95. *A strain of rareness,* a  
 disposition rarely found.

96. *disedged by,* sated with.

97. *timest on,* ravenously  
 feedest on (primarily said of  
 birds of prey).

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 100  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,  
Since I received command to do this business  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do't, and to bed then.

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

*Imo.* Wherefore then

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

*Pis.* But to win time

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

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

*Pis.* Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like;

Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither: 120

But if I were as wise as honest, then  
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be  
But that my master is abused:

104. *wake, watch.*

ib. *blind.* This was supplied by Hanmer, Ff, by an evident error, reading: 'I'll wake mine eyeballs first.' John-

son proposed *out*; but this is less suitable to the rhythm.

III. *be unbent,* stand with unbent bow.



Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan.

*Pis.*

No, on my life.

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

*Imo.*

Why, good fellow, 130

What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

*Pis.*

If you'll back to the court—

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

*Pis.*

If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

*Imo.*

Where then?

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

*Pis.*

I am most glad

You think of other place. The ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise  
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be

135. *harsh*, rude.

ib. *noble*, ironically said of  
Cloten's high birth in contrast  
with his rudeness and simplicity.

147. *Dark as your fortune*,

suitable to one of obscure sta-  
tion.

148. That which can only  
appear itself to your own peril  
(viz. your rank and sex).

But by self-danger, you should tread a course  
 Pretty and full of view ; yea, haply, near 150  
 The residence of Posthumus, so nigh at least  
 That though his actions were not visible, yet  
 Report should render him hourly to your ear  
 As truly as he moves.

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

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

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

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one. 170  
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—  
 'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all  
 That answer to them : would you in their serving,

150. *Pretty and full of view,* seemly, and with full opportunity of observation.

160. *it, its.*

162. *quarrelous as the weasel ;* the weasel was proverbial for its spleen.

164. *the harder heart ;* prob-

ably, 'this too hard heart of mine which makes such a proposal.'

166. *common-kissing Titan,* the sun, which shines on all alike.

167. *laboursome . . . trims,* elaborate personal adornments.

And with what imitation you can borrow  
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius  
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
 Wherein you're happy,—which you'll make him  
 know,

If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless  
 With joy he will embrace you, for he's honour-  
 able

And doubling that, most holy. Your means  
 abroad,

180

You have me, rich; and I will never fail  
 Beginning nor supplyment.

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

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short fare-  
 well,

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of  
 Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress, 190  
 Here is a box; I had it from the queen:  
 What's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,  
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
 Will drive away distemper. To some shade,  
 And fit you to your manhood. May the gods  
 Direct you to the best!

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

177. *happy*, skilled.

ib. *which you'll make him know*; Hanmer's emendation of Ff 'which will make him know.'

179. *embrace*, welcome.

180. *Your means abroad*, as

for your support in your wanderings.

184. *even all that good time will give us*, be even with, make the most of, our opportunities.

186. *I am soldier to*, I enter upon with a soldier's resolution.

190. *carriage*, conveyance.

Cymbeline

ACT III

SCENE V. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,  
Lords, and Attendants.

*Cym.* Thus far ; and so farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, royal sir.

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

*Cym.* Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

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

*Queen.* And you !

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that  
office ;

The due of honour in no point omit.  
So farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly ; but from this time  
forth

I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner : fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my  
lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness !

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning : but it honours  
us

That we have given him cause.

## Cymbeline

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

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

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

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd 30  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day : she looks us like  
A thing more made of malice than of duty :  
We have noted it. Call her before us ; for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

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

*Re-enter Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, sir ? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

*Atten.* Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer  
That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.

32. *looks*, looks upon. too negligent in thus indulging  
35. *too slight in sufferance*, her.

# Cymbeline

ACT III

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

50

Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd?  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear  
Prove false! [*Exit.*]

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.

*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.* Go, look after. [*Exit Cloten.*]  
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!  
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized  
her,

60

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown  
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is  
To death or to dishonour; and my end  
Can make good use of either: she being down,  
I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son!

*Clo.* 'Tis certain she is fled.  
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none  
Dare come about him.

*Queen.* [*Aside*] All the better: may  
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*]

50. *our great court*, this im-  
portant court-meeting.

69. *forestall*, deprive; may  
he die of his rage.

## Cymbeline

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

70

*Enter* PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah? 80  
 Come hither: ah, you precious pandar! Villain,  
 Where is thy lady? In a word; or else  
 Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord!

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

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

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

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!

72. *Than lady, ladies, woman.* man,' *All's Well*, ii. 3. 202.  
 Cloten's meaning is best illustrated by a similar saying of his counterpart Parolles: 'To any count, to all counts, to what is  
 80. *packing*, plotting.  
 85. *Close*, secret.  
 92. *home*, completely.

# Cymbeline

ACT III

*Clo.* All-worthy villain !

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

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

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

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

*Clo.* Hum !

*Pis.* [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead.  
O Imogen,  
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again !

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true ?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

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

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

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

101. *Or this or perish*, i.e. I must either do this, or die.

110. *undergo*, undertake.



*Pis.* Sir, I will.

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

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

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

*Pis.* I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of 140  
my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 150

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

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

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

2c 6 - got the famous story & some notes on why's mentioned in the play - have  
 can not show that counts 'but the judge in the scene the words.

f. 213

# Cymbeline

ACT III

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. 160  
[Exit.

*Pis.* Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be,  
 To him that is most true. To Milford go,  
 And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,  
 You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed  
 Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

[Exit.

## SCENE VI. *Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.*

*Imo.* I see a man's life is a tedious one: I have tired myself, and for two nights together have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,

But that my resolution helps me. Milford, when from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10  
 A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,

7. *Foundations*, fixed places (with a play upon the sense: charitable establishments).

## Cymbeline

When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in  
fulness

Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood  
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!  
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on  
thee,

My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
At point to sink for food. But what is this?  
Here is a path to 't: 'tis some savage hold:  
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20  
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?  
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,  
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll  
enter.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look  
on 't.

Such a foe, good heavens! [*Exit, to the cave.*]

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have proved best woodman  
and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I  
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match: 30  
The sweat of industry would dry and die,  
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs  
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness

12. *To lapse in fulness*, to be 'bought' or 'begged' the food.)  
fine in the midst of abundance. The ellipse is harsh, and not

17. *for*, for want of. quite clear; but Imogen's pre-

21. *hardness*, hardship. occupation with the thought of

23. *civil*, civilised. food makes it very natural.

24. *Take or lend*, take pay- 27. *Such a foe*, i.e. send me  
ment, or give me (food). (Cf. such a foe!

v. 48, where she would have 28. *woodman*, hunter.

# Cymbeline

ACT III

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Gui.* I am throughly weary.

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

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

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

*Bel.* [*Looking into the cave*] Stay; come not in. 40  
But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir?

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

## *Re-enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not :  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought  
To have begged or bought what I have took : good  
troth,

I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had  
found

Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my  
meat : 50

I would have left it on the board so soon  
As I had made my meal, and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth?

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

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

34. *resty*, lazy.

55. *but of*, except by.

## Cymbeline

*Bel.* Whither bound?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.

*Bel.* What's your name?

60

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

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

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty, 70  
I bid for you as I'd buy.

*Arv.* I'll make 't my comfort  
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him  
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

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

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Gui.* Would I could free 't!

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

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

*Imo.* Great men,

64. *in*, into.

she would not then have been

77. *my prize*, my estimation; heir-apparent.

# Cymbeline

ACT III

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

*Bel.* It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come  
in :

90

Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray, draw near.

*Arv.* The night to the owl and morn to the  
lark less welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

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

## SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter two Senators and Tribunes.*

*First Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's  
writ :

That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite  
The gentry to this business. He creates  
Lucius proconsul : and to you the tribunes,

86. 'The worthless honour multitude.'  
they receive from the unbal- 90. *hunt*, quarry.  
anced, incoherent, wavering 7. *gentry*, the patricians.

For this immediate levy, he commends  
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar! 10

*First Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces?

*Sec. Sen.* Ay.

*First Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

*First Sen.* With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers and the time  
Of their dispatch.

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

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Wales: near the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should  
meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit  
his garments serve me! Why should his mistress,  
who was made by him that made the tailor, not  
be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the  
word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits.  
Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak  
it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and  
his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean,  
the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; 10  
no less young, more strong, not beneath him in

9. *commends*, delivers. Warburton's emendation of *Ff commands*.

14. *supplyant*, auxiliary.

description of character is used more  
in this play than most but here the  
description of Cymbeline  
develops her character but

fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time,  
above him in birth, alike conversant in general  
services, and more remarkable in single opposi-  
tions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in  
my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy  
head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders,  
shall within this hour be off; thy mistress en-  
forced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy  
face: and all this done, spurn her home to her  
father; who may haply be a little angry for my so  
rough usage; but my mother, having power of  
his testiness, shall turn all into my commenda-  
tions. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and  
to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my  
hand! This is the very description of their meet-  
ing-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *Before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,  
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Bel.* [To Imogen] You are not well: remain  
here in the cave;  
We'll come to you after hunting.

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

12. *the advantage of the time,*  
the prestige of worldly station.

interpretation: 'more remark-  
able in single combats.'

14. *more remarkable in single  
oppositions,* more distinguished  
when compared in particular ac-  
complishments (Schmidt). Clo-  
ten's language is vague, but this  
seems preferable to the usual

15. *imperseverant,* undiscern-  
ing. The word was, in popular  
use, connected with 'perceive.'  
Dyce (followed by Globe and  
Camb. edd.) needlessly indi-  
cated this by the spelling *im-  
perceiverant.*

show her effect upon her  
brothers. Contrast. Belarius remark



## Cymbeline

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

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

*Imo.* So sick I am not, yet I am not well ;  
But not so citizen a wanton as  
To seem to die ere sick : so please you, leave me ;  
Stick to your journal course : the breach of  
custom

10

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me  
Cannot amend me ; society is no comfort  
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :  
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,  
Stealing so poorly.

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

*Bel.* What ! how ! how !

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

20

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

8. *so citizen a wanton*, so effeminately pampered. *Citizen*, 75).

10. *journal*, daily, habitual.

14. *reason*, discourse.

# Cymbeline

ACT IV

*Arv.* Brother, farewell. 30

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health. So please you, sir.

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

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:

Experience, O, thou disprovest report!

The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,

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

*Gui.* I could not stir him:

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

*Arv.* Thus did he answer me: yet said, here-  
after

I might know more.

*Bel.* To the field, to the field

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

*Arv.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

*Imo.* Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*]

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

Good ancestors.

*Arv.* How angel-like he sings!

*Gui.* But his neat cookery! he cut our roots  
In characters,

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick 50

And he her dieter.

*Arv.* Nobly he yokes

35. *imperious, imperial.*

## Cymbeline

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

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

*Arv.* Grow, patience!  
 And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine <sup>not</sup> ~~twine~~  
 His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60

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

*Enter CLOTEN.*

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

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

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

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

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

*Gui.* A thing

53. *spurs*, branching roots of a tree. *twine with* ; cf. v. 122 below.

60. *vine*, i.e. patience ; *untwine with* is constructed as if it were the negative of the verb 61. *great morning*, broad day (*grand jour*).

71. *mountaineers*, savages.

# Cymbeline

ACT IV

More slavish did I ne'er than answering  
A slave without a knock.

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

*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou?  
Have not I

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

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

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

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

*Gui.* Hence, then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some  
fool ;

I am loath to beat thee.

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

*Gui.* What's thy name?

*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it : were it Toad, or Adder,  
Spider,

'Twould move me sooner. 90

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

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

*Clo.* Art not afeard?

86. *injurious*, insulting.

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

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clo.* Die the death :

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,

I'll follow those that even now fled hence,

And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads :

Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.* 100

*Re-enter* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* No companies abroad ?

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

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

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

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

*Re-enter* GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse ;  
There was no money in 't : not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :

101. *companies*, companions. and gives an excellent sense.

104. *lines of favour*, features. But the meaning is that Cloten,

108. *make good time*, come lacking apprehension, is not  
off well. subject to the intellectual man's

111. *defect*, misuse. Theo- foible of ingenious but unneces-  
bald's *th' effect* was generally sary suspicion. He is not, in  
adopted before the Camb. edd., short, a Hamlet.

# Cymbeline

ACT IV

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's  
head,

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

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to  
lose,

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

*Bel.* No single soul 130

Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. Though his  
humour

Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness could so far have raved  
To bring him here alone; although perhaps  
It may be heard at court that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stronger head; the which he  
hearing—

As it is like him—might break out, and swear 140  
He 'ld fetch us in; yet is't not probable

118. *perfect*, well assured.

132. *humour*; Ff (by misprint) *honor*.

To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we  
fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

*Arv.* Let ordinance  
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

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

*Gui.* With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have  
ta'en

His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek  
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I reck. 150

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

*Arv.* Would I had done 't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would re-  
venges,  
That possible strength might meet, would seek  
us through 160  
And put us to our answer.

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

de f... the dear... can reach... an emotional...  
 the... which has this... take...  
 order of... **Cymbeline** **ACT IV**

*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour  
 I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,  
 And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

*Bel.* O thou goddess, 170  
 Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st

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

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

*Gui.* Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
 In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage  
 For his return. [Solemn music.

*Bel.* My ingenious instrument!

Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

• *Gui.* What does he mean? since death of my  
 dear'st mother 190

It did not speak before. All solemn things

167. gain, restore. the object, 'let blood (= bleed)'

168. I'd let a parish, etc.; the predicate.

a parish of such Clotens' is 179. Civility, breeding.

212 *ATC* - The... small...  
 by... small...  
 how... catch.

*RJS*  
 Her blood is...  
 the... life



Cymbeline

Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys  
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.  
Is Cadwal mad?

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

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead,  
bearing her in his arms. (U)*

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

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

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

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

193. *toys*, (for) trifles.

205. *crare*, skiff; Sympson's emendation for *Ff care*. The image ambiguously suggested in v. 204 is made explicit in 205, 206: Melancholy is a sluggish bark afloat upon an unfathom-

able sea, where no soundings avail to guide to harbour.

211. *Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at*, not as if death's dart had struck him, since he laughed.

Worth comparing to see the change in Shakspeare's imagination with time. 213  
to Ant. Stobert

7 Sp. H.T. ...

# Cymbeline

ACT IV

Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.* Where ?

*Arv.* O' the floor ;

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

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps :  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms, will not come to thee.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers

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

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

*Arv.* Say, where shall's lay him ?

214. *clouted brogues*, rough shoes patched with leather (possibly, wooden shoes with hob-nails).

222. *harebell*, wild hyacinth.

223. *whom not to slander* ; who, without slandering it.

224. *ruddock*, robin.

229. *winter-ground*, lay in an artificial 'ground' for protection through the winter (a gardening term).

233. *shall's*, shall we ; probably formed on the analogy of 'let us,' etc.

Spencer's changes and foot - cl. W.T. O.P. ...

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the  
ground,

As once our mother ; use like note and words  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,

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

*Arv.* We'll speak it, then.

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

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;  
And though he came our enemy, remember  
He was paid for that : though mean and mighty,  
rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence,  
That angel of the world, doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was  
princely ;

And though you took his life, as being our foe, 250  
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',  
When neither are alive.

*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him,

We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the  
east ;

My father hath a reason for't.

*Arv.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arv.* So. Begin.

# Cymbeline

ACT IV

## SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260  
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :  
 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' the great ;  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;  
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;  
 To thee the reed is as the oak :  
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
 All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270

*Arv.* Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;

*Gui.* Fear not slander, censure rash ;

*Arv.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :

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

*Gui.* No exorciser harm thee !

*Arv.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee !

*Gui.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee !

*Arv.* Nothing ill come near thee !

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

*Re-enter* BELARIUS, *with the body of* CLOTEN.

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

262. *Golden*, glancing in the  
 brilliance of youth.

271. *thunder-stone*, 'thunder-  
 bolt,' popularly connected with  
 meteoric stones.

275. *Consign to thee*, make

the same terms with thee.

276. *No exorciser harm thee*,  
 i.e. by raising thy spirit. To  
 raise (not lay) spirits was the  
 regular Elizabethan use of *exor-*  
*cise* and its derivatives.

## Cymbeline

*Bel.* Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight,  
more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.  
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.  
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

290

[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

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

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

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

I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and  
sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;  
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;  
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

300

Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes  
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good  
faith,

I tremble still with fear: but if there be  
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

285. *Upon their faces*, i.e. strew the flowers. Strictly, this can only apply to Imogen; but the ceremony would be spontaneously adapted to the case of the headless man, while so to adapt the formula would have

been perilously near the grotesque. That Shakespeare did not 'forget' Cloten's state is shown by the immediate sequel.

293. '*Ods pittikins!* 'God's pity.'

# Cymbeline

ACT IV

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

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

'Tis he and Cloten : malice and lucre in them  
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-  
 nant !

The drug he gave me, which he said was precious  
 And cordial to me, have I not found it  
 Murderous to the senses ? That confirms it  
 home :

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330  
 That we the horrider may seem to those  
 Which chance to find us : O, my lord, my lord !  
 [*Falls on the body.*]

311. *Jovial face* ; cf. Hamlet :  
 'the front of Jove himself.'

313. *madded*, i.e. at the slay-  
 ing of Hector by Achilles.

315. *irregulous*, lawless.

325. *pregnant*, evident, con-  
 vincing.

## Cymbeline

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

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

*Luc.* But what from Rome ?

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

340

*Luc.* When expect you them ?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness  
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present  
numbers

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

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a  
vision—

I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus :  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spongy south to this part of the west,  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends— 350  
Unless my sins abuse my divination—  
Success to the Roman host.

333. *To them*, i.e. in addition to the forces already in Britain.

337. *confiners*, borderers.

341. *Syenna*, the ruler of Sienna.

346 f. This episode was probably suggested by Holinshed's description of Aulus Plautius'

invasion under Claudius, when 'the mariners and men of war' were encouraged by seeing 'a fierie leme [light] to shoot out of the east towards the west, which way their course lay' (Stone's *Holinshed*, p. 15).

347. *fast*, fasted.

349. *spongy*, moist.

# Cymbeline

ACT IV

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

*Cap.* He's alive, my lord.

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

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

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

*Imo.* Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie  
and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope

364. *otherwise than noble nature did*, to another figure than that  
which nature painted.



## Cymbeline

They 'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same : 380  
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,  
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee ; go with me.

*Imo.* I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the  
gods,

I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig ; and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his  
grave, 390

And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh ;  
And leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth ;

And rather father thee than master thee.

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,

And make him with our pikes and partisans

A grave : come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd 400

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd

As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*

399. *partisans*, halberds. in your arms.'

400. *arm him*, 'take him up 400. *preferr'd*, committed.

# Cymbeline

ACT IV

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants.

*Cym.* Again ; and bring me word how 'tis with her. *[Exit an Attendant.]*

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

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

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

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

23. *depend*, hangs over you.

## Cymbeline

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

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

*First Lord.* Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of: come more, for more  
you're ready: 30

The want is but to put those powers in motion  
That long to move.

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

[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*]

*Pis.* I heard no letter from my master since  
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings; neither know I  
What is betid to Cloten; but remain 40  
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.  
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be  
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,  
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.  
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:  
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.* :]

28. *amazed with matter*, confused with the throng of affairs.

29. *affront*, encounter.

36. *heard no letter*; a kind of mixture of the two expressions: 'heard no news' and

'had no letter.' Several of the older editions substitute '*have had no letter.*'

44. *Even to the note o' the king*, so that even the king learns it.

SCENE IV. *Wales: before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to  
lock it

From action and adventure?

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

*Bel.* Sons,  
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.  
To the king's party there's no going: newness  
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not  
muster'd

Among the bands—may drive us to a render  
Where we have lived, and so extort from's that  
Which we have done, whose answer would be  
death

Drawn on with torture.

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

*Arv.* It is not likely  
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,

6. *revolts*, rebels.

7. *During their use*, (receive us) so long as they can make use of us.

11. *render*, report.

18. *quarter'd fires*, fires burning in the quarters of the enemy, camp fires.

19. *importantly*, importunately.

## Cymbeline

That they will waste their time upon our note, 20  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O, I am known  
Of many in the army : many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore  
him

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

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

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

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

*Arv.* So say I : amen.

29. *tanlings*, tanned boys.

33. *o'ergrown*, i.e. with shaggy, unkempt hair.

# Cymbeline

ACT V

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

50

If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :  
Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long ; their  
blood thinks scorn,  
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman camp.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I  
wish'd  
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married  
ones,  
If each of you should take this course, how  
many  
Must murder wives much better than themselves  
For wrying but a little ! O Pisanio !  
Every good servant does not all commands :  
No bond but to do just ones. Gods ! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
Had lived to put on this : so had you saved  
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck

10

50. *Have with you*, take me  
with you.

1. *I wish'd*; Rowe's emenda-

tion of *Ff I am wish'd.*

9. *to put on this*, to instigate

to Imogen's death.

## Cymbeline

Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But,  
alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's  
love,

To have them fall no more: you some permit

To second ills with ills, each elder worse,

And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.

But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,

And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight

Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough

That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good  
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me

Of these Italian weeds and suit myself

As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight

Against the part I come with; so I'll die

For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life

Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,

Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril

Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know

More valour in me than my habits show.

Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!

To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin

The fashion, less without and more within. *[Exit.]*

14. *second*, follow up.

ib. *each elder*, each successive one (the advancing years of the 'doer' being attributed to his 'deeds').

15. *make them dread it, to the doers' thrift*, make the doers fear the final Nemesis to their own advantage, by causing them to repent in time.

# Cymbeline

ACT V

SCENE II. *Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.*

*Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; from the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom

Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air on't  
Revengeingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me  
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,  
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods.

[*Exit.*

10

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have the advantage  
of the ground:

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but  
The villany of our fears.

*Gui.* }  
*Arv.* }

Stand, stand, and fight!

4. *carl*, churl.

12. *lane*, narrow defile.



*Re-enter* POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the Britons:*  
*they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then*  
*re-enter* LUCIUS, *and* IACHIMO, *with* IMOGEN.

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save  
 thyself;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
 As war were hoodwink'd.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

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

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS *and* a British Lord.

*Lord.* Camest thou from where they made the  
 stand?

*Post.* I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

*Lord.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,  
 But that the heavens fought: the king himself  
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,  
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
 Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was  
 damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living  
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

8. *Lolling the tongue*; a mark of bloodthirstiness in wild beasts.

30 et seq. an excellent example  
of the trochaic couplet style (Con-  
tract Beaumont and Fletcher style) <sup>ACT V</sup>  
Cymbeline

Lord.

Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd  
with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved  
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for 's country: athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run  
The country base than to commit such slaughter; 20  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cased, or shame,—  
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,  
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:  
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;  
Or we are Romans and will give you that  
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may  
save,  
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.' These  
three,

① Three thousand confident, in act as many—  
For three performers are the file when all 30  
The rest do nothing—with this word 'Stand,  
stand,'  
Accommodated by the place, more charming  
With their own nobleness, which could have  
turn'd  
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,  
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some,  
turn'd coward

20. *The country base*, the game of prisoner's base.

22. *those*, i.e. ladies' faces, masked for the sake of their complexion or to avoid exposure.

27. *beastly*, beastlike.

28. *But to look*, merely by looking.

30. *the file*, the whole force.

32. *charming*, prevailing as by a charm.

34. *gilded*, flushed. The word was idiomatically used for 'to make red,' especially with blood or wine.

The dramatic meaning and not the  
verse unit dominates.

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

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

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

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.

43. *they*; Theobald's excellent correction of *Ff the*. The bold use of apposition is one of the marks of Shakespeare's latest style.

44. *fragments*, remnants of food.

44. *became the life o' the need*,

preserved us in the emergency.

51. *mortal bugs*, deadly terrors.

53. *Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made*, etc., i. e. the deed was only wonderful in the eyes of weaklings who could do nothing but wonder.

# Cymbeline

ACT V

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

*Lord.* Farewell; you're angry.

*Post.* Still going? [*Exit Lord.*] This is a  
 lord! O noble misery,  
 To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!  
 To-day how many would have given their honours  
 To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,  
 And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan,  
 Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly  
 monster, 70

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
 That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find  
 him:

For being now a favourer to the Briton,  
 No more a Briton, I have resumed again  
 The part I came in: fight I will no more,  
 But yield me to the veriest hind that shall  
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer be  
 Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death; 80  
 On either side I come to spend my breath;  
 Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,  
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.*

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

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

75. *No more a Briton*; i.e. at heart, resumes the Roman side,  
 Posthumus, though still a Briton and perhaps the Roman dress.

*Sec. Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
That gave the affront with them.

*First Cap.* So 'tis reported :  
But none of 'em can be found. Stand ! who's there ?

*Post.* A Roman,  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds 90  
Had answer'd him.

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

*Enter* CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AR-  
VIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, Attendants, and  
Roman Captives. *The Captains present* POST-  
HUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over*  
*to a Gaoler : then exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A British prison.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS *and two Gaolers*

*First Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n, you  
have locks upon you ;  
So graze as you find pasture.

*Sec. Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.  
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art  
a way,  
I think, to liberty : yet am I better

86. *silly*, simple, mean. as boldly as he led.

90. *if seconds had answer'd him*, if he had been followed up  
1. *locks*, (with a quibble) those  
attaching the feet of horses  
turned loose in pasture.

# Cymbeline

ACT V

Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had  
rather

Groan so in perpetuity than be cured  
By the sure physician, death, who is the key  
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art  
fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods,  
give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10

Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20

On their abatement: that's not my desire:

For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:

You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,

10. *The penitent instrument to pick that bolt*, the means of freeing his conscience, by atonement, from the yoke of guilt.

15. *to satisfy*, to make atonement for his guilt (as distinguished from merely repenting it).

16, 17. 'If such atonement is the condition of my regaining freedom of conscience, then be so merciful as to let me make it by giving all I have, *i.e.* my life.' *No stricter render than*

*my all* has caused difficulty; but for Posthumus it would have been harder to 'repent' in gyves than to 'satisfy' by death.

21. *their abatement*, the proportion of the debt which they do not take.

24. *'Tween man and man*, etc., in common traffic not every coin is weighed.

26. *You rather mine, being yours*, you may the rather accept my life since you 'coin'd it' yourselves.

## Cymbeline

If you will take this audit, take this life,  
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [Sleeps.]

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

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show 30  
 Thy spite on mortal flies:  
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
 That thy adulteries  
 Rates and revenges.  
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
 Whose face I never saw?  
 I died whilst in the womb he stay'd  
 Attending nature's law:  
 Whose father then, as men report  
 Thou orphans' father art, 40  
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him  
 From this earth-vexing smart.

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

27. take this audit, accept the fetters about his conscience.  
 this statement of accounts. 43. Lucina, the goddess of  
 28. cancel these cold bonds, childbirth.

# Cymbeline

ACT V

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

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

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

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
 Slight thing of Italy,  
 To taint his nobler heart and brain  
 With needless jealousy ;  
 And to become the geck and scorn  
 O' th' other's villany ?

*Sec. Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,  
 Our parents and us twain, 70  
 That striking in our country's cause  
 Fell bravely and were slain,  
 Our fealty and Tenantius' right  
 With honour to maintain.

*First Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
 To Cymbeline perform'd :  
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
 The graces for his merits due,  
 Being all to dolours turn'd ? 80

67. *geck*, gull, dupe.

75. *hardiment*, bravery.



## Cymbeline

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

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

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

90

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

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

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
 Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you  
 ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,  
 Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts ?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :

Be not with mortal accidents opprest ;

No care of yours it is ; you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.

He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.

100

102. *delighted*, delightful.

# Cymbeline

ACT V

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine : 110

And so, away : no further with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*]

*Sici.* He came in thunder ; his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields : his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,

As when his god is pleased.

*All.*

Thanks, Jupiter !

*Sici.* The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd 120

His radiant roof. Away ! and, to be blest,

Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*]

*Post.* [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-

sire, and begot

A father to me ; and thou hast created

A mother and two brothers : but, O scorn !

Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were

born :

And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend

On greatness' favour dream as I have done,

Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve :

Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130

And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,

That have this golden chance and know not why.

What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O

rare one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment

116. *his ascension is more sweet than our blest fields,* he ascends with an odour sweeter than that of the Elysian fields of asphodel.

118. *cloys, claws, trims.*

129. *swerve, go astray.*

134. *fangled, bedizened, gaudily arrayed.*

Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects  
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise.

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

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue and brain not ; either both or nothing ;  
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which 150  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Gaolers.*

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

*Post.* Over-roasted rather ; ready long ago.

