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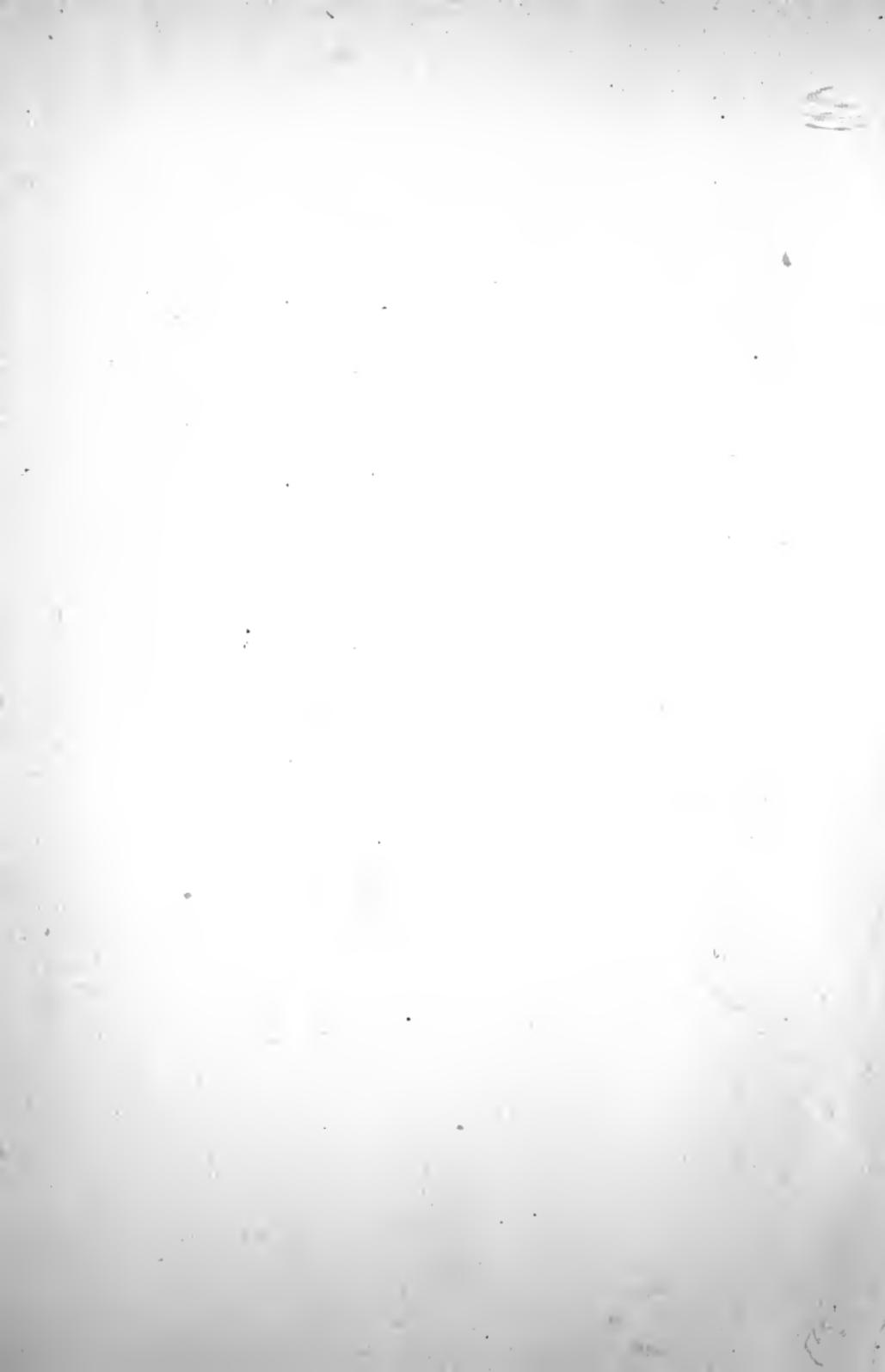




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Beethoven had much and good
instruction. He could never write a
grammatical letter. His reading
was scattered, fragmentary, but
serious. He said that the slow
movement of his first published
quartet was inspired by the
thought of the deaths of the
lovers in "Romeo and Juliet".

My friend, My friend,





11

The Ebersley Edition

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

VOL. VII



THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY

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LITT.D., HON. LITT.D. (VICT.)

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES, ABERYSTWYTH

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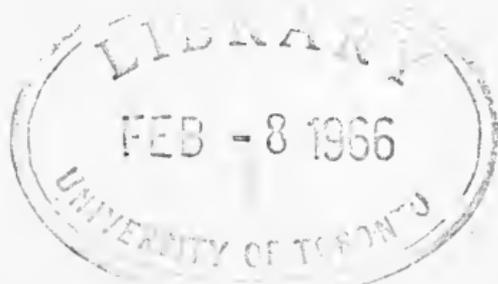
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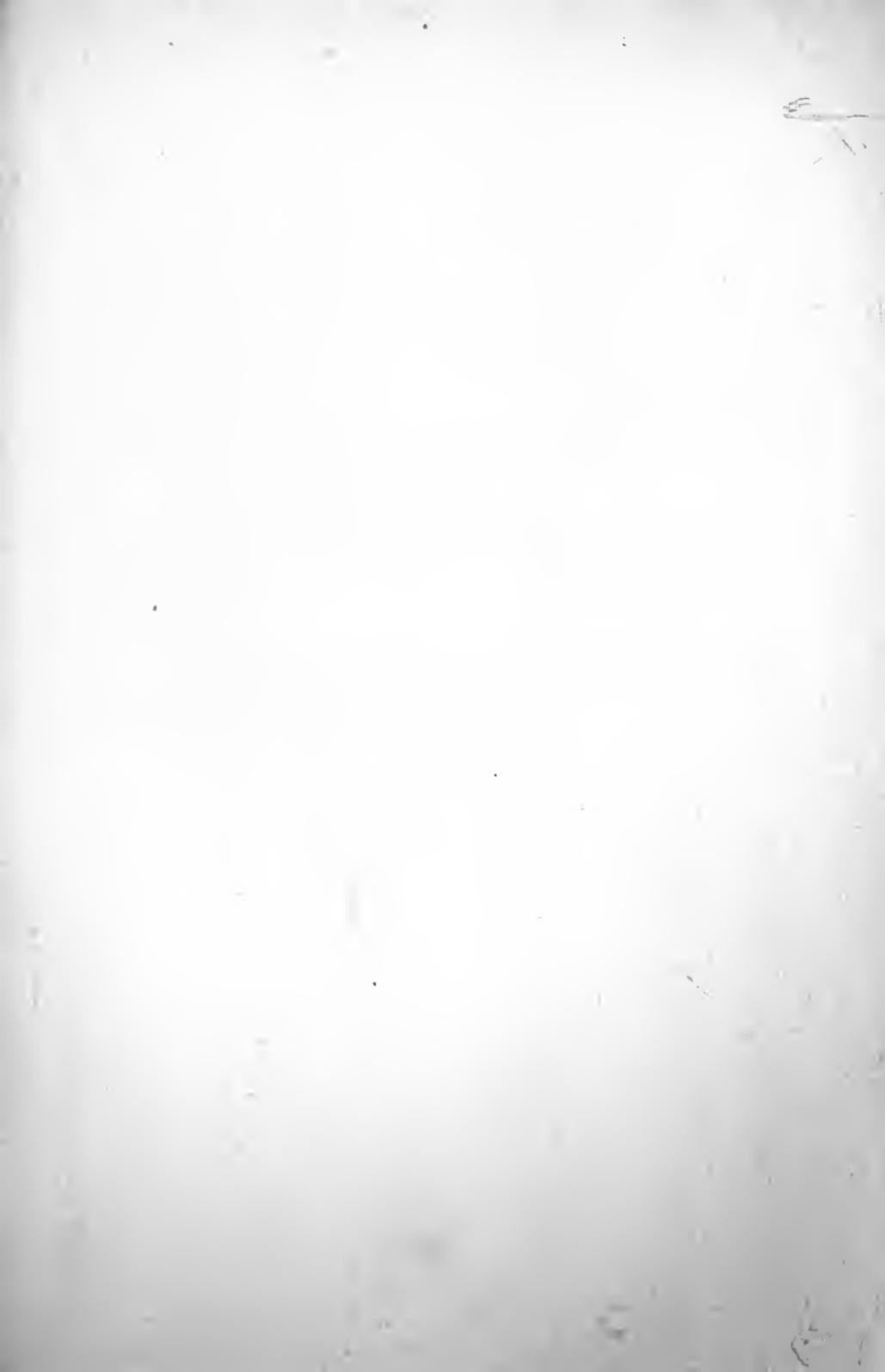
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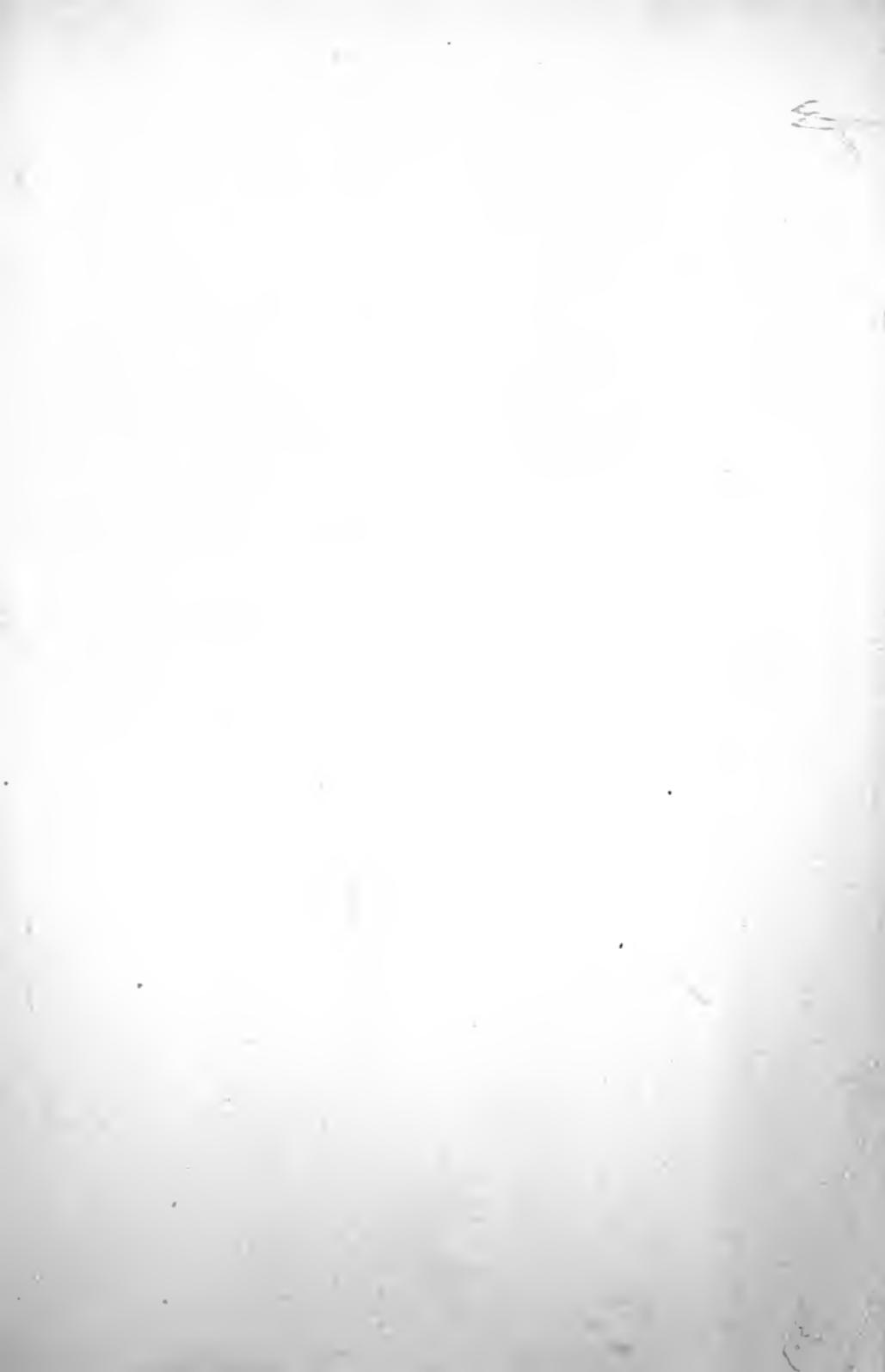
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THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE FIFTH



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY the Fifth.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to the King.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, }

DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.

DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS,
JAMY, officers in King Henry's army.

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the same.

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES the Sixth, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French Lords.

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, a French Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.

ALICE, a lady attending on her.

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and
now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers,
and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE : *England ; afterwards France.*

King Henry the Fifth

DURATION OF TIME

Dramatic Time.—Ten days with intervals (P. A. Daniel, 'Time Analysis,' *Trans. N. Sh. Soc.*, 1877-79, p. 290 f.).

Day 1.	I. 1., 2.	Interval.
„ 2.	II. 1.	Interval.
„ 3.	II. 2., 3.	Interval.
„ 4.	II. 4.	Interval [? in the interval, III. 4]. ¹
„ 5.	III. 1.-3.	Interval.
„ 6.	III. 5.	Interval.
„ 7.	III. 6.	Interval.
„ 8.	III. 7.	Interval. IV. 1.-8. Interval.
„ 9.	[V. 1.-]. ²	
„ 10.	V. 2.	

Historic Time.—From 1414, the year after Henry's accession, to May 20, 1420, the date of his betrothal. Of this, five years (1415-20) pass between days 8 and 10.

¹ Daniel assigns this scene (the princess's English lesson) to the time between the French king's offer of her hand to Henry and his rejection of it,—both referred to in the Chorus

to Act III.

² This appears to be on the morrow of St. David's Day, *i.e.* March 2; hence after the battle, and before the betrothal (v. 2.).

INTRODUCTION

THE earliest edition of *Henry V.* was printed in Quarto in 1600, with the following title:—

The | Cronicle | History of Henry the fift, | with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in | France. Together with *Auntient*. | Pistoll. | *As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honorable | the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* | LONDON. | Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Milling-|ton, and John Busby. . . . 1600.'

Other editions of this Quarto (printed for Thomas Pavier instead of for Millington) appeared in 1602 and 1608.

All these texts, however, differed widely from that published by Shakespeare's executors in the Folio of 1623, and their relation to it was for long a burning question, as in the analogous cases of *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merry Wives*, *Henry VI.*, and *Hamlet*. But the problem is here a relatively simple one, and scholars are now almost unanimous in holding the Folio text to represent substantially Shakespeare's MS., and the Quarto to be a surreptitious version of the acting edition, 'hastily made up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance and subsequently patched together.' The variations in the Quarto are all, with the trifling exceptions noticed below, easily explicable from one of these two sources of corruption

King Henry the Fifth

(1) The five Choruses and Epilogue, with three unessential scenes (i. 1., iii. 1., iv. 2.), are omitted. This would be an obvious expedient for curtailing a lengthy play. It is certain from the allusion in Prol. v. to Essex, that these are as old as March to September 1599, the probable date of the entire play. It is pretty safe to assume then that they formed part of the original draft and were omitted in performance.

(2) Several characters are omitted, their speeches being sometimes omitted also, sometimes transferred. Thus in i. 2. Canterbury and Ely coalesce in a single 'Bishop,' though a tell-tale stage direction at the head of the scene describes the entry of '2 bishops.' Similarly in iv. 3. Westmoreland's part is made over to Warwick, while Erpingham, save for a mutilated semblance of his name in a stage direction ('Epingham') disappears altogether. These changes were an obvious stage-manager's shift to reduce the number of actors required. It is less easy to explain why in the same scene a new character, Clarence, should be introduced (for Bedford), and in iii. 7. another new one, 'Gebon,' for Rambur , and why in the latter scene and in iv. 5. Bourbon should take the place of the Dauphin.¹ These serve no obvious stage interest, nor are they the kind of changes which occur to a botching editor or a speculative printer. It is difficult to resist the inference that Shakespeare did perform some slight redistribution among these in the main faintly distinguished parts. But even this was not thorough-going,—witness the inconsistency still remaining in v. 2. 84, where the Duke of Clarence is addressed as present.