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

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

*First Gaol.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir.  
But the comfort is, you shall be called to no 160  
more payments, fear no more tavern-bills ; which  
are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring  
of mirth : you come in faint for want of meat,  
depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that

147. *Tongue and brain not*, stances described, with mine.  
speak without any meaning. Shakespeare never uses the word

151. *for sympathy*, because of in the strict Greek sense, 'fellow-  
the agreement in the circum- feeling.'

you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the acquittance follows.

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

*First Gaol.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

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

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

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

165. *are paid*, are punished.

188. *jump*, hazard.

198. *winking*, closing the eyes.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king. 200

*Post.* Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

*First Gaol.* I'll be hang'd then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

*[Exeunt all but the First Gaoler.]*

*First Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die 210 against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. *Cymbeline's tent.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart  
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,  
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked  
breast

208. *prone*, ready, eager.

215. *my wish hath a preferment in't*, the fulfilment of my

wish would spoil my profits as gaoler, but get me a better place.

# Cymbeline

ACT V

Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found :  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;  
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him? 10

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

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

*Bel.* Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :  
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

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

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.*

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

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

*Cym.* Who worse than a physician

5. *targes of proof*, shields of  
tried quality.

14. *the liver*, regarded, like  
the heart, as the seat of courage.

## Cymbeline

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

30

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

*Cym.*

Prithee, say.

*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never loved you,  
only

Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhorr'd your person.

*Cym.*

She alone knew this;

40

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

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

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

*Cym.*

O most delicate fiend!

Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess  
she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering  
By inches waste you: in which time she pur-  
posed,

50

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to

43. bore in hand to love, be-  
guiled into the belief that she  
loved her.

47. delicate, fine, subtle.

50. mineral, poison.

2. *imagine on the stage. Usually Sh leaves a number of  
more copies who taken for printed not in line.*

# Cymbeline

ACT V

O'ercome you with her show, and in time,  
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work  
Her son into the adoption of the crown :  
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite  
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so 60  
Despairing died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women ?

*First Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been  
vicious

To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !  
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and  
other Roman Prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS  
behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute ; that  
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss 70  
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made  
suit

That their good souls may be appeased with  
slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :  
So think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day  
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,

55. to work her son into the  
adoption of the crown, to procure  
his adoption as heir.

68. prove it in thy feeling,  
attest it by your own sufferings.

74. estate, condition.

244 This elaborate planning &  
the document by the B.V.F. division.



We should not, when the blood was cool, have  
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives

May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth 80

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :

Augustus lives to think on't : and so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing only

I will entreat ; my boy, a Briton born,

Let him be ransom'd : never master had

A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,

So tender over his occasions, true,

So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join

With my request, which I'll make bold your  
highness

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm, 90

Though he have served a Roman : save him, sir,

And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him :

His favour is familiar to me. Boy,

Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,

And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,

To say 'live, boy : ' ne'er thank thy master ; live :

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,

Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;

Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,

The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness. 100

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ; x

And yet I know thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no : alack,

There's other work in hand : I see a thing

Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,

83 *my peculiar care*, my ministering to his wants.  
personal concern.

95. *nor*; omitted in Ff, supplied by Rowe.

# Cymbeline

ACT V

Must shuffle for itself.

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

*Cym.* What wouldst thou, boy ?  
I love thee more and more : think more and more  
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st  
on ? speak,

110

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

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

Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore eyst him so ?

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

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

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Cym.* Thou'rt my good youth, my page ;  
I'll be thy master : walk with me ; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

*Bel.* Is not this boy revived from death ?

*Arv.* One sand another 120

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

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

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

120. *One sand another not* dropped out :—  
*more resembles.* Some words  
are perhaps lost. Walker con- Not more resembles [  
jectured that two half lines had Than he resembles] that sweet rosy  
lad, etc.

## Cymbeline

*Gui.* But we saw him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent ; let's see further.

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

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

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

130

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

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

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

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

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

*Cym.* How ! me ? 140

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that  
Which torments me to conceal. By villany  
I got this ring : 'twas Leonatus' jewel ;  
Whom thou didst banish ; and—which more may  
grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived  
'Twi'x sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my  
lord ?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

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

*Cym.* My daughter ! what of her ? Renew thy  
strength :

150

# Cymbeline

ACT V

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will  
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

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

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

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

*Iach.* All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Post-  
humus, 170  
Most like a noble lord in love and one  
That had a royal lover, took his hint;  
And, not dispraising whom we praised,—therein  
He was as calm as virtue—he began  
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being  
made,  
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags  
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description  
Proved us unspeaking sots.

164. *straight-pight*, erect.

165. *condition*, mind and  
character.

172. *hint*, occasion.

178. *unspeaking sots*, fools  
unable to express ourselves.

## Cymbeline

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.

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

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180

And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,

Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore

Upon his honour'd finger, to attain

In suit the place of's bed and win this ring

By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,

No lesser of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;

And would so, had it been a carbuncle

Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it 190

Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain

Post I in this design: well may you, sir,

Remember me at court; where I was taught

Of your chaste daughter the wide difference

'Twi't amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain

'Gan in your duller Britain operate

Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,

That I return'd with simular proof enough 200

To make the noble Leonatus mad,

By wounding his belief in her renown

With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes

Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—

O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks

Of secret on her person, that he could not

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—

Methinks, I see him now—

*Post.* [*Advancing*] Ay, so thou dost,

200. *simular*, plausibly  
feigned.

203. *averring*, confirming.

208. *the forfeit*, the fine paid  
for breach of a 'bond' or con-  
tract.

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

*Imo.* Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,

There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*]

*Pis.* O, gentlemen, help!

Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus! 230

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!

Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Post.* How come these staggers on me?

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!

*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike  
 me

221. *she herself*, i.e. virtue.

225. *Be villany less than 'twas*, let villany be a term for less heinous acts, those truly vile taking their name from Posthumus.

228. *Shall's*, shall we; from

the analogy of *let us*. It is found six times in Shakespeare. 'Can us,' 'may us,' in older Cockney English (Pegge, Dickens). Jespersen. *Engelske Casus*, § 130.

## Cymbeline

To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.* How fares my mistress?

*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;

Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!

*Pis.* Lady,

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

*Cym.* New matter still?

*Imo.* It poison'd me. X

*Cor.* O gods!

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

*Cym.* What's this, Cornelius?

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

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

*Bel.* My boys,

There was our error.

*Gui.* This is, sure, Fidele. 260

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady  
from you?

# Cymbeline

ACT V

Think that you are upon a rock ; and now  
Throw me again. [Embracing him.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Pis.* My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord  
Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and  
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death. By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket ; which directed him 280  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he enforced from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate  
My lady's honour : what became of him

262. *upon a rock*, i.e. 'as a shipwreck'd sailor.' Cf. the close of Goethe's *Tasso* :—

So klammert sich der Schiffer endlich noch  
Am Felsen fest.

271. *long of her*, by her doing.



## Cymbeline

I further know not.

*Gui.* Let me end the story :

I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forfend !

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

*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it. 290

*Cym.* He was a prince.

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

*Cym.* I am sorry for thee :

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and  
must

Endure our law : thou'rt dead.

*Imo.* That headless man

I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender, 300

And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king :

This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself ; and hath  
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms  
alone ;

They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent

As good as we ?

292. *incivil*, clownish.

305. *Had ever scar for*, ever deserved by their wounds.

# Cymbeline

ACT V

*Arv.* In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for 't.

*Bel.* We will die all three : 310

But I will prove that two on 's are as good  
As I have given out him. My sons, I must  
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.* Your danger's ours.

*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then, by leave.

Thou hadst, great king, a subject who  
Was call'd Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* He it is that hath  
Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd man;  
I know not how a traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence : 320  
The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot :  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;  
And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have received it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my sons!

*Bel.* I am too blunt and saucy: here's my  
knee:  
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;  
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How! my issue!

313. *For mine own part . . .* 319. *Assumed this age, be-*  
*dangerous, dangerous as regards* *come the old man you see.*  
*myself.*

## Cymbeline

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old  
Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :  
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-  
ment

sole.

Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—  
For such and so they are—these twenty years  
Have I train'd up : those arts they have as I  
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, 340  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
Upon my banishment : I moved her to 't,  
Having received the punishment before,  
For that which I did then : beaten for loyalty  
Excited me to treason : their dear loss,  
'The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.  
The benediction of these covering heavens 350  
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st.  
The service that you three have done is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children :  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleased awhile.  
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,  
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapp'd 360  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand

338. *those . . . as, such . . . as.*346. *shaped unto, fell in with.*354. *Unlike, unlikely.*361. *curious, elaborate.*

# Cymbeline

ACT V

Of his queen mother, which for more probation  
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he ;  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O, what, am I  
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother  
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be, 370  
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord ;  
I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When ye were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?

*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting loved ;  
Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct !  
When shall I hear all through? This fierce  
abridgement  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived  
you?

382. *fierce abridgement*, hurried summary.

*which distinction should be rich in*, separate narratives which ought to be followed out in all their rich detail.

383. *circumstantial branches*,

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
How parted with your brothers? how first met  
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?

These,

And your three motives to the battle, with  
I know not how much more, should be demanded;  
And all the other by-dependencies,

390

From chance to chance: but nor the time nor  
place

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,

Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye

On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting

Each object with a joy: the counterchange

Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,

And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold  
thee ever.

*Imo.* You are my father too, and did relieve  
me,

400

To see this gracious season.

*Cym.*

All o'erjoy'd,

Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,

For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.*

My good master,

I will yet do you service.

*Luc.*

Happy be you!

*Cym.* The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,  
He would have well becomed this place, and  
graced

The thankings of a king.

388. *your three motives*, the motives of you three.

390. *by-dependencies*, accessory circumstances.

392. *inter'gatories*, Tyrwhitt's conjecture for *Ff interrogatories*.

396. *the counterchange*, the look returning hers.

# Cymbeline

ACT V

*Post.*

I am, sir,

The soldier that did company these three  
 In poor beseeeming ; 'twas a fitment for  
 The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, 410  
 Speak, Iachimo : I had you down and might  
 Have made you finish.

*Iach.* [*Kneeling*]

I am down again :

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
 As then your force did. Take that life, beseech  
 you,  
 Which I so often owe : but your ring first ;  
 And here the bracelet of the truest princess  
 That ever swore her faith.

*Post.*

Kneel not to me :

The power that I have on you is to spare you ;  
 The malice towards you to forgive you : live,  
 And deal with others better.

*Cym.*

Nobly doom'd ! 420

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;  
 Pardon's the word to all.

*Arv.*

You help us, sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;  
 Joy'd are we that you are.

*Post.* Your servant, princes. Good my lord  
 of Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer : as I slept, methought  
 Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,  
 Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows  
 Of mine own kindred : when I waked, I found  
 This label on my bosom ; whose containing 430  
 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
 Make no collection of it : let him show

409. *fitment*, proper equip-  
 ment.

413. *sinks*, makes sink.

422. *help*, helped.

430. *containing*, contents.

431. *from sense*, beyond com-  
 prehension.

432. *Make no collection of it*,  
 draw no inference from it.

## Cymbeline

His skill in the construction.

*Luc.*

Philharmonus!

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.*

Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; 440 then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;

The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'

We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine

Is this most constant wife; who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,

450

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about

With this most tender air.

*Cym.*

This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline, Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n, For many years thought dead, are now revived, To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.*

Well;

My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,

Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,

460

433. *construction*, interpretation. There is clearly some corruption. For *this* Capell proposed *thy*,

449. *who*, i.e. Posthumus. Delius *your*.

# Cymbeline

ACT V

And to the Roman empire ; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;  
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,  
Have laid most heavy hand.

*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace. The vision  
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke  
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd ; for the Roman eagle,  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft, 470  
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun  
So vanish'd : which foreshow'd our princely eagle,  
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.* Laud we the gods ;  
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace  
To all our subjects. Set we forward : let  
A Roman and a British ensign wave 480  
Friendly together : so through Lud's-town march :  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.  
Set on there ! Never was a war did cease,  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.  
[*Exeunt.*



THE WINTER'S TALE :

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.  
 MAMILLIUS, young prince of Sicilia.  
 CAMILLO,  
 ANTIGONUS, } Four Lords of Sicilia  
 CLEOMENES, }  
 DION, }  
 POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.  
 FLORIZEL, prince of Bohemia.  
 ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.  
 Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.  
 Clown, his son.  
 AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.  
 A Mariner.  
 A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.  
 PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.  
 PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.  
 EMILIA, a lady attending on Hermione.  
 MOPSA, } Shepherdesses.  
 DORCAS, }

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants,  
 Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Sicilia, and Bohemia.*

### DURATION OF TIME

The time comprises eight days represented on the stage,  
 with intervals.

Day 1. I. 1., 2  
 „ 2. II. 1.  
       An interval of twenty-three days.  
 „ 3. II. 2., 3.; III. 1.  
 „ 4. III. 2.  
       An interval. Antigonus' voyage.  
 „ 5. III. 3.  
       An interval (IV. 1.) of sixteen years.  
 „ 6. IV. 2., 3.  
 „ 7. IV. 4.  
       An interval. Journey to Sicilia.  
 „ 8. V. 1.-3.

## INTRODUCTION

*THE WINTER'S TALE* was first published in the collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623, where it closes the series of Comedies. It is printed with relative accuracy, furnished with a list of dramatis personæ at the end, and divided into scenes as well as acts.

The date of *The Winter's Tale* can be determined within narrow limits. There is little doubt that Shakespeare put the last strokes to his manuscript some time between September 1610 and May 1611. On 15th May in the latter year the play was performed at the Globe, and it had previously been 'allowed' by the Master of the Revels, Sir George Buck, who had succeeded to that office in October 1610.<sup>1</sup> The Globe performance is known to us from a description of it left by the notorious astrologer, Dr. Simon Forman, which makes it clear that the play, whether new or otherwise, was new to him.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This important piece of evidence is derived from Buck's successor, Sir Henry Herbert, who on 19th August 1623 made the following entry in his office-book: 'For the king's players. An olde play called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewise by mee on Mr. Hemminges his worde that there was nothing

prophane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing.'

<sup>2</sup> No inference either way as to the novelty of the play can be drawn from these 'notes,' since Forman describes *Macbeth* (20th April 1610) and the old *Richard II.* (30th April 1611) with the same naïve particularity.

Yea  
Date  
1610  
1611

## The Winter's Tale

On the following 5th November it was performed before the Court, at Whitehall, by Shakespeare's company.<sup>1</sup>

The internal evidence entirely confirms the presumption that *The Winter's Tale* was, in fact, new when it was 'allowed,' and that it was therefore written either in 1610 or in the early months of 1611. Its qualities of form connect it altogether with the group of 'Romances.' Hardly anywhere is the subtle rhythmic instinct of Shakespeare's later maturity, which disintegrates the line in order to build up a richer music in the paragraph, so perfectly shown as in half-a-dozen speeches of Florizel and Perdita. 'Light' and 'weak' endings abound, and rhyme, except in the songs, is completely absent. It shares with *Cymbeline*, *Pericles*, and *Henry VIII.* the tragedy of slandered womanhood; with *Cymbeline*, *Pericles*, and *The Tempest*, the tender glow suffused over the reunion of lost kindred; with *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*, the final forgiveness of the evil-doers, and the delight in portraying the untaught children of nature; with *Cymbeline*, the carelessness in smaller points of dramatic technique, the easy mastery of what is great, the *Märchen*-like *motif* and treatment, and the seemingly capricious disarray of place and time.

*The Winter's Tale* was founded upon Robert Greene's romance *Pandosto*; a work very famous in its day, for it went through fourteen editions, and was dramatised in France and Holland<sup>2</sup> when *The Winter's Tale* was still completely unknown in either. It was first published in 1588, with the

<sup>1</sup> This is known from the entry recorded by the same Sir George Buck under this date: *A play called the Winters Nightes Tayle.*

<sup>2</sup> Jean Puget de la Serre's *Pandoste, ou la Princesse malheureuse*, 1631, and Voskuyl's *Dorastus en Fauniaas*, Amsterdam, 1637 (Bolte, *Shakspeare Jahrbuch*, xxvi. 90).

## Introduction

title: '*Pandosto, The Triumph of Time*. Wherein is Discovered by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spite of fortune it is most manifestly revealed. Pleasant for age to avoyde drowsie thoughts, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas*. By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*.' In the numerous subsequent editions the title *Pandosto* was replaced by *Dorastus and Fawnia*.

The germ of the romance was probably an actual incident in the fourteenth-century annals of Poland and Bohemia.<sup>1</sup> A king, Siemowitsch, conceived suspicions of his wife, a lady of the Bohemian court, threw her into prison, where she bore a son, then caused her to be strangled, and the child sent away. The child was finally restored to Siemowitsch, who died, deeply repentant, in 1381—the year in which Anne of Bohemia, a kinswoman of the murdered wife, gave her hand to Richard II. The lively intercourse with Bohemia which ensued upon that marriage may well have set the tradition of this bit of criminal history afloat in England. That such a tradition did exist is made probable by the undoubted survival of another fragment from the same source in *The Tempest*. A faint trace of the original locality perhaps survives in Greene's Bohemian king and court. But his execution was evidently controlled by the purest spirit of romance, according to the Sidneian and Lylyan model fashionable in 1588. The *Arcadia* served as model for the matter, the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Caro's article in *Englische Studien*, 1878; and Winter's *Tale and The Tempest*, 1885. Boyle's 'Shakespeare's *The*

## The Winter's Tale

Euphues for the speech. In the tragic story he framed a pastoral idyll, even outbidding Sidney's pseudo-classic *mise-en-scène* by permitting his injured Bohemian queen to appeal, with success, to the oracle of Delphi; while the personages throughout express their passions and their hesitations with an oppressive appetency, like Lyly's, for the symmetries of speech and the analogies of nature. His story is briefly this: Pandosto, king of Bohemia, conceives suspicions against his wife Bellaria and his guest Egistus, king of Sicily; their imprudent familiarity and real attachment give some colour to his doubt.

Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of curtesie). willing to show how unfaynedly shee loved her husband by his friends intertainment, used him likewise so familiarly that her countenance bewraied how her minde was affected towards him; oftentimes comming her selfe into his bed chamber, to see that nothing should be amis to mislike him. This honest familiarity increased dayly more and more betwixt them; for Bellaria, noting in Egistus a princely and bountifull mind, adorned with sundrie and excellent qualities, and Egistus, finding in her a vertuous and curteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the other (Hazlitt-Collier, *Shakspeare's Library*, iv. 25).

Pandosto, after long deliberation, instructs his cup-bearer, Franion, to poison Egistus, who, warned by Franion, hastily makes his escape to his own country. Furious at losing his prey, and not venturing openly to attack Egistus, who had 'married the Emperour's daughter of Russja,' Pandosto throws Bellaria into prison. There, after several months, she bears a child, which Pandosto causes to be cast adrift in an open boat, while she herself is brought to trial for her life. All her pleading proving vain,

She fell downe upon her knees, and desired the king that . . . hee would graunt her a request; which was this, that it would please his majestie to send sixe of his noble men whome he

## Introduction

best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to inquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poison him with Franion; and if the god Apollo, who by his divine essence knew all secrets, gave answer that she was guilty, she were content to suffer any torment were it never so terrible. The request was so reasonable that Pandosto could not for fame deny it, unless he would be counted of all his subjects more wilful than wise.

The oracle is brought, and its contents, acquitting Bellaria, openly read; whereupon Pandosto forthwith repents, seeks his wife's pardon, and promises to reconcile himself also with Egistus and Franion. But it is too late. News is brought of the sudden death of his son Garintes; whereupon Bellaria, overpowered by the reaction from joy to grief, 'fell down presently dead.' In the meantime the babe, in its open boat, after tossing for two days in storm, had been driven on to the shore of Sicily. There it is discovered by the old shepherd Porrus, who brings the child up. At a 'meeting of all the farmers' daughters in Sicilia' Fawnia encounters Dorastus, the son of Egistus. Their love is described not without charm. Fearing her betrayal, Porrus and his wife plot to inform the king. Dorastus forestalls him, however, by secretly embarking with Fawnia; and his servant Capnio, meeting Porrus on his way to the palace, forces him on board the same ship. A storm drives them upon the coast of Bohemia. Brought before Pandosto, Dorastus represents himself as a knight, one Meleagrus, and Fawnia as an Italian lady, betrothed to him. But Pandosto is captivated by her beauty, thrusts Dorastus into prison, and openly woos her. At length Egistus learns of his son's captivity, and sends ambassadors to entreat that he may be released, and Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio put to death. The sentence is already pronounced when Porrus, disburdening his conscience before his

## The Winter's Tale

end, relates his discovery of Fawnia, and displays the jewels found with her. Joyful reconciliation follows, and Porrus 'of a shepherd is made a knight'; but Pandosto, calling to mind his many errors, falls into a melancholy fit, and 'to close up the Comedie,' as Greene puts it, with a 'tragicall stratagem,' puts an end to his life.

Such a subject offered still graver difficulties to the dramatist than did Lodge's kindred romance *Rosalynde*, which had been transformed, a decade before, into *As You Like It*. There also, a pastoral idyll had been grafted upon a tale of tragic feud. But Lodge had not, like Greene, followed the licence of the older romantic dramas denounced by Sidney, where, within the limits of five acts, children were followed from the cradle to the altar and beyond.

It is clear, too, that the significance and beauty of the earlier romance lay for Shakespeare altogether in the Arden scenes, so that the early history of Orlando, voluminously recorded by Lodge, could be treated as a mere prelude—a blaze of martial trumpets heralding a pastoral symphony. It is equally clear that in *Pandosto* he was arrested by the tragic story of fatuity and retribution even more than by the idyll of rustic love. Frederick and Oliver are capriciously cruel and capriciously repentant, like Leontes. But their cruelty and their repentance are little more than theatrical devices which open the charmed gates of Arden to the wooing lovers and restore them to the brilliant court when won. The cruelty of Leontes and his repentance, the sufferings of Hermione, the intervention of Paulina, are drawn with a feeling for ethical *chiaroscuro* of which in *As You Like It* there is hardly a trace. And the idyll of Perdita owes much of its subtler charm, when compared with that of Rosalind, to our perception that it is an element in the harmonious solution of a longer story



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Hence the action of *The Winter's Tale* falls into two sharply-marked phases, each occupying almost exactly half the play (acts i.-iii., iv.-v.)—a 'wasp-like' structure nowhere else in Shakespeare approached. The drama owes its beautiful harmony of effect very little to mechanical coherence of plot. Accidents of wind and wave, fortunate discovery and miraculous secrecy, play an even larger part than in the Romance. The bear which devours Antigonus after he has exposed the babe is a less poetic and certainly not a more dramatic expedient for securing her fate from her father's knowledge, than Greene's open boat. The sixteen years' concealment of Hermione, and the supposed sixteen years' concealment of Giulio Romano's statue of her, are short cuts to the superb final scene which nothing but their daring simplicity recommends.

For such seeming licences Shakespeare has hinted a justification in the title; and three other passages (in v. 2.) carry the hint home. 'This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion,' says the Second Gentleman, and as each new marvel is rehearsed, the verdict is 'like an old tale still.' It is plain that Shakespeare did not attempt to efface the marks of the 'old tale' in his materials; at certain points he even heightens them. He repeats with perfect gravity Greene's geographical and historical eccentricities, and caps the oracle of Delphos and the coast of Bohemia with a sculptor, Giulio Romano.

Nearly all the characters are touched with the caprice, the sudden impulses, the rapid changes, of romance; and what is more, Shakespeare, in drawing them, seems at times to forego his profound art of disclosing the psychical past and future of his persons in a few touches, and to reveal only the momentary

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mood. Leontes is, even at the close, not so much a character as a series of moods, each as luminous as the pieces in a kaleidoscope, and as incoherent. The very nobility of Hermione makes his caprice more extravagant than Pandosto's. Jealousy takes possession of him like a sudden blast, and leaves him as suddenly.<sup>1</sup> Polixenes is a far loftier and stabler nature, but the outburst which shatters the idyll of the fourth act is as unforeseen as that by which Leontes shatters the harmonious friendship of the first.

The Shakespearean quality of the play centres chiefly in four characters. Two of them are already adumbrated in Greene; two are wholly original.

In Perdita and her little pastoral world, we have Shakespeare's last and most beautiful rendering of the *motifs* of pastoral poetry. Sicilia is not, like Arden, a meeting-place of piquant incongruities where the shepherd to the manner born is set off by the courtier posing as shepherd, and both by the conventional shepherd of literature. All three types are indeed present, but their divergences are not humorously exposed and exhibited, but subdued into modulations of a rich harmony, the ground-tone of which is drawn from the actual life of English shepherd folk in their blithest mood. Here Florizel mingles and here Perdita grows up. They speak the same choice and beautiful language, as little coloured, in his case, by the dialect of courtly and literary pastoralism, as, in hers, by rustic rudeness, but embodying in its noble simplicity, in its blending of

<sup>1</sup> One degree less suddenly, however, than Pandosto, who acquiesces instantly on hearing the oracle. Leontes has a moment of rebellion:

There is no truth at all i' the oracle :

The sessions shall proceed.

Then comes the news of Mammillius' death, and he is broken :

Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice.

## Introduction

high-bred delicacy and wild untaught charm, the inmost impulses from which all true pastoral has sprung.

Perdita is foreshadowed in Fawnia, but Greene has no hint of Autolycus. This last and not least delightful of Shakespeare's jesters is, like Perdita and Florizel, conceived with the finest congruity to his surroundings. Instead of being a court-jester adrift, like Touchstone, he is the embodiment of rustic knavery, shrewdness and gaiety,—a frequenter of wakes, fairs, bear-baiting and country feasts. Touchstone adds flavour to the atmosphere of Arden, but contributes almost nothing to the plot. Autolycus is not only the source of almost all the humour in the play, his interventions repeatedly give the action the needful lucky turn. He secures Florizel's escape and prevents Polixenes from learning it. He is called, he tells us, after the fabled son of Mercury, of whom Shakespeare read in Ovid (*Metam.* ix. 313 f.) that he had all his father's cunning; and the incensed Apollo of the Leontes story has a comic counterpart in the Autolycus-Mercury of the Pastoral.

But Shakespeare's most remarkable modification of Greene's work is in the story of Hermione. Greene's Bellaria, as has been seen, gave some pretext for her husband's suspicions; those of Leontes are forged out of the ordinary courtesies of Elizabethan hospitality,<sup>1</sup> the noble frankness of a woman for whom disloyalty is inconceivable. Bellaria's protest on meeting the charge is not without nobility; but she protests too much, and at the subsequent trial condescends to beg that the evidence of her guilt

<sup>1</sup> The ceremonial kiss between guest and hostess, invariable in the courtly society of the middle ages, lingered longer in England than on the Continent. Erasmus regarded it as one of the many advantages of English hospitality, and it is repeatedly implied by Shakespeare.

## The Winter's Tale

may be produced and Apollo's oracle consulted. Shakespeare has not attempted thus to heighten the pathos of Hermione at the cost of her dignity; the appeal to Delphi is due to Leontes' weary conscience, not to her entreaty, and her final swoon at Mamillius' death is pathetic in proportion to her previous self-control.

Such an end to her story, however, would have been quite out of keeping with the manner in which it has so far been told. Leontes' fury seems to promise tragedy enough, but it is exhibited under conditions which hint that the promise will not be finally kept. He is an isolated madman, with no Iago or Iachimo at his elbow to turn his weak moments to evil account; no rotten society about him to warp or poison his better self. On the contrary, his whole *entourage* seems designed (quite contrary to Shakespeare's wont in drawing courts) to expose his morbid infatuation to a continual corrective of good feeling and good sense. He himself cannot bear the imputation of tyranny, and quails before the vehemence of Paulina. He is not of the stuff of which Shakespeare makes tragic heroes, or for whom he provides a pitiless Nemesis. Hermione, then, had to live. Her secret concealment recalls that of Hero in *Much Ado*. It is not known whence Shakespeare took the beautiful device of her discovery. A. v. Schack pointed out a parallel in Lope's *El Mármol de Feliardo*; but it consists merely in the stratagem of a young lover who carries his point by procuring his father's permission to be wedded to a 'marble statue.' A closer and very interesting parallel has lately been pointed out by J. Bolte in the Dutch drama of *Alcinca, or Steadfast Chastity*, by Hendrike de Graeff, 1671.<sup>1</sup> But this may very well be, like several earlier

<sup>1</sup> Bolte, in *Jahrbuch der Sh. Gesellschaft*, xxvi. 87.

## Introduction

Dutch dramas, an imitation of *The Winter's Tale*, and in any case gives no clue to its source. It is briefly noticed in the next section.

The resemblance in the entire situation to the climax of Euripides' *Alceſtis* is very striking, even in some slight details. In both, as has been well noticed, the injured wife does not speak to her husband. Hermione's few words of exquisite tenderness are bestowed upon Perdita, almost the only words in Shakespeare which render the deep and tender relation between mother and daughter. That he knew Euripides' play itself is an untenable view, but he may well have known the story.

This solution of Hermione's fate perhaps suggested the admirable figure of its contriver and executant, Paulina. The overmastering energy of goodness is embodied in her, as prudence and craft in Camillo; and these two play the chief part in guiding the action to its benign end. Camillo furthers the fortunes first of Polixenes, then of Florizel; Paulina is a rough-tongued conscience to Leontes, whose constant presence, as Mr. Watkiss Lloyd has finely said, is necessary to make it intelligible 'how such a mind as that of Leontes could have the force and freshness of feeling, after sixteen years elapsed, that are required to give interest to the recognition, and to satisfy our sympathies with the honour of Hermione.'

*The Winter's Tale* seems to have at once established itself in the favour of the London public, and particularly of the Court. Played at Whitehall in November 1611, it was one of the Shakespearean plays chosen, two years later, for performance during the festivities of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage.<sup>1</sup> Jonson's somewhat ill-tempered allusion in his *Bartholomew Fair* (Induction) to 'those that beget

<sup>1</sup> Lord Treasurer Stanhope's Accounts.

## The Winter's Tale

*Tales, Tempests*, and such like drolleries,' must also be taken as an involuntary tribute to its fame. In 1623 and in 1633 we hear of other performances at Court, and that it was 'likt' there; while the Censor's renewed 'allowance' of the play to Heminge, already quoted, in August 1623, shows that it was still in request on the popular stage. The unhappy prominence of Bohemia and its 'sinner king and queen' in contemporary European politics probably stimulated the vogue of the play at Whitehall; while the nation at large acquired a rudimentary conception of the geographical bearings of the focus of the war, and unlettered watermen like John Taylor,<sup>1</sup> as well as scholars like Jonson,<sup>2</sup> could twit Shakespeare with its 'sea-coast.'

To the Restoration age these Romantic eccentricities were naturally still less intelligible than to his own. Dryden in his most petulant mood singled out *The Winter's Tale* with *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Measure for Measure* as examples of plays which were 'either grounded on impossibilities or at least so meanly written that the comedy neither caus'd your mirth nor the serious parts your concernment.'<sup>3</sup>

Almost simultaneously with this disparaging dictum, *The Winter's Tale* had, to all appearance, found admiring imitation in Holland. Hendrik de Graeff's play *Alcinea* (1671) seems to combine *motifs* from *Cymbeline* with the great recognition-scene of *The Winter's Tale*. Alcinea, queen of Alba, is accused of infidelity to her absent husband, Karismont. He

<sup>1</sup> 'I am no sooner eased of him, but Gregorie Gandergoose, an Alderman of Gotham, catches me by the goll, demanding if *Bohemia* be a great Towne, and whether there be any meat in it, and whether the last fleet of

ships be arrived there' (Taylor, *Travels to Prague in Bohemia*, 1630).

<sup>2</sup> Drummond's *Conversations*.

<sup>3</sup> Preface to *The Conquest of Granada*, 1672 (quot. *Cent. of Shakespeare's Praise*, p. 351).

## Introduction

sends a servant with orders to slay her. The deed is no sooner performed than the slanderer, Klarimeen, confesses his guilt and her innocence. The husband, in despair, returns to offer sacrifice at his wife's grave. Klarimeen's betrothed, Polimia, has, however, contrived to save Alcinea, and is keeping her in hiding as a shepherdess. Polimia causes Alcinea to stand like a statue upon the grave. The king kneels, and addresses her in a long impassioned prayer. As he is about to kiss the image 'for Alcinea,' it takes his hand and speaks. He is lost in amazement:—

O heaven, what is this? The image holds my hand!  
Where shall I hide from shame?

Explanations follow, and the play closes with forgiveness of the slanderer and profuse compliments to the steadfast chastity of the queen.<sup>1</sup>

Lastly, it is only necessary to mention the graceful romantic drama in which Coleridge, like Graeff, interwove the kindred motives of *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*.

<sup>1</sup> Bolte, in *Shakspeare Jahrbuch*, xxvi. 87.





# THE WINTER'S TALE

## ACT I

### SCENE I. *Antechamber in LEONTES' palace.*

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*Arch.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves ; for indeed— 10

*Cam.* Beseech you,—

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, \* unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

7. *Bohemia*, the King of Bohemia.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT I

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my under-<sup>20</sup>  
standing instructs me and as mine honesty puts  
it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind  
to Bohemia. They were trained together in  
their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them  
then such an affection, which cannot choose but  
branch now. Since their more mature dignities  
and royal necessities made separation of their  
society, their encounters, though not personal,  
have been royally attorneyed with interchange<sup>30</sup>  
of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have  
seemed to be together, though absent, shook  
hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were,  
from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens  
continue their loves!

*Arch.* I think there is not in the world either  
malice or matter to alter it. You have an un-  
speakable comfort of your young prince Mamil-  
lius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise  
that ever came into my note.<sup>40</sup>

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the  
hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that  
indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts  
fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was  
born desire yet their life to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse why  
they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son, they would  
desire to live on crutches till he had one.<sup>50</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

26. *which*, as.

33. *vast*, boundless sea (or  
sea of which the bounds are  
invisible).

38. *of*, in.

40. *note*, knowledge.

43. *the subject*, (collective) the  
king's subjects.

SCENE II. *A room of state in the same.*

*Enter* LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS,  
POLIXENES, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

*Pol.* Nine changes of the watery star hath  
been

The shepherd's note since we have left our throne  
Without a burthen : time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt : and therefore, like a cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply  
With one 'We thank you' many thousands more  
That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks a while ;  
And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow. 10  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance  
Or breed upon our absence ; that may blow  
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say  
'This is put forth too truly : ' besides, I have  
stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

2. *note*, observation, reckon-  
ing.

12. *that may blow*, etc. This  
sentence is somewhat loosely de-  
pendent upon the previous one,  
—'fears of what may chance'  
being mentally replaced by the

equivalent 'wish that they may  
not,'—that no sneaping winds,  
etc.

13. *sneaping*, nipping.

14. '*This is put forth too  
truly*,' this foreboding is too  
well justified.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT I

*Leon.* We'll part the time between's then ;  
and in that  
I'll no gainsaying.

*Pol.* Press me not, beseech you, so.  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the  
world, 20  
So soon as yours could win me : so it should now,  
Were there necessity in your request, although  
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder  
Were in your love a whip to me ; my stay  
To you a charge and trouble : to save both,  
Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* Tongue-tied our queen ? speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my peace  
until  
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,  
sir,  
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure 30  
All in Bohemia's well ; this satisfaction  
The by-gone day proclaim'd : say this to him,  
He's beat from his best ward.

*Leon.* Well said, Hermione.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :  
But let him say so then, and let him go ;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.  
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure  
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission 40  
To let him there a month behind the gest

18. 's, us.

33. *ward*, posture (in fencing).

39. *at*, in.

40. *commission*, warrant.

41. *To let him*, to permit him  
to remain.

41. *gest* (Fr. *gîte*, 'lodging'),  
an appointed stage or resting-  
place in a royal progress ; hence  
the time appointed for resuming  
the journey.

Prefix'd for 's parting : yet, good deed, Leontes,  
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind  
What lady-she her lord. You 'll stay ?

*Pol.* No, madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will ?

*Pol.* I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily !

You put me off with limber vows ; but I,  
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with  
oaths,

Should yet say ' Sir, no going.' Verily,

You shall not go : a lady's ' Verily ' 's

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees

When you depart, and save your thanks. How  
say you ?

My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread ' Verily,'  
One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your guest, then, madam :  
To be your prisoner should import offending ;  
Which is for me less easy to commit  
Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your gaoler, then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you 60  
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys :  
You were pretty lordings then ?

*Pol.* We were, fair queen,  
Two lads that thought there was no more behind  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord

42. *good deed*, in verity.

43. *jar*, tick.

44. *What lady-she*, any woman of rank.

47. *limber*, pliant.

53. *pay your fees*, the fees paid by prisoners on their liberation from prison.

The verier wag o' the two?

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i'  
the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we changed  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not

The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd 70

That any did. Had we pursued that life,

And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd  
heaven

Boldly 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd

Hereditary ours.

*Her.* By this we gather

You have tripp'd since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred lady!

Temptations have since then been born to's; for

In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;

Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes

Of my young play-fellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot!

80

Of this make no conclusion, lest you say

Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;

The offences we have made you do we'll answer,

If you first sinn'd with us and that with us

You did continue fault and that you slipp'd not

With any but with us.

*Leon.* Is he won yet?

*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

*Leon.* At my request he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest

To better purpose.

*Her.* Never?

70. *no, nor dream'd*; so F<sub>1-4</sub>.  
*Nor dream'd*, F<sub>1</sub>, making a line  
which, however it be scanned,  
Shakespeare cannot have written.

73. *blood, passions.*

74. *the imposition clear'd*  
*hereditary ours*, setting aside the  
'original sin' we inherit as men.

76. *sacred, royal.*

80. *Grace to boot, Grace aid us!*

## The Winter's Tale

*Leon.*

Never, but once.

*Her.* What! have I twice said well? when  
was 't before? 90I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's  
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying  
tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:

My last good deed was to entreat his stay:

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace

But once before I spoke to the purpose: when? 100

Nay, let me have 't; I long.

*Leon.*

Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to  
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand

And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter

'I am yours for ever.'

*Her.*

'Tis grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose  
twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

The other for some while a friend.

*Leon.*[*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances; 110

But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment

May a free face put on, derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,

96. *heat*, run over in a single  
course or 'heat.'104. *clap thyself my love*,  
plight thyself by clasp of hands.110. *tremor cordis*, 'trembling  
of the heart.'113. *fertile bosom*, expansive  
kindness.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT I

And well become the agent ; 't may, I grant ;  
 But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,  
 As now they are, and making practised smiles,  
 As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere  
 The mort o' the deer ; O, that is entertainment  
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows ! Mamillius,  
 Art thou my boy ?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* I' fecks ! 120  
 Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd  
 thy nose ?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
 We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :  
 And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf  
 Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling  
 Upon his palm !—How now, you wanton calf !  
 Art thou my calf ?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots  
 that I have,  
 To be full like me : yet they say we are  
 Almost as like as eggs ; women say so, 130  
 That will say any thing : but were they false  
 As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false  
 As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes  
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true  
 To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,  
 Look on me with your welkin eye : sweet villain !

118. *mort o' the deer*, notes of the horn, blown to announce the death of the quarry.

120. *I' fecks*, a colloquial variation for *i' faith*.

121. *bawcock*, a term of endearment, like 'chuck,' but always masculine (*beau coq*).

125. *neat*, i.e. (horned) cattle.

ib. *virginalling*, playing

with the fingers as on the virginals or spinnet.

128. *a rough pash*, an uneven forehead (i.e. with budding horns).

132. *o'er-dyed blacks*, mourning garments made of old faded stuffs dyed.

136. *welkin*, blue.



Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't  
be?—

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:  
Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?— 140  
With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent  
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,  
And that beyond commission, and I find it,  
And that to the infection of my brains  
And hardening of my brows.

*Pol.* What means Sicilia?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How, my lord!

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

*Her.* You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you moved, my lord?

*Leon.* No, in good earnest 150

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil

137. *Most dear'st! my collop!*  
It was a proverbial saying that  
'it is a dear collop that is cut  
out of thy own flesh.'

138. *Affection! thy intention  
stabs the centre*, etc. Leontes,  
momentarily mistrusting his sus-  
picion, as he contemplates his  
son ('*May't be?*'), suddenly  
realises the tyranny of emotion  
(*'affection'*) over insight; and  
utters the discovery in brief but  
obscure ejaculations, the general  
sense of which is as follows: The  
intensity ('*intention'*) of '*affec-  
tion'*' pierces to and masters the

inmost thoughts of man ('*the  
centre'*'); makes him believe  
things he thought impossible;  
takes part with and persuades  
him of the reality of dreams and  
idle fancies; whence (142) it is  
very credible that it may per-  
suade him of the reality of things  
which have a basis in reality,  
even beyond the warrant of that  
basis.

142. *credent*, credible.

154. *methoughts*; an Eliza-  
bethan form of *methought* (which  
also occurs, e.g. five lines below,  
on the analogy of *methinks*).

# The Winter's Tale

ACT I

Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,  
 In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,  
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous :  
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend, 160  
 Will you take eggs for money?

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leon.* You will! why, happy man be's dole!

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we  
 Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.*

If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,  
 Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,  
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :  
 He makes a July's day short as December,  
 And with his varying childness cures in me  
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood. 170

*Leon.*

So stands this squire

Officed with me : we two will walk, my lord,  
 And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione  
 How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome ;  
 Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap :  
 Next to thyself and my young rover, he's  
 Apparent to my heart.

*Her.*

If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden : shall's attend you  
 there?

160. *squash*, unripe peapod.  
 161. *Will you take eggs for money?* A proverb, meaning : 'Will you submit to be paid in eggs instead of coin?' 'will you put up with an affront?'  
 163. *happy man be's dole*, also a proverb : May it be his

portion to be a 'happy man.'  
 170. *childness*, childish humours.  
 171. *So stands . . . offic'd*, 'Such is Mamillius' office with me.'  
 177. *Apparent*, next heir.  
 178. *shall's*, shall we.

*Leon.* To your own bents dispose you : you'll  
 be found,  
 Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling  
 now, 180  
 Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
 Go to, go to !  
 How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !  
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
 To her allowing husband !  
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and*  
*Attendants.*]

Gone already !

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd  
 one !  
 Go, play, boy, play : thy mother plays, and I  
 Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue  
 Will hiss me to my grave : contempt and clamour  
 Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There  
 have been, 190  
 Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now ;  
 And many a man there is, even at this present,  
 Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
 That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence  
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
 Sir Smile, his neighbour : nay, there 's comfort in 't  
 Whiles other men have gates and those gates  
 open'd,  
 As mine, against their will. Should all despair  
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
 Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is  
 none ; 200  
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

183. *neb*, bill (lips).

201. *It is a bawdy planet*, etc.,  
 Vice is a sort of planet of un-

chastity (cf. a rhyming planet,  
*Much Ado*, v. 2. 40), whose in-  
 fluence makes wives unfaithful  
 wherever it prevails.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT I

Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think it,  
From east, west, north and south : be it concluded,  
No barricado for a belly ; know 't ;  
It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage : many thousand on 's  
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy !

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leon.* Why, that 's some comfort.

What, Camillo there ?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord.

210

*Leon.* Go play, Mamillius ; thou 'rt an honest  
man. [Exit Mamillius.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor  
hold :

When you cast out, it still came home.

*Leon.* Didst note it ?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions ; made  
His business more material.

*Leon.* Didst perceive it ?

[*Aside*] They 're here with me already, whispering,  
rounding

'Sicilia is a so-forth : ' 'tis far gone,  
When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,  
That he did stay ?

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty. 220

*Leon.* At the queen's be't : 'good' should be  
pertinent ;

But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine ?  
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in  
More than the common blocks : not noted, is 't,  
But of the finer natures ? by some severals

214. *came home*, failed to take  
hold.

222. *taken*, perceived.

217. *rounding*, whispering.

226. *severals*, individuals.

Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes  
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord! I think most under-  
stand

Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leon* Ha!

*Cam.* Stays here longer. 230

*Leon.* Ay, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leon.* Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived

240

In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon.* To bide upon 't, thou art not honest, or,  
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,  
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining  
From course required; or else thou must be  
counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust  
And therein negligent; or else a fool  
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake  
drawn,

And takest it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,

227. *lower messes*, those who  
dine at the lower tables, sub-  
ordinates, menials.

237. *chamber-councils*, private  
designs.

242. *To bide upon 't*, to con-  
tinue, or dwell upon it.

236. *nearest things to*, things  
nearest to.

244. *hoxes*, hamstrings,  
maims.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT I

I may be negligent, foolish and fearful ; 250  
 In every one of these no man is free,  
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
 Among the infinite doings of the world,  
 Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,  
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
 It was my folly ; if industriously  
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
 Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful  
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
 Whereof the execution did cry out 260  
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
 Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,  
 Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty  
 Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,  
 Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass  
 By its own visage : if I then deny it,  
 'Tis none of mine.

*Leon.* Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—  
 But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass  
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—  
 For to a vision so apparent rumour 270  
 Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation  
 Resides not in that man that does not think,—  
 My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,  
 Or else be impudently negative,  
 To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say  
 My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
 As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
 Before her troth-plight : say 't and justify 't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by to hear  
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 280  
 My present vengeance taken : 'shrew my heart,  
 You never spoke what did become you less

256. *industriously*, deliber-  
 ately.

266. *its* ( $F_1$  it's).  
 281. *present*, instant.

Than this ; which to reiterate were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing ?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?  
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh ?—a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot ?  
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?  
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes 290  
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?  
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing ;  
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;  
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these  
    nothings,  
If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cured  
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes ;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leon.* Say it be, 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.* It is ; you lie, you lie :  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both : were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who does infect her ?

*Leon.* Why, he that wears her like her medal,  
    hanging.  
About his neck, Bohemia : who, if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour as their profits, 310

# The Winter's Tale

ACT I

Their own particular thrifts, they would do that  
Which should undo more doing : ay, and thou,  
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form  
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see  
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,  
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,  
But with a lingering dram that should not work 320  
Maliciously like poison : but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have loved thee,—

*Leon.* Make that thy question, and go rot !  
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,  
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son, 330  
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,  
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir :  
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't ;  
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness  
Will take again your queen as yours at first,

311. *particular thrifts*, private gains.

313. *meaner form*, lower place (with an allusion to the lower seats in hall).

314. *bench'd*, raised to authority.

317. *wink*, sleep.

319. *rash*, quick.

324. *Make that thy question*, treat Hermione's guilt as open to discussion, and be cursed !

326. *appoint myself*, dress myself.

333. *bleench*, swerve (from reason).



Even for your son's sake ; and thereby for sealing  
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.*

Thou dost advise me

Even so as I mine own course have set down : 340  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My lord,

Go then ; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia  
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer :  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.*

This is all :

Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart ;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.*

I'll do't, my lord.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised  
me. [Exit. 350

*Cam.* O miserable lady ! But, for me,  
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master, one  
Who in rebellion with himself will have  
All that are his so too. To do this deed,  
Promotion follows. If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't ; but since  
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one, 360  
Let villany itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court : to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now !  
Here comes Bohemia.

337. *thereby*, moreover.

accusing tongues.

ib. *for sealing the injury of  
tongues*, in order to seal up

356. *so*, i.e. in rebellion with  
themselves.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT I

*Re enter* POLIXENES.

*Pol.* This is strange : methinks  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?  
Good day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Pol.* What is the news i' the court?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a countenance  
As he had lost some province and a region  
Loved as he loves himself : even now I met him 370  
With customary compliment ; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and  
So leaves me to consider what is breeding  
That changeth thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How ! dare not ! do not. Do you know,  
and dare not ?

Be intelligent to me : 'tis thereabouts ;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo, 380  
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror  
Which shows me mine changed too ; for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper, but  
I cannot name the disease ; and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How ! caught of me !  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk :  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better

372. *Wafting to the contrary*, turning hastily in the opposite direction. 378. *intelligent*, communicative.

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,— 390  
 As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto  
 Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns  
 Our gentry than our parents' noble names,  
 In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,  
 If you know aught which does behove my know-  
 ledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not  
 In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
 I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
 I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400  
 Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least  
 Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare  
 What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
 Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
 Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
 If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I will tell you;  
 Since I am charged in honour and by him  
 That I think honourable: therefore mark my  
 counsel,

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as  
 I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me 410  
 Cry lost, and so good night!

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he  
 swears,

394. *In whose success, by virtue*  
 of succeeding whom.

397. *ignorant concealment,*  
 concealment under the pretext  
 of ignorance.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT I

As he had seen 't or been an instrument  
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly and my name  
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard or read!

420

*Cam.* Swear his thought over  
By each particular star in heaven and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon  
As or by oath remove or counsel shake  
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is piled upon his faith and will continue  
The standing of his body.

430

*Pol.* How should this grow?

*Cam.* I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!  
Your followers I will whisper to the business,  
And will by twos and threes at several posterns  
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For, by the honour of my parents, I

440

416. *vice*, screw, force.

419. *his*, etc., the name of  
Judas Iscariot.

424. *Swear his thought over*,  
overswear his thought; try to

bear it down by oaths taken in  
the name of every star, etc.

430. *continue the standing of  
his body*, i.e. as long as his body  
stands.

441. *discovery*, disclosure.

Have utter'd truth : which if you seek to prove,  
 I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer  
 Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,  
 thereon

His execution sworn.

*Pol.*

I do believe thee :

I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand :

Be pilot to me and thy places shall

Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and

My people did expect my hence departure

450

Two days ago. This jealousy

Is for a precious creature : as she 's rare,

Must it be great, and as his person 's mighty,

Must it be violent, and as he does conceive

He is dishonour'd by a man which ever

Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must

In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;

460

I will respect thee as a father if

Thou bear'st my life off hence : let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command

The keys of all the posterns : please your highness

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*

448. *places*, station.

*nothing*, etc., involved (with Polyxenes) in his suspicions, but

459. *part of his theme*, but

in no wise sharing it.

The Winter's Tale

ACT II

ACT II. Notice of a Fletcherian

SCENE I. A room in LEONTES' palace.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me  
as if

I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because  
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught you this ?

Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray  
now

What colour are your eyebrows ?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's  
nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady. Hark ye ;

The queen your mother rounds apace : we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince

11. Who taught you this? Rowe's reading for F<sub>1</sub> who taught  
'this.'

One of these days ; and then you 'ld wanton with  
us,

If we would have you.

*Sec. Lady.* She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk : good time encounter her ! 20

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come,  
sir, now

I am for you again : pray you, sit by us,  
And tell 's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry or sad shall 't be ?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale 's best for winter : I have one  
Of sprites and goblins.

*Her.* Let 's have that, good sir.  
Come on, sit down : come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites ; you 're powerful  
at it.

*Mam.* There was a man—

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a churchyard : I will tell it  
softly ; 30

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on, then,  
And give 't me in mine ear.

*Enter* LEONTES, *with* ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and*  
others.

*Leon.* Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo  
with him ?

*First Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met  
them ; never  
Saw I men scour so on their way : I eyed them  
Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How blest am I  
In my just censure, in my true opinion !

# The Winter's Tale

ACT II

Alack, for lesser knowledge ! how accursed  
 In being so blest ! There may be in the cup  
 A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart, 40  
 And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge  
 Is not infected : but if one present  
 The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
 With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the  
 spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pandar :  
 There is a plot against my life, my crown ;  
 All's true that is mistrusted : that false villain  
 Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him :  
 He has discover'd my design, and I 50  
 Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick  
 For them to play at will. How came the posterns  
 So easily open ?

*First Lord.* By his great authority ;  
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so  
 On your command.

*Leon.* I know't too well.  
 Give me the boy : I am glad you did not nurse  
 him :

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
 Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this ? sport ?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence ; he shall not come  
 about her ;

Away with him ! and let her sport herself 60  
 With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes  
 Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say he had not,

39. *There may be in the cup,*  
 etc. The spider was held to be  
 venomous, but with the reserve  
 that ignorance was a charm  
 against its infection.

45. *hefts,* retchings.  
 50. *He has discover'd,* (Camillo)  
 has betrayed.  
 51. *pinch'd,* tricked, outwitted.  
 ib. *trick,* toy; plaything.



And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,  
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*Leon.*

You, my lords,

Look on her, mark her well ; be but about  
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add  
'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable :'  
Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and  
straight

70

The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands  
That calumny doth use—O, I am out—  
That mercy does, for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself : these shrugs, these hums and ha's,  
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between  
Ere you can say 'she's honest :' but be't known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should  
be,

She's an adulteress.

*Her.*

Should a villain say so,

The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

80

*Leon.*

You have mistook, my lady,

Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar : I have said  
She's an adulteress ; I have said with whom :  
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is

64. *to the nayward*, to denial.

71. *brands*, stigmas.

79. *replenish'd*, complete.

82. *thou thing, which I'll not call*, etc. ; he will not call a queen by the 'bold title' she has deserved.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT II

A federary with her, and one that knows 90  
 What she should shame to know herself  
 But with her most vile principal, that she's  
 A bed-swerver, even as bad as those  
 That vulgars give bold'st titles, ay, and privy  
 To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
 Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,  
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
 You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,  
 You scarce can right me throughly then to say  
 You did mistake.

*Leon.* No; if I mistake 100  
 In those foundations which I build upon,  
 The centre is not big enough to bear  
 A school-boy's top. Away with her! to prison!  
 He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty  
 But that he speaks.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns:  
 I must be patient till the heavens look  
 With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,  
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
 Commonly are; the want of which vain dew  
 Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have 110  
 That honourable grief lodged here which burns  
 Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my  
 lords,  
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
 Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
 The king's will be perform'd!

*Leon.* Shall I be heard?

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me? Beseech  
 your highness,  
 My women may be with me; for you see

90. *federary*, accomplice. (as the centre of the planetary  
 102. *The centre*, the earth system).

My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;  
There is no cause : when you shall know your  
mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears 120

As I come out : this action I now go on

Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord :

I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now

I trust I shall. My women, come ; you have leave.

*Leon.* Go, do our bidding ; hence !

[*Exit Queen, guarded ; with Ladies.*

*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the  
queen again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir, lest your  
justice

Prove violence ; in the which three great ones  
suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

*First Lord.* For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir, 130

Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless

I' the eyes of heaven and to you ; I mean,

In this which you accuse her.

*Ant.* If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;

Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her ;

For every inch of woman in the world,

Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,

If she be.

*Leon.* Hold your peaces.

*First Lord.*

Good my lord,—

118. *fools* ; here a term of tender familiarity.

121. *action*, lawsuit, trial.

122. *for my better grace*, to set me in a fairer light.

134. *I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife*, turn my wife's chamber into a stall,—treat her as I treat my horses and hounds, nay, run in leashes with her myself.

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves: 140  
 You are abused and by some putter-on  
 That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the  
 villain,  
 I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,  
 I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;  
 The second and the third, nine, and some five;  
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine  
 honour,  
 I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,  
 To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;  
 And I had rather glib myself than they  
 Should not produce fair issue.

*Leon.* Cease; no more. 150  
 You smell this business with a sense as cold  
 As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,  
 As you feel doing thus; and see withal  
 The instruments that feel.

*Ant.* If it be so,  
 We need no grave to bury honesty:  
 There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten

141. *putter-on*, instigator.

143. *land-damn*. This perplexing word is very possibly a misprint, due to the accidental repetition of the word 'damn' immediately above; the repetition having no stylistic point. Numerous conjectures are recorded by the Camb. edd., e.g. *land-damm* (Hanmer); *laud-anum* (Farmer); *live-damn* (Walker); *lamback* (Collier); *Lord, damn* (Schmidt). The word has also been regarded as a quibbling variation of *landan*—a dialectical word still current for the rustic punishment inflicted in various districts upon 'slanderers and adulterers'; it

consisted of the public announcement of the delinquents' names to an audience previously summoned by a blowing of horns and trumpets along the countryside. Cf. Halliwell, *Dict. of Archaic Words*, and *Notes and Queries*, iii. 464 (quot. Ingleby).

148. *false generations*, bastard offspring.

149. *glib*, geld.

153. *doing thus*. Leontes here grasps some part of Antigonus' person, probably his arm. Hanmer introduced a corresponding stage-direction into his text.

154. *The instruments that feel*, the fingers.

Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leon.* What! lack I credit?

*First Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I,  
my lord,

Upon this ground; and more it would content me  
To have her honour true than your suspicion, 160  
Be blamed for't how you might.

*Leon.* Why, what need we

Commune with you of this, but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness  
Imparts this; which if you, or stupified  
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not  
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all  
Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege, 170

You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

*Leon.* How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity,  
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed, doth push on this pro-  
ceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180

For in an act of this importance 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post

167. *Relish*, perceive.

172. *overture*, disclosure.

176. *touch'd conjecture*, roused  
suspicion.

177. *That lack'd sight only*,  
etc., (conjecture) that wanted  
nothing but ocular evidence to  
be proof.