¹ Besides the characters mentioned, Britany, Grandpr , Macmorris, Jamy, Messenger (ii. 4.

and iv. 2.), and the French queen have no speeches in the Qq.

Introduction

(3) The whole text of the Quarto is barely half the length of the Folio ;¹ and its brevity is not that of a first sketch, but of imperfect note-taking. It is not an unexpanded germ, but a cento of scraps. Scarcely a single passage of more than a few lines is reported continuously ; catching phrases reappear, complexities of thought or phrase vanish, fidelity for a line or two is purchased by the total loss of the following lines.

The date of *Henry V.* falls within narrow limits. The reference to Essex's expected return from Ireland (Prol. to Act V.) shows that it was acted, and in part at least written, between March 27, 1599, when he left London, and September 28, the date of his summary and fatal return. In the Epilogue to 2 *Henry IV.* Shakespeare had promised to 'continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France'; and the promise is so imperfectly kept that it is clear the entire plan of *Henry V.* had still to be formed when the Epilogue was written. But, as we have seen, the Second Part of *Henry IV.* belongs to the latter half of 1598; while this part of the Epilogue, written after the change from Oldcastle to Falstaff had been made, may be yet later. Hence the general conclusion can scarcely be assailed, that *Henry V.* was written in the early part of 1599, and acted with prologues and epilogue that summer. It is probable, however, that a fragment of one of the least striking scenes in the play as we have it was added at a time when the accession of James had given an occasion for complaisance to the Scotch such as we know that Shakespeare did not always disdain to display.² The

¹ 1623 lines to nearly 3479 (Daniel). or not contradicted, by other items of evidence:—the allusions

² The conclusion is confirmed, in Prol. to Act I. to the Globe

King Henry the Fifth

dialogue of the Scotch and Irish captains in iii. 2. 72 f. is not represented in Qq, and the presence of a Scottish captain in Henry's army is undoubtedly surprising after the strong anti-Scottish animus exhibited in i. 2.—an animus not entirely supported by Holinshed. Simpson saw in this colloquy of the four captains—English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish—a dramatic plea for Essex's policy of composing drastic differences, and especially of uniting Scotland with England. Mr. Fleay prefers to regard the passage as an insertion for the Court performance, Christmas 1605, 'to please King James, who had been annoyed that year by depreciation of Scots on the stage.'¹

In *Henry V.* as in *Henry IV.*, its magnificent and long-drawn prelude, Shakespeare follows the *Chronicles* of Holinshed and Hall with singular fidelity, adding, as there, a few touches from *The Famous Victories*. The 'Harry' of the *Chronicles* is in substance his. Here, in a fuller sense than in any other of the Histories, Shakespeare meant to recall the actual past. It was the real Harry that he strove to paint, the real Agincourt that he bade his audience reconstruct in imagination from his 'cockpit' and 'vile and ragged foils,' 'Minding true things by what their mockeries be.'² But these two, the great king and the great victory, exhaust Shakespeare's interest in the reign. All personality in the play is pale beside Henry's, and all event is ancillary to the French campaign.

Even as described in Holinshed the reign was

(built by Burbage early in 1599); the fact that Meres in the *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, does not mention one of the most famous of Shakespeare's Histories; and the publication in 1600 of the Quarto edition, founded, as has

been seen, upon the acting version.

¹ See note to *Meas. for Meas.* i. 1. 68. *Life and Work of Shakespeare*, p. 206.

² Chorus to Act IV.

Introduction

remarkably poor in opportunities for the dramatist, and it would seem that Shakespeare deliberately made light of some that he found, in order to give his heroic subject in its magnificent simplicity full way without the distractions of intrigue and counterplot. The play is strictly no drama, but an epic in dramatic form. Shakespeare seems to hint as much by the use of the Chorus, an expedient to which he no longer resorted when dealing with the vaster distances and the more colossal warfare of *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Only one other drama entirely his own—*The Winter's Tale*—contains a chorus; and there it serves to announce an interval of dramatic time far greater than Shakespeare has anywhere else approached. Except in a single instance (Act V.), the Chorus in *Henry V.* announces only trifling intervals either of space or time,—a journey from London to Southampton, from Southampton to Harfleur, and so on. But the Chorus to Act IV. has no such rôle to perform; and this Chorus, the most splendid and high-wrought of all, serves to show that Shakespeare introduced this machinery not for the sake of bridging intervals of time and space,—which elsewhere his audience crossed 'on imagined wings' with the utmost unconcern,—but as the most obvious means of bringing home the outward semblance of an event of absorbing interest.¹ In *Coriolanus*, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, there are brief

¹ It is curious that Shakespeare nowhere else betrays any irritation — such as certainly breathes in the close of Prol. iv. —at the imperfect resources of the Elizabethan stage. He solved the difficulty here by the Chorus; Jonson, as is well known, preferred to solve it by not writing plays in which great resources

were needed, and recommended his own *Every Man in His Humour* (written before *Henry V.*) in a prologue (1601-1616), with a probable allusion to Shakespeare's work:—

. . . be pleased to see
One such to-day as other plays
should be,
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er
the seas, etc.

King Henry the Fifth

bursts of battle-poetry exceeding in sublimity anything in *Henry V.*; but that is chiefly because they are penetrated with a dramatic passion for which in *Henry V.* there was simply no room. The subject was epic, and Shakespeare fell back upon the epic poet's method. No scene in the drama paints so vividly as a few lines in the Chorus the transforming spell of the master presence, which made the handful of worn-out men a weapon of adamant against the serried ranks of chivalry:—

A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.

Henry's own character is devoid of strictly dramatic elements. It derives none of its extraordinary fascination from inner conflict. He is at one with himself. Even the inherited sin of his house, so burdensome to his father, passes completely into the background. In none of the Histories does it play so slight a part. His naïve faith in his right to France is perplexed by no scruple about his right to England. Mortimer, the legitimate heir, is never mentioned; and the conspiracy of Cambridge and Scroop and Grey on his behalf is credited to the gold of the French king.¹ Before Agincourt Henry prays that the guilt of his father's usurpation may not that day be visited upon him; but his fervour is not troubled like Claudius' by any suspicion that he ought to resign the usurped throne. Not only is there no foreboding of the tragic

¹ Shakespeare's Cambridge hints darkly at an ulterior purpose in ll. 155-157:—

For me, the gold of France did not
seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive

The sooner to effect what I intended.

In reality, Mortimer himself appears to have betrayed the plot to Henry. S. Remy's *Mémoires*, cit. Stone's *Holinshed*, p. 174.

Introduction

Nemesis which the authors of *Henry VI.* read in the impending ruin of the house of Lancaster; we move in a world in which tragic Nemesis has no place, and another, more Shakespearean, conception of human affairs controls the action. Henry is not irrevocably bound by the guilt of his ancestors: his sheer soundness and strength of character emancipate him at once from the inherited taint and the paralysing self-distrust; if ruin follows in the next reign, it is not the guilt of the dead but the weakness of the living that brings it on.

All the other characters serve in their degree to set off the king's; but none are even distantly his rivals. The English commanders, the prelates, the traitor nobles, are slightly sketched, and either implicitly fall in with or but faintly disturb the onward sweep of Henry's course. The conspiracy of Cambridge and Scroop was in reality a dangerous symptom of distrust: a dramatist bent upon plot-interest would have made us tremble for the king's life. Shakespeare announces it with a quiet assurance that there is no danger, for all is known, and the conspirators themselves hasten to deprecate any further anxiety by expressing their heart-felt penitence. The whole episode serves simply to exhibit Henry's bearing as man and king,—the stern Roman fortitude humanised with Germanic pity and regret—when discharging the duty of sentencing an old comrade and friend to death.

The one formidable rival of the king is no single figure, but the 'bad neighbour' at whom he dashes his little force, the assembled power of France. And the French are drawn collectively, in slightly modulated shades of the same conventional hue. The brush which had painted the rival of Henry's youth, now dashes off with far less care and delicacy the foes of

King Henry the Fifth

his manhood. The vapouring chivalry, the fantastic self-conceit which so fatally alloyed Hotspur's sturdy Saxon strength, reappear with more of blatant flourish in men of finer wit but weaker fibre. The Dauphin, less original than Hotspur, but without a spark of his real heroism, misconstrues Henry as completely; and Shakespeare plays with visible pleasure upon the tennis-ball motive which he found in Holinshed. He makes the English envoys to the French camp deliver a special message of scorn to the Dauphin (ii. 4. 110 f.); and the Dauphin, in spite of history and his father's orders, figures in the French camp at Agincourt.¹ But the Dauphin is only an extreme type of the fatuous intoxication which possesses the whole host, and is chiefly responsible for its overthrow. Agincourt is the duel of Shrewsbury, writ large; with the difference that there is here no counterpart to the pathos of the mourning for Hotspur. A few wild curses and cries of rage suffice to sum up the immeasurably greater tragedy of the French rout. And in the fifth Act the French themselves seem to share in the exultation of England over their own surrender. In painting Henry's own attitude towards the enemy, however, Shakespeare's touch is not quite so firm as when he limned Prince Hal. The speeches before Harfleur to Montjoy, and after the battle, are hardly in keeping with the modesty of true valour which makes him forbid the display of his bruised helmet and bent sword in the London streets. In his actual treatment of Harfleur he shows a humanity not recorded of the historic Henry, who allowed the town to be sacked. On the other hand, his ferocious slaughter of the prisoners at Agincourt has not a whit

¹ Holinshed relates that 'the Dolphin sore desired to have been at the battell, but he was prohibited by his father' (iii. 552).

Introduction

more excuse in the play than in the chronicle. And it is hard, lastly, to resist the wonder, as we listen to the bourgeois jocularities of the last Act, that the consummate master of words and of thoughts, who had shown himself so easily equal to every situation of statecraft and war, should become so obviously the bluff, plain soldier in his wooing. In these scenes we return within a measurable distance of *The Famous Victories*, where Henry approaches the French princess with—

How saiest thou, Kate, canst thou love the King of England?

Kate. How should I love thee, which is my father's enemy?

Hen. Tut, stand not upon these points,

'Tis you must make us friends.

I know, Kate, thou art not a little proud that I love thee?

No such inequality marks his bearing to his own men. The group of English soldiery in the foreground are, after Henry, by far the most detailed figures, and altogether Shakespeare's creation. They provide a new Eastcheap in which the king indulges the humanities, without the riots, of the old; and one which, in its relation to the old, gives us a subtle measure of the king's relation to his past. Pistol and Bardolph, the old victims of Falstaff's wit, reappear in their disreputable decay with a congenial third, Nym; but Bardolph promptly falls a victim to Henry's insistence on honour and discipline, and Pistol's moment of hollow triumph¹ is but a prelude to his final humiliation; while the Boy, once a promising pupil of Bardolph's, sums up their characteristics at the outset (iii. 2.) with the honest indignation and the merciless candour of youth. Falstaff himself was deliberately excluded, and the omission is the more glaring since the historic Sir John Fastolfe actually

¹ The scene between Pistol and the French soldier (iv. 4.) is suggested by *The Famous Victories*.

King Henry the Fifth

accompanied the expedition, and, as Shakespeare read in Holinshed, was left by Exeter in charge of Harfleur.¹ But with Falstaff, Shakespeare must have felt, there was no middle way between banishment and the old camaraderie. His powerful personality would have violently disturbed the focus of the play, and threatened the supremacy of Henry. In his place we have Fluellen, a less wonderful, but hardly a less finished, creation of comic genius. Falstaff's humour is a dazzling solvent of truth: Fluellen's a whimsical enforcement of it. Falstaff's finest jests are rooted in dishonour and breach of trust; Fluellen's quaint analogies from ancient history are arguments for valour, discipline, and hero-worship. It was not in irony, we may be sure, that Shakespeare let him compare Harry of Monmouth with Alexander of Macedon; and there is weighty significance in the grotesque 'parallel' by which he supports it, that 'as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet.'

¹ Exeter in the play is first made governor of Harfleur and then found (i., iii. 6) defending the bridge near Agincourt. Can

the discrepancy be due to Falstaffe having originally been introduced and then omitted?

THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE FIFTH

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and
fire

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram

10

7. *famine, sword and fire.*
This trio is probably suggested
by a speech of Henry's, as re-
ported by Holinshed, in which
he replies to suppliant citizens,
during his siege of Rouen (1419),

that Bellona, the goddess of
battle, had three handmaidens
. . . blood, fire, and famine,
all of which were at his choice
to use (*Hol.* iii. 367, ed. Stone).

King Henry the Fifth

PROL.

Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies, 20
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years 30
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*]

13. *this wooden O*; the narrow circular interior of the newly erected Globe Theatre on the Bankside, where the play was first performed. It was 'wooden,' being built of timber taken from the older 'theater'

on the opposite (city) side of the river.

13. *the very (casques)*, the very same.

17. *accompt*, account.

25. *puissance* (three syllables).

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the
KING'S palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and the
BISHOP OF ELY.*

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you ; that self bill is
urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now ?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass
against us,
We lose the better half of our possession :
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church 10
Would they strip from us ; being valued thus :
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied ;
And to the coffers of the king beside,

Sc. 1. Canterbury. This was
Henrie Chichele. Shakespeare
follows the chronicles in attribut-
ing to him the chief share in the
clerical plot for diverting the

king's attention from his confis-
cation bill.

1. *self*, same.

4. *scrambling*, turbulent.

King Henry the Fifth ACT I

A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all. 20

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,

But that his wildness, mortified in him,

Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment

Consideration, like an angel, came

And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,

Leaving his body as a paradise,

To envelope and contain celestial spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made;

Never came reformation in a flood,

With such a heady currance, scouring faults;

Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness

So soon did lose his seat and all at once

As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,

And all-admiring with an inward wish

You would desire the king were made a prelate: 40

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,

You would say it hath been all in all his study:

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear

A fearful battle render'd you in music:

Turn him to any cause of policy,

The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,

Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,

19. *A thousand pounds by the year.* 'Hall and Holinshed the principal sum. "And the king to have clerely to his cofers twentie thousand poundes" (Hall). Shakespeare reckons interest therefore at five per cent' (Wright).

28. *Consideration*, serious reflection.

34. *currance*, current.

The air, a charter'd libertine, is still, (C. 1. 1.)
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ; 50
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoric :
 Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain,
 His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the
 nettle, 60

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
 And so the prince obscured his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so ; for miracles are ceased ;
 And therefore we must needs admit the means
 How things are perfected. }

Ely. But, my good lord,

51. *the art and practic part of life*, etc. The practical life must with him have been the source of theoretical knowledge, instead of the field for its application ; he must have learnt the principles of life by living.

52. *theoric*, theory.

55. *companies*, companions.

59. *popularity*, association with the public.

61, 62. *wholesome berries*, etc. It has been pointed out

that Montaigne expresses this idea more explicitly in a passage (iii. 9) which Shakespeare perhaps knew in the original. In Florio's translation (1603) it runs : 'Roses and Violets are ever the sweeter and more odoriferous, that grow neere under Garlike and Onions, forasmuch as they suck and draw all the ill savours of the ground unto them.'

66. *crescive in his faculty*, increasing in virtue of its latent capacity.

King Henry the Fifth

ACT I

How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

70

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

80

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my
lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this
off?

90

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

74. *exhibitors*, introducers of
the bill in Parliament.

86. *severals*, details.

86. *unhidden passages*, mani-
fest courses or channels of
descent.

SCENE II. *The same. The Presence chamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD,
EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and
Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Can-
terbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my
liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be
resolved,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and
the BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred
throne

And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed

And justly and religiously unfold

Why the law Salique that they have in France

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul

4. *cousin.* Westmoreland
was a cousin only by marriage.
He had married, as his second
wife, a daughter of John of

Gaunt, half sister of Henry IV.,
and aunt of the king.

14. *bow*, warp.

15. *nicely*, sophistically.

10

With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth ;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war :
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed ;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the
swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord ;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart 30
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and
you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives and services,
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant :'
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land :'
Which Salique land the French unjustly glose 40
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe ;

19. *in approbation of*, in proving, making good.

32. *As pure as sin*, (concisely expressed for) 'as pure as the heart from sin.'