The Winter's Tale

ACT I

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good  
From our free person she should be confined,  
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in public; for this business  
Will raise us all.

190

Ant. [Aside] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II A prison.

Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison. call to him;  
Let him have knowledge who I am. [Exit Gent.]  
Good lady,  
No court in Europe is too good for thee;  
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not?

183. Delphos, Delphi. It is ing Greene.

conceived as an island (iii. i. 1), probably through confusion with 185. stuff'd. adequate.

Delos. But in both points 194. free, accessible to all.

Shakespeare was merely follow- 198. raise, rouse, stir up.

## The Winter's Tale

*Gaol.* For a worthy lady  
And one whom much I honour.

*Paul.* Pray you then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

*Gaol.* I may not, madam :  
To the contrary I have express commandment.

*Paul.* Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
The access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray  
you,

To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

*Gaol.* So please you, madam,  
To put apart these your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.

*Paul.* I pray now, call her.  
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*]

*Gaol.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

*Paul.* Well, be't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*]  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain  
As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman, 20  
How fares our gracious lady?

*Emil.* As well as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,  
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,  
She is something before her time deliver'd.

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in't; says 'My poor prisoner,

20. *passes colouring*, outdoes all the arts of painting.

23. *on*, as a consequence of.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT II

I am innocent as you.'

*Paul.*

I dare be sworn :

These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew  
them !

30

He must be told on 't, and he shall : the office  
Becomes a woman best ; I 'll take 't upon me :  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen :  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I 'll show 't the king and undertake to be  
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o' the child :  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails.

40

*Emil.*

Most worthy madam,

Your honour and your goodness is so evident  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue : there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-  
ship

To visit the next room, I 'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;  
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be denied.

50

*Paul.*

Tell her, Emilia,

I 'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from 't  
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emil.*

Now be you blest for it !

I 'll to the queen : please you, come something  
nearer.

30. *lunes*, capricious moods.      pondering.

49. *hammer'd of*, was forging.      50. *tempt*, attempt.



*Gaol.* Madam, if't please the queen to send  
the babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir :  
This child was prisoner to the womb and is  
By law and process of great nature thence  
Freed and enfranchised, not a party to  
The anger of the king nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Gaol.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear : upon mine honour, I  
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

60

SCENE III. *A room in LEONTES' palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and  
Servants.*

*Leon.* Nor night nor day no rest : it is but  
weakness

To bear the matter thus ; mere weakness. If  
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,  
She the adulteress ; for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level of my brain, plot-proof ; but she  
I can hook to me : say that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again. Who's there ?

*First Serv.*

My lord ?

*Leon.* How does the boy ?

*First Serv.*

He took good rest to-night ;  
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

4. *harlot, rascal.*

*of my brain, out of the aim of  
my missiles, beyond the reach*

5. *out of the blank and level* of my plots.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT II

*Leon.* To see his nobleness !  
 Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
 He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,  
 Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,  
 Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
 And downright languish'd. Leave me solely : go,  
 See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie ! no  
 thought of him :

The very thought of my revenges that way  
 Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty,  
 And in his parties, his alliance ; let him be  
 Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,  
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
 Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow :  
 They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor  
 Shall she within my power.

20

*Enter PAULINA, with a child.*

*First Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me :  
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
 Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul,  
 More free than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough. 30

*Sec. Serv.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ;  
 commanded  
 None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir :  
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,  
 That creep like shadows by him and do sigh  
 At each his needless heavings, such as you  
 Nourish the cause of his awaking : I  
 Do come with words as medicinal as true,  
 Honest as either, to purge him of that humour

20. *Recoil*, recoils,—is instinctively rejected as infeasible.

30. *free*, innocent.

38. *humour*, capricious mood.

That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho?

*Paul.* No noise, my lord; but needful conference

40

About some gossips for your highness.

*Leon.* How!

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,  
I charged thee that she should not come about me:  
I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,

On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leon.* What, canst not rule her?

*Paul.* From all dishonesty he can: in this,  
Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* La you now, you hear: 50

When she will take the rein I let her run;  
But she'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come;

And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dare  
Less appear so in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen!

*Paul.* Good queen, my lord,

Good queen; I say good queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I 60  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leon.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;

# The Winter's Tale

ACT II

But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;  
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*

*Leon.*

Out !

A mankind witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :  
A most intelligencing bawd !

*Paul.*

Not so :

I am as ignorant in that as you  
In so entitling me, and no less honest  
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

70

*Leon.*

Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard.  
Thou dotard ! thou art woman-tired, unroosted  
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard ;  
Take't up, I say : give't to thy crone.

*Paul.*

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness  
Which he has put upon't !

*Leon.*

He dreads his wife.

*Paul.* So I would you did ; then 'twere past  
all doubt

80

You 'ld call your children yours.

*Leon.*

A nest of traitors !

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.*

Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's himself, for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,

67. *mankind*, violent, ferocious.

68. *intelligencing*, going between two parties.

74. *woman-tired*, 'hen-pecked.' *Tire* is 'to tear a prey, seize and feed on it raven-

ously (said of birds of prey).'

75. *dame Partlet*, the name of the Hen in Chaucer's *Nonnes Prestes Tale*.

78. *by that forced baseness*, in deference to a command in which she is called 'bastard.'

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and  
will not—

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to 't—once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten  
As ever oak or stone was sound.

*Leon.*

A callat

90

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her  
husband

And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it, and together with the dam

Commit them to the fire!

*Paul.*

It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,

The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley, 100

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,

His smiles,

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:

And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast  
made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,

Her children not her husband's!

*Leon.*

A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,

That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.*

Hang all the husbands 110

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself

Hardly one subject.

90. *callat*, trull, loose woman.

109. *lozel*, rogue.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT II

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

*Leon.* I'll ha' thee burnt.

*Paul.* I care not :

It is an heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant ;  
But this most cruel usage of your queen,  
Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hinged fancy, something  
savours

Of tyranny and will ignoble make you, 120  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leon.* On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her ! Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her !

*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove send  
her

A better guiding spirit ! What needs these hands ?  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so : farewell ; we are gone. [Exit. 130

*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.  
My child ? away with 't ! Even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence  
And see it instantly consumed with fire ;  
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight :  
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,  
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ; 140  
For thou set'st on thy wife.

*Ant.* I did not, sir :  
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in 't.

*Lords.* We can : my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leon.* You 're liars all.

*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us  
better credit :

We have always truly served you, and beseech you  
So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,  
As recompense of our dear services 150  
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue : we all kneel.

*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that blows :  
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father ? better burn it now  
Than curse it then. But be it ; let it live.  
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither ;  
You that have been so tenderly officious  
With Lady Margery, your midwife there, 160  
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you ad-  
venture

To save this brat's life ?

*Ant.* Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo  
And nobleness impose : at least thus much :  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left  
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

*Leon.* It shall be possible. Swear by this sword  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my lord.

160. *Lady Margery*, a con-  
temptuous term for a woman.

162. *this beard*, i.e. Anti-  
gonus'.

164. *undergo*, undertake.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT II

*Leon.* Mark and perform it, see'st thou! for the  
fail

170

Of any point in 't shall not only be  
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,  
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place quite out  
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to it own protection  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,  
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
That thou commend it strangely to some place  
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

180

*Ant.* I swear to do this, though a present death  
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside have done  
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require! And blessing  
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

190

[*Exit with the child.*

*Leon.*  
Another's issue.

No, I'll not rear

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please your highness, posts  
From those you sent to the oracle are come  
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,

178. *it*, *its*; a form of the possessive current for a few years of the early seventeenth century, when *his* was obsolescent and *its* not yet established.

There is no instance of *its* in any edition of a Shakespeare play published in his lifetime.

182. *commend*, commit.

190. *require*, claim, deserve.



Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

*First Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*Leon.* Twenty three days  
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells  
The great Apollo suddenly will have 200  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath  
Been publicly accused, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives  
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,  
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A sea-port in Sicilia.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Cleo.* The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,  
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence  
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly  
It was i' the offering!

*Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,

2. *the isle*; see note to ii. i. 183.

The Winter's Tale

ACT III

Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, 10  
That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be't so!—  
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on't.

*Cleo.* Great Apollo  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,  
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,  
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20  
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!  
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A court of Justice.*

*Enter* LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.

*Leon.* This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried  
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one  
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,  
Even to the guilt or the purgation.  
Produce the prisoner.

*Off.* It is his highness' pleasure that the queen  
Appear in person here in court. Silence! 10

14. *The time is worth the use* 'common saying' quoted by  
*on't*, has been well spent. The Singer from Florio's *Montaigne*:  
idea implicit in the phrase 'The time we live is worth the  
appears more distinctly in a money we pay for it.'

*Enter HERMIONE guarded; PAULINA and Ladies attending.*

*Leon.* Read the indictment.

*Off.* [*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night. 20

*Her.* Since what I am to say must be but that Which contradicts my accusation and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me To say 'not guilty:' mine integrity Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so received. But thus: if powers divine Behold our human actions, as they do, 30 I doubt not then but innocence shall make False accusation blush and tyranny Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know, Who least will seem to do so, my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devised

18. *pretence*, intention.

29 f. Hermione's speech borrows several turns from Bellaria's in Greene. 'If the devine powers bee privy to humane actions (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience

shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spiteful discredit. . . . How I have led my life before Egistus coming, I appeale, Pandosto, to the gods and to thy conscience.'

36. *which*, sc. unhappiness.

And play'd to take spectators. For behold me  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, 40  
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  
 To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
 And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so; since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent I 50  
 Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond  
 The bound of honour, or in act or will  
 That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts  
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
 Cry fie upon my grave!

*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet  
 That any of these bolder vices wanted  
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
 Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That's true enough;  
 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leon.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of 60  
 Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,

50. *With what encounter so uncurrent I have strain'd*, with what unwarranted behaviour I have offended, that I appear here. *Strain'd* probably means 'swerved from, done violence to, right.' Johnson conjectured *Been strain'd*, Collier *stray'd*.

this is a kind of attraction to the notion of 'want.'

60. *More than mistress of*, etc. The passage is probably corrupt; possibly a line has been omitted. But the meaning intended is clear: 'I must not in any degree acknowledge faults charged against me further than they are mine.'

57. *Less*, i.e. more; probably

With whom I am accused, I do confess  
 I loved him as in honour he required,  
 With such a kind of love as might become  
 A lady like me, with a love even such,  
 So and no other, as yourself commanded :  
 Which not to have done I think had been in me  
 Both disobedience and ingratitude  
 To you and toward your friend, whose love had  
 spoke,

70

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely  
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
 I know not how it tastes ; though it be dish'd  
 For me to try how : all I know of it  
 Is that Camillo was an honest man ;  
 And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leon.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
 What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

*Her.* Sir,

80

You speak a language that I understand not :  
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
 Which I'll lay down.

*Leon.* Your actions are my dreams ;  
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
 And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—  
 Those of your fact are so—so past all truth :  
 Which to deny concerns more than avails ; for as  
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
 No father owning it,—which is, indeed,  
 More criminal in thee than it,—so thou  
 Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage  
 Look for no less than death.

90

*Her.*

Sir, spare your threats :  
 The bug which you would fright me with I seek.

82. *stands in the level of,*  
 is the mark or aim of.

86. *fact,* crime.

93. *bug,* bugbear.

To me can life be no commodity :  
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
 I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,  
 But know not how it went. My second joy  
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
 I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,  
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, 100  
 The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,  
 Haled out to murder : myself on every post  
 Proclaimed a strumpet : with immodest hatred  
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
 To women of all fashion ; lastly, hurried  
 Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
 That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.  
 But yet hear this ; mistake me not ; no life, 110  
 I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,  
 Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else  
 But what your jealousies awake, I tell you  
 'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,  
 I do refer me to the oracle :  
 Apollo be my judge !

*First Lord.* This your request  
 Is altogether just : therefore bring forth,  
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

*Her.* The Emperor of Russia was my father : 120  
 O that he were alive, and here beholding  
 His daughter's trial ! that he did but see

94. *commodity*, object of desire.

101. *it* ; see note ii. 3. 178.

103. *immodest*, passing all bounds.

107. *strength of limit*, probably the limited or prescribed strength

to be recovered after childbirth before going out.

120. In Greene's romance it is Egistus' (Polixenes') wife who is the daughter of the emperor of Russia.

The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge !

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Off.* You here shall swear upon this sword of  
justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have  
brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest and that since then  
You have not dared to break the holy seal  
Nor read the secrets in 't.

130

*Cleo. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leon.* Break up the seals and read.

*Off.* [*Reads*] Hermione is chaste ; Polixenes  
blameless ; Camillo a true subject ; Leontes a  
jealous tyrant ; his innocent babe truly begotten ;  
and the king shall live without an heir, if that  
which is lost be not found.

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo !

*Her.* Praise !

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth ?

*Off.* Ay, my lord ; even so

As it is here set down.

140

*Leon.* There is no truth at all i' the oracle :

The sessions shall proceed : this is mere falsehood.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord the king, the king !

*Leon.* What is the business ?

*Serv.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it !

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

145. *with mere conceit, etc., by the mere imagination of the  
queen's fate.*

# The Winter's Tale

ACT III

*Leon.* How! gone!

*Serv.* Is dead.

*Leon.* Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*]

How now there!

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen: look down

And see what death is doing.

*Leon.* Take her hence: 150

Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:

I have too much believed mine own suspicion:

Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*]

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose 160

Camillo for the minister to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command, though I with death and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing't and being done: he, most humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great, and to the hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended, 170

No richer than his honour: how he glisters

Thorough my rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

168. *practice*, knavery.



*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*Paul.* Woe the while !

O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too !

*First Lord.* What fit is this, good lady ?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for  
me ?

What wheels ? racks ? fires ? what flaying ? boiling ?  
In leads or oils ? what old or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny 180

Together working with thy jealousies,  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done  
And then run mad indeed, stark mad ! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;  
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant  
And damnable ingrateful : nor was't much,  
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's  
honour,

To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses, 190  
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon  
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter  
To be or none or little ; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't :  
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,  
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart  
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer : but the last,—O lords, 200

185. *but spices*, mere season- adding inconstancy to thy  
ings. previous folly.

187. *of a fool, inconstant*,

to the Jews - scene of bond & slave. Remember this company of people  
which has been feared at a distance is the same. Greeno when boat.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT III

When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the  
queen,

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and venge-  
ance for 't

Not dropp'd down yet.

*First Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul.* I say she's dead; I'll swear 't. If word  
nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you  
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!  
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier  
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee 210  
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

*Leon.* Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*First Lord.* Say no more:

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I' the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for 't:

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them, 220  
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much  
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd  
To the noble heart. What's gone and what's  
past help

Should be past grief: do not receive affliction  
At my petition; I beseech you, rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:

The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—  
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;  
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
 Who is lost too: take your patience to you,  
 And I'll say nothing.

*Leon.* Thou didst speak but well  
 When most the truth; which I receive much better  
 Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me  
 To the dead bodies of my queen and son:  
 One grave shall be for both: upon them shall  
 The causes of their death appear, unto  
 Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit  
 The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there  
 Shall be my recreation: so long as nature  
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
 I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me  
 Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country near  
 the sea.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS with a Child, and a Mariner.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath  
 touch'd upon  
 The deserts of Bohemia?

*Mar.* Ay, my lord; and fear  
 We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly  
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry  
 And frown upon's.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done! Go, get  
 aboard;  
 Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before

231. *remember, remind.* common grave.

237. *upon them,* on their i. *perfect, assured.*

The Winter's Tale

ACT III

I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste, and go not 10  
 Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;  
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
 Of prey that keep upon 't.

*Ant.* Go thou away:  
 I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart  
 To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.

*Ant.* Come, poor babe:  
 I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the  
 dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
 Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream  
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another; 20

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
 So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
 Like very sanctity, she did approach  
 My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,  
 And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
 Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
 Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,  
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 30

Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
 There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
 I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,  
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
 Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,  
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
 I did in time collect myself and thought

21. vessel, creature.

22. so becoming, so seemly in her sorrow.

we have been watching what we intend is a tragedy - an individual tragedy: we have been taking things very seriously. Then these

sc. III

# The Winter's Tale

Seemingly almost childish kindnesses  
It breaks the whole  
40  
Serious situation  
But that is an authority  
by Shakespeare?

This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:  
Yet for this 'once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squared by this. I do believe  
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
Either for life or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!  
There lie, and there thy character: there these;  
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,  
pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,  
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed  
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I  
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!  
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to have  
A lullaby too rough: I never saw  
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!  
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:  
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age, between  
ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would  
sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the  
between but getting wenches with child, wrong-  
ing the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you  
now! Would any but these boiled brains of

41. *be squared by*, shape my course in accordance with.

47. *character*, identifying description.

47. *these*, the gold and clothes which he lays down.

48. *breed*, provide for its rearing.

56. *A savage clamour*, i.e. of the bear-hunters and hounds.

57. *the chase*, the quarry.

60. *ten*. Capell suggested *thirteen*, and the Globe edd. put *sixteen* in their text.

63. *the ancientry*, 'the old folks.'

quaint dialect phrases - which is a word, we must have the original meaning explained. We must be reminded that it is

# The Winter's Tale

ACT III

nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; 70 a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloed but even now. Whoa, ho, ho!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa! 80

*Shep.* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry 90 of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogs-head. And then for the land-service, to see how

71. *child*, girl (probably, like 'barne,' a dialectic use).

73. *scape*, slip, *faux pas*.

94. *yest*, foam.

the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

*Shep.* Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had been by, to have helped 110 the old man!

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

*Shep.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see: 120 it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open't. What's within, boy?

*Clo.* You're a made old man: if the sins of

100. *flap-dragoned*, gulped down. The flap-dragon was a burning substance set afloat in a glass of liquor and swallowed at a gulp.

111. *the old man*. That Antigonus was 'old' agrees with ii. 3. 162, but it is not apparent how the shepherd knew it.

119. *bearing-cloth*, the cloth

on which the child was carried to the font.

124. *made*, Theobald's emendation for *F<sub>1</sub> mad*, placed beyond doubt by a corresponding passage in Greene: 'The good old man desired his wife to be quiet; if she would hold her peace, they were made for ever.'

The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live.  
Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my <sup>130</sup> sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to put <sup>140</sup> him i' the ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter TIME, the Chorus.*

*Time.* I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror  
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried

<sup>135.</sup> *curst*, ill-tempered.

*Time, the Chorus.* This device was probably suggested by the title of Greene's romance, *Pandosto, or the Triumph of Time*—the title being expanded

in the ensuing words of the title-page, as quoted in the Introduction.

6. *leave the growth untried*, inquire not what has grown (in the interval).



from infatuation of the old generation but a new place to the  
candle: edged from. And he's left us with unpleasant  
feeling & into a heart  
Lark - with pain  
through nothing  
his restlessness  
beauty &  
10  
infatuation  
with in  
language  
(over)

sc. 1

# The Winter's Tale

Of that wide gap, since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was  
Or what is now received: I witness to  
The times that brought them in; so shall I do  
To the freshest things now reigning and make stale  
The glistening of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing  
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,  
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving  
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,  
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel  
I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues  
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news  
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's  
daughter,  
And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;  
If never, yet that Time himself doth say  
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

10  
20  
30

8. *self-born*, self-begotten, *i.e.* the issue of Time.  
9. *Let me pass the same I am.* Time pleads that as he can bring about sudden revolutions, he is not deserving his character in passing suddenly over the slow changes of sixteen years. The argument is certainly made

clearer by Lloyd's punctuation, in which *Since . . . I am* form a single sentence. But the following *Ere ancient'st order . . . received* does not very well connect with *I witness . . . in.*  
25. *wondering*, the admiring wonder she excites.  
29. *allow*, approve.

to dispute the discourse of great part - sheffens  
only denies, fully of lives, sorrows, heavy mourning to  
The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

wholly, an eloquent, life miraculously coming out to  
earth on several occasions. p 336 (orig.)  
SCENE II. Bohemia. The palace of POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

*Pol.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou

4. *fifteen*, probably an error for *sixteen*, which Hanmer substituted.

8. *feeling*, keenly felt.  
22. *friendships*, marks of friendship.

the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues. 30

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

*Pol.* I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate. 40

*Cam.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage. 50

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command. 60

*Pol.* My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

31. *they*, i.e. the children. 31. *approved*, given evidence of.

35. *missingly*, regretfully.

SCENE III. *A road near the Shepherd's cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,

With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,

With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!  
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,

With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay, 10  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore  
three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:  
And when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget, 20  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to

1. *peer*, appear.

2. *doxy*, lass, mistress (thieves' cant term for the women who accompanied them).

7. *pugging*, thievish (like 'sweet tooth'); also a cant term, from which a noun 'puggard' was formed.

11. *aunts*, 'doxies.'

14. *three-pile*, sc. velvet.

23. *when the kite builds, look to lesser linen*. Autolycus is drawing an illustration, not a contrast, from the kite's procedure; 'You look after your small linen when the kite builds; for the same reason look after your sheets now.'

lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

*Aut.* [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

*Clo.* I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers, three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan

24. *Autolycus*, in Greek myth a son of Hermes, whom the Romans identified with their god Mercury, and, like his father, reputed for his skill in theft. Both facts are played on in the assertion that he is 'littered under (the planet) Mercury.' Cf. note to i. 2. 201.

27. *die and drab*, dice and harlots.

27. *this caparison*, his ragged attire; properly, a horse-cloth.

28. *silly cheat*, petty theft, pilfering.

29. *knock*, the hard blows incident to highway robbery.

33. *tods*, yield a tod (28 lbs.) of wool.

34. *odd shilling*, one shilling.

36. *cock*, 'woodcock,' i.e. fool.

44. *three-man-song-men*, able to sing in trios.

46. *means*, tenors; it is probably meant that there were few *counter-tenors*, the highest male voice.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates?—none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun. 50

*Aut.* O that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

*Clo.* I' the name of me—

*Aut.* O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions. 60

*Clo.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horseman, or a footman?

*Aut.* A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. 70

*Aut.* O, good sir, tenderly, O!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul!

48. *warden pie*, one made of baking-pear. It was common to colour pastry with saffron.

49. *note*, list.

50. *race*, root.

52. *raisins o' the sun*, sun-dried raisins.

54. *I' the name of me—*, probably a vulgar oath of the type of 'Body o' me.' The Ff have *me*. The suggestion that the clown meant to say *mercy* is unlikely, as *me* would have suggested a wrong sound.

*Aut.* O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now! canst stand?

*Aut.* [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable 80 office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robbed you? 90

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

*Aut.* Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man 100 well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish

92. *troll-my-dames*, the game of 'pigeon-holes' (Fr. *trou-madame*), in which balls were rolled through a series of openings made in a board. It was chiefly an indoors amusement for ladies.

98. *no more but abide*, merely make a brief sojourn.

102. *compassed a motion*, acquired a puppet-show (in which the Prodigal Son was performed).

# The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him Autolycus.

*Clo.* Out upon him ! prig, for my life, prig : he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the 110  
rogue that put me into this apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia : if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him

*Clo.* How do you now ?

*Aut.* Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand and walk : I will even take my leave 120  
of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way ?

*Aut.* No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir.

*Clo.* Then fare thee well : I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet sir ! [*Exit Clown.*]  
Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled 130  
and my name put in the book of virtue !

[*Sings*] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a :

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

108. *prig*, thief.

130. *unrolled*, struck off the roll of thieves.

132. *Jog on, jog on.* This,

with two similar stanzas, belonged to a song which was reprinted in 1661 in the collection of lyrics called *An Antidote against Melancholy*.



## The Winter's Tale

SCENE IV. *The Shepherd's cottage.**Enter* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of  
you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:  
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,  
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured  
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts 10  
In every mess have folly and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attired, swoon, I think,  
To show myself a glass.

*Flo.* I bless the time  
When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground.

*Per.* Now Jove afford you cause!  
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness  
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates! 20  
How would he look, to see his work so noble

6. *extremes*, extravagant action (in assuming a shepherd's dress).

8. *mark o' the land*, the 'observed of all observers.'

10. *prank'd up*, arrayed, decked out.

11. *mess*, dish.

12. *Digest it with a custom*, carry it off through habit.

13. *swoon*, Hanmer's correction of *Ff sworn*, to which no natural sense can be attached.

Handwritten notes at top: "I am his very sweetest friend. It would be trying to catch the sun, seems to try to give Perdita's Federal characters."

# The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

345  
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how  
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence?

*Flo.* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires  
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

30

*Per.* O, but, sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak, that you must change this  
purpose,  
Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita,  
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not  
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's. For I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are  
coming:

40

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which

50

32. *piece*, creature.

33. *in a way so chaste*, with so pure an aim.

We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.*

O lady Fortune,

Stand you auspicious !

*Flo.*

See, your guests approach :

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,

And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter* Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others, with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised.*

*Shep.* Fie, daughter ! when my old wife lived,  
upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,  
Both dame and servant ; welcomed all, served all :  
Would sing her song and dance her turn ; now  
here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle ;  
On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire  
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip. You are retired,

As if you were a feasted one and not  
The hostess of the meeting : pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to's welcome ; for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o' the feast : come  
on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.*

[*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome : 70

It is my father's will I should take on me

The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You're  
welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend  
sirs,

56. *pantler*, pantry-maid (or man).

For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep  
Seeming and savour all the winter long :  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing !

*Pol.* Shepherdess,—

A fair one are you—well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth 80  
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the  
season

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,  
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them ?

*Per.* For I have heard it said  
There is an art which in their piedness shares  
With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say there be ;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean  
But nature makes that mean : so, over that art 90  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we  
marry

76. *Grace and remembrance.* Rosemary was 'for remembrance,' rue (through a confusion with *rue*, 'regret') for 'grace' ; cf. *Ham.* iv. 5.

82. *gillyvors*, 'gilliflowers' ; variously interpreted as wall-flowers, or a kind of carnation.

86. *For*, because.

87. *an art.* 'The *art* is simply the transmission of the

pollen from one flower to another of different colour, which may be done either by the hand of man, or by nature, by means of the air and by bees' (Roach Smith, *The Rural Life of Shakespeare*, quot. Deighton).

92 f. Polixenes illustrates the 'artificial' process of producing crosses between flowers of different colours by the process of grafting.

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
 By bud of nobler race : this is an art  
 Which does mend nature, change it rather, but  
 The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,  
 And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
 The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ; 100  
 No more than were I painted I would wish  
 This youth should say 'twere well and only therefore  
 Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you ;  
 Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;  
 The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun  
 And with him rises weeping : these are flowers  
 Of middle summer, and I think they are given  
 To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your  
 flock,  
 And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas ! 110  
 You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
 Would blow you through and through. Now,  
 my fair'st friend,  
 I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might  
 Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours,  
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
 Your maidenheads growing : O Proserpina, —

100. *dibble*, a pointed instrument for making holes.

104. *Hot*, aromatic.

105. *that goes to bed wi' the sun*. The marigold or sunflower was called the *Sponsus solis*, 'because it slept and awakened

with the sun.'

116. *O Proserpina*. This image is from Ovid's narrative in *Metam.* (bk. v.), a book with which Shakespeare was (prob. in the original, but certainly in Golding's translation) very familiar.

For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st fall  
 From Dis's waggon! daffodils,  
 That come before the swallow dares, and take  
 The winds of March with beauty; violets dim, 120  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
 Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady  
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
 To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,  
 To strew him o'er and o'er!

*Flo.* What, like a corse?

*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on; 130  
 Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,  
 But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your  
 flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
 In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine  
 Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do  
 Still betters what is done. When you speak,  
 sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,  
 Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,

118. *Dis's waggon*, Pluto's chariot.

120. *dim*, of subdued, unobtrusive colour.

126. *crown imperial*, the *Fritillaria imperialis*, or fritillary. It had been introduced into England from Constantinople, and was highly prized for its 'stately beautifulness.'

127. *flower-de-luce*, a kind of iris; elsewhere (as by Spenser) often called the flower Delice (*flos deliciarum*).

134. *Whitsun pastorals*, plays performed at Whitsuntide. Cf. *Two Gentlemen*, iv. 4., where Julia feigns to have played 'at Pentecost . . . a lamentable part' — 'twas Ariadne passioning for Theseus' perjury.'

To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish you 140  
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so,  
 And own no other function : each your doing,  
 So singular in each particular,  
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,  
 That all your acts are queens.

*Per.*

O Doricles,

Your praises are too large : but that your youth,  
 And the true blood which peepeth fairly through 't,  
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,  
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150  
 You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.*

I think you have

As little skill to fear as I have purpose  
 To put you to 't. But come ; our dance, I pray :  
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,  
 That never mean to part.

*Per.*

I'll swear for 'em.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever  
 Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does or  
 seems

But smacks of something greater than herself,  
 Too noble for this place.

*Cam.*

He tells her something

That makes her blood look out : good sooth, she is 160  
 The queen of curds and cream.

*Clo.*

Come on, strike up !

*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress : marry,  
 garlic,

To mend her kissing with !

*Mop.*

Now, in good time !

144. *singular*, unique.

146. *queens*, each unique and  
 supreme in its kind.

147. *large*, unreserved.

152. *skill*, reason.

160. *out*, Theobald's emenda-  
 tion for *F<sub>1</sub> on 't*.

163. *in good time*, used ironi-  
 cally, like Fr. *à la bonne heure*.  
 Cf. *Tam. of Shrew*, ii. 1. 96.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

*Clo.* Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our manners.

Come, strike up !

[*Music.* Here a dance of *Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this

Which dances with your daughter ?

*Shep.* They call him Doricles ; and boasts himself

To have a worthy feeding : but I have it

Upon his own report and I believe it ;

He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter :

I think so too ; for never gazed the moon

Upon the water as he 'll stand and read

As 'twere my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose

Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she does any thing ; though I report it, That should be silent : if young Doricles

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that

Which he not dreams of.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you : he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money ; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

164. *Not a word.* The clown checks Mopsa's angry retort in the presence of the strangers.

169. *a worthy feeding,* ample pasture-lands.

176. *featly,* daintily.



*Clo.* He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably. 190

*Serv.* He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slight's him, with 'Whoop, 200 do me no harm, good man.'

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

*Serv.* He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a 210 she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.

187. *better*, more opportunely.

192. *milliner*, dealer in fancy articles of dress; in Shakespeare's time a masculine occupation.

195. *dildos and fadings*, meaningless burdens found in songs.

198. *break a foul gap*, make a foul parenthesis in the song (by violence).

204. *unbraided*, (probably) genuine, not counterfeit or

'imitation.'

206. *points*, (1) the tagged laces used for supporting the hose; (2) 'points of law,' legal subtleties.

208. *inkles*, tapes.

ib. *caddisses*, worsted ribbons.

211. *sleeve-hand*, cuff.

212. *the work about the square*, the embroidery of the front-piece or bosom.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

*Clo.* Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes. [Exit Servant.]

*Clo.* You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing*

Lawn as white as driven snow; 220

Cyprus black as e'er was crow;

Gloves as sweet as damask roses;

Masks for faces and for noses;

Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,

Perfume for a lady's chamber;

Golden quoifs and stomachers,

For my lads to give their dears:

Pins and poking-sticks of steel,

What maids lack from head to heel:

Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy; 230

Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:

Come buy.

*Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars. 240

221. *Cyprus*, crape.

222. Gloves were often artificially perfumed.

224. *Bugle*, an elongated bead of black glass.

225. *Perfume*, viz. the amber,

which was used for this purpose also.

226. *quoifs*, coifs, hoods.

228. *poking-sticks*, used in ironing the starched frills of the Elizabethan ruff.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promised you : may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering : clamour your tongues, and not a <sup>250</sup> word more.

*Mop.* I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

*Aut.* And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope so, sir ; for I have about me <sup>260</sup> many parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty

245. *plackets*, stomachers, or petticoats. 'Will they expose what they ought to keep private?'

247. *kiln-hole*, the opening of an oven, used especially for preparing malt,—a process which the female servants of a farm had to watch.

250. *clamour*, constrain, repress. This expression, a puzzle to the older commentators, has been almost certainly identified

with M.E. *clameren*, 'thrust closely together,' cognate with Scand. *klome*, a screw ; Germ. *klamm*, narrow defile ; O.E. *clom*, fetter ; *clamber*, cling closely.

253. *tawdry-lace*, rustic neck-lace (so called from the fineries sold at the fair of St. Audrey, held in the Isle of Ely on her day, 17th October).

264. *o' life*, a rustic asseveration, 'as I live.'

# The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

money-bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true, and but a month old.

270

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four-<sup>280</sup> score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too: another.

290

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:': there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

268. *carbonadoed*, sliced for broiling.

279. *ballad of a fish*. In the absence of newspapers, ballads were a common vehicle of 'Strange Newes.' The Station-

ers' Register, among many similar entries, records (1604): 'A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea.'

*Mop.* We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on 't a month ago. 300

*Aut.* I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

## SONG.

*A.* Get you hence, for I must go  
Where it fits not you to know.

*D.* Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

*M.* It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

*D.* Me too, let me go thither.

*M.* Or thou goest to the grange or mill.

*D.* If to either, thou dost ill. 310

*A.* Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

*D.* Thou hast sworn my love to be.

*M.* Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then whither goest? say, whither?

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.* 320

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape, [*Follows singing.*

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;

Money's a medler.

That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.* 330

316. *sad*, serious.

330. *utter*, cause to change owners.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away! we'll none on't: here has been <sup>340</sup> too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Serv.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

*Shep.* Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly <sup>350</sup> now.

*Serv.* Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.*

*Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. [*To Flor.*] How now, fair shepherd!

334. *Saltiers*, sc. 'Satyrs.' even motion of ordinary dancing,

335. *gallimaufry*, 'hodge-podge,' medley. as distinguished from the jumps and capers of the 'Satyrs.'

338. *bowling*, the smooth, 348. *squier*, square, measure.

Your heart is full of something that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was  
young

And handed love as you do, I was wont  
To load my she with knacks: I would have ran-  
sack'd

360

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go  
And nothing marted with him. If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply, at least if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

*Flo.*

Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are:

The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart; which I have given already,

370

But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,  
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's  
bolted

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Pol.*

What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:  
But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

*Flo.*

Do, and be witness to 't.

380

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?*Flo.*

And he, and more

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:

360. *she*, lady.

'cornered.'

363. *marted*, traded.369. *looks*, looks for.365. *straited*, hard put to it,375. *bolted*, sifted.

373  
 The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
 Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth  
 That ever made eye swerve, had force and know-  
 ledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them  
 Without her love ; for her employ them all ;  
 Commend them and condemn them to her service  
 Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shep* But, my daughter, 390

Say you the like to him ?

*Per.* I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better :  
 By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
 The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain !

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness  
 to't :

I give my daughter to him, and will make  
 Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be

I' the virtue of your daughter : one being dead,  
 I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;  
 Enough then for your wonder. But, come on, 400  
 Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand ;

And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you ;

Have you a father ?

*Flo.* I have : but what of him ?

*Pol.* Knows he of this ?

*Flo.* He neither does nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks a father

Is at the nuptial of his son a guest  
 That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,



Is not your father grown incapable  
 Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
 With age and altering rheums? can he speak?  
 hear?

410

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?  
 Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing  
 But what he did being childish?

*Flo.* No, good sir;  
 He has his health and ampler strength indeed  
 Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,  
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
 Something unfilial: reason my son  
 Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason  
 The father, all whose joy is nothing else  
 But fair posterity, should hold some counsel  
 In such a business.

420

*Flo.* I yield all this;  
 But for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
 Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
 My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Prithee, let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son: he shall not need to  
 grieve  
 At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not.  
 Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
 [*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
 To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,  
 That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,

430

411. estate, affairs.

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can  
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh  
piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know  
The royal fool thou copest with,—

*Shep.* O, my heart!

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers,  
and made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never  
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession; 440  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
Farre than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:  
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,  
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchant-  
ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces, 450  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee  
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

*Per.* Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice  
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,  
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage but  
Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be gone?

434. *of force*, needs.

435. *copest with*, hast to do  
with.

439. *knack*, plaything, pup-  
pet.

442. *Farre*, farther. The Ff

preserve this Elizabethan form  
of M.E. *ferre*, the comparative  
of *far*.

445. *dead*, mortal.

452. *Even here*, i.e. without  
waiting for the threatened doom.

I told you what would come of this : beseech you,  
 Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,—  
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther, 460  
 But milk my ewes and weep.

*Cam.* Why, how now, father !  
 Speak ere thou diest.

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
 Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir !  
 You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,  
 To die upon the bed my father died,  
 To lie close by his honest bones : but now  
 Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me  
 Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,  
 That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst ad-  
 venture 470

To mingle faith with him ! Undone ! undone !  
 If I might die within this hour, I have lived  
 To die when I desire. [*Exit.*]

*Flo.* Why look you so upon me ?  
 I am but sorry, not afeard ; delay'd,  
 But nothing alter'd : what I was, I am ;  
 More straining on for plucking back, not following  
 My leash unwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my lord,  
 You know your father's temper : at this time  
 He will allow no speech, which I do guess  
 You do not purpose to him ; and as hardly 480  
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :  
 Then, till the fury of his highness settle,  
 Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it.  
 I think, Camillo ?

*Cam.* Even he, my lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you 'twould be thus !  
 How often said, my dignity would last

# The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

But till 'twere known !

*Flo.* It cannot fail but by  
The violation of my faith ; and then  
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together  
And mar the seeds within ! Lift up thy looks : 490  
From my succession wipe me, father ; I  
Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advised.

*Flo.* I am, and by my fancy : if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;  
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, sir.

*Flo.* So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;  
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or 500  
The close earth wombs or the profound seas hide  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair beloved : therefore, I pray you,  
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,  
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion : let myself and fortune  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know  
And so deliver, I am put to sea  
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore ; 510  
And most oppórtune to our need I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared  
For this design. What course I mean to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my lord !  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,

514. *benefit your knowledge,*  
profit you to know.

516. *easier* more pliant, sus-  
ceptible.

Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*  
I'll hear you by and by.

*Cam.* He's irremoveable,  
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn, 520  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,  
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now, good Camillo ;  
I am so fraught with curious business that  
I leave out ceremony.

*Cam.* Sir, I think  
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love  
That I have borne your father?

*Flo.* Very nobly  
Have you deserved : it is my father's music  
To speak your deeds, not little of his care 530  
To have them recompensed as thought on.

*Cam.* Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king  
And through him what is nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction :  
If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness ; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by— 540  
As heavens forfend !—your ruin ; marry her,  
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,  
Your discontenting father strive to qualify

522. *Purchase*, win.

525. *curious*, involved, thorny.

543. *discontenting*, indignant.

543. *qualify*, assuage.

'Strive,' by a change in construction, refers to Camillo.

And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

That I may call thee something more than man

And after that trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on

A place whereto you 'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

To what we wildly do, so we profess

Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies

Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me:

This follows, if you will not change your purpose

But undergo this flight:—make for Sicilia,

And there present yourself and your fair princess,

For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:

She shall be habited as it becomes

The partner of your bed. Methinks I see

Leontes opening his free arms and weeping

His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness, <sup>560</sup>

As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands

Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one

He chides to hell and bids the other grow

Faster than thought or time.

*Flo.* Worthy Camillo,

What colour for my visitation shall I

Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the king your father

To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,

The manner of your bearing towards him, with

What you as from your father shall deliver, <sup>570</sup>

544. *bring him up to liking,*  
dispose him to approval.

550. *To, of.*

559. *free,* willing, eager.

563. *the one* (pron. *th' one*).

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you  
down :

The which shall point you forth at every sitting  
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive  
But that you have your father's bosom there  
And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you :

There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most cer-  
tain

To miseries enough ; no hope to help you,  
But as you shake off one to take another ; 580  
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loath to be : besides you know  
Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true :  
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*Cam.* Yea, say you so ?  
There shall not at your father's house these seven  
years  
Be born another such.

*Flo.* My good Camillo, 590  
She is as forward of her breeding as  
She is i' the rear o' her birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress

572. *point you forth*, indicate Rowe's correction (ed. 1) of Ff  
for you. 'our' ; Rowe himself in ed. 2

588. *take in*, overpower.

592. *o' her*, in respect of her ; and most later editions before  
the Camb. edd. read *our*.

To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir ; for this  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita !  
But O, the thorns we stand upon ! Camillo,  
Preserver of my father, now of me,  
The medicine of our house, how shall we do ?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

*Cam.* My lord, 600  
Fear none of this : I think you know my fortunes  
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed as if  
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,  
That you may know you shall not want, one word.  
[*They talk aside.*]

*Re-enter* AUTOLYCUS.

*Aut.* Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and  
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentle-  
man ! I have sold all my trumpery ; not a coun-  
terfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander,  
brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, 610  
shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack  
from fasting : they throng who should buy first,  
as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought  
a benediction to the buyer : by which means I  
saw whose purse was best in picture ; and what I  
saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown,  
who wants but something to be a reasonable man,

598. *medicine*, physician.

600. *appear*, sc. to be such.

604. *For instance*, as a  
proof.

609. *pomander*, a ball of  
perfumes worn in the pocket or  
about the neck.

610. *table-book*, note-book  
composed of tablets.

615. *best in picture*, best to  
look at, in best condition. The  
Camb. edd. record a plausible  
emendation : 'best in pasture,'  
i.e. best fed.'



grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a piacket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I could have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*]

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters, by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

*Cam.* Who have we here?

[*Seeing Autolycus.*]

We'll make an instrument of this, omit

Nothing may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

*Cam.* How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

623. *geld a codpiece of a purse*, pick a purse from the pocket of the hose, where it was often carried.

625. *my sir's*, the clown's.

629. *whoo-bub*, clamour, hubbub.

637. *this*, this fellow.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side <sup>650</sup> be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

*Cam.* Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

*Flo.* Dispatch, I prithee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it. 660

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy  
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself  
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat  
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,  
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken  
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—  
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard  
Get undescried.

*Per.* I see the play so lies  
That I must bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy. 670  
Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father,

651. *some boot*, a gift thrown in (though Autolycus already had the best of the bargain).

659. *earnest*, earnest-money, handsel.

662. *my prophecy*, viz. that hinted in the auspicious phrase he has just used.

666. *disliken*, make unlike, disguise.

He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have no hat.  
[*Giving it to Perdita.*]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

*Aut.* Adieu, sir.

*Flo.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!

Pray you, a word.

*Cam.* [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell  
the king

Of this escape and whither they are bound;

Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail

To force him after: in whose company

I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

680

*Flo.* Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*]

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to

690

692. *extempore*, i.e. without taking any precautions.

695. *piece*, work, act.

697. *the more knavery*, the greater knavery,—the opposite course of betraying the prince being itself, in Autolycus' view, 'dishonest' but in a less degree.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, 700 session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to, then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, 710 your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother- 720 in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

*Shep.* Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master. 730

728. *fardel*, bundle.

*Clo.* Pray heartily he be at palace.

*Aut.* [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, 740 breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given 750 us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am 760 therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe;

731. *at palace.* F<sub>1</sub> has *at Pallace*, probably indicating the pronunciation *at th' palace*.

734. *excrement*, outgrowth, beard.

739. *condition*, nature.

751. *taken with the manner*, taken in the act.

757. *measure*, stately pace.

760. *toaze*, (probably) touse, pluck. For the preceding *or*, F<sub>1</sub> has *at*, probably by misprint.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there : whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him ?

*Shep.* I know not, an 't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant : say you have none.

*Shep.* None, sir ; I have no pheasant, cock nor <sup>770</sup> hen.

*Aut.* How blessed are we that are not simple men ! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical : a great man, I'll warrant ; I know by the picking on's teeth. 780

*Aut.* The fardel there ? what's i' the fardel ? Wherefore that box ?

*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king ; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why, sir ?

*Aut.* The king is not at the palace ; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air <sup>790</sup> himself : for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, sir ; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let

791. *capable of*, able to apprehend.

795. *hand-fast*, confinement.

him fly : the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can <sup>800</sup> make heavy and vengeance bitter ; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman : which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace ! Some say he shall be stoned ; but that death is too soft for him, say I : draw our throne into a sheep-cote ! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you <sup>810</sup> hear, an 't like you, sir?

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flayed alive ; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest ; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead ; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion ; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to <sup>820</sup> death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital ? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king : being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his

805. *sheep-whistling*, whistling after, tending.

812 f. This description is a somewhat heightened version of the death inflicted on Ambrogio, the 'Iachimo' of the

immediate source of *Cymbeline*, Boccaccio, *Dec.* ii. 9.

825. *being something gently considered*, 'for a small consideration.'

# The Winter's Tale

ACT IV

presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority: close <sup>830</sup> with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised? 840

*Shep.* Ay, sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

*Aut.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are <sup>850</sup> gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

*Clo.* We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

*Shep.* Let's before as he bids us: he was pro- <sup>860</sup> vided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]



*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, <sup>870</sup> let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in LEONTES' palace.*

*Enter* LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA,  
and *Servants.*

*Cleo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down  
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,  
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;  
With them forgive yourself.

*Leon.* Whilst I remember  
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget

*872. I am proof against that* against legal arrest and punish-  
*title.* He may be called a rogue ment as a 'rogue and vaga-  
by way of abuse, but is secure bond.'

# The Winter's Tale

ACT V

My blemishes in them, and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself ; which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of. 10

*Paul.* True, too true, my lord :  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or from the all that are took something good,  
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd !  
She I kill'd ! I did so : but thou strikest me  
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue as in my thought : now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not at all, good lady : 20  
You might have spoken a thousand things that  
would  
Have done the time more benefit and graced  
Your kindness better.

*Paul.* You are one of those  
Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name ; consider little  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom and devour  
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy  
Than to rejoice the former queen is well ? 30  
What holier than, for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort and for future good,  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to 't ?

*Paul.* There is none worthy

29. *Uncertain lookers on,* foreseen the danger without  
irresolute counsellors who have guarding against it.

Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes ;  
 For has not the divine Apollo said,  
 Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
 That king Leontes shall not have an heir  
 Till his lost child be found? which that it shall, 40  
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason  
 As my Antigonus to break his grave  
 And come again to me ; who, on my life,  
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel  
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
 Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes.*] Care  
 not for issue ;  
 The crown will find an heir : great Alexander  
 Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor  
 Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Good Paulina,  
 Who hast the memory of Hermione, 50  
 I know, in honour, O, that ever I  
 Had squared me to thy counsel ! then, even now,  
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,  
 Have taken treasure from her lips—

*Paul.* And left them  
 More rich for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth.  
 No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one worse,  
 And better used, would make her sainted spirit  
 Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,  
 Where we offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,

35. *Respecting*, in comparison with.

59. *Where we offenders now.* This differs from Ff only in ending the subordinate sentence at *now*, 'appear' being understood with it as well as with the principal. The ellipsis is harsh,

however, even for Shakespeare's later style, and many alterations have been proposed, the most plausible being, ('*Where we offenders now appear, soul-vex'd*') *begin* "*And why to me?*" (Capell) ; '*(Where we offenders move) appear and begin*' (Delius conj.)

And begin, 'Why to me?'

*Paul.* Had she such power, 60  
She had just cause.

*Leon.* She had ; and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so.  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'ld bid you mark  
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't  
You chose her ; then I 'ld shriek, that even your  
ears  
Should rift to hear me ; and the words that follow'd  
Should be 'Remember mine.'

*Leon.* Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals ! Fear thou no wife ;  
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear  
Never to marry but by my free leave ? 70

*Leon.* Never, Paulina ; so be blest my spirit !

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his  
oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paul.* Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
Affront his eye.

*Cleo.* Good madam,—

*Paul.* I have done.  
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office  
To choose you a queen : she shall not be so young  
As was your former ; but she shall be such  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take  
joy 80

60. 'Why to me?' sc. this  
humiliation. The Camb. edds.  
compare the opening of Jonson's  
*Execration upon Vulcan* :—

And why to me this? thou lame god  
of fire,  
What have I done thus to provoke  
thy ire?

75. *Affront*, confront.

To see her in your arms.

*Leon.* My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

*Paul.* That  
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;  
Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she  
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access  
To your high presence.

*Leon.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 90  
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced  
By need and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with him?

*Gent.* Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I  
think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* O Hermione,  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better gone, so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself  
Have said and writ so, but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been, 100  
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say you have seen a better.

84. *a Gentleman.* Theobald's alteration for Ff a Servant; the context (v. 98 f) implying a higher rank.

90. *out of circumstance,* without ceremony.

100. *that theme,* Hermione.

*Gent.* Pardon, madam :  
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else, make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

*Paul.* How ! not women ?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a woman 110  
More worth than any man ; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes ;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 'tis strange  
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*  
He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.* Had our prince,  
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord : there was not full a month  
Between their births.

*Leon.* Prithee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st 120  
He dies to me again when talk'd of : sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

*Re-enter CLEOMENES and others, with  
FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you : were I but twenty one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him, and speak of something wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome ! 130  
And your fair princess,—goddess !—O, alas !

## The Winter's Tale

I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
 Might thus have stood begetting wonder as  
 You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—  
 All mine own folly—the society,  
 Amity too, of your brave father, whom,  
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
 Once more to look on him.

*Flo.*

By his command

Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him  
 Give you all greetings that a king, at friend, 140  
 Can send his brother: and, but infirmity  
 Which waits upon worn times hath something seized  
 His wish'd ability, he had himself  
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
 Measured to look upon you; whom he loves—  
 He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres  
 And those that bear them living.

*Leon.*

O my brother,

Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir  
 Afresh within me, and these thy offices,  
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150  
 Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,  
 As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
 Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,  
 At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,  
 To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
 The adventure of her person?

*Flo.*

Good my lord,

She came from Libya.

*Leon.*

Where the warlike Smalus,  
 That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence; from him,  
 whose daughter

138. *him*, an idiomatic repetition of the object already expressed in the relative 'whom.'

140. *at friend*, as being on friendly terms, in friendship.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT V

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence, 160  
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,  
To execute the charge my father gave me  
For visiting your highness : my best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival and my wife's in safety  
Here where we are.

*Leon.* The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air whilst you  
Do climate here ! You have a holy father, 170  
A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin :  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless ; and your father's blest,  
As he from heaven merits it, with you  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you !

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,  
That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir, 180  
Bohemia greets you from himself by me ;  
Desires you to attach his son, who has—  
His dignity and duty both cast off—  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

*Leon.* Where's Bohemia ? speak.

170. *climate*, sojourn under  
our skies (properly : under the  
particular 'climate' or region of  
the heavens which is above this  
place).

171. *graceful*, graced with all

good gifts.

172. *sacred*, i.e. in virtue of  
his royalty, the epithet being  
currently applied to all sovereigns  
as such.

182. *attach* arrest.



*Lord.* Here in your city ; I now came from him :  
 I speak amazedly ; and it becomes  
 My marvel and my message. To your court  
 While he was hastening, in the chase, it seems  
 Of this fair couple, meets he on the way  
 The father of this seeming lady and  
 Her brother, having both their country quitted  
 With this young prince.

190

*Flo.* Camillo has betray'd me ;  
 Whose honour and whose honesty till now  
 Endured all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so to his charge :  
 He's with the king your father.

*Leon.* Who ? Camillo ?

*Lord.* Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now  
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
 Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the  
 earth ;

Forswear themselves as often as they speak :  
 Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
 With divers deaths in death.

200

*Per.* O my poor father !  
 The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
 Our contract celebrated.

*Leon.* You are married ?

*Flo.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;  
 The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :  
 The odds for high and low's alike.

*Leon.* My lord,  
 Is this the daughter of a king ?

*Flo.* She is,  
 When once she is my wife.

*Leon.* That 'once,' I see by your good father's  
 speed,  
 Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,

210

187. *amazedly*, confusedly.

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# The Winter's Tale

ACT V

Most sorry, you have broken from his liking  
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Dear, look up :  
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us with my father, power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you owed no more to time  
Than I do now : with thought of such affections, 220  
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request  
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

*Leon.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious  
mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*Paul.* Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month  
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such  
gazes  
Than what you look on now.

*Leon.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel.*] But  
your petition  
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father :  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires, 230  
I am friend to them and you : upon which errand  
I now go toward him ; therefore follow me  
And mark what way I make : come, good my  
lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before LEONTES' palace.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* Beseech you, sir, were you present at  
this relation ?

## The Winter's Tale

*First Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*First Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

*Sec. Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

20. *importance*, import.

The Winter's Tale

ACT V

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

34. pregnant, made evident (with a play on the ordinary sense).

40. affection, natural disposition, strain.

59. clipping, embracing.

60. weather-bitten, so Ff. Some mod. edd. alter without need to weather-beaten, in the same sense.

62. encounter, meeting.

63. do, express.

*Sec. Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

*Third Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows. 70

*First Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?

*Third Gent.* Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing. 80

*First Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

*Third Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some 90

67. rehearse, repeat.

70. innocence, simplicity.

# The Winter's Tale

ACT V

swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal. 100

*First Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

*Third Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope 110 of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

*Sec. Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

*First Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born: our absence makes us 120 unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

*Aut.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head.

104. *piece*, work of art.

105. *performed*, completed.

106. *Julio Romano*. Giulio Romano (1499-1546), a follower of Raphael, is known only as a painter. The 'statue,' however, was supposed (v. 3. 47) to be painted. This practice, denounced by the traveller Wotton as an 'English barbarism,' found favour with civic authorities. The commentators quote Jon-

son's *The Magnetic Lady*:—

*Rut.* I'd have had statue cut now in white marble.

*Sir Moth.* And have it painted in most orient colours.

*Rut.* That's right! all city statues must be painted,

Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgment.

117. *piece*, piece out, complete.

120. *grace*, blessing.

121. *unthrifty to*, neglectful of enriching.

## The Winter's Tale

I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits. 130

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shep.* Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born. 140

*Aut.* I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed. 150

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

The Winter's Tale

ACT V

*Clo.* Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon <sup>160</sup> me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shep.* Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

170

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I <sup>180</sup> would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

159. *preposterous*, a blunder for 'prosperous.'

173. *franklins*, yeomen.

177. *a tall fellow of thy hands*, an active, able-bodied man, who will stand the test.



SCENE III. *A chapel in PAULINA'S house.*

*Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,  
CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

*Leon.* O grave and good Paulina, the great  
comfort

That I have had of thee !

*Paul.* What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well I meant well. All my services  
You have paid home : but that you have vouch-  
safed,

With your crown'd brother and these your con-  
tracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leon.* O Paulina,  
We honour you with trouble : but we came  
To see the statue of our queen : your gallery 10  
Have we pass'd through, not without much con-  
tent

In many singularities ; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*Paul.* As she lived peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon  
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death : behold, and say 'tis well. 20

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers  
Hermione standing like a statue.*]

7. *surplus*, overplus.

12. *singularities*, rarities.

The Winter's Tale

ACT V

I like your silence, it the more shows off  
Your wonder : but yet speak ; first, you, my liege.  
Comes it not something near ?

*Leon.* Her natural posture !

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
Thou art Hermione ; or rather, thou art she  
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seems.

*Pol.* O, not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence ;  
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes  
her

As she lived now.

*Leon.* As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,  
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her !  
I am ashamed : does not the stone rebuke me  
For being more stone than it ? O royal piece  
There's magic in thy majesty, which has  
My evils conjured to remembrance and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee.

*Per.* And give me leave,  
And do not say 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Paul.* O, patience !  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,

So many summers dry : scarce any joy  
 Did ever so long live ; no sorrow  
 But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol.* Dear my brother,  
 Let him that was the cause of this have power  
 To take off so much grief from you as he  
 Will piece up in himself.

*Paul.* Indeed, my lord,  
 If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
 Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is  
 mine—

I'd not have show'd it.

*Leon.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your  
 fancy

May think anon it moves.

*Leon.* Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—  
 What was he that did make it? See, my lord,  
 Would you not deem it breathed? and that those  
 veins

Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done :

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon.* The fixure of her eye has motion in't,  
 As we are mock'd with art.

*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain :

My lord's almost so far transported that  
 He'll think anon it lives.

*Leon.* O sweet Paulina,

Make me to think so twenty years together !

No settled senses of the world can match  
 The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd  
 you : but

56. *piece up*, 'hoard up, so as to have his fill.'

# The Winter's Tale

ACT V

I could afflict you farther.

*Leon.* Do, Paulina ;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her : what fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear : 80

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;  
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you  
For more amazement. If you can behold it,  
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend  
And take you by the hand : but then you 'll think—  
Which I protest against—I am assisted 90  
By wicked powers.

*Leon.* What you can make her do,

I am content to look on : what to speak,  
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak as move.

*Paul.* It is required

You do awake your faith. Then all stand still ;  
On : those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leon.* Proceed :

No foot shall stir.

*Paul.* Music, awake her ; strike ! [*Music.*

'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more ; approach :  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come, 100  
I 'll fill your grave up : stir, nay, come away,

100. look upon, look on.

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs :

[*Hermione comes down.*]

Start not ; her actions shall be holy as  
You hear my spell is lawful : do not shun her  
Until you see her die again ; for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :  
When she was young you woo'd her ; now in age  
Is she become the suitor ?