33f. The whole of the archbishop's exposition is taken from Holinshed, in parts almost word for word.

40. *glose*, explain.

Where Charles the Great, having subdued the
 Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French ;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish'd then this law ; to wit, no female 50
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land :
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
 Then doth it well appear the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France ;
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction of King Pharamond,
 Idly supposed the founder of this law ;
 Who died within the year of our redemption 60
 Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the Great
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male 70
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
 To find his title with some shows of truth,
 Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,

49. *dishonest*, unchaste.

57, 61, 64. The numbers and the reckoning are from Holinshed. As Rolfe pointed out, he seems to have deducted 405 from 826, instead of 426 from 805.

72. *find*, furnish, provide.

74. *Convey'd himself as*, stole into the position of, contrived to pass himself off as.

74. *Lingare*. Holinshed has 'Lingard.' Her actual name was Liutgard

Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine :
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the
 Great

Was re-united to the crown of France.

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear

To hold in right and title of the female :

So do the kings of France unto this day ; 90

Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female,

And rather choose to hide them in a net

Than amply to imbar their crooked titles

Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

75. *Charlemain*, i.e. Carlo-
 man (Carlman). Historically
 it was Charles the Bold.

76. *Lewis* (monosyllabic
 throughout).

77. *Lewis the Tenth*. So
 Holinshed. Historically it was
 Lewis IX.

82. *lineal of*, directly de-
 scended from.

88. *Lewis his satisfaction*,
 Lewis's conviction, release from
 uncertainty.

93. *a net*, i.e. of flimsy
 sophistries.

94. *amply to imbar*. F₁ F₂
 'imbarre'; Qq 'imbase,' 'em-
 brace.' Rowe read 'make bare'

and Theobald 'imbare,' which
 has been widely adopted, and
 forms a plausible antithesis to
 'hide.' But the antithesis in-
 tended is not merely between
 frankness and subterfuge, but
 between an open and a crafty
method of defence. Hence
 Knight properly restored
 'imbar' from Ff, in the sense
 of 'bar in,' 'fortify,' 'secure.'
 The French prefer 'to shelter
 themselves under a delusive
 appeal to the Salic law, which
 excludes their claim as well as
 ours, instead of directly and
 unreservedly defending their title
 as nevertheless the better.'

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make
this claim? I

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord, 100
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility. 110
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the
earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

98. *in the book of Numbers.*
This is from Holinshed. He
refers to the case of the daughters
of Zelophehad, xxvii. 1-11.

101. *bloody flag, flag of war.*

114. *cold for action, i.e. in
respect of action; nearly 'for
want of action'; not heated by
taking part in the fight.*

West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might ;

So hath your highness ; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege, ¹³⁰
With blood and sword and fire to win your right ;
In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign, ¹⁴⁰
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us ;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force, ¹⁵⁰

126. *So hath your highness ;* the emphasis is on 'hath' ; there is no antithesis between 'highness' and 'grace.'

137. *lay down our proportions,* assign the number of troops requisite.

143. *coursing snatchers,* raiders.

144. *the main intendment,* the attack in chief ; a formal Scottish invasion.

145. *giddy,* untrustworthy.

150. *brim fulness ;* 'brim' from its use as an adverbial determinant in 'brimful' is here used as an adjectival determinant to fulness.

Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
 Girding with grievous siege castles and towns ;
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
 harm'd, my liege ;

For hear her but exempl'd by herself :
 When all her chivalry hath been in France
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
 She hath herself not only well defended
 But taken and impounded as a stray 160
 The King of Scots ; whom she did send to France,
 To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
 And make her chronicle as rich with praise
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there's a saying very old and true,
 ' If that you will France win,
 Then with Scotland first begin : '

For once the eagle England being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170
 Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
 Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
 To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home :
 Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,

151. *gleaned*, bare of de-
 fenders.

151. *assays*, assaults.

155. *fear'd*, frightened.

161. *The King of Scots*, King
 David, taken at Neville's Cross,
 1346.

162. *prisoner kings* ; King
 John of France was likewise
 taken.

163. *her chronicle* ; Capell's
 correction of Ff ' their chronicle.'

165. *treasuries*, treasures.

166f. *Westmoreland*. In Ff
 the following speech is given to
 Exeter, in Qq to ' a lord.' In
 Holinshed the corresponding
 speech is spoken by Westmore-
 land ; hence Capell restored his
 name here.

173. *tear*. Rowe's emenda-
 tion for Ff ' tame,' Qq ' spoyle.'

175. *crush'd necessity*, one
 that is overborne, annihilated,
 by contrary reasons. So Ff ;
 Qq ' curst.'

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 The advised head defends itself at home ;
 For government, though high and low and lower, 180
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king and officers of sorts ; 190
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor ;
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold,
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
 That many things, having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously :

181. *parts*, i.e. musical parts.ib. *consent*, harmony.182. *Congreeing*, agreeing.ib. *close*, cadence.189. *act*, practice.190. *of sorts*, of various ranks
or classes.194. *Make boot*, prey.202. *sad-eyed*, of grave aspect.203. *executors*, executioners.

King Henry the Fifth

As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one
town ;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ; 210
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four ;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy. 220

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the
Dauphin. [*Exeunt some Attendants.*

Now are we well resolved ; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces : or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them :
Either our history shall with full mouth 230
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure

220. *hardiness*, valour.

shall be undistinguished, 'with
no remembrance over it,' not

231, 232. *our grave, like
Turkish mute*, etc., our grave

honoured even by the most
ephemeral epitaph.

King Henry the Fifth

ACT I

Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Amb. May't please your majesty to give
us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge ;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy ?

240

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian
king ;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject

As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :

Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb.

Thus, then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the
Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won ;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

250

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant
with us ;

His present and your pains we thank you for :
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,

260

252. *galliard*, a light, quick
dance.

255. *in lieu of this*, in con-
sideration of this.

255. *tun* ; probably a keg.

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
 Tell him he hath made a match with such a
 wrangler

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
 With chaces. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valued this poor seat of England ;
 And therefore, living hence, did give ourself 270
 To barbarous license ; as 'tis ever common
 That men are merriest when they are from home.
 But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
 Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France :
 For that I have laid by my majesty
 And plodded like a man for working-days,
 But I will rise there with so full a glory
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. 280
 And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful venge-
 ance
 That shall fly with them : for many a thousand
 widows

263. *the hazard*. The 'lower hazard' was the technical name, in tennis, for a certain hole in the wall of the tennis-court, near the ground. 'A stroke into the lower hazard would be a winning stroke' (J. Marshall, *Annals of Tennis*). Hence the expression is literally equivalent to 'win the game.' But there is, as throughout the passage, a reference to the ordinary sense of the word.

266. *chaces*; technically, in tennis, 'matches,' also 'strokes'; but likewise with a reference to the sense, pursuits.

267. *comes o'er us*, taunts us.

276. *For that*. So Ff; Qq 'for this.'

282. *gun-stones*. Cannon-balls were at first made of stone.

283. *wasteful*, wasting, destructive.

King Henry the Fifth

ACT I

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn

That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God,

To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name

290

Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,

To venge me as I may and to put forth

My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.

So get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin

His jest will savour but of shallow wit,

When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.

Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush
at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour

300

That may give furtherance to our expedition ;

For we have now no thought in us but France,

Save those to God, that run before our business.

Therefore let our proportions for these wars

Be soon collected and all things thought upon

That may with reasonable swiftness add

More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,

We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

Therefore let every man now task his thought,

That this fair action may on foot be brought.

310

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

304. *proportions.* Cf. v. 137 above. formerly intelligent action.

306. *reasonable,* intelligent ;
a swiftness consistent with uni-

307. *God before,* with God's
guidance.

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits Expectation in the air,
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets, 10
 Promised to Harry and his followers.
 The French, advised by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural !
 But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out 20
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men,
 One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,

16. *model to*, image in little of. The physical and material England is but a miniature reflection of her giant spirit.

19. *kind*, filial.

23. *Richard Earl of Cambridge*, cousin of Henry IV.,

father of Richard Duke of York, and grandfather of Edmund IV. He conspired in favour of his brother-in-law, Edmund Mortimer, whose superior title to the crown (admitted in *Henry VI.*) is here ignored.

King Henry the Fifth

ACT II

Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
 Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed !—
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 30
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
 The abuse of distance, force a play :
 The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
 The king is set from London ; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton ;
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

24. *Henry Lord Scroop*; son of Sir Stephen Scroop in *Richard II.*, and step-brother of the Earl of Cambridge.

26. *gilt*, gold.

27. *fearful*, timid.

31. *Linger on*, prolong.

ib. *digest the abuse of distance*, manage, dispose of, the awkwardness imposed by the vast and rapid movements of the action. Others interpret, 'arrange, or contrive, the illusion of distance.'

32. *force a play*, compel the reluctant material to assume dramatic form. Some corruption is however probable, from the imperfect metre.

34. *set*, set out.

41. *But, till the king come forth, and not till then*, etc. An elliptical sentence: 'Till the king comes (our scene remains in London); when he comes, and not till then, we shift it to Southampton.'

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: 10
and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and certainly she did you 20
wrong; for you were troth-pledge to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and* Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his

8. *wink*, shut my eyes.

13. *sworn brothers to France*, comrades pledged to share all fortunes in the French expedition.

17. *my rest*, my resolve; from the phrase 'set up my rest,' in

the game of primero,—make my wager, stand to win or lose.

26. *mare*; Theobald's correction for 'name.'

27. *conclusions*, attempts. Nym cautiously avails himself of the antiquity of the word.

wife : good corporal, be patient here. How now,
mine host Pistol !

30

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host ?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term ;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long ; for we can-
not lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentle-
women that live honestly by the prick of their
needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy
house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well
a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now ! we shall
see wilful adultery and murder committed.

40

Bard. Good lieutenant ! good corporal ! offer
nothing here.

Nym. Pish !

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog ! thou prick-
ear'd cur of Iceland !

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour,
and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off ? I would have you
solus.

Pist. 'Solus,' egregious dog ? O viper vile !
The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face ;
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth !
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels ;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

50

Nym. I am not Barbason ; you cannot conjure

31. *tike*, cur.

39. *drawn* ; Theobald's prob-
able emendation for Ff 'hewn.'

44. *Iceland dog*, white, long-
haired dogs, in favour with ladies
as lapdogs.

47. *shog off*, be packing.

50. *mervailous* ; Pistol affects
an archaic accent in the high-
sounding word.

55. *take*, take fire.

57. *Barbason*, the name of a
fiend.

me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms : 60
if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may : and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight !

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near ;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say : he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws.

Pist. An oath of mickle might ; and fury shall abate. 70

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give :
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms : that is the humour of it.

Pist. 'Couple a gorge !'

That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get ?
No ; to the spital go,

And from the powdering-tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, 80

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse :

I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly

For the only she ; and—pauca, there's enough.

Go to.

66. *exhale*, draw your sword.

72. *tall*, sturdy, valiant.

75. 'Couple a gorge' ; probably designed corruption.

77. *hound of Crete* ; the hunting-dogs of Crete were famous ; but the term to Pistol is merely a sounding phrase.

79. *the powdering-tub*, used

in the treatment of a disease.

80. *lazar kite of Cressid's kind* ; Troilus' faithless mistress Cressida, according to Henryson's *Testament of Cresseide*, ended her days as a leper in the 'spital. The phrase 'kite of Cressid's kind' had already been used by Gascoigne.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

90

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

[Exeunt Hostess and Boy.]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

100

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[They draw.]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

100. *Base is the slave that pays*; probably a play-house scrap.

110, 111. Nym's speech is omitted in Ff, clearly by accident.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay ;
 And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
 And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood :
 I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me ;
 Is not this just ? for I shall sutler be
 Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
 Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble ?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

120

Nym. Well, then, that 's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart ! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight ; that 's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right ;
His heart is fractured and corroborate.

130

Nym. The king is a good king : but it must be as it may ; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight ; for, lambkins, we will live.

112. *A noble* ; i.e. sixshillings and eightpence.

115. *Nym* ; a play on the sense 'nimming,' 'theft.'

124. *quotidian tertian*, for quotidian or tertian fever.

128. *the even of it*, just what it is.

130. *fractured*, broken.

ib. *corroborate* (used in a blundering way), probably for corrupted.

132. *passes . . . careers*, indulges in sallies of wit ; 'to pass careers' was a phrase of horsemanship, meaning to gallop to and fro.

SCENE II. *Southampton. A council-chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell 10
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP,
CAMBRIDGE, GREY, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will
aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of
Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts :
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do
his best.

8. *the man that was his bedfellow*, i.e. Lord Scroop, of whom Holinshed reports this as a mark of his intimacy with the king.

18. *in head*, in force.

K. Hen. I doubt not that ; since we are well
persuaded

20

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and
loved

Than is your majesty : there's not, I think, a
subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True : those that were your father's
enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve
you

30

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness ;

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person : we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on ;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

40

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security :
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

22. *consent*, accord.33. *office*, use.43. *his more advice*, his think-
ing better of it.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,

You show great mercy, if you give him life, 50
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care
of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch !
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our
eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and di-
gested,

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their
dear care

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our
French causes : 60

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord :

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
there is yours ;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham ; and, sir
knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :

Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, 70
We will aboard to night. Why, how now, gen-
tlemen !

What see you in those papers that you lose

54. *proceeding on distemper,* cause.
proceeding from a mental dis-
turbance due to a physical

61. *late,* lately appointed.
63. *it,* viz. his commission.

So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
 Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you
 there,
 That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
 Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. }
Scroop. } To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but
 late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd : 80
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
 See you, my princes and my noble peers,
 These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge
 here,

You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to his honour; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
 And sworn unto the practices of France, 90
 To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou
 cruel,

Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use!
 May it be possible, that foreign hire 100
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil

90. *practices*, plots.91. *Hampton*, Southampton.

That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,
 That admiration did not hoop at them :
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder : 110
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
 All other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms being
 fetch'd
 From glistening semblances of piety ;
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do
 treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120
 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions 'I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?
 Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and learned ?
 Why, so didst thou : come they of noble family ?
 Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ? 130
 Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet

103. *stands off*, stands out.108. *That admiration*, etc.,
that wonder did not cry out at
them ; they excited no surprise.114. *suggest*, tempt.119. *instance*, ground.123. *Tartar*, Tartarus, Hell.127. *affiance*, confidence.

Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem :
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best-indued
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ; 140
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man. Their faults are open :
 Arrest them to the answer of the law ;
 And God acquit them of their practices !

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
 of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 150

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd ;
 And I repent my fault more than my death ;
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not
 seduce ;
 Although I did admit it as a motive
 The sooner to effect what I intended :

133. *blood*, impulse of passion.

134. *complement*, outward demeanour, manners.

135. *Not working with the eye without the ear*, not judging by the looks of men without having had intercourse with them.

137. *bolted*, sifted, purified from dross.

139. *mark the*, Theobald's correction for Ff 'make thee.'

139. *full-fraught*, equipped with all excellences.

148. *Henry* ; so Qq. Ff 'Thomas,' corrected by Malone.

152. *more than my death*, more than I regret my death.

157. *what I intended*. Halle in this place indicates that (as 'diverse writer') his real aim was to secure the crown to the Earl of March.

But God be thanked for prevention ;
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprise :
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear
 your sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd and from his
 coffers

Received the golden earnest of our death ;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to
 slaughter, 170

His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person seek we no revenge ;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death :

The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
 You patience to endure, and true repentance 180
 Of all your dear offences ! Bear them hence.

*[Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop and Grey,
 guarded.]*

Now, lords, for France ; the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

158. *for prevention*, for having forestalled me.

159. *rejoice*, rejoice at.

165. *My fault, but not my body*. Probably derived from a

letter addressed to the queen in 1585 by Parry, after his conviction of treason : 'Discharge me *A culpa*, but not *A pœna*, good ladie.'

169. *earnest*, earnest-money.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 'This dangerous treason lurking in our way
 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.
 Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
 No king of England, if not king of France.