*Leon.*

O, she's warm !

If this be magic, let it be an art

110

Lawful as eating.

*Pol.*

She embraces him

*Cam.* She hangs about his neck :

If she pertain to life let her speak too.

*Pol.* Ay, and make't manifest where she has  
lived,

Or how stolen from the dead.

*Paul.*

That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale : but it appears she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.

Please you to interpose, fair madam : kneel

And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good  
lady ;

120

Our Perdita is found.

*Her.*

You gods, look down

And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine own,

Where hast thou been preserved ? where lived ?  
how found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear that I,

Knowing by Paulina that the oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved

Myself to see the issue.

*Paul.*

There's time enough for that ;

# The Winter's Tale

ACT V

Lest they desire upon this push to trouble  
 Your joys with like relation. Go together, 130  
 You precious winners all ; your exultation  
 Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,  
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there  
 My mate, that's never to be found again,  
 Lament till I am lost.

*Leon.* O, peace, Paulina !  
 Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
 As I by thine a wife : this is a match,  
 And made between's by vows. Thou hast found  
 mine :

But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,  
 As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many 140  
 A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—  
 For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee  
 An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,  
 And take her by the hand, whose worth and  
 honesty

Is richly noted and here justified  
 By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.  
 What ! look upon my brother : both your pardons,  
 That e'er I put between your holy looks  
 My ill suspicion. This' your son-in-law  
 And son unto the king, whom heavens directing, 150  
 Is'troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,  
 Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely  
 Each one demand and answer to his part  
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first  
 We were dissever'd : hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*]

129. *upon this push*, incited by your story.      reputed.

131. *precious winners*, winners of what you prize.

145. *richly noted*, highly

149. *This'*, this is.

150. *whom heavens directing*. 'Who,' the subject of *is*, is made the object of 'heavens directing.'

THE TEMPEST

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE : *A ship at Sea : an island.*

### DURATION OF TIME

The action occupies three or four hours of a single day, probably beginning about 2 P.M. (I. 2. 239, 240.)



## INTRODUCTION

*THE TEMPEST*, like most of Shakespeare's later plays, was first printed in the Folio edition of 1623, where it occupies the first place. It had then been, for at least ten years, one of his most popular and reputed pieces.

It was among the eighteen plays (six at least of them by Shakespeare) chosen for performance during the wedding festivities of the Palsgrave and the Princess Elizabeth in February 1613.<sup>1</sup> Beyond this fact we have no direct evidence of its date.<sup>2</sup> But it is extremely probable that the title contains an allusion to a tempest which wrecked Sir George Somers' ship, the 'Sea Venture,' in July 1609; and that various circumstances are drawn from the narratives afterwards published by Silvester Jourdain, one of the survivors, in October 1610, and by William Strachey, at a date which has not been precisely determined. The limits—October 1610 and February 1613—thus

<sup>1</sup> Lord Treasurer Stanhope's Accounts (quoted in *Century of Shakespeare's Praise*, p. 103). The exact number of Shakespeare's plays given depends upon the identification of 'Hotspur' with *Henry IV.* and of 'Sir John Falstaff' with this or *The Merry Wives*. He probably had a share also in the

'Cardenno.'

<sup>2</sup> In the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, Ben Jonson delivered a passing gibe at 'those that beget Tales, *Tempests*, and such like Drolleries,' and 'If there be never a *Servant-master* i' the Fyre who can help it?' But this adds nothing to our knowledge.

## The Tempest

arrived at, are entirely confirmed by the internal evidence.

In style and metre *The Tempest* shares all the characteristics which place *Pericles*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Cymbeline* very near the close of Shakespeare's work. The same proneness to metrical movements which cross the normal verse-rhythm or enrich it with double endings;<sup>1</sup> the same abruptness of transition and elliptical brevity of phrase. Evident affinities of treatment, though less decisive, help to cement this connection: the separation and reunion of kin, the deliberate unreality of time and place, the bold implication of sea and storm in the web of the dramatic plot, the episodes of gracious idyll, the lofty humanity of the close. The one fragment of Shakespearean work clearly later in metrical character than *The Tempest* is his portion of *Henry VIII*. *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline* cannot be later than 1611, when they were performed at the Globe most probably as new plays. *Henry VIII* is known to have been a new play in 1613. *The Tempest* is therefore unlikely to have been produced much before or much after the earlier date.

This is the chief ground of hesitation in regard to the only really plausible counter-suggestion which has ever been made.<sup>2</sup> Dr. Garnett, taking up an idea already mooted by the older critics, but never before

<sup>1</sup> The 'metrical tests' give *The Tempest* 35 per cent of double endings, 41 per cent of enjambements, 4.59 per cent of light or weak endings; the first is the highest proportion of all the plays, the second and third the highest but three.

<sup>2</sup> It is impossible to qualify this assertion in favour of the

theory of Elze, who placed *The Tempest* in 1604, because Jonson in the prologue to *Volpone* (1605) referred to thefts from Montaigne (as if in allusion to Gonzalo's 'republic' in ii. 1). The earlier theory of Hunter, who identified *The Tempest* with the 'Love's Labour's Won' mentioned by Meres in 1598, is now quite out of count.

## Introduction

so effectively pushed home, holds that the recorded performance of *The Tempest* at the wedding festivities of the Princess Elizabeth was in reality the original one, that it was written expressly for the occasion, and that the circumstances of the marriage are allegorically figured in its plot. 'The foreign prince come from beyond sea, the island princess who has never left her home, the wise father who brings about the auspicious consummation of his policy; all found their counterparts among the splendid company that watched the performance on that February night.'<sup>1</sup> The parallel so far is striking, but it cannot be pursued much further without the aid of a somewhat questionable ingenuity. When, for example, a delicate allusion to the recent death of Prince Henry, the brother of the bride, is discovered in the supposed death of Ferdinand, the bridegroom—'the woe being by a consummate stroke of genius taken from Prospero the representative of James, and transferred to the house of his enemy,'—we suspect the hand of the critical necromancer who can make anything of anything. It may well be asked, too, whether a plot 'which revolves about the forcible expulsion of a ruler from his dominions and his daughter's wooing by the son of the usurper's chief ally,' was 'one that a shrewd dramatist would have chosen as the setting of an official epithalamium in honour of the daughter of a monarch so sensitive about his title to the crown as James I.'<sup>2</sup> And was the fanatical denouncer of 'those detestable slaves of the devil,—witches and enchanters'<sup>3</sup>—likely to appreciate the compliment of being 'represented' even by the most sublime magician in all literature?

<sup>1</sup> *Universal Review*, April art. 'Shakespeare,' p. 379.  
1889.

<sup>3</sup> James I.'s *Demonology*,

<sup>2</sup> S. Lee, *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* Preface.

## The Tempest

It is, nevertheless, highly probable that *The Tempest* was designed to celebrate a marriage. A wedding masque occupies, with its insubstantial pageantry, the place of a strict dramatic crisis; and the hints of tragic harms, instead of being carried almost to the point of tragedy, as in *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*, are, like Ferdinand's log-piling, little more than a transparent make-believe. The real tragedy of Prospero's expulsion is an event already in the remote past when the action begins, and, though its results remain, they are so carefully denuded of pathetic suggestion that the island appears a very 'paradise of exiles.'

Nothing is known of the immediate source from which Shakespeare drew the story of *The Tempest*; but there is no doubt that it had already in substance been told. Among the waifs of historic tradition which drifted westward from the east of Europe was the story of Witold, a prince of Lithuania in the last quarter of the fourteenth century. Witold had resigned his government to a cousin Jagiello, who thereupon threw him into prison and handed over his capital, Wilna, to one Skirgiello. In 1388, however, Witold escaped with his daughter Sophia to Prussia, whence he carried on an indecisive struggle with Jagiello and Skirgiello for his inheritance. In this struggle he was supported by the avant-guard of eastern Christendom, the Teutonic Order; and in particular by the contingent of English soldiers who followed Henry Bolingbroke on one of those *Reisen* into Prussia, which were already familiar enough in England to be known by their German name.<sup>1</sup> Henry was thus brought into direct contact with

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer's knight 'reised in nary' vogue; cf. the modern Lettowe.' The formation of French and German *boycotter*, the verb implies an extraordinary *boycotten*.

## Introduction

Witold, and the Lithuanian prince found a place in the English chronicles which related the adventures of the future English king.<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps aided by this association with the Teutonic Order, the figure of the disinherited Lithuanian prince seems to have appealed to the romantic imagination of the West, and gathered a rich accretion of legendary traits. When we meet with him again two centuries later as the Prince Ludolff of Jacob Ayrer's drama *Die schöne Sidea*, he has become a magician, with an attendant spirit, Runcifal. Driven from his throne by his rival, Prince Leudegast, he takes refuge in the forest with his only daughter, Sidea. There one day he suddenly encounters Engelbrecht, the son of Leudegast, summons him to yield, and, on his resisting, charms his sword, paralyses his nerves, and compels him to carry logs for his daughter. Finally, after many irrelevant adventures, Engelbrecht marries Sidea, and their union brings about the reconciliation of the rival princes.

English actors were well acquainted with Nürnberg long before the date of *The Tempest*,<sup>2</sup> and Shakespeare may conceivably have heard some report of Ayrer's suggestive plot, though he assuredly had no opportunity of being repelled by its barbarous literary garb. But it is plain that, whether as floating tradition, or contemporary information, or in the form of some lost Elizabethan play, a story embodying all the points in which Ayrer anticipates *The Tempest*, served

<sup>1</sup> Walsingham, *Hist. Angli-  
cana*, Rolls ed. ii. 197-8. Wit-  
old appears as *Wytot*, Skirgiello  
as *Skirgall*. Knighton and  
Capgrave have briefer notices.  
All are quoted at length in Miss  
L. T. Smith's admirably edited  
accounts of *The Earl of Derby's*

*Expeditions* (Camden Society,  
1894). The connection with  
*The Tempest* was first made  
probable by Caro, *Englische  
Studien*, 1878.

<sup>2</sup> They are known to have  
acted there in 1604 and 1606.  
Ayrer died in 1605.

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as material for the wonderful 'sea-change' there wrought.

The phrase is not without meaning, for half the fascination of the drama springs from the wild waters, roaring or allayed, which 'round' the enchanter's abode. Whatever rudiments of Prospero he may have found in tradition, Shakespeare first made his refuge an island, and the instrument of his revenge a storm. The story of the sea which caught the ear of England in 1610 perhaps supplied the first suggestion of the drama. Certainly it offered tempting coigns of vantage on which to lodge a story of enchantment. Many of its incidents, as told by Strachey and Jourdain, have evidently contributed to the description of the wreck and of the island. The admiral's ship, like Alonso's, was separated from his fleet and cast away, as the world for months believed, on the desolate island of 'Bermudas'; a spot 'never inhabited by any Christian or heathen people,' but only by 'witches and devils';<sup>1</sup> thence 'ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place,'<sup>2</sup> habitually known as 'the Ile of Divels';<sup>3</sup> and not less dreaded for the 'accustomed monstrous thunderstorms and tempests'<sup>1</sup> by which it was 'still-vexed.' When, in October 1610, the actual story was published, it was discovered that the crew of the 'Sea Venture,' after giving up all for lost, had been saved as by miracle, the ship being 'driven and jammed between two rocks, fast lodged and locked for further budging,' so that all got ashore, contriving even to land 'many a bottle of beer,' and hogshead of oil and wine. Actual marvels were not wanting. For the admiral, being upon the watch on the night of the wreck, 'had an apparition of a little round light, like

<sup>1</sup> Howe's continuation of Stowe's *Annals*, quot. by Delius.

<sup>2</sup> Jourdain.

<sup>3</sup> Jourdain's title.

## Introduction

a faint star, trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height upon the main-mast, and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud, tempting to settle as it were upon any of the four shrouds.'<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, when the ship's company set foot upon the dreaded island, they found 'the ayre temperate . . . and the country abundantly fruitfull.'<sup>2</sup> But the 'divels' which they did not find they bred; for 'divers discontents nourished amongst us had like to have been the parents of bloody issues and mischiefs.'<sup>3</sup>

Something like a first sketch was here given of Shakespeare's shipwreck, a hint of the bickerings and conspiracies of the crew, and some elementary suggestions of the island scenery. Here, for the first and last time, Shakespeare touched that world of sea-marvel which it was reserved for the poet of *The Ancient Mariner* finally to annex to English poetry. The sea-wonders of the inland-bred poet are not evolved, like those of Coleridge, from the horrors of solitary wandering in 'a wide, wide sea.' They belong to the sea only in its dealings with the shore, to the seafarer only in his dealings with strange lands. Elves and sea-nymphs dance with printless foot upon the yellow sands and toll the knell of the drowned; unseen spirits mock the stranded seamen with the semblance of baying watch-dogs and crowing cocks in farms on shore. And all the subtle poetic suggestiveness of the enchanted legend of the Bermudas seems to have been cunningly distilled in Ariel—the spirit of wind and fire, who sweeps the ship irresistibly to its 'deep nook' on the shore, and 'flames amazement' on its masts.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Strachey.

<sup>2</sup> Jourdain.

<sup>3</sup> Howe's continuation of Stowe's *Annals*, quot. by Delius.

<sup>4</sup> The name Ariel, glossed by

Shakespeare as 'an ayrie spirit' may have been taken from the great popular repertory of supernatural lore, Heywood's *Hierarchy of Angels*. But the

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Shakespeare's island, however, is much more than a poetically sublimated 'Isle of Divels.'<sup>1</sup> To the supernatural prodigies of the uninhabited Bermudas was added a sample of the human wonders of the new world, of the aborigines and 'strange fishes' which the Elizabethan townsman gaped at as they were landed in the little havens of Dorset and Devon, or paid his ten doits to see in the booths of a country fair. Both aspects of the Isle are cunningly compounded and transcended in the 'fish-like man-monster, offspring of a devil and a witch.'<sup>2</sup>

Into this scenery Shakespeare has transported the traditional story of the banished prince, blending them in a marvellously harmonious whole.

The haunted island is subdued to the art of Prospero, and an undisciplined democracy of irresponsible spirits turned into a despotically ordered realm. Ariel becomes his minister and Caliban his slave, and his enemies from first to last are merely automatons of his art. Power so absolute, so unshadowed by a suspicion of remorse or fear, belongs to romance rather than to drama. In this romantic absoluteness Prospero differs from all other enchanters of the Elizabethan stage. There is as little trace in him of the tragic compunctions and misdoubts of

character is Shakespeare's own, 'Ariel' being there associated with 'Earth.'

<sup>1</sup> That it was not meant literally to be 'the Bermudas' or any other earthly island is obvious from the deliberate blending of the geography of the Mediterranean with the marvels of the Indies. Resolute efforts were made by the older critics to fix its site in Lampedusa (Hunter, Douce), Coreyra (Bell), or the Bermudas, from which last in

i. 2. 229 it is expressly distinguished.

<sup>2</sup> The name of Sycorax has not been explained. W. W. Lloyd too learnedly interpreted it as *ψυχόρρηξ*, 'heart-breaker.' Lamb identified her with a historical witch of Algiers. The name Setebos was taken from Eden's *History of Travayle* (1577), where it is the name of a Patagonian god. Several of the names of the shipwrecked courtiers likewise occur there.



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Faustus as of the impostures of Jonson's Alchemist. Nor does it occur to any one in the drama to question the lawfulness of his art. Antonio himself had never thought, like Caliban in Renan's brilliant sequel, of inviting the Inquisition to deal with the secret student of necromancy. But Prospero is detached as completely from the traditional aims of magic as from its actual perils. If he was originally prompted to it, like Faustus, by the Humanist's passion for knowledge and power, he has long been emancipated, as Faustus never is, from the egoism of either passion, and uses his giant's strength, like a divine providence, first to bring a crew of criminals to justice, and then to extend to them the 'rarer virtue of mercy.' Before this, in tragedy, and in the quasi-tragic comedy of *Measure for Measure*, Shakespeare had drawn with pathos, or with irony, the endeavours of a Brutus, or a Vincentio, to take arms against evil. Prospero, the creation of a serener mood, clearly stands on a different plane of reality. More daringly detached from experience than any other purely human character in Shakespeare, he is drawn with a seriousness of conviction, and charged with a wealth of ethical suggestion, which belong in poetry only to the σκίαι τῶν ὄντων, the shadows of things that are. That more is symbolised than expressed in him every one feels. It is rash to define too peremptorily Shakespeare's thoughts; but that wonderful first decade of the seventeenth century, which had witnessed Shakespeare's achieved creation and Bacon's hardly less stupendous vision of discovery, could hardly have found an apter emblematic close.

Prospero makes the enchantments of the island the instruments of his art; its new-world simplicity is a condition of Miranda's virginal charm. That it was not the sole or the chief condition is thrust upon us

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with almost violent emphasis in the contrasted picture of Caliban, bred in the same island and by the same hand, but void of the saving birthright of noble race and inherited civility, so that upon his nature 'Nurture will never stick.' This contrast has a kind of inverted counterpart in the several groups of the wrecked crew—samples of civilised breeding at its best and worst;—from Ferdinand, almost the peer of Miranda, and 'holy' Gonzalo, the kindly friend of Prospero, to the traitors, Antonio and Sebastian, and the dregs of humanity, Stephano and Trinculo, in whose vulgar cynicism Caliban himself, with his pathetic awe, his naïve poetry of wonder, finds a foil.

The slightness of its plot-interest has not prevented *The Tempest* from exercising a fascination upon posterity which in kind and variety belongs to no other play. It combines the profound and inexhaustible intellectual suggestiveness of *Hamlet* with the enchanted scenery, the piquant invention, the lyrical loveliness of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. It amused Pepys by its 'innocence,' and furnished new instruments of expression to a Browning and a Renan.

In its own century *The Tempest* served to some extent as an early edition of *Robinson Crusoe*. The honours of fame were fairly divided between Miranda and Caliban. 'The woman who had never seen a man' was a piquant conception, over which Fletcher in *The Sea Voyage* and Sir John Suckling in *The Goblins* (pr. 1646) drew the trail of their grosser fancy. After the Restoration it was witnessed by thronged houses with half-unwilling delight faithfully reflected in the naïve records, already mentioned, of Pepys (1667-8). Dryden, nearly at the same time, paid *The Tempest* the ambiguous compliment of an adaptation in *The Enchanted Island* (produced in 1667, published in 1670). Nothing can better illus-

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trate Shakespeare's admirable economy in the use of the marvels at his command, than this bustling composition of an ingenious playwright intent solely upon stage-effect. The banished Duke of Milan is doubled with an heir to the duchy of Mantua, and 'the woman who has never seen a man' with 'a man who has never seen a woman,' carefully secluded in another part of the cave. Ariel has a mistress, and Caliban a sister, Sycorax, who marries Trinculo. There is much cleverness in all this, and some wisdom; for Dryden perfectly understood that, as he confessed in the Prologue,

Shakespeare's magic could not copied be.

Twelve years later he showed by a masterly appreciation of Caliban (in *The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy*, 1679) that he had penetrated further than any contemporary into the methods of that magic. In our own century no one has ventured, on this elaborate scale, to make good the economies of Shakespeare; but the unexhausted zest of single aspects of the Isle has repeatedly overpowered the usual reluctance of wise men to carry further the stories which Shakespeare left half told. The voyage home to Naples proved adventurous in the hands of F. C. Waldron, whose *The Virgin Queen*, a melodrama, appeared in 1797. But it is chiefly the story of Caliban that has arrested the imagination of modern Europe. The grovelling worshipper of drink and 'Freedom' became in the hands of Renan an embodiment of prosperous and unspiritual democracy; and Browning elicited from the poor cowerer before the terrors of his dam's god Setebos the subtlest expression of the being of 'natural theology.' And among the imaginative progeny of *The Tempest* must be reckoned a long line of critical interpretations.

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Darwin's discoveries threw a new light upon the man-monster, which Daniel Wilson exploited in his *Caliban, or The Missing Link* (1873). Politics, metaphysics, anthropology, literary history, have each been divined in the cloudy symbols of Shakespeare's high romance.<sup>1</sup> Few of these interpretations have had any vogue. One, however, the world by a common instinct refuses to resign: that which regards Shakespeare as having, in Prospero's epilogue, himself bidden farewell to the stage.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the summary in Dowden's *Shakspeare, His Mind and Art*, p. 424.

To find scene has forced us with the shipwreck - with "impotent" has met the sea. & shipwreck in these resources. The scene more vividly than anywhere else. Then again the effect of the waves, the upflow there. p. 41 a

## THE TEMPEST

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

*Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.*

*Mast.* Boatswain!

*Boats.* Here, master: what cheer?

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

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

3. *Good*, 'my good fellow,' a persuasive preface to a command. So in vv. 16, 20, etc.

3. *fall to 't, yarely*. This order corresponds to the first of the five phases or 'positions,' distinguished by Lord Musgrave. Apart from this general

command and the final catastrophe (v. 64), there are three successive manœuvres in the handling of the ship.

4. *yarely*, briskly.

7. *Take in the topsail*; this is the first manœuvre.

9. *if room enough*, if there is sea-room.

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ACT I

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND,  
GONZALO, *and others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's <sup>10</sup>  
the master? Play the men.

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him? You mar our  
labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What cares  
these roarers for the name of king? To cabin:  
silence! trouble us not.

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast <sup>20</sup>  
aboard.

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

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: <sup>30</sup>  
methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him;  
his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast,  
good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his  
destiny our cable, for our own doth little advant-  
age. If he be not born to be hanged, our case  
is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Boatswain.

*Boats.* Down with the topmast! yare! lower,

18. *roarers*, blusterers.

37. *Down with the topmast*;  
the second manœuvre, still fur-  
ther reducing the weight aloft.

The movable topmast was a  
new invention in Shakespeare's  
time. This order is introduced  
to prepare for the next.

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lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

40

*Re-enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

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

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

*Boats.* Work you then.

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

*Gon.* I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

50

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

*Enter* Mariners *wet.*

*Mariners.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,  
For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.*

I'm out of patience.

38. *Bring her to try with main-course*, bring her close to the wind with the main-sail. To 'lie as try with the main-course' was a recognised expedient in a storm.

40. *our office*, my orders.

52. *Lay her a-hold; set her two*

*courses off to sea again*, bring her close to the wind by hauling up the main-sail, and set her two lowest sails (*courses*) on the other tack, to try to clear the land that way. The third manœuvre; which however fails, and the ship, not being able to weather a point, is driven ashore.

The Tempest

ACT I

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards :

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning

60

The washing of ten tides !

*Gon.* He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it And gape at widest to glut him.

[*A confused noise within* : 'Mercy on us!'—

'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—

'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king.

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, 70 brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done ! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mir.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd

With those that I saw suffer : / a brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her, | x

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock

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

63. *glut*, swallow.

heath, 'which beareth his flowers alongst the stemmes,' was then so called.

70. *long heath*, a variety of

remains of the embossed paper with which the book was lined



## The Tempest

Had I been any god of power, I would  
 Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere  
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd and  
 The fraughting souls within her. 10

*Pros.* Be collected:  
 No more amazement: tell your piteous heart  
 There's no harm done.

*Mir.* O, woe the day!

*Pros.* No harm.  
 I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who  
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing  
 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better  
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20  
 And thy no greater father.

*Mir.* More to know X  
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pros.* 'Tis time  
 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
 And pluck my magic garment from me. So:  
 [*Lays down his mantle.*]  
 Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have  
 comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
 I have with such provision in mine art  
 So safely ordered that there is no soul—  
 No, not so much perdition as an hair 30  
 Betid to any creature in the vessel  
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down;  
 For thou must now know farther.

*Mir.* You have often X  
 Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd  
 And left me to a bootless inquisition,

13. *The fraughting souls, the living freight.*

# The Tempest

ACT I

Concluding 'Stay : not yet.'

*Pros.* The hour's now come ;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;  
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came unto this cell ?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not 40  
Out three years old.

*Mir.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pros.* By what ? by any other house or person ?  
Of any thing the image tell me that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mir.* 'Tis far off  
And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
Four or five women once that tended me ?

*Pros.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But  
how is it  
That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm of time ? 50  
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,  
How thou camest here thou mayst.

*Mir.* But that I do not.

*Pros.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year  
since,  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and  
A prince of power.

*Mir.* Sir, are not you my father ?

*Pros.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father  
Was Duke of Milan ; and thou his only heir  
And princess no worse issued.

*Mir.* O the heavens !  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ? 60  
Or blessed was 't we did ?

41. *Out, fully.*

56. *piece, paragon.*

59. *issued, derived.*

## The Tempest

*Pros.*

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

*Mir.*

O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance! Please you,  
farther.

*Pros.* My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—  
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved and to him put  
The manage of my state ; as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first  
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me ?

70

*Mir.*

Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who to advance and who  
To trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed  
'em,

80

Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
To what tune pleased his ear ; that now he was

64. *teen*, trouble.65. *from*, out of.69. *put the manage*, confided the control.79. *perfected*, completely skilled.81. *trash for over-topping*, hamper, to prevent their risingtoo high. *Trash* was a technical term of the kennel for the process of artificially retarding a dog too eager or forward in hunting.83. *key*, tuning-key (with a play upon the ordinary sense).85. *that*, so that.

# The Tempest

ACT I

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st  
not.

*Mir.* O, good sir, I do.

*Pros.* I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in its contrary as great  
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact, like one  
Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100  
Made such a sinner of his memory  
To credit his own lie, he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitu-  
tion,  
And executing the outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing—  
Dost thou hear?

*Mir.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

92. *O'er-prized*, exceeded in value.

100. *Who having into truth*, etc. This is usually understood: 'Who has, by habitual repetition of a lie, so corrupted the veracity of his memory that he believes the lie himself.' Warburton substituted *unto* for *into*. But even 'sinner unto truth' is a questionable phrase, while the clause 'by telling of it' is by this construction awkwardly cut off

from the word 'lie' to which 'it' refers. On the other hand, 'by telling of it' becomes natural, if the clause containing 'lie' was already opened in the preceding words. Hence it is probable that the construction is 'credit his own lie into truth,' *i. e.* 'believe it into the semblance of truth,' the lucidity of the thought being disturbed in the course of its expression by the amplification in line 101.

## The Tempest

*Pros.* To have no screen between this part he  
 play'd  
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
 Was dukedom large enough : of temporal royalties 110  
 He thinks me now incapable ; confederates—  
 So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples  
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
 Subject his coronet to his crown and bend  
 The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan !—  
 To most ignoble stooping.

*Mir.* O the heavens !

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

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

*Pros.* Now the condition. 120  
 This King of Naples, being an enemy  
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;  
 Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises  
 Of homage and I know not how much tribute,  
 Should presently extirpate me and mine  
 Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan  
 With all the honours on my brother : whereon,  
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
 Fated to the purpose did Antonio open  
 The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness, 130  
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
 Me and thy crying self.

*Mir.* Alack, for pity !  
 I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
 Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint

109. *Milan*, duke of Milan.

112. *dry*, thirsty.

123. *in lieu o'*, in return for.

134. *hint*, theme.

# The Tempest

ACT I

That wrings mine eyes to 't.

*Pros.* Hear a little further  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now 's upon 's ; without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.

*Mir.* Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us ?

*Pros.* Well demanded, wench :  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst  
not,

So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business, but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it : there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh  
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mir.* Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you !

*Pros.* O, a cherubin  
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst  
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burthen groan'd ; which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mir.* How came we ashore ?

146. *butt*, (figuratively for) a broad, unwieldy boat, a 'tub.' That it was not literally a cask is shown by the description 'not rigged,' etc.

148. *hoist*, hoisted.

155. *deck'd*, sprinkled.

157. *An undergoing stomach*, a valiant courage.

## The Tempest

*Pros.* By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that 160  
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
 Out of his charity, who being then appointed  
 Master of this design, did give us, with  
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,  
 Which since have steaded much; so, of his  
 gentleness,  
 Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
 From mine own library with volumes that  
 I prize above my dukedom.

*Mir.* Would I might

But ever see that man!

*Pros.* Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*  
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170  
 Here in this island we arrived; and here  
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
 Than other princess' can that have more time  
 For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

*Mir.* Heavens thank you for't! And now, I  
 pray you, sir,  
 For stiel 'tis beating in my mind, your reason  
 For raising this sea-storm?

*Pros.* Know thus far forth.  
 By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
 Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
 Brought to this shore; and by my prescience 180  
 I find my zenith doth depend upon  
 A most auspicious star, whose influence

169. *Now I arise.* These words have caused much difficulty. The injunction to Miranda in the next line to 'Sit still' favours the most obvious sense. On the point of resuming his magician's part, Prospero 'arises' and puts on his robe.