190

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *London. Before a tavern.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, and
 Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring
 thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
 Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting
 veins:

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er
he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in
 Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's
 bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an
 it had been any christom child; a' parted even

20

191. *in expedition*, in march.2. *to Staines*, the first stage
 on the road to Southampton.11. *finer*, the Hostess' blunder
 for 'final.'12. *christom child*, a child
 dying within a month of birth.'Christom' is Mrs. Quickly's
 mixture of 'christen' and
 'chrisome,' the latter being the
 white cloth bound round the
 head of the newly christened
 child and removed at the end
 of the first month.

just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, ²⁰ to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward [and upward,] and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that a' did. 30

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked ⁴⁰ of the whore of Babylon.

13. *at the turning o' the tide;* according to a current belief, death took place only during the ebb.

14. *fumble with the sheets,* a supposed symptom of approaching death.

17. *a' babbled of green fields;* Theobald's famous correction of Ff 'and a Table of greene

fields.' Delius, almost alone among recent editors, retains the Folio reading, on account of Mrs. Quickly's habitual proneness to nonsense. But her nonsense is always intelligible.

29. *of, 'on,' at;* he cried out against it.

40. *rheumatic,* i.e. lunatic.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables: 50

Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay:'

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:

Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say. 60

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

47. *shog*, be off.

51. '*Pitch and Pay*,' 'pay down' ready money; originally it seems a phrase of the London cloth-trade, meaning 'pitch' (or deposit) the cloth in the cloth-hall, and pay (as a statute

required) at the same time the fee or hallage.

54. *hold-fast is the only dog.* Douce quotes a contemporary proverb: 'Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better.'

SCENE IV. *France. The KING'S palace.*

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN,
the DUKES OF BERRI and BRETAGNE, the
CONSTABLE, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full
power upon us ;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant ;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf. 10
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe ;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation. 20
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France :
And let us do it with no show of fear ;
No, with no more than if we heard that England

Sc. 4. The French King, d'Albret.
Charles VI. (1380-1422).

Sc. 4. The Constable, Charles 13. *fatal and neglected,* made
light of to our ruin.

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin !
 You are too much mistaken in this king : 30
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution,
 And you shall find his vanities forespent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable ;
 But though we think it so, it is no matter :
 In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems :
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
 Which of a weak and niggardly projection
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong ;
 And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet
 him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ; 50

28. *humorous*, whimsical.

34. *modest in exception*, temperate in raising objection.

37. *the Roman Brutus*; the assailant of Tarquin; cf. *Lucrece*, ll. 1809-15.

46. *of a weak and niggardly*

projection, if planned on a mean scale. The subject of 'doth' is the 'projector,' implied in 'projection.'

50. *flesh'd*; to 'flesh' was to give a hound its first taste of the flesh of the animal it was being trained to hunt. L.

And he is bred out of that bloody strain
 That haunted us in our familiar paths :
 Witness our too much memorable shame
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captived by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of
 Wales ;
 Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain
 standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
 Mangle the work of nature and deface
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

60

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of
 England
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.
Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.
 Go, and bring them.

[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for coward
 dogs
 Most spend their mouths when what they seem
 to threaten

70

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
 Take up the English short, and let them know

54. *struck*, fought (*battle* being from 'battre' ; cf. Ger. 'eine Schlacht schlagen').

the following line, which makes the setting sun his crown.

57. *his mountain sire*. Probably a bold image for 'his mighty father,' in keeping with

70. *Most spend their mouths*, give tongue loudest ; a technical term of hunting.

Of what a monarchy you are the head :
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your
 majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
 By law of nature and of nations, 'long 80
 To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
 And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
 By custom and the ordinance of times
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know
 'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
 He sends you this most memorable line,
 In every branch truly demonstrative;
 Willing you overlook this pedigree: 90
 And when you find him evenly derived
 From his most famed of famous ancestors,
 Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
 Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, 100
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel;

85. *sinister*, unfair.

ib. *awkward*, perverse.

94. *indirectly*, wrongfully.

95. *challenger*, claimant.

99. *fierce* (two syllables).

101. *requiring*, demanding.

And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws ; and on your head
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threatening and my message ; 110
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this
 further :

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him : what to him from England ?

Exe. Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, con-
 tempt,

And any thing that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my king ; an if your father's highness 120
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
 That caves and womby vaultages of France
 Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
 In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
 It is against my will ; for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England : to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity, 130
 I did present him with the Paris balls.

102. *in the bowels of the Lord*, in the name of the divine mercy (Holinshed's phrase).
 124. *womby vaultages*, hollow caverns.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
 Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe :
 And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
 As we his subjects have in wonder found,
 Between the promise of his greener days
 And these he masters now : now he weighs time
 Even to the utmost grain : that you shall read
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind
 at full.

140

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our
 king
 Come here himself to question our delay ;
 For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with
 fair conditions :
 A night is but small breath and little pause
 To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

ACT III.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene
 flies
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have
 seen

137. *masters*, possesses, dis-
 poses of.

1. *imagined wing*, on wings
 of imagination.

145. *breath*, breathing-space.

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning :
 Play with your fancies, and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ;
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confused ; behold the threaten sails, 10
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow :
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women, 20
 Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance ;
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a
 siege ;
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose the ambassador from the French comes
 back ;
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry, 30
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.

4. *Hampton*. Theobald's correction. Ff (through an oversight) read ' Dover.'

5. *brave*, gaily decked.

6. *the young Phoebus fanning*, fluttering in the morning sun.

14. *rivage*, shore.

17. *Harfleur*. Qq Ff give the popular form of the name ' Harflew ' (Holinshed, ' Harflue ').

18. *to sternage of*, astern of.

28. *Suppose*, etc. This embassy actually met Henry at Winchester.

To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought 20
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good
 yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt
 not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'
 [*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not

18. *fet*, fetched, derived.

21. *argument*, matter. The parallel to Alexander makes it probable that lack of enemies to conquer rather than of 'cause

to fight for' is meant; none being left to oppose them.

31. *slips*, leash.

32. *Straining*. Rowe's correction for Ff 'straying.'

a case of lives : the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just ; for humours do abound :

Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,

10

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London !
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I :

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

20

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs ! avaunt, you cullions !
[*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke !

Good bawcock, bate thy rage ; use lenity, sweet chuck !

Nym. These be good humours ! your honour wins bad humours.
[*Exeunt all but Boy.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these

5. *case of lives*, a set of lives. Nym's further allusion to 'plain-song' makes it likely that the allusion is to the 'case of four musical instruments making up the 'consort' of four parts, not to the case of (two) pistols.

6. *plain-song*, simple melody without variations.

22. *cullions*, noodles, dolts.

23. *duke*, general.

26. *bawcock* (Fr. 'beau coq'), a term of endearment.

28. *wins*, prevails over.

three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but
 all they three, though they would serve me, could
 not be man to me; for indeed three such antics
 do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is
 white-livered and red-faced; by the means where-
 of a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he
 hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the
 means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole
 weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of
 few words are the best men; and therefore he
 scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought
 a coward: but his few bad words are matched
 with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any
 man's head but his own, and that was against a
 post when he was drunk. They will steal any
 thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a
 lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for
 three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn
 brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a
 fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the
 men would carry coals. They would have me as
 familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or
 their handkerchers: which makes much against
 my manhood, if I should take from another's
 pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing
 up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some
 better service: their villany goes against my weak
 stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

32. *antics*, buffoons.

45. *purchase*, acquisition.

50. *carry coals*, do any degrad-

ing service, submit to insults.

55. *wrongs* (a play upon the two senses: injuries received, and injuries done).

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith. 70

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him. 80

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James. 90

66. *digt himself four yard under the countermines*, probably Fluellen's perversion for *digged countermines four yards under (the mines)*.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, 100
will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, 110
as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so 120
Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay't as valorously as I may, that sall

King Henry the Fifth

I suerly do, that is the breff and the long.
Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween
you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you,
under your correction, there is not many of your ¹³⁰
nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation?
Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a
rascal—What ish my nation? Who talks of my
nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter other-
wise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, perad-
venture I shall think you do not use me with that
affability as in discretion you ought to use me,
look you; being as good a man as yourself, both ¹⁴⁰
in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of
my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as
myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your
head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each
other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more ¹⁵⁰
better opportunity to be required, look you, I
will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines
of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

^{127.} *wad full fain heard,* Northern and Scandinavian
wad . . . have heard. The idiom. So Ff. The Camb.
omission of 'have' is a common editors wrongly alter to 'hear.'

SCENE III. *The same. Before the gates.*

*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls ;
the English forces below. Enter KING HENRY
and his train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town ?

This is the latest parle we will admit :

Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves ;

Or like to men proud of destruction

Defy us to our worst : for, as I am a soldier,

A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur

Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,

10

And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range

With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,

Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand

20

Of hot and forcing violation ?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness

When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil

As send précepts to the leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

11. *flesh'd*, inured, hardened.

26. *precepts*, legal summonses.

Take pity of your town and of your people,
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace 30
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil and villany.

If not, why, in a moment look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry 40
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :
 The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
 Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
 Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
 For we no longer are defensible. 50

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
 The winter coming on and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest ;
 To-morrow for the march are we address.

[*Flourish.* *The King and his train enter
 the town.*

31. *O'erblows*, disperses.

50. *defensible*, capable of resisting.

SCENE IV. *The FRENCH KING'S palace.**Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.*

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois ?

Alice. La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts ?

Alice. Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts ? je pense ¹⁰ qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?

Alice. Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Écoutez ; dites-moi, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois. 20

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude ?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition

Scene 4. Successive editors in the absence of any criteria of have substituted approximately his French scholarship, it is correct modern French for the hardly worth while to insist on imperfect and corrupted French a few cases in which the incor- of the Folio text. Probably rectness of the Folio version what Shakespeare wrote was less cannot be due to mere corrup- correct than what we read ; but tion.

de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez : de hand, ³⁰
de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous les col ?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton ?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick ; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, ⁴⁰
vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné ?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement : de hand, de fingres, de mails, —

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow. 50

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe ?

Alice. De foot, madame ; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun ! O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh ! le foot et le coun ! Néanmoins, je reciterai ⁶⁰
une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : de hand, de

fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois : allons-nous à diner. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord, Let us not live in France ; let us quit all And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us, The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters ?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards !

Mort de ma vië ! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

5. *a few sprays of us*, i.e. the French who 'came over with the Conqueror,' himself a bastard.

6. *luxury*, lust.

11. *vië*. The final ('mute') *e* of French still had a syllabic value in ordinary pronunciation, as it still has in verse. Similarly 'batailles' below.

14. *nook-shotten*. Probably 'full of sharp angles and corners,' i.e. invaded on all sides by estuaries and inlets of the sea, so as to be naturally watery and 'slobbery.' This is a well-attested meaning of 'nook-shotten' in dialects ; hence this interpretation is sounder than Knight's

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this
mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat? 20
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty
people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth 30
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-
schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed
him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged

and Staunton's 'spawned or shot into a nook,' though this gives a vigorous sense. The Dauphin's point, moreover, is not that England is remote, but that it is wet and uncomfortable to live in. 'Nook-shotten' aptly contrasts England with the compact, four-square contour of France.

19. *drench*, physic.
ib. *sur-rein'd*, jaded from being over-ridden.

26. *in their native lords*, in respect of the poor show which their owners make compared with the English.

33. *lavoltas and corantos*, quick, lively dances.

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field :
 Charles Delabrèth, high constable of France ; 40
 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;
 Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois ;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and
 knights,
 For your great seats now quit you of great
 shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow 50
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon :
 Go down upon him, you have power enough,
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
 And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on
 Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

40. *Delabreth*, properly 'Foix.' Both forms were re-
 D'Albret; but Shakespeare took stored from Holinshed.

47. *seats*, signorial castles.

44. *Fauconberg*, anglicised 48. *England*; Henry's title as
 by Ff to 'Faulconbridge.' In king, as in v. 37 and elsewhere.
 the next line Ff read 'Loys' for 60. *for*, instead of.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The English camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and 10 blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

2. *the bridge.* The importance of the fight at the bridge hardly appears from the play, but is quite clear in Holinshed's narrative. The bridge spanned the little river Ternoise, which lay in the way of Henry's march upon Calais. Henry accordingly 'appointed certain captains with their bands to go thither with all speed before him, and to take possession thereof.' On

their arrival they found the French already at work breaking down the bridge, but 'assailed them so vigorously that they discomfited them' (*Hol.* iii. 552, ed. Stone).

13. *an aunchient lieutenant,* 'ensign-lieutenant.' Fluellen's imperfect English betrays him into a counterpart of Mrs. Quickly's 'quotidian tertian.'

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

20

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours :
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God ; and I have merited
some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of
heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

30

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol.
Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore
his eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind ;
and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to
you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning ;
and inconstant, and mutability, and variation :
and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical
stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls : in good
truth, the poet makes a most excellent descrip-
tion of it : Fortune is an excellent moral.

40

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on
him ;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hangèd must a' be :

27. *buxom* (used with no definite sense).

33. *his* ; so Ff. In most editions altered to 'her.' But the mistake was no doubt intended, confusions of pronoun gender being constant in Welsh-English, in part owing to the fact that the Welsh for 'she'

is *hi* (pronounced 'he').

41. *Fortune is Bardolph's foe* ; referring to the ballad—

Fortune, my foe, why dost thou
frown on me?

42. *pax* ; probably Shakespeare's error for 'pix,' which is given by Holinshed. The

A damned death !

Let gallows gape for dog ; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate :
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak : the duke will hear thy
voice ;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach : 50
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand
your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to
rejoice at : for if, look you, he were my brother,
I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure,
and put him to execution ; for discipline ought to
be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd ! and figo for thy
friendship ! 60

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain ! [*Exit.* 70

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal ;
I remember him now ; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a' uttered as prave words
at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day.
But it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that
is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that 70
now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself

'pix' (pyx) was the box in
which the host or consecrated
wafer was preserved. 'Pax'
was a small picture of Christ
on wood or metal, 'solemnly
tendered to all people to kiss.'

60. *figo*, an insulting gesture
derived from Spain.

62. *The fig of Spain*, prob-
ably equivalent to 'figo.' Ac-
cording to others, a reference
to poisoned figs.

at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard 80 of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak 90 with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of

80. *new-tuned*, to a new tune; new-fangled.

84. *slanders of*, scandals to.

90. *speack with him from*, bring him news from (*i.e.* of).

Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your ¹⁰⁰ majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and welks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and ¹¹⁰ sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner. 120

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but

108. *bubukles*; a coinage of Fluellen's, for 'carbuncles.'

118. *lenity*. Rowe's correction from Qq Ff 'levity.' These lines appear to convey a pointed allusion to Essex's campaign in

Ireland, and are in any case significant of Shakespeare's judgment upon the harsh policy commonly pursued there.

120. *Tucket*, trumpet-blast.

'sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, ¹³⁰ and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our ¹⁴⁰ feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais ¹⁵⁰
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened, and those few I have

127. *advantage*, favourable opportunity.

130. *upon our cue*, i.e. at the due moment.

136. *in weight to re-answer*,

to repay in full measure.

151. *impeachment*, hindrance.

153. *of craft and vantage*, who has both a natural superiority and the cunning to make the best of it.

Almost no better than so many French ;
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me,
 God,

That I do brag thus ! This your air of France 160
 Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.
 Go therefore, tell thy master here I am ;
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 My army but a weak and sickly guard ;
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself and such another neighbour
 Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, Montjoy.
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself :
 If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood 170
 Discolour : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this :
 We would not seek a battle, as we are ;
 Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it :
 So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your
 highness. [Exit.

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in
 theirs.

March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night :
 Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves, 180
 And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[Exeunt.

167. *There's for thy labour.* that the king gave the herald
 Shakespeare found in Holinshed 'a princely reward.'

SCENE VII. *The French camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *the* LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *with others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

13. *pasterns*; for Ff 'postures.' *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 47.
 ib. *as if his entrails were hairs*, like a tennis-ball. Cf. 18. *the pipe of Hermes*; with which he charmed Argos.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys ; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance 30 enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb; vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to 40 lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress. 50

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride 60

49. *prescript*, prescribed.

in tight trousers; *i.e.* with none.

57. *in your strait strossers*,

The 'French hose' were wide and loose.

so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier : ' thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were 80 away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English. 90

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

68. 'Le chien est retourné,' etc., quoted from the French Bible (2 Pet. ii. 22).

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

100

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

110

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

120

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

121. *'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.* Both phrases are from falconry. His valour is compared to the hawk, which was 'hooded' until the game was in view, and then

'bated' or flapped its wings before flying. The Constable quibbles on the last word, meaning that the Dauphin's hidden valour, when exposed, will *abate*.

Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'

130

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

150

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then ¹⁶⁰ give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of
night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;

158. *sympathize with*, correspond to.

163. *shrewdly*, sorely.

1. *conjecture*, imaginat on.

2. *poring*, purblind.

9. *battle*, army.

King Henry the Fifth

ACT IV

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs 10
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation :
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night 20
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, 30
 Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head !'
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
 And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night,
 But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ; 40
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,

11. *dull*, drowsy.

12. *accomplishing the knights*,
 completing their equipment.

16. *name*. So Theobald, for

Ff 'nam'd.'

19. *play*, play for.

38. *all-watched*, spent with
 watching.

King Henry the Fifth

Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
 A largess universal like the sun
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
 Where—O for pity !—we shall much disgrace
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.

50

SCENE I. *The English camp at Agincourt.**Enter* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great
 danger ;

The greater therefore should our courage be.
 Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty !
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out. ||

For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry :

Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all, admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.

10

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

45. *that*, so that.46. *as may unworthiness define*, as far as their unworthy natures permit.53. *Minding*, recalled to the memory of.

Sc. 1. Bedford. The historical Duke of Bedford, left as 'Custos' in England, was not at Agincourt.

10. *dress*, prepare.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege : this lodging likes me
better,

Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present
pains

Upon example ; so the spirit is eased :

And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt, 20

The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace ?

K. Hen. No, my good knight ;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England : 30

I and my bosom must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
Harry ! [*Exeunt all but King.*]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speak'st
cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va là ?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me ; art thou officer ?

Or art thou base, common and popular ?

19. *Upon*, in consequence of.

23. *legerity*, lightness.

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike? 40

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of
Cornish crew? 50

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your
cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then! 60

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak
lower. It is the greatest admiration in the uni-
versal world, when the true and aunchient pre-
rogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you
would take the pains but to examine the wars of
Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, 70

48. *bully*, 'dashing fellow.'

66. *lower*; so Q₃. Ff 'fewer.'

that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now? 80

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.
[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day. 90

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, 100 that look to be washed off the next tide.

96. *Sir Thomas.* Theobald's correction for Ff 'Sir John.
99. *estate, condition.*

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections 110 are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; 120 and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this 130 to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

107. *element*, sky.

108. *conditions*, qualities.

115. *possess him with*, communicate to him.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king ¹⁴⁰ himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these ¹⁵⁰ men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, ¹⁶⁰ you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so

147. *rawly*, hastily, without preparation; and hence without making due provision.

150. *their argument*, their business in hand.

155. *sinfully miscarry*, perish in his sins.

157. *imposed upon*, charged against.

spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords,
 can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some
 peradventure have on them the guilt of premedi- 170
 tated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling
 virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some,
 making the wars their bulwark, that have before
 gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and
 robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the
 law and outrun native punishment, though they
 can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from
 God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so
 that here men are punished for before-breach of
 the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where 180
 they feared the death, they have borne life away;
 and where they would be safe, they perish: then
 if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty
 of their damnation than he was before guilty of
 those impieties for the which they are now visited.
 Every subject's duty is the king's; but every sub-
 ject's soul is his own. Therefore should every
 soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his
 bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and
 dying so, death is to him advantage; or not 190
 dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such
 preparation was gained: and in him that escapes,
 it were not sin to think that, making God so free
 an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His
 greatness and to teach others how they should
 prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill,
 the ill upon his own head, the king is not to
 answer it.

176. *native punishment*, that
 inflicted in their own country.

179. *before-breach*, previous
 breach.

183. *unprovided*, unprepared.

189. *mote*; Ff 'moth,' a
 common but not general spelling
 of the word.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for ²⁰⁰ me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private ²¹⁰ displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live. 220

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This ²³⁰ is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

King Henry the Fifth

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee
in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word : fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends :
we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell ²⁴⁰
how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty
French crowns to one, they will beat us ; for
they bear them on their shoulders : but it is no
English treason to cut French crowns, and to-
morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king ! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king !
We must bear all. O hard condition, ²⁵⁰
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing ! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy !
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?
What are thy rents ? what are thy comings in ? ²⁶⁰
O ceremony, show me but thy worth !
What is thy soul of adoration ?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men ?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.

248. *careful*, anxious.

the soul (essence or inner
ground) of thy adoration (of
the adoration paid to thee).

262. *thy soul of adoration*,

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 270 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
 knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king that find thee, and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
 280 The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
 290 Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
 And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labour, to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

277. *balm*, the consecrated oil used in anointing at coronation.

279. *intertissued robe of*, robe interwoven with.

280. *farced*, stuffed out (with solemn and pompous epithets).

287. *distressful*, won by grievous toil.

292. *i.e.* rises at dawn.

King Henry the Fifth

The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace, 300
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
 absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent :
 I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers'
 hearts ;

Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
 O, not to-day, think not upon the fault 310
 My father made in compassing the crown !
 I Richard's body have interred new ;
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood :
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have
 built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests

301. *advantages*, benefit (the peasant). The singular after 'hours' is probably due to the notion of 'peace,' the real source of the benefit.

308. *if the opposed numbers* ; Theobald's emendation for 'of,' etc.

312. *interred new.* Holin-

shed relates that Richard's body was removed from Langley, 'with all funeral dignity convenient for his estate,' to Westminster.

318. *Two chantries* ; at the convents of Bethlehem at Sheen and of Sion (on the opposite sides of the Thames), both founded by Henry.

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth;
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon. 320

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. My liege !

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice ? Ay ;
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee :
 The day, my friends and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The French camp.*

*Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES,
 and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour ; up, my
 lords !

Dau. Montez à cheval ! My horse ! varlet !
 laquais ! ha !

Orl. O brave spirit !

Dau. Via ! les eaux et la terre.

Orl. Rien puis ? l'air et le feu.

Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable !

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service
 neigh !

321. 'Since after all my acts of atonement it remains needful for my pardon that I should repent.'

4. *Via*, an exclamation of encouragement, current in English. The incoherent French scraps are in any case meant

to suggest ostentatious valour, probably somewhat to this effect : 'Water and earth I will ride through—' ; to which Orleans replies ironically : 'Anything further ? Air and fire ?'—'Ay, and heaven, cousin Orleans.'

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their
hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, 10
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses'
blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French
peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to
horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on
them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

11. *dout*, put out, extinguish.

29. *hilding*, base, mean.

18. *shales*, shells.

31. *for idle speculation*, as
idle lookers-on.

The tucket sonance and the note to mount ;
 For our approach shall so much dare the field
 That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of
 France ?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favouredly become the morning field : 40
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully :
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps :
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor
 jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ; 50
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they
 stay for death.

35. *The tucket sonance*, etc., the flourish of trumpets which gives the signal to mount.

36. *dare* (technical term of fowling), frighten and cause to crouch on the earth,—as birds do when the hawk hovers over them.

40. *Ill-favouredly become*, make a poor show upon.

45. *like fixed candlesticks* ; candlesticks were often made in the form of a figure holding a torch ; sometimes the figure was a mailed warrior.

47. *Lob*, droop.

49. *gimmal bit* ; probably a bit made of intertwisted rings like chain armour.

56. *prayers* (two syllables).

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field! 60
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The English camp.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, *with all his host*: SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND.

Glou. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

60. *guidon*, standard or banner. A generally accepted correction of Ff 'guard; on,' supported by a passage in Holinshed which apparently suggested this: 'The Duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a baner to be taken from a trumpet.'

61. *the banner from a trumpet*; the 'trumpet-banner' was attached to the trumpet, being displayed when the trumpet was blown.

Sc. 3. Enter Gloucester, etc.

The historical Salisbury and Westmoreland (as well as Bedford) were not present at Agincourt (Stone's *Holinshed*, p. 187). But Shakespeare hardly had access to the evidence that they were not.

4. *There's five to one.* Holinshed, who also gives the French numbers as 60,000, reckons them to have been 'six to one.' But he estimates Henry's force on the march to Calais as 15,000. Shakespeare would seem to have taken a mean between these proportions.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord
Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! 10

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck
go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,

10. *my kind kinsman*, i.e. Westmoreland.

11-14. In Ff vv. 13, 14 are given to Bedford, and placed before v. 12. The present arrangement is due to Thirlby.

16. *O that we now had here*, etc. Shakespeare had no authority for assigning this wish

to Westmoreland, who (as stated) was not present at Agincourt at all. In Qq it is attributed to Warwick, who was also absent, being Governor of Calais. Holinshed merely reports that Henry 'heard one of the host utter his wish' thus. It is known from the *Gesta* to have been Sir Walter Hungerford.

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England : 30
 God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
 more !

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart ; his passport shall be made
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian : 40
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian :'
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say 'These wounds I had on Crispian's day.'
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages 50
 What feats he did that day : then shall our names,

26. *yearns*, grieves.

39. *his fellowship to die with us*, to be our comrade in death.

40. *the feast of Crispian*. October 25 was the feast day of the two brothers Crispinus and Crispianus.

44. *He that shall live this day, and see*; Pope's reading

for 'He that shall see this day, and live.'

48. This line is omitted in Ff, but it follows v. 47 in Qq and, if not strictly necessary to the sense, is indispensable to the picture. It was rightly restored by Malone.

50. *with advantages*, in heightened colouring.

Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered ;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ; 60
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not
 here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with
 speed :

The French are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us. 70

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds
 be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is back-
 ward now !

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from
 England, coz ?

⁴ 53. *Bedford and Exeter*, etc. Of these 'names,' only Gloucester and Exeter were at Agincourt. Talbot, not elsewhere mentioned in this connexion, is no doubt the hero of 1 *Hen. VI.*

56. *the good man*, the good man, head of the family. 'How

the good man taught his son' was a proverbial title for maxims of morality and edification.

63. *gentle his condition*, raise him to gentle rank.

68. *bestow yourself*, take up your position.

70. *expedience*, swiftness.

King Henry the Fifth

West. God's will! my liege, would you and
I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five
thousand men;

Which likes me better than to wish us one.

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee,
King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80
Before thy most assured overthrow:

For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor
bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer
back: 90

Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast lived, was killed with hunting
him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt

76. *five thousand men*; i.e. of miscalculation.
roundly, a host; it is not 83. *englutted*, swallowed.
necessary to accuse Shakespeare 86. *retire*, retreat.

Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
 They shall be famed ; for there the sun shall greet
 them,

100

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven ;
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 Mark then abounding valour in our English,
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly : tell the constable
 We are but warriors for the working-day ;
 Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host—
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
 And time hath worn us into slovenry :

110

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers'
 heads

And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy
 labour ;

120

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald :
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints ;

96. *native*, i.e. English.

102. *clime*, air.

104. *abounding* ; used with
 a consciousness of the (false)
 etymology from 'bound.'

105. *grazing*, glancing off,
 after inflicting a wound.

107. *in relapse of mortality*,
 in the very act of being resolved
 into their mortal elements ; as
 they decompose. L.

King Henry the Fifth

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee
well :

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again
for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward. 130

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers,
march away :

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The field of battle.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, French
Soldier, and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme
de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualtitie caline custure me! Art thou
a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

128. *York.* Edward, Duke of York, the Aumerle of *Richard II.* Holinshed mentions that he was appointed to lead the van, but not that he sought this honour. This was, however, described in almost identical words by Lydgate, and the tradition may have reached Shakespeare's ear.

3. *Qualtitie caline custure me!* Pistol, confronted with the Frenchman's 'gibberish,' caps

it with an Irish refrain of somewhat similar sound, which we know to have been current in Elizabethan song-books. It is there written 'Calen o custure me,' or 'Callino casturame,'—both phonetic reproductions of the Irish 'Colleen, oge astore,' young girl, my treasure. The Ff give 'calmie,' which the Camb. and other editors adopt. But it is more likely the Ff blundered in the strange word.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu !

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman :
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark ;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me 10
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde ! ayez pitié de moi !

Pist. Moy shall not serve ; I will have forty
moys ;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras ?

Pist. Brass, cur !
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, 20
Offer'st me brass ?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi !

Pist. Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of moys ?
Come hither, boy : ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Écoutez : comment êtes-vous appelé ?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and firke him,
and ferret him : discuss the same in French unto 30
him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare ; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur ?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous

9. *fox*, the English broadsword.

13. *moy*, a measure (commonly of wheat) ; according to Douce 27 moys made 2 tons.

15. *rim*, midriff.

29. *fer*, probably a meaningless play upon Le Fer's name.

29. *firke*, drub, beat.

faites vous prêt ; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave
crowns ;

40

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison : gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life : he is a gentleman of a good house ; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

50

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens ; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur
d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks ; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me !

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt* 70
Pistol, and French Soldier.] I did never know

so full a voice issue from so empty a heart : but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp : the French might 80 have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field*

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON,
DAUPHIN, *and* RAMBURES.

Con. O diable !

Orl. O seigneur ! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !

Dau. Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded, all !
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune !
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame ! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but
shame !

10

75. *this roaring devil i' the old play*; referring to encounters between 'the devil' and 'the Vice,' which were a stock ingredient of the *Moralities* (cf.

Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 134); the 'wooden dagger' being the Vice's weapon.

3. *confounded*, ruined.

7. *perdurable*, lasting.

Let us die in honour : once more back again ;
 And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
 Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
 Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door
 Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
 His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us
 now !

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
 To smother up the English in our throngs,
 If any order might be thought upon.

20

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the
 throng :

Let life be short ; else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. *Enter* KING HENRY *and forces,*
 EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant
 countrymen :

But all's not done ; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to
 your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within
 this hour

I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;
 From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
 Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side,

11. *die in honour : once.* So
 Knight. Ff 'dye in once,'
 'flye in once.'

15. *no gentler, of no higher
 birth.*

8. *Larding, fattening, en-
 riching.*

Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 10

Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry !'

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up : 20
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'

So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips ;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love..

The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd ;
But I had not so much of man in me, 30
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not ;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[*Alarum.*

But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men :
Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

9. *honour-owing*, honourable.

11. *haggled*, mangled.

37. On this order, see Introduction, and note to vii. 57.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.**Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis 10
a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born!

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born 20
in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth,

Sc. 7. Holinshed relates that some six hundred French horsemen, 'being the first that fled,' 'hearing that the English tents and pavilions were a good way

distant from the army, without any sufficient guard, entered the camp, slew the servants, and plundered the treasure.'

that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus. 30 40

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name. 50

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, with BOURBON and prisoners; WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
 Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
 Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill: 60
 If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
 Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
 If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
 Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
 And not a man of them that we shall take
 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French,
 my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used
 to be. 70

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?
 know'st thou not
 That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?

57. *Enter King Henry, with Bourbon and prisoners.* So Ft. Most modern edd. omit the reference to the prisoners. But it was clearly intended. Holinshed describes a renewal of the battle after the slaughter of the prisoners previously taken (iii. 555). It is pretty clear that Shakespeare meant to represent this by the fight ensuing on the desperate charge of Bourbon at the close of Scene 5. As the result of that,

Bourbon and others are taken. Henry has thus a new batch of prisoners, and it is these whose slaughter he threatens in v. 66, as a deterrent to the 'horsemen on yon hill.' This, as Mr. Stone has shown, disposes of Johnson's sarcasm: 'the King is of a very bloody disposition. He has already cut the throats of his prisoners; and now threatens to cut them again.'

72. *fined*, agreed to pay as a fine.

Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont.

No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

80

K. Hen.

I tell thee truly, herald,

I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont.

The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it!

90

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory,
an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle
Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have
read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle
here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

100

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your

76. *book*, enter on the list of
killed.

83. *Yerk*, jerk, kick.