The stage-direction was first suggested by Dyce.

173. *princess'*, princesses. *Ff* *princesse*. This is the regular Shakespearean plural of the word.

181. *zenith*, culminating point of fortune.

# The Tempest

ACT I

If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:  
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel, come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I  
come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, 190  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.

*Pros.* Hast thou, spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ari.* To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 200  
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the pre-  
cursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

193. *quality*, faculty, craft  
(perhaps in the collective rather  
than the abstract sense).

194. *to point*, precisely.

197. *waist*, the middle portion  
of a ship between fore-castle and  
quarter-deck.

198. *I flamed amazement*,  
etc. The description is suggested  
by the 'fire of St. Elmo,'—flames  
seen during a storm to fly along  
from mast to mast. Accounts  
of it were accessible in Hakluyt.  
200. *distinctly*, separately.



## The Tempest

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

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210  
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—  
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, ' Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here.'

*Pros.* Why, that's my spirit,  
But was not this nigh shore ?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe ?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd ;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before : and, as thou badest me,  
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. 220  
The king's son have I landed by himself ;  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

*Pros.* Of the king's ship  
The mariners say how thou hast disposed  
And all the rest o' the fleet.

*Ari.* Safely in harbour  
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid :

207. *coil*, uproar.

210. *tricks*, wild acts.

213. *up-staring*, standing on end.

223. *odd*, out-of-the-way.

224. *in this sad knot*, 'sadly

folded—thus.' 'Folded arms' were amongst the accepted signs of melancholy.

229. *still-vex'd*, for ever storm-beaten.

229. *Bermoothes*, the Bermudas.

The Tempest

ACT I

The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;  
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,  
I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet  
Which I dispersed, they all have met again  
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,  
Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd  
And his great person perish.

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

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pros.* At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six  
and now

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

*Ari.* Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give  
me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pros.* How now ? moody ?  
What is 't thou canst demand ?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pros.* Before the time be out ? no more !

*Ari.* I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service ;  
'Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served  
Without or grudge or grumblings : thou didst  
promise

To bate me a full year.

*Pros.* Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee ?

*Ari.* No.

*Pros.* Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread  
the ooze

234. flote, flood.

240. glasses, hours.

252. ooze, oozy bottom.

Of the salt deep,  
 To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
 To do me business in the veins o' the earth  
 When it is baked with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pros.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou  
 forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy  
 Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

*Ari.* No, sir.

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

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pros.* O, was she so? I must  
 Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
 Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,  
 For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible  
 To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
 Thou know'st, was banished: for one thing she did  
 They would not take her life. Is not this true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pros.* This blue-eyed hag was hither brought  
 with child

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, <sup>270</sup>  
 As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;  
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
 To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,

261. *Argier*, Algiers.

266. *for one thing she did*.  
 What this one thing was has  
 excited much needless speculation.  
 The only object of the  
 narrative was to account for  
 Sycorax's arrival in the island;  
 she was banished for her crimes  
 and spared death in considera-  
 tion of some service; what the

specific ground of mercy was  
 is as irrelevant as the specific  
 ground of condemnation, and  
 may have entered as little into  
 Shakespeare's mind.

269. *blue-eyed*, (probably)  
 with blue or livid eyelids, then  
 a reputed sign of pregnancy  
 (Wright).

# The Tempest

ACT I

By help of her more potent ministers  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift  
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years ; within which space she died  
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy  
groans 280

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this  
island—

Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes, Caliban her son.

*Pros.* Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans  
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever angry bears : it was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290  
Could not again undo : it was mine art,  
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

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

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

*Pros.* Do so, and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master !  
What shall I do ? say what ; what shall I do ? 300

*Pros.* Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea :  
be subject  
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible

## The Tempest

To every eyeball else. Go take this shape  
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!

[*Exit Ariel.*]

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

*Mir.* The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

*Pros.* Shake it off. Come on;  
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

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

*Pros.* But, as 'tis, 310  
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices  
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

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

*Pros.* Come forth, I say! there's other busi-  
ness for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise! when?

*Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

*Pros.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil  
himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye

311. *miss*, do without. of impatience.

316. *when?* an exclamation 317. *quaint*, dainty.

# The Tempest

ACT I

And blister you all o'er!

*Pros.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt  
have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner. 330  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest  
first,  
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me,  
wouldst give me  
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I loved  
thee  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and  
fertile:  
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! 340  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king: and here you  
sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' the island.

*Pros.* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have  
used thee,  
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee

326. *urchins*, hobgoblins.

327. *for that vast of night*,  
for that desolate period of night  
in which they were permitted to  
work.

333. *strokedst and madest*,  
Ff *strok'st and made*.

334. *berries*, perhaps coffee,  
already known by report as an  
Eastern drink.

## The Tempest

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

*Cal.* O ho, O ho! would't had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else 350  
This isle with Calibans.

*Pros.* Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each  
hour

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

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile  
race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which  
good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou 360  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit  
on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you  
For learning me your language!

*Pros.* Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps.

351-62. Assigned by Ff to  
Miranda. It was restored to  
Prospero by Theobald.

358. *race*, hereditary nature,  
strain.

364. *red plague*. Plagues

were currently classified accord-  
ing to the colour of the sorcs  
they produced, as 'red,'  
'yellow,' and 'black.'

364. *rid*, destroy.

369. *old*, intense, 'rare.'

The Tempest

ACT I

Fill all thy bones with achës, make thee roar 370  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.

[Aside] I must obey : his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

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

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing ;  
FERDINAND following.

ARIEL'S song.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands :  
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it featly here and there ; 380  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Burthen [dispersedly]. Hark, hark !

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark :

Bow-wow.

370. achës. The word *ache* was phonetically identical with name of the letter H. Hence Shakespeare puns on them (cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 56).

374. *invisible*. A special dress was used to indicate 'invisibility.' Steevens quotes from a contemporary theatrical wardrobe the item : *a robe for to go invisible*.

378-9. *kiss'd the wild waves whist*, kissed the waves into hushed stillness, i.e. kissed partners (immediate prelude to the dance) and thereby hushed the noisy waves into attention (Allen). This interpretation,

favoured by the punctuation in Ff and by v. 392, is more Shakespearean than the commoner one, which makes v. 379 a parenthesis.

380. *featly*, gracefully.

381. *the burthen bear*, Pope's correction of the reading of the Ff *bear the burden*.

382. Ff print the four lines 382-6 continuously, as belonging to the 'dispersed burthen.' Some editors separate the 'bow-wows' from the 'burthen'; but in the desolate island the 'watch dogs' also must clearly have been personated by 'sprites.'



## The Tempest

*Ari.* Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' the air or  
the earth?

It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

390

*ARIEL sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

400

*Burthen.* Ding-dong.

*Ari.* Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd  
father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound-

That the earth owes. I hear it now above me. — 407

*Pros.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.

390. *again*, again and again.

395. *Ariel sings.* The musical setting of this song by R. Johnson, probably that used in the original performance, is still extant in Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, 1660. John-

son composed in 1610 the music for Middleton's *The Witch*.

405. *ditty*, the words (*detto*) of the song.

405. *remember*, commemorate.

408. *advance*, lift up.

# The Tempest

ACT I

And say what thou seest yond.

*Mir.* What is 't? a spirit?  
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, 410  
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

*Pros.* No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath  
such senses  
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest  
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd  
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst  
call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows  
And strays about to find 'em.

*Mir.* I might call him  
A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,  
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll  
free thee 420  
Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island;  
And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me here: my prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!  
If you be maid or no?

*Mir.* No wonder, sir;  
But certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language! heavens!  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pros.* How? the best? 430  
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

432. *A single thing*, i.e. Naples; with a play on the  
identical with the King of sense 'solitary.'

## The Tempest

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;  
 And that he does I weep : myself am Naples,  
 Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
 The king my father wreck'd.

*Mir.*

Alack, for mercy !

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords ; the Duke of  
 Milan

And his brave son being twain.

*Pros.*

[*Aside*] The Duke of Milan

And his more braver daughter could control thee,  
 If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight  
 They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,  
 I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good  
 sir ;

440

I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a word.

*Mir.* Why speaks my father so ungently ? This  
 Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first  
 That ere I sigh'd for : pity move my father  
 To be inclined my way !

*Fer.*

O, if a virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
 The queen of Naples.

*Pros.*

Soft, sir ! one word more.

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

450

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
 Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more ;  
 I charge thee

That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp  
 The name thou owest not ; and hast put thyself  
 Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
 From me, the lord on 't.

438. *his brave son.* This person, apparently by an oversight, does not appear in the sequel.

439. *control, check.*

443. *done yourself some wrong,*

made an unfounded claim ; with the friendly sub-sense, hidden from Ferdinand : 'represented your case as worse than it will prove to be.'

# The Tempest

ACT I

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pros.* Follow me.  
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come; 460  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:  
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*Fer.* No;  
I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

*Mir.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle and not fearful.

*Pros.* What? I say,  
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;  
Who makest a show but darrest not strike, thy  
conscience 470  
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mir.* Beseech you, father.

*Pros.* Hence! hang not on my garments.

*Mir.* Sir, have pity;  
I'll be his surety.

*Pros.* Silence! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.  
What!

468. *gentle and not fearful*, attribute to Miranda too much mild and not terrible. The insight into the niceties of social interpretation 'of gentle birth and not a coward' seems to distinction.

471. *ward*, posture of defence.

## The Tempest

An advocate for an impostor! hush!  
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
 Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!  
 To the most of men this is a Caliban  
 And they to him are angels.

480

*Mir.* My affections  
 Are then most humble; I have no ambition  
 To see a goodlier man.

*Pros.* Come on; obey:  
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again  
 And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are;  
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
 The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's  
 threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
 Might I but through my prison once a day  
 Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth  
 Let liberty make use of; space enough  
 Have I in such a prison.

490

*Pros.* [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.  
 Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*] Follow  
 me.

[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

*Mir.* Be of comfort;  
 My father's of a better nature, sir,  
 Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted  
 Which now came from him.

*Pros.* Thou shalt be as free  
 As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
 All points of my command.

*Ari.* To the syllable.

500

*Pros.* Come, follow. Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

484. nerves, sinews.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,  
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry ; you have  
cause,

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

*Alon.* Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10

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

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

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One : tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd that's  
offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed : you have  
spoken truer than you purposed. 20

3. *hint*, occasion.

5. *masters of some merchant*, i.e. 'merchantman.'

## The Tempest

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant  
you should,

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue

*Alon.* I prithee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done : but yet,—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

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

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockerel. 30

*Seb.* Done. The wager ?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match !

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Seb.* So, you 're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet,—

*Adr.* Yet,—

*Ant.* He could not miss 't. 40

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

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

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

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most  
sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

35. (*Ant.*) *Ha, ha, ha!* (*Seb.*) spoken, Antonio wins the match, So, *you're paid.* Ff give the laughs in triumph, and 'a first words to Sebastian, the laughter' being the wager, is second to Antonio. Theobald thereupon told by Sebastian that gave both to Sebastian. Adrian, he is 'paid.'  
'the cockerel,' having first 42. *temperance*, temperature.

# The Tempest

ACT II

*Ant.* True ; save means to live. 50

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how green !

*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

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

*Seb.* As many vouched rarities are. 60

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

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

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to 70 the King of Tunis.

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

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

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

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

*Seb.* What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too ? Good Lord, how you take it ! 80

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

55. *an eye*, a tinge.

75. *to*, for.

77. *How came that widow*

*in ?* i.e. seeing that Dido lost Æneas by his desertion, not by

his death.



## The Tempest

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath raised the wall and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in 90  
his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

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

*Gon.* Ay.

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

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

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. 100

*Ant.* O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

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

*Ant.* That 'sort' was well fished for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against

86. *the miraculous harp*, viz. the harp with which Amphion raised the walls of Thebes.

94. *Ay*. This is best understood as addressed to Adrian—Gonzalo, who persistently ignores Antonio and Sebastian, reiterating his assurance that Tunis was Carthage. Staunton gave *Ay* to Alonso, interpreting it as an exclamation uttered by him on awaking from his trance

of grief. This has the merit of accounting for Gonzalo's sudden address to the King in line 96.

95. *in good time*, 'very good,' 'to be sure.'

104. *That 'sort' was well fished for*, 'You have stumbled at last upon that needful qualification!'

106. *against the stomach of my sense*, though I loathe to hear them.

# The Tempest

ACT II

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
 Married my daughter there ! for, coming thence,  
 My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,  
 Who is so far from Italy removed 110  
 I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir  
 Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
 Hath made his meal on thee ?

*Fran.*

Sir, he may live :

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
 And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,  
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
 The surge most swoln that met him ; his bold  
 head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, 120  
 As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt  
 He came alive to land.

*Alon.*

No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great  
 loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your  
 daughter,

But rather lose her to an African ;  
 Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,  
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.*

Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to and importuned  
 otherwise

By all of us, and the fair soul herself  
 Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at 130

109. *rate*, estimation.

127. *Who hath cause to wet the grief on't*, (she) who has cause to fill your eyes with tears.

130. *loathness*, reluctance.

ib. *at which end o' the*

*beam should bow*, which scale should descend. The expression is elliptical for 'at which end of (it) the beam should bow,' or 'at which end o' the beam (it) should bow.'

## The Tempest

Which end o' the beam should bow. We have  
lost your son,

I fear, for ever : Milan and Naples have  
Moe widows in them of this business' making  
Than we bring men to comfort them :  
The fault's your own.

*Alon.* So is the dear'st o' the loss.

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness  
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir, 140  
When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather ?

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Ant.* He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

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

*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by con-  
traries

Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;  
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty, 150  
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;  
No occupation ; all men idle, all ;  
And women too, but innocent and pure ;

135. *the dear'st*, the most grievously missed portion.

140. *chirurgeonly*, like a surgeon.

143. *plantation*, a colony. Antonio affects to understand the word in the sense now alone current.

# The Tempest

ACT II

No sovereignty ;—

*Seb.* Yet he would be king on 't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony, 160  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,  
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

*Ant.* None, man ; all idle ; whores and knaves.

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

*Seb.* 'Save his majesty !

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo !

*Gon.* And,—do you mark me, sir ?

*Alon.* Prithee, no more : thou dost talk nothing 170  
to me.

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

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laughed at.

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

*Ant.* What a blow was there given ! 180

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

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

163. *it, its.*

ib. *foison*, plenty.

174. *sensible*, sensitive, easily  
moved.

178. *to*, in comparison with.

181. *flat-long*, like a blow  
with the flat of the sword.

## The Tempest

*Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.*

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

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

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

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

190

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

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes

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

They are inclined to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it :

It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,

Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

*[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]*

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why

200

Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find not  
Myself disposed to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent ;

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

185. *a bat-fowling*, the hunting of bats by night ; they were scared with flames and knocked down with poles.

*i.e.* hear them laughing at him.

194. *omit the heavy offer of it*, neglect its slumberous invitation.

203. *consent*, common agreement.

190. *Go sleep, and hear us*,

# The Tempest

ACT II

Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?—No more :—  
 And yet methinks I see it in thy face,  
 What thou shouldst be : the occasion speaks thee,  
 and

My strong imagination sees a crown  
 Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do ; and surely 210

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

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,  
 Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather ; wink'st  
 Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly ;  
 There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom : you  
 Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do 220  
 Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well, I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so : to ebb  
 Hereditary sloth instructs me.

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

*Seb.* Prithee, say on :

207. *speaks*, proclaims.

thrice the man you are.

217. *distinctly*, articulately.

226. *Ebbing men*, men of de-

221. *Trebles thee*, makes you

clining fortunes.

## The Tempest

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
 A matter from thee, and a birth indeed 230  
 Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir :

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,  
 Who shall be of as little memory  
 When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—  
 For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
 Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,  
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd  
 As he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that 'no hope'

What great hope have you! no hope that way is 240  
 Another way so high a hope that even  
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
 But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me  
 That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells  
 Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from  
 Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post—  
 The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born  
 chins

Be rough and razorable; she that—from whom 250

229. *proclaim a matter* doubting (suspecting) that no-  
*from thee*, announce an im- thing can there be found.

232. *remembrance*, memory. 247. *beyond man's life*,

233. *of as little memory*, as (probably) beyond the distance  
 a man could travel in his life.

243. *But doubt*, without 250. *she that—from whom*,

she (coming) from whom.

# The Tempest

ACT II

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,  
And by that destiny to perform an act  
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come  
In yours and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this! how say you?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;  
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death 260  
That now hath seized them; why, they were no  
worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

*Seb.* Methinks I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember 270  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True:  
And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much feater than before: my brother's servants  
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience?

*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,

251. *cast*, cast up.

254. *In yours and my discharge*, rests upon you and me to carry out.

*deep chat*, make a chough (a kind of crow) talk as profoundly.

to carry out.

270. *Tender*, regard.

265. *make a chough of as*

276. *kibe*, chilblain.



## The Tempest

'Twould put me to my slipper : but I feel not  
 This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,  
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they  
 And melt ere they molest ! Here lies your brother, 280  
 No better than the earth he lies upon,  
 If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead ;  
 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
 Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing thus,  
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
 They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;  
 They 'll tell the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend, 290  
 Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,  
 I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke  
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest :  
 And I the king shall love thee.

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

*Seb.* O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.*

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

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie, 300  
 Open-eyed conspiracy

279. *candied be . . . and melt,*  
 be congealed and dissolve away,  
 in either case ceasing to 'mo-  
 lest.'

285. *wink,* sleep.

286. *who should not up-  
 braid,* to prevent his upbraiding.

288. *suggestion,* temptation.

# The Tempest

ACT II

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware :

Awake, awake !

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good angels  
Preserve the king. [*They wake.*

*Alon.* Why, how now? ho, awake ! Why are  
you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose, <sup>310</sup>  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions : did't not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing

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

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me :  
I shaked you, sir, and cried : as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn : there was a noise, <sup>320</sup>  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground ; and let's make  
further search  
For my poor son.

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

*Alon.* Lead away.

*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I have  
done :

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>308.</sup> *drawn*, with drawn swords.

## The Tempest

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

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

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor  
pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me;  
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me  
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which 10  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime 'am I  
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear  
off any weather at all, and another storm brewing;  
I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, 20  
yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that  
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it  
did before, I know not where to hide my head:

3. *By inch-meal*, inch by inch.

5. *urchin-shows*, apparitions  
of goblins.

13. *wound*, wound about with.

21. *bombard*, a large vessel  
for holding liquor.

# The Tempest

ACT II

yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-fuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give 30 a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter 40 hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand.*

*Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

[*Sings.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,  
The gunner and his mate

28. *Poor-John*, salted hake.

ib. *Were I in England now*, etc. This is attested by the considerable Elizabethan literature of 'strange beasts.' In 1632 Sir H. Herbert, Master of the Revels, granted a license to J. Seele 'to shew a strange fish

for half a year.

31. *make a man*, make a man's future.

33. *doit*, the smallest coin. Eighty doits made one shilling.

40. *gaberdine*, long coarse smock-frock.

## The Tempest

Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery, 50  
 But none of us cared for Kate ;  
 For she had a tongue with a tang,  
 Would cry to a sailor, Go hang !  
 She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
 Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did  
 itch :

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang !  
 This is a scurvy tune too : but here 's my comfort.  
 [*Drinks.*]

*Cal.* Do not torment me : Oh !

*Ste.* What 's the matter ? Have we devils  
 here ? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and 60  
 men of Ind, ha ? I have not 'scaped drowning to  
 be afeard now of your four legs ; for it hath been  
 said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs  
 cannot make him give ground ; and it shall be  
 said so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me ; Oh !

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle with  
 four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague.  
 Where the devil should he learn our language ?  
 I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. 70  
 If I can recover him and keep him tame and get  
 to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor  
 that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, prithee ; I 'll bring  
 my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He 's in his fit now and does not talk after  
 the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle : if he  
 have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to  
 remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep  
 him tame, I will not take too much for him ; he 80  
 shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

52. *tang*, shrill sound.

61. *men of Ind*, a synonym for 'savages.'

# The Tempest

ACT II

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

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

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

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

*Trin.* Stephano!

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

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

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

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I

83. *trembling*, a reputed sign of being 'possessed.'

86. *cat*; with reference to the proverb that 'good liquor will make a cat speak.'

98. *Amen*, i.e. Enough (for this mouth).

110. *siege*, stool, excrement.

111. *moon-calf*, abortion.

hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

*Ste.* Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

120

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

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

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

130

*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

*Trin.* Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

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

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

140

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee: My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

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

120. *is not constant*, is qualmish.126. *sack*, Spanish white wine.

# The Tempest

ACT II

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in 150  
good sooth!

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;  
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

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

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on then; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,— 160

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;  
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

*Cal.* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee

150. *Well drawn*, 'a good bulbous root-stock of the plant draught.'

172. *pig-nuts*, the edible *Bunium flexuosum*.

174. *marmoset*, small monkey.



## The Tempest

To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I prithee now, lead the way without any  
more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our  
company else being drowned, we will inherit  
here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, 180  
we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* [*Sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken monster!

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master: get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, 190  
hey-day, freedom!

*Ste.* O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and  
their labour

176. *scamels*, probably some kind of rock-breeding bird is meant. But the word cannot be shown to have ever existed except as a local East-coast name for a bird which does not breed in the rocks. Theobald's conjecture *sea-mells*, 'sea-gulls,' is therefore very plausible.

179. *inherit*, take possession.

187. *trencher*, Pope's emendation for Ff *trenchering*. The Ff reading has been ingeniously defended as due to his drunken hiccough; it is more likely to be due to the printer's eye having caught the *-ing* of the two previous lines.

1. *painful*, toilsome.

# The Tempest

ACT III

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness  
 Are nobly undergone and most poor matters  
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
 Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
 The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead  
 And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is  
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,  
 And he's composed of harshness. I must remove  
 Some thousands of these logs and pile them up, 10  
 Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress  
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such  
     baseness  
 Had never like executor. I forget:  
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my  
     labours,  
 Most busy lest, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance,  
 unseen.*

*Mir.* Alas, now, pray you,  
 Work not so hard: I would the lightning had  
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile!  
 Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,  
 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father

2. *sets off*, removes, assuages. But *labour* may be taken as the subject, in which case 'set off' has its more usual Shakespearean sense: 'show to the best advantage.'

3. *most poor matters*, humblest operations.

11. *Upon a sore injunction*, in obedience to a grievous order (*i.e.* one sanctioned with a grievous penalty).

15. *Most busy lest, when I do it.* So F<sub>1</sub>. The later Ff give *Most busy least, when I do it*;

and this, with the comma before *lest*, may be interpreted: '(these sweet thoughts inspiring and animating my toil), I am really most busy when least occupied.' But both the inversion of *least* and *when*, and the reference in *do it* to *labours*, are harsh, and Shakespeare can hardly have written the line thus. Preferable suggestions are Holt's, 'Most busiest, when I do it' (*i.e.* when I 'forget'), and Spedding's ingenious, 'Most busiest, when idlest.'

Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ; 20  
 He's safe for these three hours.

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

*Mir.* If you'll sit down,  
 I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;  
 I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature ;  
 I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
 Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
 While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.* It would become me  
 As well as it does you : and I should do it  
 With much more ease ; for my good will is to it, 30  
 And yours it is against.

*Pros.* Poor worm, thou art infected !  
 This visitation shows it.

*Mir.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning  
 with me  
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you—  
 Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—  
 What is your name ?

*Mir.* Miranda.—O my father,  
 I have broke your hest to say so !

*Fer.* Admired Miranda !  
 Indeed the top of admiration ! worth  
 What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady  
 I have eyed with best regard and many a time 40  
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
 Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues  
 Have I liked several women ; never any  
 With so full soul, but some defect in her  
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed

32. *visitation* ; (carrying on the image of 'infected').

# The Tempest

ACT III

And put it to the foil : but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best !

*Mir.* I do not know  
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen 50  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear father : how features are abroad,  
I am skillless of ; but, by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you,  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

*Fer.* I am in my condition  
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ; 60  
I would, not so !—and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul  
speak :  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,  
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mir.* Do you love me ?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this  
sound  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert 70  
What best is boded me to mischief ! I  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world  
Do love, prize, honour you.

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

46. *put to the foil*, foiled.

72. *what*, anything, aught.

## The Tempest

*Pros.* Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between 'em!

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?

*Mir.* At mine unworthiness that dare not offer  
What I desire to give, and much less take  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest;  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mir.* My husband, then?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't: and now  
farewell 90  
Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand thousand!

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

*Pros.* So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
For yet ere supper-time must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

*Ste.* Tell not me; when the butt is out, we  
79. *die to want*, die through wanting. 84. *maid*, handmaiden.

# The Tempest

ACT III

will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

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

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head. 10

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

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

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard. 20

*Ste.* We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

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

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward 30 that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

3. *bear up* (a nautical phrase), 'to put the helm up and keep a vessel off her course.'

10. *set*, closed. Trinculo misunderstands.

18. *standard*, standard-bearer. Trinculo in the next speech quibbles on 'stander.'

29. *deboshed*, debauched.

## The Tempest

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* 'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

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

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

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

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

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

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

*Ari.* Thou liest.

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

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest, But this thing dare not,—

*Ste.* That's most certain.

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

# The Tempest

ACT III

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

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest; thou canst not.

70

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows  
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone  
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not  
show him

Where the quick freshes are.

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

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll 80  
go farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

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

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

*Trin.* I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

90

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale, Prithee, stand farther off.

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

*Ste.* Stand farther. Come, proceed.

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

75. quick freshes, springs of fresh water.

79. make a stock-fish of thee, i.e. beat thee, like dried cod.



I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain  
him,

Having first seized his books, or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember  
First to possess his books; for without them 100  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command: they all do hate him  
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.  
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—  
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.  
And that most deeply to consider is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,  
But only Sycorax my dam and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax 110  
As great'st does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant.  
And bring thee forth brave brood.

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

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat  
thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue 120  
in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep:  
Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou makest me merry; I am full of  
pleasure:

99. *wezand*, windpipe.

101. *sot*, fool.

105. *he'll deck withal*, i.e.  
deck the house with.

# The Tempest

ACT III

Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch  
You taught me but while-ere ?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason,  
any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em

130

And scout 'em and flout 'em ;

Thought is free.

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same ?

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

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

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins !

*Ste.* He that dies pays all debts : I defy thee. 140  
Mercy upon us !

*Cal.* Art thou afeard ?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt  
not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open and show  
riches

150

Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again.

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

127. *while-ere*, a short while ago.

136. *the picture of Nobody*. Several such 'pictures' are

known. In the print prefixed to the comedy of *Nobody and Somebody*, 1600, 'Nobody' is a man with only head, arms, and legs.

## The Tempest

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by : I remember the story.

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

*Ste.* Lead, monster ; we 'll follow. I would I could see this taborer ; he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come ? I 'll follow, Stephano.

160

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

*Gon.* By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;  
My old bones ache : here 's a maze trod indeed  
Through forth-rights and meanders ! By your  
patience,  
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

*Ant.* [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he 's  
so out of hope.  
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolved to effect.

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

156. *by and by*, immediately.

1. *By 'r lakin*, by our ladykin,  
*i.e.* the Virgin.

3. *forth-rights*, straightforward paths.

5. *attach'd*, seized.

13. *advantage*, opportunity.

# The Tempest

ACT III

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

*Seb.* [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night : no more.  
[*Solemn and strange music.*]

*Alon.* What harmony is this? My good friends,  
hark !

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music !

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet ; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation ; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What  
were these? 20

*Seb.* A living drollery. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both ;  
And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true : travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

*Gon.* If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders—  
For, certes, these are people of the island— 30  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,  
note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] Honest lord,

21. *drollery, puppet-play.*

## The Tempest

Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present  
Are worse than devils.

*Alon.*

I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, ex-  
pressing—

Although they want the use of tongue—a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pros.*

[*Aside*] Praise in departing.

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.*

No matter, since 40  
They have left their viands behind ; for we have  
stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here ?

*Alon.*

Not I.

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

Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging  
at 'em

Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now  
we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us  
Good warrant of.

36. *muse*, wonder at.

39. *Praise in departing*, a  
proverbial phrase, meaning :  
Do not praise till the entertain-  
ment is over.

44. *mountaineers*, savages.

48. *Each putter-out of five  
for one*, i.e. every adventurous  
traveller. This refers to a kind of  
Life Insurance then customary.  
The traveller deposited a certain  
sum before starting, receiving,  
if he returned safely, repayment  
at a certain rate, usually five to

one, upon what he had 'put-out,'  
and losing all claim to it if he  
miscarried. The *locus classicus*  
on the subject is in Ben Jonson's  
*Every Man out of His Humour*,  
ii. 1, where Puntarvolo proposes  
to 'put forth some five thousand  
pounds to be paid me, five for  
one, upon the return of myself,  
my wife, and my dog from the  
Turk's court at Constantinople.'  
But it is incredible that so high  
a rate can have been obtained  
for less complicated risks or  
shorter journeys.

# The Tempest

ACT III

*Alon.* I will stand to and feed,  
Although my last : no matter, since I feel 50  
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,  
Stand to and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in 't, the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up you ; and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit ; you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad ;  
And even with such-like valour men hang and  
drown  
Their proper selves.

*[Alon., Seb. etc. draw their swords.]*

You fools ! I and my fellows 60  
Are ministers of Fate : the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle that's in my plume : my fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths  
And will not be uplifted. But remember—  
For that's my business to you—that you three 70  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,

54. *to instrument*, as its instrument, or organ.

65. *dowle*, film of down.

## The Tempest

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me  
Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you  
from—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80  
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

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

*Pros.* Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My high charms  
work

And these mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions ; they now are in my power ; 90  
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,  
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*]

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

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous, monstrous !  
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper : it did bass my trespass.

82. *clear*, blameless. 99. *bass my trespass*, pro-  
86. *good life and observation* claimed my offence with its deep  
*strange*, lifelike precision and roll.  
rare attention.

# The Tempest

ACT IV

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and 100  
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded  
 And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.

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

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.  
[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate: their  
 great guilt,  
 Like poison given to work a great time after,  
 Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you  
 That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly  
 And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
 May now provoke them to.

*Adr.* Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pros.* If I have too austere-ly punish'd you,  
 Your compensation makes amends, for I  
 Have given you here a third of mine own life,  
 Or that for which I live; who once again  
 I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations  
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
 Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,  
 I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,  
 Do not smile at me that I boast her off,

108. *ecstasy*, madness. 3. *a third*, i.e. a main portion.

7. *strangely*, rarely.



For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise 10  
 And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it  
 Against an oracle.

*Pros.* Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition

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

*Fer.* As I hope  
 For quiet days, fair issue and long life,  
 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
 The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion  
 Our worser genius can, shall never melt  
 Mine honour into lust, to take away  
 The edge of that day's celebration  
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd, 30  
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

14. *purchased*, won.  
 18. *aspersion*, sprinkling, 'as  
 of dew.

26. *suggestion*, temptation.

27. *Our worser genius*, the  
 demon within us. Elsewhere  
 Shakespeare's language suggests  
 a single genius or guardian  
 spirit presiding over, but within,  
 each man, — and associating  
 itself now with his planning  
 intellect (*Jul. Cæs.* ii. 1. 66),

now with his heroism (*Ant. and  
 Cleo.* ii. 3. 19), now with his  
 weakness (*ib.* ii. 3. 21). Here,  
 on the contrary, the evil impulses  
 of men are ascribed to a special  
 'worsed genius' whom a 'better'  
 genius resists. The passage  
 goes far to show that the whole  
 doctrine was with Shakespeare  
 little more than inherited phrase-  
 ology.

30. *founder'd*, disabled (by  
 over-riding).

# The Tempest

ACT IV

*Pros.* Fairly spoke.  
Sit then and talk with her ; she is thine own.  
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Pros.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last  
service

Did worthily perform ; and I must use you  
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place :  
Incite them to quick motion ; for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art : it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

40

*Ari.* Presently?

*Pros.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'  
And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master? no?

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not ap-  
proach  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well, I conceive. [*Exit.* 50

*Pros.* Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemious,  
Or else, good night your vow !

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir ;  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.

*Pros.* Well.  
Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,

47. *mop and mow*, grimaces. 57. *corollary*, supernumerary.

## The Tempest

Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly !  
 No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent. [Soft music.]

*Enter IRIS.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas 60  
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease ;  
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
 And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;  
 Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,  
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy  
     broom-groves,  
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
 Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;  
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,  
 Where thou thyself dost air ;—the queen o' the sky, 70  
 Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
 Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign  
     grace,  
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
 To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain :  
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

61. *vetches*, Ff *fetches*, an archaic and provincial form of the word.

63. *stover*, straw of rye, barley, or wheat, used as winter-fodder for cattle.

64. *banks with pioned and twilled brims*. Two interpretations still compete for the possession of this line. According to one, it refers to a river bank overgrown with 'marigolds' and 'reeds.' But the meanings thus given to *pioned* and *twilled* rest on very doubtful authority ; while the following line implies that the banks are 'pioned and twilled' before they

are 'trimmed' with flowers. Hence the less picturesque but perhaps more logical interpretation has latterly gained ground, according to which the 'banks' are those of trenches or dykes dividing cornlands, artificially heaped up (*pioned*) and 'furrowed' or 'faced with mire' (Fr. *fouiller*). Can *twilled* describe the appearance of the two banks running in 'twinned' parallel lines between the meadows?

66. *broom-groves*, luxuriant copses of broom.

68. *pole-clipt*, having vines clinging about its poles.

# The Tempest

ACT IV

*Enter CERES.*

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;  
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 80  
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate ;  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the blest lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the queen ? Since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90  
I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society  
Be not afraid : I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son  
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have  
done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;  
Mars's hot minion is return'd again ;  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows 100  
And be a boy right out.

*Cer.* High'st queen of state,  
Great Juno, comes ; I know her by her gait.

85. *freely estate*, liberally allusion to the story, *Wint. Tale*, iv. 4. 118.  
bestow.

89. *Dis*, Pluto. Cf. *Perdita's*

## The Tempest

*Enter JUNO.*

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister? Go  
with me  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be  
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing:*

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

*Cer.* Earth's increase, foison plenty, 110  
Barns and garners never empty,  
Vines with clustering bunches growing,  
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;  
Spring come to you at the farthest  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

*Pros.* Spirits, which by mine art 120  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise  
Makes this place Paradise.

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

119. *charmingly*, magically.      introduces a disturbing touch of  
121. *confines*, abodes.              banality. Ferdinand certainly  
123. *wise*. Some copies of        did not mean that the island  
F<sub>1</sub> read *wife*, which was adopted    would be Paradise with any  
by Rowe, Pope, and some later      wife any more than with any  
editors. But that reading in-        father.

# The Tempest

ACT IV

*Pros.* Sweet, now, silence !  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;  
There's something else to do: hush, and be  
mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring  
brooks,  
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land <sup>130</sup>  
Answer your summons ; Juno does command :  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow and be merry :  
Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

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

*Pros.* [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates <sup>140</sup>  
Against my life : the minute of their plot  
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done !  
avoid ; no more !

128. *windring* ; an otherwise unknown word, evidently meaning, and probably misprinted for, either *winding* or *wandering*.

129. *sedg'd*, sedge-woven.

130. *crisp*, curled ; probably

said of the circling ripples and dimples of a meadow-brook ; not of its winding course.

130. *land*, (probably) laund, lawn.

142. *avoid*, away !

*Fer.* This is strange : your father's in some  
passion  
That works him strongly.

*Mir.* Never till this day  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pros.* You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air :

150

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd ;

Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :

160

If you be pleased, retire into my cell

And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mir.* We wish you peace. [*Exeunt.*

*Pros.* Come with a thought. I thank thee,  
Ariel : come.

145. *distemper'd*, excited.

148 f. This famous passage may have been suggested by one in *The Tragedie of Darius*, by W. Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling (1603) :—

Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters  
vaunt ;

Not scepters, no, but reeds, soone  
bruis'd, soone broken ;

And let this worldlie pomp our wits  
inchant.

All fades and scarcelie leaves behind  
a token.

Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous  
halles,  
With furniture superfluouslie faire :  
Those statelie courts, those sky-  
encountering walles  
Evanish all like vapours in the aire.

154. *inherit*, possess.

156. *rack*, cloud. The word has no connection with 'wrack,' which Malone erroneously substituted.

158. *rounded*, embraced, encompassed.

# The Tempest

ACT IV

*Enter ARIEL.*

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

*Pros.* Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd  
Lest I might anger thee.

*Pros.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets? 170

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;  
So full of valour that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their  
ears,

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears  
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and  
thorns, 180

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul  
lake

O'erstunk their feet.

*Pros.* This was well done, my bird.  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:

167. *presented*, played.

180. *goss*, gorse.

182. *filthy-mantled*, Ff *filthy*

*mantled*.

184. *O'erstunk*, (probably)

outstunk.



## The Tempest

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,  
For stale to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*

*Pros.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ; 190  
And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,  
Even to roaring.

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening apparel, etc.*

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain, invisible.* *Enter*  
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole  
may not

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

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

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

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

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still.  
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore speak  
softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

187. *stale*, decoy.

193. *line*, probably a hair

clothes-line.

198. *Jack*, Jack o' lantern,

will o' the wisp.

206. *hoodwink*, conceal.

# The Tempest

ACT IV

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss. 210

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

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

*Cal.* Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,  
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 220

*Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

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

*Trin.* O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano!

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

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean 230

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone  
And do the murder first: if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,  
Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is

221. *O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!* alluding to the ballad, 'Take thy old cloak about thee,' where the line occurs 'King Stephen was a worthy peer.'

225. *frippery*, old-clothes shop.

231. *Let's alone*, i.e. go alone. 'Alone' is perhaps an error for 'along.'

## The Tempest

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

*Trin.* Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace. 240

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

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

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

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes  
With foreheads villanous low. 250

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

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pros.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

236-238. Stephano plays upon two current senses of the phrase: (1) staked (at tennis), and so waiting to be claimed, the wager being deposited 'under the line'; (2) on the equator, where fevers might be contracted resulting in loss of hair. Hence the jerkin is 'like to prove a bald jerkin.' But the latter phrase has also here, like the former, a literal sense: the jerkin is 'like to lose'

the horse-hair line on which it hung.

239. *by line and level*, methodically.

244. *pass of pate*, sally of wit.

249. *barnacles*, geese supposed to be bred in shell-fish which grew upon a tree known as the 'goose-tree' or 'barnacle-tree,' and ascribed by the sixteenth-century herbalists to Scotland and the North of England.

# The Tempest

ACT V

*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Pros.* Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark!

hark! [*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews 260  
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make  
them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

*Ari.* Hark, they roar!

*Pros.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little  
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

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

*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease. T

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

*Ari.* Confined together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,

262. *cat o' mountain*, wild cat. *carriage*, marches on erect under  
3. *Goes upright with his* his burden.

## The Tempest

In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ; 10  
 They cannot budge till your release. The king,  
 His brother and yours, abide all three distracted  
 And the remainder mourning over them,  
 Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly  
 Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord,  
 Gonzalo ;'

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
 From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly  
 works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections  
 Would become tender.

*Pros.* Dost thou think so, spirit ?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pros.* And mine shall. 20

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
 Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
 Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art ?  
 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to  
 the quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
 Do I take part : the rarer action is  
 In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,  
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel : 30  
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
 And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Pros.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes  
 and groves,

10. *line-grove*, grove of linden-  
 (or lime-)trees.

21. *touch*, sense.

24. *Passion*, feel.

33 f. This invocation was  
 probably modelled on that of

Medea in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*,  
 vii. 197-206, as translated by  
 Golding, beginning :—

Ye Ayres and Windes, ye Elves of  
 Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,  
 Of standing Lakes, and of the Night  
 approche ye everychone.

# The Tempest

ACT V

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him  
When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid, 40  
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt ; the strong-based promontory  
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar : graves at my command  
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50  
I here abjure, and, when I have required  
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,  
To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music. —

*Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a  
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SE-  
BASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, at-  
tended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all  
enter the circle which PROSPERO had made,  
and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO  
observing, speaks:*

A solemn air and the best comforter

37. *green sour ringlets*, circles attributed to the dancing of  
formed by grass of deeper colour fairies by night.  
and sharper flavour, popularly 47. *spurs*, spreading roots.

## The Tempest

To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,  
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand, 60  
 For you are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,  
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,  
 And as the morning steals upon the night,  
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,  
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces 70  
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly  
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.

Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and  
 blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,  
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,  
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive  
 thee,

Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding  
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of  
 them

That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,  
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:

I will discase me, and myself present

60. *boil'd*, frenzied. Pope's with.  
 correction of Ff *boile*. 'Un-  
 settled fancy' was popularly  
 ascribed to a 'seething' of the  
 brain.

62. *Holy*, upright.

63. *sociable to*, sympathising

64. *Fall*, let fall.

67. *ignorant fumes*, fumes of  
 ignorance.

69. *sir*, gentleman.

70. *pay*, requite.

85. *discase*, disrobe.

# The Tempest

ACT V

As I was sometime Milan : quickly, spirit ;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :  
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;  
There I couch when owls do cry. 90  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Pros.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall  
miss thee ;

But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain  
Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100  
And presently, I prithee.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return  
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder and amaze-  
ment

Inhabits here : some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country !

*Pros.* Behold, sir king,  
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero :  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;  
And to thee and thy company I bid 110  
A hearty welcome.

88. *Where the bee sucks.* The *Ballads*, 1660. It was probably the musical setting of this song by that used in the original performance. R. Johnson is preserved in Wilson's *Cheerfull Ayres or*



## The Tempest

*Alon.* Whether thou be'st he or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse  
Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw  
thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave,  
An if this be at all, a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should  
Prospero

Be living and be here ?

*Pros.* First, noble friend, 120  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measured or confined.

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

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

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

*Pros.* No.  
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother 130

112. *trifle*, unsubstantial  
thing, phantasm.

124. *subtilties*, fantastic  
fictions ; the customary term for  
the figures of animals or persons  
wrought in pastry or confec-  
tionery, which regularly occurred  
in Elizabethan banquets.

128. *justify*, prove.

129. *No.* Prospero by his

'art' is cognisant of Sebastian's  
'aside.' The curtness of the  
reply has excited suspicion and  
led to the emendation : 'Now  
(for you).' But the 'No' is  
itself a kind of aside addressd  
to Sebastian ; and as Prospero  
does not mean to betray him,  
its curtness is quite in keep-  
ing.

# The Tempest

ACT V

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require  
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,  
Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou be'st Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation ;  
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since  
Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost—  
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !—  
My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pros.* I am woe for 't, sir.

*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss, and patience 140  
Says it is past her cure.

*Pros.* I rather think  
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace  
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid  
And rest myself content.

*Alon.* You the like loss !

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

*Alon.* A daughter ?  
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,  
The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish 150  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your  
daughter ?

*Pros.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire  
That they devour their reason and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have  
Been justled from your senses, know for certain

145. *As great to me as late*, as great as it is recent.

154. *admire*, wonder.

## The Tempest

That I am Prospero and that very duke  
 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most  
     strangely 160  
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was  
     landed,  
 To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this ;  
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
 Not a relation for a breakfast nor  
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;  
 This cell 's my court : here have I few attendants  
 And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.  
 My dukedom since you have given me again,  
 I will requite you with as good a thing ;  
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 170  
 As much as me my dukedom.

*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and  
 MIRANDA playing at chess.*

*Mir.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dear'st love,

I would not for the world.

*Mir.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should  
     wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.* If this prove

A vision of the Island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle !

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merci-  
     ful ;

I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*

*Alon.* Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about ! 180

Arise, and say how thou camest here.

*Mir.* O, wonder !

How many goodly creatures are there here !

# The Tempest

ACT V

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
That has such people in't!

*Pros.* 'Tis new to thee.

*Alon.* What is this maid with whom thou wast  
at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours : ←  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together?

*Fer.* Sir, she is mortal ;

But by immortal Providence she's mine :

I chose her when I could not ask my father

For his advice, nor thought I had one. She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,

Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before ; of whom I have

Received a second life ; and second father

This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.* I am hers :

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I

Must ask my child forgiveness!

*Pros.* There, sir, stop :

Let us not burthen our remembrance with

A heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.* I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you  
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown!

For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way

Which brought us hither.

*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his  
issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice

Beyond a common joy, and set it down

With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage

Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis

## The Tempest

And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210  
 Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom  
 In a poor isle and all of us ourselves  
 When no man was his own.

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

*Gon.* Be it so ! Amen !

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

O, look, sir, look, sir ! here is more of us :  
 I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
 This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,  
 That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on  
 shore ?

Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ? 220

*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely  
 found

Our king and company ; the next, our ship—  
 Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—  
 Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when T.  
 We first put out to sea.

*Ari.* [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service  
 Have I done since I went.

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

*Alon.* These are not natural events ; they  
 strengthen  
 From strange to stranger. Say, how came you  
 hither ?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,

223. *glasses*, hours. The v. 186 shows that Shakespeare  
 seaman's 'glass' in Shake- is here following his ordinary  
 speare's time has been shown to usage of the word.  
 have been half an hour ; but

# The Tempest

ACT V

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, 230  
 And—how we know not—all clapp'd under  
 hatches ;

Where but even now with strange and several  
 noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
 And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
 We were awaked ; straightway, at liberty ;  
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
 Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master  
 Capering to eye her : on a trice, so please you,  
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them  
 And were brought moping hither.

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

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

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men  
 trod ;

And there is in this business more than nature  
 Was ever conduct of : some oracle  
 Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pros.* Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on  
 The strangeness of this business ; at pick'd leisure  
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,  
 Which to you shall seem probable, of every  
 These happen'd accidents ; till when, be cheerful 250  
 And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*]

Come hither, spirit :

Set Caliban and his companions free ;

Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my  
 gracious sir ?

230. *dead of sleep*, in a dead  
 sleep.

247. *pick'd*, chosen.

248. *single*, alone, in private.

248. *resolve you*, give you an  
 explanation.

249. *Which*, i.e. the explana-  
 tion.

## The Tempest

There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO  
and TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let  
no man take care for himself; for all is but for-  
tune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

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

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!  
How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha!  
What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
Will money buy 'em?

*Ant.* Very like; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pros.* Mark but the badges of these men, my  
lords,  
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,  
His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, 270  
And deal in her command without her power.  
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—  
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them  
To take my life. Two of these fellows you  
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he wine?

267. *badges*, silver plates  
bearing their master's arms,  
worn by servants as part of their  
livery.

271. *deal in her command*  
*without her power*, exercise her  
influence beyond her sphere.

# The Tempest

ACT V

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where  
should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? 280

How camest thou in this pickle?

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

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano!

*Ste.* O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but  
a cramp.

*Pros.* You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then.

*Alon.* This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd  
on. [*Pointing to Caliban.*]

*Pros.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners 290

As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god

And worship this dull fool!

*Pros.* Go to; away!

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where  
you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather.

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

*Pros.* Sir, I invite your highness and your train 300

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

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

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

Go quick away; the story of my life

279. *reeling ripe*, intoxicated  
to the reeling-point. Analogous  
phrases were: *tumbling-ripe*,  
*weeping-ripe*, *crying-ripe*.

280. *gilded 'em*, made them  
glow.

302. *waste*, spend.



## The Tempest

And the particular accidents gone by  
 Since I came to this isle : and in the morn  
 I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,  
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
 Of these our dear-beloved solémnized ;  
 And thence retiré me to my Milan, where  
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

310

*Alon.* I long  
 To hear the story of your life, which must  
 Take the ear strangely.

*Pros.* I'll deliver all ;  
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales  
 And sail so expeditious that shall catch  
 Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel,  
 chick,  
 That is thy charge : then to the elements  
 Be free, and fare thou well ! Please you, draw  
 near. [*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
 And what strength I have 's mine own,  
 Which is most faint : now, 'tis true,  
 I must be here confined by you,  
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
 Since I have my dukedom got  
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
 In this bare island by your spell ;

309. *dear-beloved solémnized.* *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1. 42 ;  
 This scansion is indicated by the *solémnized* in the other three  
 Ff spelling *belov'd*. The word verse passages in which Shake-  
*solemnized* is scanned thus in speare uses it.

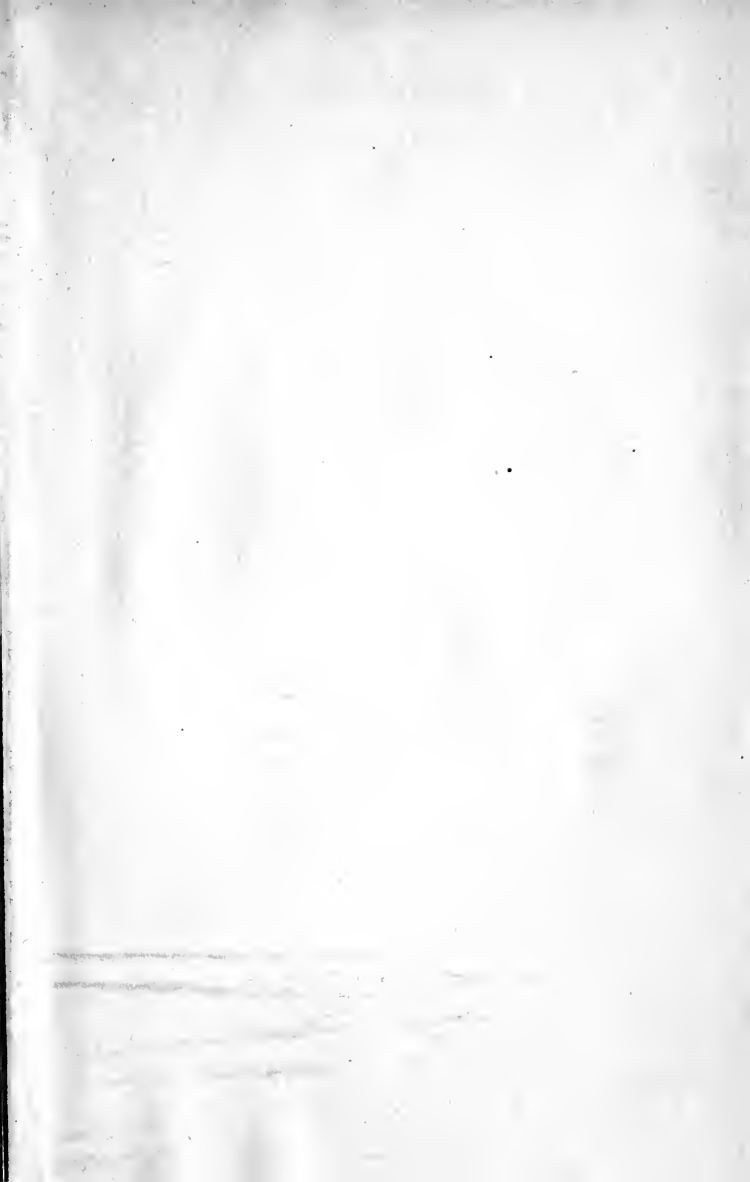
# The Tempest

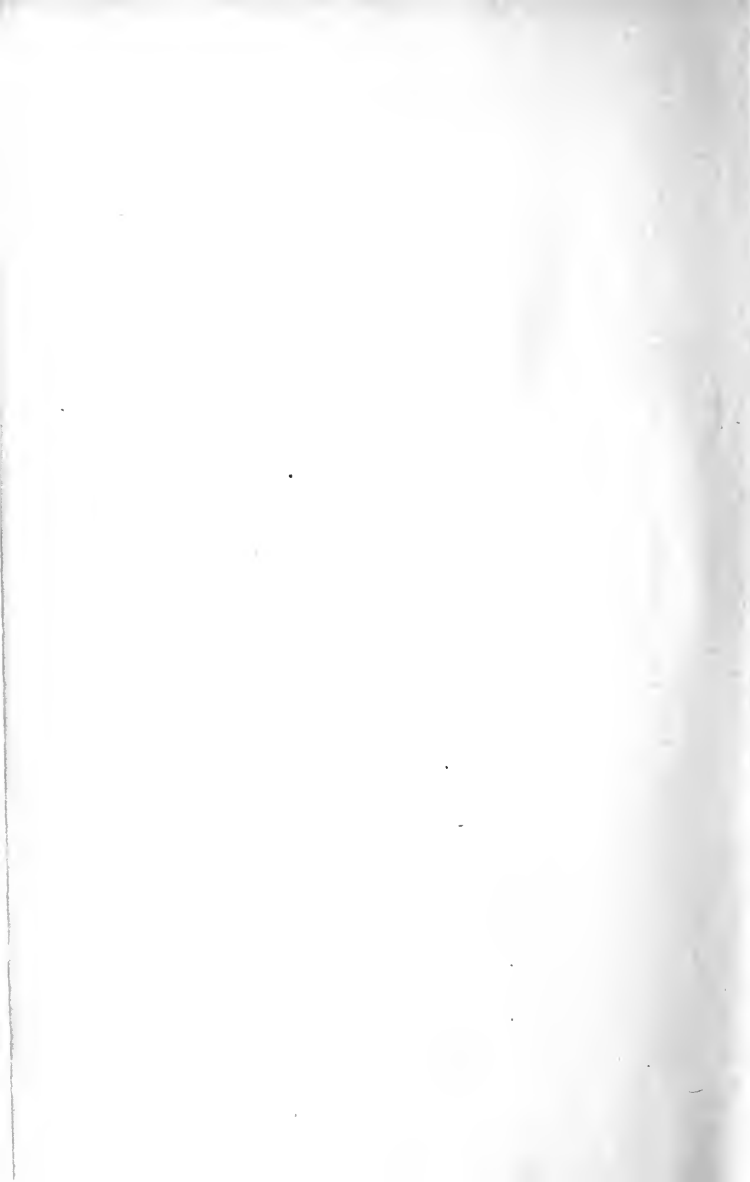
EPIL.

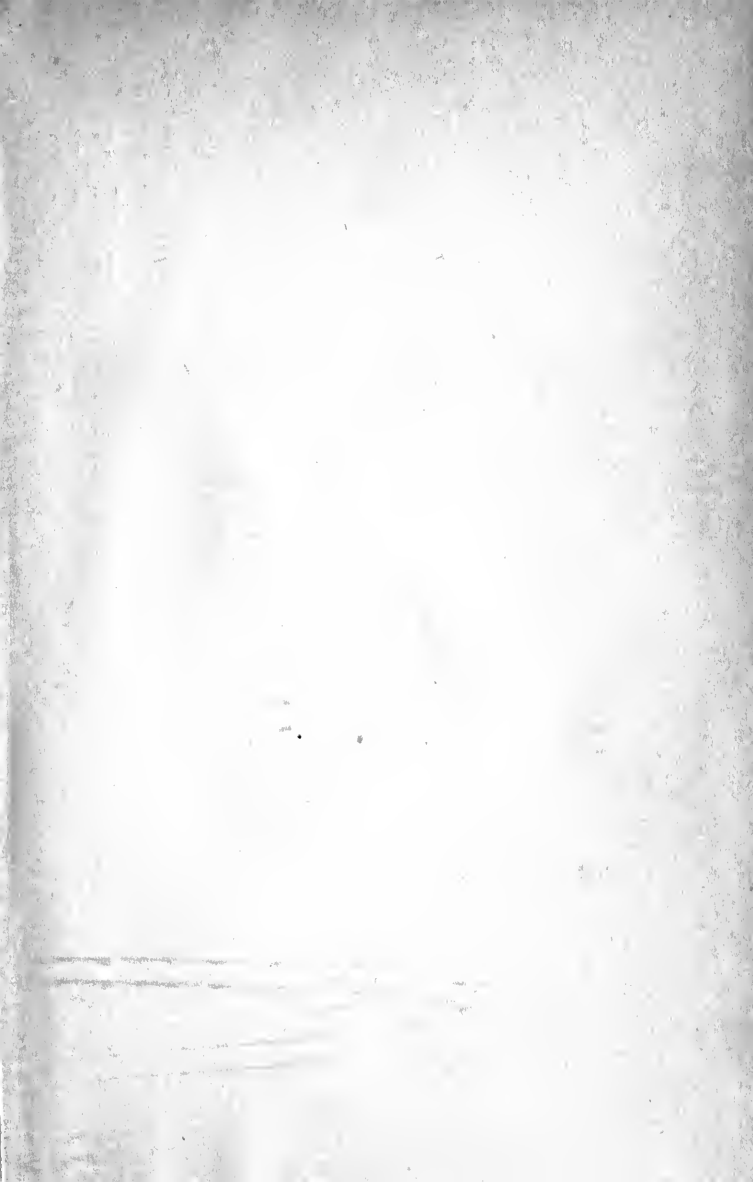
But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands : 10  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free. 20

9, 10. An invitation to the audience to applaud.

END OF VOL. IV









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