94. *Crispin Crispianus*; pro-
perly Crispin and Crispinian;
and so Holinshed.

majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour; For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman. 110

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man. 120

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds
with Montjoy.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that 130

104. *Monmouth caps.* According to Fuller 'the best caps were made at Monmouth,' and they continued to be called Monmouth caps even when the manufacture was, shortly before he wrote, moved into Worcestershire. They were specially worn by soldiers.

swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience. 140

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la! 150

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour 160
for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and

142. *quite from the answer of his degree*, removed by his rank from all possibility of answering the challenge of a man of Williams' station.

144. *as good a gentleman as*

the devil is; this was proverbial; cf. Lear's 'The prince of darkness is a gentleman' (*King Lear*, iii. 4. 148).

161. *when Alençon and myself were down together*. The

King Henry the Fifth

myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove; ¹⁷⁰ that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour 180
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them. 190
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

encounter thus lightly alluded to is related by Holinshed in a paragraph headed: 'A Valiant King.' Henry himself was 'almost felled by the Duke of

Alençon; yet with plain strength he slew two of the Duke's company, and felled the Duke himself' (Stone's *Holinshed*, p. 195).

SCENE VIII. *Before KING HENRY'S pavilion.*

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! 10

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter? 20

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

22. *contagious*, for 'outrageous.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now ! what 's the matter ?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove ; here is the fellow of it ; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap : I promised to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word. 30

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is : I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me ; in your conscience, now. 40

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier : look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike ;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart : never came any from mine that might offend your majesty. 50

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself : you appeared to me but as a common man ; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness ; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine : for had you been as I took you for, I made

no offence ; therefore, I beseech your highness,
pardon me. 60

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with
crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow ;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns :
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has
mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve
pence for you ; and I pray you to serve God, and
keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels,
and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better 70
for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will ; I can tell you, it
will serve you to mend your shoes : come, where-
fore should you be so pashful ? your shoes is not so
good : 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will
change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd ?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd
French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken,
uncle ? 80

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the
king ;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt :
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French

81 f. The catalogue closely follows Holinshed both in names
and numbers.

That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this
number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six : added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which, 90
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead :
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France ;
Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures ;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard
Dolphin, 100

John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar : of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death !
Where is the number of our English dead ?

[Herald shews him another paper.]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire :
None else of name ; and of all other men 110
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here ;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all ! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,

98. *Jacques* (monosyllable).

99. *cross - bows*, cross - bow
men.

III. *But five and twenty*.
Holinshed gives this as the

report of 'some' ; adding, 'but
other writers of greater credit
affirm, that there were slain
above five or six hundred
persons.'

Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine !

Exe.

'Tis wonderful !

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village :
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only. 120

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to
tell how many is killed ?

K. Hen. Yes, captain ; but with this acknow-
ledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites ;
Let there be sung ' Non nobis ' and ' Te Deum ; '
The dead with charity enclosed in clay :
And then to Calais ; and to England then ; 130
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read
the story,
That I may prompt them : and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life

King Henry the Fifth

Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys, 10
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
sea,

Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way : so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath ;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city : he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ; 20
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens !
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress, 30
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,

12. *whiffler*, one who marched or rode at the head of a procession to clear the way, furnished with a staff, or lath sword. The 'whiffle' was probably a fife.

21. *signal and ostent*, sign and outward show of triumph.

25. *sort*, array.

29. *by a lower but loving likelihood*, to compare Henry's triumphal entry with another, less momentous, but not less welcome.

30. *the general*, the Earl of Essex, who had been sent in March 1599 to suppress the Irish revolt. See the Introduction.

King Henry the Fifth

ACT V

To welcome him! much more, and much more
 cause,
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the king of England's stay at home;
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them; and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
 Till Harry's back-return again to France: 40
 There must we bring him; and myself have
 play'd
 The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
 [Exit.

SCENE I. *France. The English camp.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you
 your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and
 wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my
 friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld, beg-
 garly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and
 yourself and all the world know to be no petter
 than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is
 come to me and prings me pread and salt yester-
 day, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in 10
 a place where I could not breed no contention
 with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my
 cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell
 him a little piece of my desires.

38. *The emperor;* Sigismund, England in May 1416.
 Emperor of Germany, landed in 5. *scauld, scabby.*

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst,
base Trojan,

20

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*]

30

Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished
him.

40

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

29. *Cadwallader*, a legendary Welsh king.

32. *Trojan*, knave.

38. *a squire of low degree*; alluding to the burlesque romance so entitled.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge :
I eat and eat, I swear—

50

Flu. Eat, I pray you : will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away ; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em ; that is all.

Pist. Good.

60

Flu. Ay, leeks is good : hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat !

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels : you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. 70

[*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go ; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he

80

King Henry the Fifth

could not therefore handle an English cudgel :
 you find it otherwise ; and henceforth let a Welsh
 correction teach you a good English condition.
 Fare ye well. [Exit.

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me
 now ?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital
 Of malady of France ;
 And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
 Old I do wax ; and from my weary limbs
 Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn, 90
 And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
 To England will I steal, and there I'll steal :
 And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
 And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II. *France. A royal palace.*

*Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BED-
 FORD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, WARWICK,
 WESTMORELAND, and other Lords ; at another,
 the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRIN-
 CESS KATHARINE, ALICE and other Ladies ; the
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we
 are met !

83. *condition*, behaviour.

85. *huswife*, jilt.

86. *Nell*. Ff. have 'Doll' ;
 but only Pistol's wife, the former
 Mrs. Quickly, can be meant,
 though Shakespeare, who 'never
 blotted a line,' may have left
 uncorrected an original slip of
 the pen.

Sc. 2. The scene of Henry's
 betrothal, according to Holin-
 shed, was 'S. Peter's Church'

at Troyes.

Clarence. Clarence's name
 has not hitherto been included
 in the stage direction or among
 the dramatis personæ, since he
 does not speak ; but v. 84 im-
 plies that he is present. Hun-
 tington, who is addressed in the
 next line, is included among
 the 'other Lords.'

1. *wherefore*, for which (viz.
 peace).

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
 Health and fair time of day ; joy and good wishes
 To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;
 And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
 By whom this great assembly is contrived,
 We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy ;
 And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your
 face,

Most worthy brother England ; fairly met : 10
 So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
 Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;
 Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
 Against the French, that met them in their bent,
 The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
 Have lost their quality, and that this day
 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute
 you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
 Great Kings of France and England ! That I
 have labour'd,
 With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
 To bring your most imperial majesties
 Unto this bar and royal interview,
 Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

11. *So are you, princes English* ; Ff₁₋₃ 'so are you princess (English).'

16. *bent*, the direction (or aim) of an eye-glance (or a cannon-shot).

17. *basilisks* ; used with a

play upon the two senses : (1) a fabulous animal whose glances slew ; (2) a large cannon.

19. *Have* ; the plural by attraction after 'looks.'

27. *bar*, place of conference.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
 That, face to face and royal eye to eye, 30
 You have congregated, let it not disgrace me,
 If I demand, before this royal view,
 What rub or what impediment there is,
 Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
 Should not in this best garden of the world,
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
 Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 Corrupting in it own fertility. 40
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
 The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
 Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
 That should deracinate such savagery;
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
 Even so our houses and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,

31. *congregated*, greeted one another.

33. *rub*, hindrance.

40. *it*; so F₁ F₂. 'Its' was not yet current till after Shakespeare's death, and occurs in this passage only in F₃ and F₄, though

found occasionally elsewhere in F₁.

42. *even-pleach'd*, trimmed to form an even surface.

49. *burnet*, a herb used in stanching wounds.

52. *kecksies*, dry hemlock-stalks.

The sciences that should become our country;
 But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing and stern looks, defused attire
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour
 You are assembled : and my speech entreats
 That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences
 And bless us with her former qualities.

60

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the
 peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands ;
 Whose tenours and particular effects
 You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

70

Bur. The king hath heard them ; to the which
 as yet

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then the peace,
 Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
 O'er glanced the articles : pleaseth your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed
 To re-survey them, we will suddenly
 Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

80

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,

61. *defused*, disordered.

63. *reduce*, bring back.

81. *suddenly*, promptly.

82. *Pass our accept and peremptory answer*, (probably) give the answer upon which we definitely and finally agree. 'Accept' has commonly been understood 'acceptance'; but

the French king does not guarantee that he will accept the articles, merely that he will give a definite decision. Hence Mr. W. A. Wright's proposal to understand 'accept' as a participle, — ('the answer which we have accepted as decisive') is preferable.

And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,

Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king ;

And take with you free power to ratify,

Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best

Shall see advantageable for our dignity,

Any thing in or out of our demands,

And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister, 90

Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them :

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,

When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us :

She is our capital demand, comprised

Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms

Such as will enter at a lady's ear

And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ? 100

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me ; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate ?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you 110 are like an angel.

90. *consign thereto*, confirm it with our seal.

94. *too nicely*, with trivial and captious arguments.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits? 120

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you:' then if you urge me farther than to say 'do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady? 130

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, 140

123. *dat is de princess*; probably incomplete. Alice may be supposed to wish to qualify the candour of the sentiment, when the king cuts her short

138. *undid*, would undo.

141. *measure* is played upon in three senses: (1) metre; (2) a stately dance; (3) amount.

under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-a-napes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only down-¹⁵⁰right oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of¹⁶⁰ plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good¹⁷⁰ heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and

146. *buffet*, box.

ib. *bound*, leap (*i.e.* make leap).

160. *of plain and uncoined*

constancy, one whose love is constant because like a plain, unstamped coin it is not 'current,' *i.e.* readily transferred to new objects.

take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible, dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should 180
love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, 190
hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel 200
je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou

lovest me: and at night, when you come into ²¹⁰
 your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman
 about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her
 dispraise those parts in me that you love with
 your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully;
 the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee
 cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have
 a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I
 get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore
 needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou
 and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, ²²⁰
 compound a boy, half French, half English, that
 shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by
 the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my
 fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now
 to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will
 endeavour for your French part of such a boy;
 and for my English moiety take the word of a
 king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus ²³⁰
 belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin
 déesse?

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French
 enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat
 is in France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French!
 By mine honour, in true English, I love thee,
 Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou
 lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me
 that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and ²⁴⁰

218. *scrambling*, fighting.

221-223. An unconsciously
 ironical reference to Henry's
 actual successor, of whom no
 such exploit is recorded. But
 there may be also an allusion to

the project of the Emperor Sigis-
 mund, who visited Henry in
 England, with a view to a Euro-
 pean alliance against the Turk.
 Shakespeare could have read
 this in Halle.

untempering effect of my visage. Now, be-
 shrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of
 civil wars when he got me: therefore was I
 created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect
 of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I
 fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I
 wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is,
 that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do
 no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if
 thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear ²⁵⁰
 me, if thou wear me, better and better: and
 therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you
 have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch
 the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an
 empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry
 of England, I am thine:' which word thou shalt
 no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell
 thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine,
 France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;'
 who, though I speak it before his face, if he be ²⁶⁰
 not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the
 best king of good fellows. Come, your answer
 in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy
 English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katha-
 rine, break thy mind to me in broken English;
 wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate;
 it shall please him, Kate.

241. *untempering*, unsoftening.
 263. *broken music*. Chappell
 gives the most authoritative
 explanation of this phrase, thrice
 used by Shakespeare, in a com-
 munication to Mr. W. A. Wright:
 'Some instruments, such as
 viols, flutes, etc., were formerly

made in sets of four, which
 when played together formed a
 "consort." If one or more of
 the instruments of one set were
 substituted for the corresponding
 ones of another set, the result
 was no longer a "consort" but
 "broken music."

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

270

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur ; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume ²⁸⁰ de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she ?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre better que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would ²⁹⁰ she say ?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion : we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults ; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss : therefore, patiently and ³⁰⁰ yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate : there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council ; and they should sooner persuade

295. *list*, barrier, limit.

King Henry the Fifth

ACT V

Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

*Re-enter the FRENCH KING and his QUEEN,
BURGUNDY, and other Lords.*

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is ³¹⁰ good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love ³²⁰ in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do. 330

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like

314. *condition*, disposition.

327. *wink*, close their eyes.

flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too. 340

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered. 350

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England? •

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first, and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed natures. 360

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de

347. *perspectively*, as in a 'perspective,' or glass producing optical illusion.

France ; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ. 370

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest ;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up

Issue to me ; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction 380
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate : and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal, 390
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league ;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen !

369. *Præclarissimus.* Shakspeare took this word from Holinshed, the original treaty naturally having 'præclarissimus.'

393. *paction*, compact.

King Henry the Fifth

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage : on which
day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. 400
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me ;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be !

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

Enter Chorus

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England : Fortune made his sword ;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed ; 10
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England
bleed :
Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their
sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

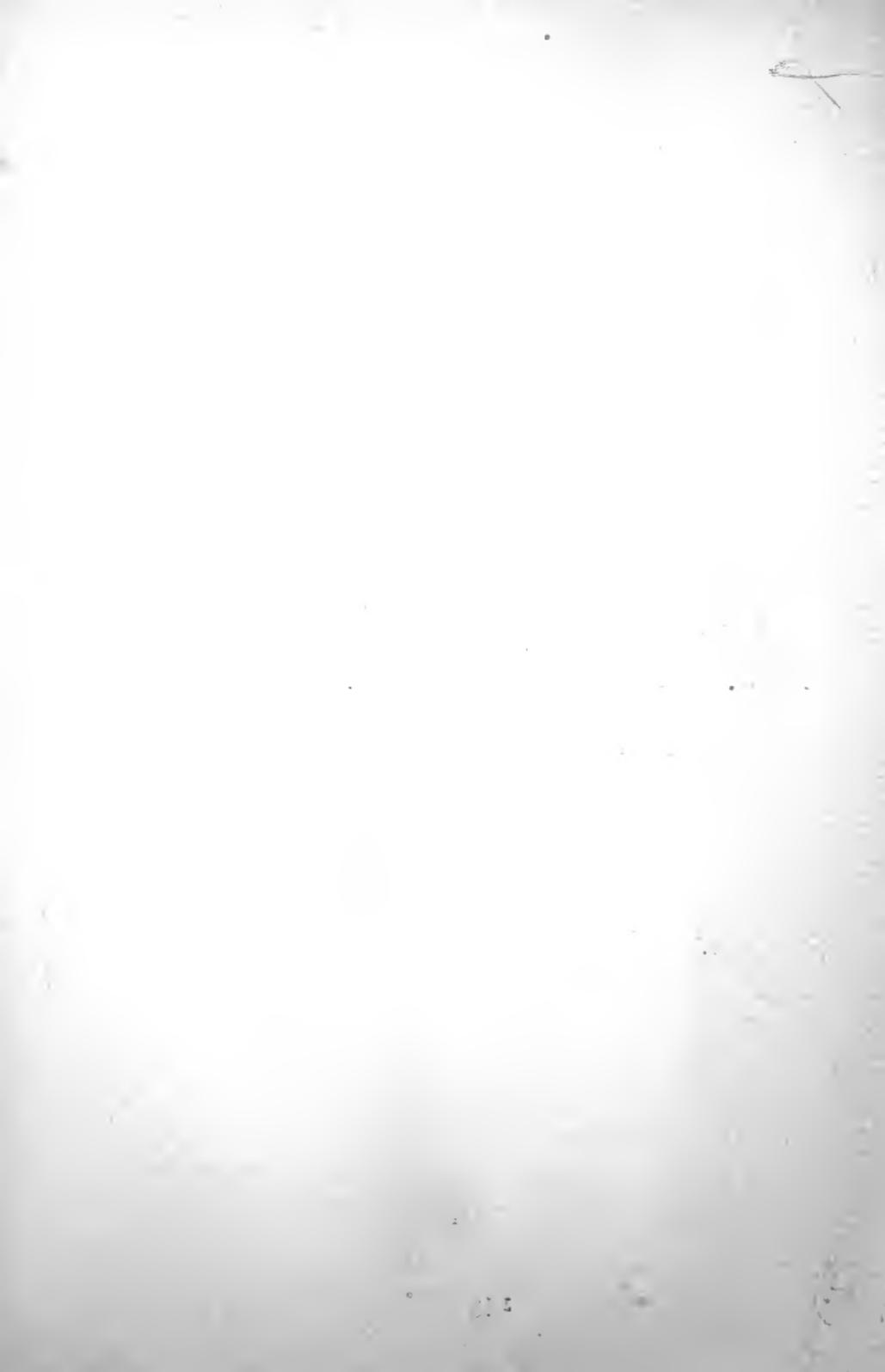
[*Exit.*]

2. *bending*, i.e. under the continuity, involved in the scenic
weight of his task. method of drama.

4. *by starts*, i.e. by breaks of

2

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY the Eighth.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY.

Lord Chamberlain.

Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of Lincoln.

LORD ABERGAVENNY.

LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.

Three Gentlemen.

DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.

Garter King-at-Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*

King Henry the Eighth

DURATION OF TIME

I. *Dramatic Time*.—Seven days represented on the stage, with indeterminable intervals.

Day 1.	I.	1.-4.
		Interval.
„ 2.	II.	1.-3.
„ 3.	II.	4.
„ 4.	III.	1.
		Interval.
„ 5.	III.	2.
		Interval.
„ 6.	IV.	1., 2.
		Interval.
„ 7.	V.	1.-5.

II. *Historic Time*.—From June 1520 to September 1533 (the christening of Elizabeth). But two later events are included, the death of Katharine, January 1536, and the summons of Cranmer before the Council, in 1544. The following table (from Daniel's *Time Analysis*, p. 346) gives the historic dates, arranged in the order of the play :—

- 1520, June.—Field of the Cloth of Gold
- 1522, Mar.—War declared with France
- „ May-July.—Visit of the Emperor to the English Court.
- 1521, April 16.—Buckingham brought to the Tower.
- 1527.—Henry becomes acquainted with Ann Bullen
- 1521, May.—Arraignment and execution (May 17) of Buckingham.
- 1527, Aug.—Commencement of proceedings for divorce.
- 1528, Oct.—Campeius arrives in London.
- 1532, Sept.—Ann Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke.
- 1529, May.—Assembly of Court at Blackfriars.
- 1529-33.—Cranmer abroad working for the divorce.
- 1533, Jan.—Marriage of Henry with Ann Bullen.
- 1529, Oct.—Wolsey deprived of the Great Seal.
- „ Oct. 25.—More chosen Lord Chancellor.
- 1533, Mar. 30.—Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.
- „ May 23.—Marriage with Katharine declared null.
- 1530, Nov. 29.—Death of Wolsey.
- 1533, June 1.—Coronation of Ann.
- 1536, June.—Death of Katharine.
- 1533, Sept. 7.—Birth of Elizabeth.
- 1544.—Cranmer called before the Council.
- 1533, Sept.—Christening of Elizabeth.

INTRODUCTION

THE Famous History of the Life of Henry VIII. was first published in the Folio of 1623. The text is unusually accurate, and was printed from a MS. prepared with equally unusual care for the press. As became a drama in which ceremony plays so large a part, the stage directions are full and accurate. In two of them (the coronation-scene, iv. 1., and the baptism, v. 5.) the elaborate and precise historical realism of the modern stage seems to be more nearly anticipated than in any other play of Shakespeare's time. The costly and magnificent masques of Whitehall had stimulated kindred tendencies in the regular drama; and the Globe Company now controlled stage-resources very different from the 'four or five most vile and ragged foils' that had done duty for Agincourt in its early days. The spectacular elaboration of *Henry VIII.* was, however, evidently extraordinary and unprecedented. It involved, incidentally, the destruction of the first Globe Theatre.

On June 29, 1613, the Globe was burnt down during the performance of a play which a series of contemporary descriptions enable us with practical certainty to identify as *Henry VIII.* The most salient of these are as follows:—

- (i) A MS. letter from Thomas Lorkin, dated 'this

King Henry the Eighth

last of June' 1613, relates: 'No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbege his companie were acting at the Globe the play of Hen. 8, and there shooting of certain chambers in way of triumph; the fire catch'd and fasten'd upon the thatch of the house and there burn'd so furiously as it consumed the whole house and all in less than two hours (the people having enough to do to save themselves).'

(ii) Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on July 2, gives a more detailed account of the fire and adds important particulars of the play. 'The king's players had a new play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like; sufficient in truth within a while to make greatness very familiar if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's House, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch,' etc.

(iii) A third allusion, in a letter from John Chamberlain to Ralph Winwood, July 12, 1613, simply confirms these reports. But the mention of the event by Howes, the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle* (1615), adds an important detail. 'The house,' he writes, 'being filled with people to behold the play, viz. Henry the 8.'

In June 1613, then, a play variously known as *Henry VIII.* and *All is True*, and corresponding in every particular, so far as described, to the *Henry VIII.* afterwards published by Shakespeare's Company, was acted, as a new piece, by that company, on their

Introduction

own stage. The inclusion of the play in the Folio must be held to prove that Shakespeare had at least some connexion with it; its qualities of metre and style forbid us to place that connexion earlier than 1610. To hold that Shakespeare's Company, having a Shakespearean *Henry VIII.* in their repertory, were acting, some two years later, a totally distinct *Henry VIII.* by some other writer, is an unwarrantable violation of economy.

The grounds hitherto adduced for rejecting the identification are extremely slight. A contemporary ballad on the fire declares that 'the riprobates . . . prayed for the Foole and Henrie Condye,' whereas there is no Fool in *Henry VIII.* But the Fool may have been in the playhouse (and thus in need of the riprobates' prayers) without being in the play. Mr Fleay relies on the absence of the title *All is True.* But the Prologue, with its reiterated references to 'truth' (cf. vv. 9, 18, 21), reads like an expanded commentary on a vanished text.¹

The date 1610-12 is now therefore generally accepted.²

The Prologue seems, however, to have had a more specific and militant purpose than that of enforcing the title. It conveys a thinly veiled allusion to some less authentic version on the same noble story; and warns the audience that any who took *Henry VIII.* to be 'a merry bawdy play,' or 'a noise of targets,' or 'such a show as fool and fight is,' — 'will be deceived.'³ The Epilogue similarly

¹ Boyle's theory that our *Henry VIII.* was written as late as 1617 depends upon the hypothesis which he has not made plausible, that it was the joint work of Massinger and Fletcher.

² The apparent allusion in

v. 5. 52 to the colonisation of Virginia has been thought to imply the date 1612, when the colony received a constitution. But cf. note on the passage.

³ The Prologue has been often attributed to Jonson, and

King Henry the Eighth

warns off those who came merely 'to hear the City abused extremely.' The previous dozen years had been prolific of plays upon Henry's reign: Chettle's *Cardinal Wolsey*; *The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey*, by Munday, Drayton, and Chettle, 1602 (both known only from Henslowe's Diary); *The Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell* (printed 1602, 1613); and finally, Rowley's *Chronicle History of Henry VIII. : When you see me you know me*, published in 1605, and no doubt identical with the *Enterlude of King Henry VIII.* entered (by the same publisher, N. Butter) in the Sta. Reg. in the previous Feb. 12th.¹ There is little doubt that the writer of the Prologue had one or more of these productions in view. and the phrases above quoted fasten with peculiar aptness upon Rowley's rollicking travesty of history, with its 'bluff King Hal,' its unredeemed Wolsey, its London ruffians and watchmen, and its robust Protestantism acting as a solvent upon all Catholic virtue.

Whether written or not with a deliberate design of vindicating history from these dramatic traducers, there is no question that the Shakespearean *Henry VIII.* is far more true to the letter of history than any of his earlier Histories. No other preserves so much of the recorded detail of history. Its speeches are often little more than Holinshed transcribed in blank verse; its pageantries punctiliously reproduce his detailed and picturesque narrative. Holinshed was indeed for this reign unusually full and unusually authentic. It lay but a generation behind him, and

its motive undoubtedly recalls the Jonsonian habit of preparing his audience 'to see one play to-day as other plays should be.' But the schooling is conveyed with a courtly suavity which he did not affect.

¹ Edited by K. Elze (1874). Elze held that the Shakespearean play was written during Elizabeth's reign—with subsequent interpolation of the allusions to James. This is absolutely negatived by the style.

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he was able to weave into his own work the first-hand reports of contemporaries like Hall and Cavendish. It is true that his sources were steeped in animus of very different shades, and that their parti-coloured hues give a composite and somewhat indecisive effect to his presentment of men. Holinshed's Wolsey is painted for the most part with the angry Protestant brush of Hall, whose Chronicle was suppressed under Mary; but we detect readily enough the passages transcribed from Wolsey's faithful usher¹ (the valet to whom he *was* a hero), or from the Jesuit Campion's eulogy upon this great pre-Loyolan member of his Order. Nor have these dissonances been by any means effaced in the drama; indeed, they are even heightened by the addition of a highly-coloured Protestant patch from Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* (1576)—the Cranmer scenes in Act V.

As it stands, the drama presents a strange mingling of reticence and partisanship. We are invited to bestow our sympathies, alternately, on different sides, and are yet denied the definite information needed for judging, or even knowing how the dramatist judged, between them. Critics, according to their bent, have found it equally easy to exhibit the play as a manifesto of the new faith or of the old—a celebration of Elizabeth or a vindication of Katharine. Gervinus explained it to be a pæan to the House of Tudor; it may quite as readily be represented as a satire on them. Henry is tenderly, even obsequiously, handled; we see him as the magnanimous father of his people, intervening to remit Wolsey's oppressive taxation (i. 2.), or to rescue the pious

¹ G. Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* was still in MS.; but Stow had transferred its substance to his *Annales* (1580), whence the

material passed into Holinshed's second edition (1587) used by Shakespeare.

King Henry the Eighth

Cranmer from Gardiner's spite (v. 3.). Yet it is difficult to describe as an 'apology' for Henry, a play which draws but the flimsiest of disguises over the sensual motive of his suit for divorce. And note that the dramatist does not here merely follow the Chronicle; he deliberately antedates Henry's favours to Anne Boleyn, so as to emphasise their sinister bearing upon Katharine's fate. Thus the historical date of her sudden elevation to the peerage is 1532. But the scene representing this (ii. 3.), the only one in which she can be said to appear, is placed immediately before the scene representing the trial of 1529. The king's execrations at the close of this scene upon the 'dilatatory sloth and tricks' of Rome, thus acquire a significance not apparent in Holinshed.

A similar ambiguity marks the portrayal of Buckingham, of Wolsey, of Anne. Was Buckingham the victim of Wolsey's unscrupulous policy or a traitor whom he justly brought to the block? History pronounces against him; but Holinshed, without expressly asserting his innocence, speaks bitterly of the 'forged tales and contrived surmises' which the Cardinal 'daily put into the king's head . . . to the satisfying of his cankered and malicious stomach'; and the dramatist (who omits this passage) holds the balance so even that either view may be taken with almost equal plausibility. Each has, in fact, been assumed as obvious by modern critics of insight.¹ In Wolsey's case the dramatist has not so much held the balance between two views as enforced them with equal vigour in succession. The psychological hiatus between the churchman of boundless ambition and the saint who only upon his overthrow 'felt himself,

¹ Thus Kreyszig speaks in-
(*Vories*, i. 361) of 'the palpably Boas holds that his summary arrest
false evidence' on which Buck- 'is proved to be fully justified.'

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and found the blessedness of being little,' is, if anything, somewhat more violent than in Holinshed. On the most favourable view, it must be allowed that the fundamental features of his character are wholly suppressed until his part is played out—to be then suddenly announced, as in a funeral *éloge*, by the devoted Griffith.

Alone, among the persons of the drama, the noble and pathetic figure of Katharine is drawn with perfect harmony and precision, and here the effect is due far less to any imaginative reconstruction of the materials than to a faithful preservation of the profuse and animated detail they supplied. It was not Shakespeare's way to abandon his authorities merely for the sake of asserting his originality, so long as they gave him what he wanted. *Julius Cæsar* follows Plutarch almost as closely as *Henry VIII.* follows Holinshed. But the fidelity of *Henry VIII.* is of a lower kind than that of *Julius Cæsar*; it is more literal and less imaginative; in a word, less Shakespearean.

No doubt the nature of the subject imposed enormous difficulties on an Elizabethan dramatist. To render with imaginative sympathy the moving story of the divorce, and yet to remember that the glory of his own time had flowered from that malign plant, was to be under a continual provocation to the conflict of interests which the play, as we see, has not escaped. Regarded near by, the divorce of Katharine was a pitiful tragedy; regarded in retrospect it seemed big with the destinies of England. Yet the earlier Histories had presented a parallel difficulty without involving a parallel failure. The glories of Henry V. like those of Elizabeth were rooted in a crime, but no such rent yawns across the tragedy of *Richard II.* as that which so fatally divides *Henry VIII.* against itself. After making all allow-

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ance for such obstacles, it remains true that the total effect of the drama is insignificant in proportion to the splendour of detail and the superb power of single scenes. Nothing more damning can be said of any play, and nothing like it can be said of any play which is wholly Shakespeare's work. Hence, in point simply of dramatic quality, the play justifies a suspicion that it is not entirely Shakespeare's work:

That suspicion was, however, first suggested by the more palpable evidence of *style* and *metre*. Already, in 1758, Roderick called attention to three striking metrical peculiarities of the play, viz. (1) the frequency of verses ending with a redundant syllable; (2) the unusual quality of the *cæsura* or pause within the line; ¹ (3) the frequent clashing of sense-emphasis and musical cadence.² For him, however, these remained merely mysterious vagaries of Shakespeare. Nearly a century passed before the idea of composite authorship occurred to any one as the solution of the anomaly, and then, as commonly happens in such cases, it occurred to several minds at once—to Emerson, Tennyson, Hickson, and Spedding. Acting on a hint of Tennyson's to the effect that 'many passages were very much in the manner of Fletcher,'³ Spedding read the play through with an eye to this especial point, and succeeded in demonstrating beyond question that two hands, if not three, were concerned. This division of the play between them was immediately confirmed in every detail by Hickson,⁴

¹ The pause after two emphatic monosyllables, the first of which bears the verse stress, is common within the line, as well as at the end, and is very rare in Shakespeare. *E.g.* 'Remember your bold life too,' v. 2. 85.

² Notes published in the sixth

edition of Edwardes's *Canons of Criticism*.

³ *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1850; reprinted in *New Shakespere Soc. Transactions*, 1874.

⁴ *Notes and Queries*, Aug. 24, 1850. Also reprinted in *N. Sh. Soc. Transactions*, after Spedding's paper.

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and has received the almost unanimous assent of later English critics. So glaring, indeed, is the distinction between the two metrical and stylistic schemes that any qualified reader who applies it may be trusted to arrive, within narrow limits of divergence, at Spedding's division of the play.¹ Spedding's own vivid analysis of the two styles, as seen in two typical scenes (i. 1. and i. 3.), can hardly be improved. The former scene 'seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare in his latest manner; the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth . . . the same entire freedom from book language and commonplace. . . . But the instant I entered upon the third scene . . . I was conscious of a total change. I felt as if I had passed suddenly out of the language of nature into the language of the stage, or of some conventional mode of conversation. . . . The expression became suddenly diffuse and languid. The wit wanted mirth and character.' Of the metrical distinction nothing better has been said than Emerson's remark *apropos* of the Wolsey-Cromwell scene (iii. 2.)—that while

¹ He assigned to Shakespeare the following scenes only:—i. 1., 2., ii. 3., iii. 2. (to the exit of the king only), and v. 1. The application of the well-known 'verse-tests' by Professor Ingram in 1874 fully confirmed the division; the proportion of 'double endings' being in

Shakespeare's part as 1 in 3, in 'Fletcher's' as 1 in 1.7; the proportion of 'unstopped lines' as 1 in 2.03 and 1 in 3.79. Of 'light' and 'weak' endings 'Shakespeare's' 1146 verses contain 82, 'Fletcher's' 1467 contain 8.

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Shakespeare's secret is 'that the thought constructs the tune, so that reading for the sense best brings out the rhythm,—here the lines are constructed on a given tune.'¹ To these differences may perhaps be added a certain divergence from Shakespeare's practice in the use of *prose* and *verse*. Thus the blank verse conversation of the two gentlemen in ii. 1. 1-50, and again in iv. 1. 1-36, is in the matter-of-fact tone for which Shakespeare regularly used prose (cf. V. F. Janssen, *Die Prosa in Shakespeare's Dramen*, p. 103).

The second writer, denoted by these striking mannerisms, Spedding, like Tennyson, confidently identified with Fletcher, the most mannered of all contemporary dramatists. More recently a claim has been advanced for Massinger—the chosen depository, in our time, of Shakespearean work not wholly worthy of Shakespeare; but on indecisive grounds.²

It remains to ask how the play came to be thus divided between the two writers. Spedding, with his unfailing ingenuity, supplied an elaborately fanciful solution: 'I should rather conjecture that [Shakespeare] had conceived the idea of a great historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII. which would have included the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Roman Church . . . that he had proceeded in the execution of this idea as far perhaps as the third Act, which might have included the establishment of Cranmer in the seat of highest ecclesiastical authority (the council-chamber scene in the fifth being designed

¹ *Representative Men.*

has been accepted by Mr. Fleay

² Boyle, in *Transactions of N. Sh. Soc.* 1885. His view

(*Life and Work of Shakespeare*, p. 250).

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as an introduction to that); when, finding that his fellows of the Globe were in distress for a new play to honour the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth with, he thought that his half-finished work might help them, and accordingly handed them his manuscript to make what they could of it: that they put it into the hands of Fletcher (already in high repute as a popular and expeditious playwright), who finding the original design not very suitable to the occasion, and utterly beyond his capacity, expanded the three acts into five by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence, and passages of description, and long poetical conversations, in which his strength lay . . . and so turned out a splendid "historical masque or show-play." It is hard to believe that Shakespeare, so tenacious of his rights in the cummin of land and corn, thus easily surrendered his interest in the fruits of his genius. If Fletcher completed the play, we may infer pretty confidently that Shakespeare had previously abandoned it. Whatever the explanation may be of that mysterious withdrawal, before he was fifty, to the provincial amenities of Stratford, there is little doubt that his life's work on his departure was not so completely rounded off as the *Tempest* Epilogue tempts us to imagine; that he left some projects unfulfilled, some dramatic schemes half-wrought. It is not difficult to understand how *Henry VIII.* should have been among these. The pathetic story of Katharine, so vividly told by Holinshed, must have been familiar to him from boyhood; but it appealed with a new fascination to the recent creator of Hermione. Unless appearances wholly deceive, he intended to blend her fortunes in the same drama with those of Cranmer and the Protestant Reformation (v. 1.). Events so recent and familiar could not be handled with the freedom of a tragic myth

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or a lawless romance, or boldly embroidered with imaginary character and incident like the remote reign of King John.

The task of bringing these two conflicting lines of interest and sympathy into focus was not insuperable. But it may well have been hard enough, with material not of gossamer romance but of intractable history, to check the impetus of an imagination which, to judge by even the finest work in this drama, had already lost something of its shaping power, something of its marvellous mastery of soul-character. The fragment was abandoned, and passed, probably in company with the twin fragment of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, into the hands of Shakespeare's brilliant successor, whose facile pen and lax artistic conscience lightly dared the problem which Shakespeare had declined, piecing out the interrupted destinies of his persons with death-scenes of a ready and fluent pathos, but contriving to lift into prominence all the lurking weaknesses of the plot. It was reserved for Fletcher to render Shakespeare's work fairly liable to Hertzberg's summary of it as 'a chronicle-history with three and a half catastrophes, varied by a marriage and a coronation-pageant,' and to mingle the memory of the English Hermione's unavenged and unrepented wrongs with the dazzling coronation of her rival and exuberant prophecies over the cradle of her rival's child.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

THE PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree 10
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,

3. *working*, moving.

Elizabethan theatre.

12. *their shilling*, the usual
price for a seat on the stage,
the most privileged place in the

16. *guarded*, faced. The
yellow-faced motley coat was
the garb of the Fool.

To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring, 20
 To make that only true we now intend,
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
 known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
 The very persons of our noble story
 As they were living; think you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
 Of thousand friends; then in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery:
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
 A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the
 palace*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door; at
 the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and
 the LORD ABERGAVENNY.*

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have
 ye done

Since last we saw in France?

Nor.

I thank your grace,

20. *the opinion that we bring,*
 the reputation we bring (of
 making our ensuing play in strict
 accordance with truth).

24. *happiest, best disposed,*
 readiest to seize and respond to
 the dramatist's intention.

2. *saw, met.*

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Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ; 10
Which had they, what four throned ones could
have weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they 20

4. *An untimely ague stay'd me a prisoner*, etc. The historic Duke of Buckingham (Edward Stafford, d. 1521) took an important part in the meeting. On June 17 he formed part of the English escort of the French king (so Holinshed, iii. 860). The Duke of Norfolk on the other hand was in England (Cal. Hen. VIII. iii. 1. 873, cit. Stone, p. 425) ; but it does not appear that Shakespeare could have known this.

7. *'Twixt Guynes and Arde* ; these places being respectively

in English and French territory, both in Picardy.

17. *Became the next day's master*, taught and transmitted its triumphs to the next day.

18. *its*, its own. One of the rare undoubted occurrences of the word in Shakespeare's text. The Ff print it 'it's.'

19. *clinquant*, glittering with gold. The word was properly used of thin sheets of gold, and hence already suggests the golden sheen made more definite by the next words.

Made Britain India : every man that stood
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,
 Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting : now this masque
 Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them ; him in eye, 30
 Still him in praise : and, being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discerner
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
 suns—

For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds chal-
 lenged

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous
 story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believed.

Buck.

O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing 40
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
 Order gave each thing view ; the office did

25. *pride*, splendid vesture.

ib. *their very labour was to them as a painting* ; i.e. the exertion inflamed their cheeks.

32. *saw but one* ; their appearance was indistinguishable.

33. *in censure*, in drawing comparisons.

38. *Bevis* ; Bevis of Hamp-

ton, the hero of the famous Middle English romance of that name. His battle with the giant Ascart is referred to in the *Contention* (passage corresponding to 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 93).

40. *tract*, course.

44. *office*, officers, the officials charged with the arrangement of procedure.

Peep through each part of him : whence has he
that,

If not from hell? the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

70

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the
file

Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

80

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,

73. *going out*, expedition.

80. *Must fetch him in he papers*; (his independent letter of summons, drawn up without concurrence of the council), must call in the man whom he sets in his list.

86. *minister communication of a most poor issue*, give occasion to a conference which has led to

an insignificant result. The thought is more lucidly expressed by Holinshed: (Buckingham declared that) 'he knew not for what cause so much money should be spent about the sight of a vain talk to be had, and communication to be ministered of things of no importance' (iii. 855).

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
 A thing inspired ; and, not consulting, broke
 Into a general prophecy ; That this tempest,
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
 The sudden breach on 't.

90

Nor. Which is budded out ;
 For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
 attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
 The ambassador is silenced ?

Nor. Marry, is 't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace ; and purchased
 At a superfluous rate !

Buck. Why, all this business
 Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace, 100
 The state takes notice of the private difference
 Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
 And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
 Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
 The cardinal's malice and his potency
 Together ; to consider further that
 What his high hatred would effect wants not
 A minister in his power. You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful, and I know his sword

90. *the hideous storm that follow'd.* Holinshed relates that on Monday, June 18, 'was such an hideous storm of wind and weather that many did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow' (iii. 860). The meeting of the kings ended a week later.

91. *not consulting, spontaneously.*

93. *aboded, foreboded.*

95. *France hath flaw'd the*

league, etc. This 'breach of the alliance' occurred nearly two years later (March 6, 1522), when Francis ordered the seizure of all English goods at Bordeaux.

97. *The ambassador, i.e. the French ambassador at the English court.* He was 'commanded to keep his house [in silence] and not come in presence till he was sent for' (ib. 872 ; Halle, 632).

100. *carried, carried out.*

Hath a sharp edge : it's long and, 't may be said, 110
 It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
 rock
 That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha ?
 Where's his examination ?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?

First Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more ; and
 Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
 and I

120

Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed ?
 Ask God for temperance ; that's the appliance only
 Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
 Matter against me ; and his eye reviled
 Me, as his abject object : at this instant
 He bores me with some trick : he's gone to the
 king ;

116. *his examination, deposition.*

122. *book, i.e. book-learning.*

128. *bore, undermines.*

King Henry the Eighth

I'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
 And let your reason with your choler question 130
 What 'tis you go about : to climb steep hills
 Requires slow pace at first : anger is like
 A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
 Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
 Can advise me like you : be to yourself
 As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;
 And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
 This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim
 There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised ; 140
 Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
 That it do singe yourself : we may outrun,
 By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not,
 The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it wastes it ? Be advised :
 I say again, there is no English soul
 More stronger to direct you than yourself,
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir, 150
 I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along
 By your prescription : but this top-proud fellow,
 Whom from the flow of gall I name not but
 From sincere motions, by intelligence,
 And proofs as clear as founts in July when
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

134. *Self-mettle*, his own high
 spirits.

138. *Ipswich*; Wolsey's birth-
 place.

139. *Be advised.*, reflect.

153. *sincere motions*, pure
 motives.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my
vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,

Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous

As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief

160

As able to perform't; his mind and place

Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—

Only to show his pomp as well in France

As here at home, suggests the king our master

To this last costly treaty, the interview,

That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew

As himself pleased; and they were ratified

170

As he cried 'Thus let be': to as much end

As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-
cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—

Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy

To the old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—

For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came

To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation:

His fears were, that the interview betwixt

180

England and France might, through their amity,

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league

164. *suggests, incites.*

166. *like a glass, i.e. at once brilliant and frail.*

171. *to as much end, with as much useful effect.*

176. *Charles the emperor, etc.*

This visit occurred, according to Holinshed, who describes it in similar terms, in May 1520, a fortnight before Henry's meeting with Francis.

178. *colour, pretext.*

King Henry the Eighth

Peep'd harms that menaced him : he privily
 Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,—
 Which I go well ; for I am sure the emperor
 Paid ere he promised ; whereby his suit was granted
 Ere it was ask'd ; but when the way was made,
 And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know, 190
 As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor.

I am sorry

To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
 Something mistaken in 't.

Buck.

No, not a syllable :

I do pronounce him in that very shape
 He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-arms before him,
 and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

Serg.

Sir,

My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

200

Buck.

Lo, you, my lord,

The net has fall'n upon me ! I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

Bran.

I am sorry

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on

197. *Brandon.* This is perhaps meant for Sir Thomas Brandon, master of the King's horse, whom Holinshed and Halle mention as in the royal train the day before

Henry's coronation (Stone, *Holinshed*, p. 430 n.).

200. *Hereford.* Ff. 'Hertford.' The correction was made by Capell.

The business present : 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will
of heaven

Be done in this and all things ! I obey. 210
O my lord Abergavenny, fare you well !

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The
king [To Abergavenny.
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd !

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute ; and the
bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs o' the plot : no more, I hope. 220

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins ?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great
cardinal

Hath show'd him gold ; my life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,

209. *whitest* (one syllable).

211. *Abergavenny*, Ff 'Aburgany,' and so pronounced throughout.

219. *chancellor* ; Ff *counsellour*. Holinshed and Halle both give the name as *Perke*.

221. *Nicholas Hopkins* ;

Theobald's correction (from Holinshed) of Ff 'Micael Hopkins.'

224. *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham* ; used with a double reference to its unsubstantial quality (opposed to vitality and gloom (opposed to sunlight).

sc. II King Henry the Eighth

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter the KING, leaning on the CARDINAL'S shoulder, the Nobles, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL; the CARDINAL places himself under the KING'S feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen! Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, ushered by the DUKE OF NORFOLK, and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK: she kneels. The KING riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am
a suitor.

225. *Whose figure, etc.;* Buckingham is now, by a slightly different image, compared to a figure seen dark against the sun, —withdrawn from the sunshine of court favour.

Sc. 2. The scene corresponds to two historical dates; in so far as it relates to Buckingham, the date is shortly before his trial (May 13, 1521); so far as it relates to the queen and the

levy, its date is 1525, when Henry projected a French war.

Sir Thomas Lovell, Marshal of the Household to Henry VIII., and Constable of the Tower.

1. *the best heart*, the very core.
2. *i' the level*, in the aim.
3. *full-charged* (carrying on the image of a gun).
3. *confederacy, conspiracy.*

King. Arise, and take place by us: half your
suit

10

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been com-
missions

20

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner

30

13. *Repeat, state.*

what loyalty permits.

27. *breaks the sides of loyalty,*
passes the extremest verge of32. *put off, dismissed.*33. *spinsters, spinners.*

sc. II King Henry the Eighth

Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King.

Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol.

Please you, sir,

40

I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath.

No, my lord,

You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet
must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

50

King.

Still exaction!

The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath.

I am much too venturous

In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is named, your wars in France: this makes bold
mouths:

60

45. *alike*, to all equally.

48. *note*, information.

56. *grief*, grievance.

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them ; their curses now
Live where their prayers did : and it's come to
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King.

By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

Wol.

And for me,

I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice ; and that not pass'd me but 70
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,

67. *primer*, more urgent.

67. *business* ; Warburton's
correction of Ff 'baseness.'

75. *brake*, thicket.

78. *cope*, encounter.

82. *sick*, mentally warped,
prejudiced.

82. *once*, once for all, in a
word (Ger. 'einmal,' Schmidt).
This is a well-authenticated
Shakespearean usage ; other
renderings, such as 'at one time,'
'sometimes,' imply a special
application to Wolsey's case
which is not intended.

King Henry the Eighth

In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue 90
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*]

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*]

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buck-
ingham

95. *trembling*, such as one trembled at, to be trembled at, 'tremendous.'

96. *lop*, the smaller boughs and twigs of trees cut off for firewood.

108. *Enter Surveyor.* Charles Kuyvett. He had been dismissed from Buckingham's employ. His evidence as here given is taken in nearly every detail from Holinshed.

Is run in your displeasure.

King.

It grieves many :

110

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker ;

To nature none more bound ; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall
hear—

120

This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

130

King.

Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his : these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny ; to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol.

Please your highness, note

This dangerous conception in this point.
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person 140
 His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
 Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on :
 How grounded he his title to the crown,
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
 At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
 By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

King. What was that Henton?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
 His confessor ; who fed him every minute
 With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this? 150

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
 France,
 The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
 Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
 What was the speech among the Londoners
 Concerning the French journey : I replied,
 Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
 To the king's danger. Presently the duke
 Said, 'twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words
 Spoke by a holy monk ; ' that oft,' says he, 160
 ' Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
 John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
 To hear from him a matter of some moment :
 Whom after under the confession's seal

147. *Nicholas Henton* ; slip is doubtless Shakespeare's.
 Nicholas Hopkins, 'a monk of 162. choice, carefully chosen.
 an house of the Chartreux order 164. confession's. Theoba'd's
 beside Bristow [Bristol], called correction (from Holinshed) of
 Henton, 'Holinshed, iii. 862. The Ff 'commissions.'

He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
 My chaplain to no creature living, but
 To me, should utter, with demure confidence
 This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor's
 heirs,

Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
 To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke 170
 Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
 office

On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person
 And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on.
 Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
 I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
 The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas
 dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until 180
 It forged him some design, which, being believed,
 It was much like to do: he answer'd, 'Tush,
 It can do me no damage;' adding further,
 That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
 The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
 Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!
 There's mischief in this man: canst thou say
 further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,

170. *To gain the love.* So F₄. The first three Ff have 'to the love.'

King. There's his period,
 To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd; 210
 Call him to present trial: if he may
 Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
 Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!
 He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *An antechamber in the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should
 juggle
 Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our
 English
 Have got by the late voyage is but merely
 A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd
 ones;
 For when they hold 'em, you would swear
 directly

Their very noses had been counsellors
 To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame
 ones: one would take it,
 That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin

Sc. 3. By FLETCHER (Sp.) Carlovingian and Merovingian
 2. *mysteries*, fantastic fashions. dynasties respectively).
 7. *A fit or two o' the face*, a 10. *keep state so*, affect such
 grimace or two. inordinate pomposity.
 7. *shrewd*, knowing. 12. *spavin or springhalt*, two
 10. *Pepin or Clotharius*, diseases in the legs of horses
 ancient French kings (of the causing lameness.

sc. III King Henry the Eighth

Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. 20

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray
our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings, 30
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.

15. *worn out*, outlasted.

25. *fool and feather*. A cap with showy plumes was a mark of French fashion; it was also part of the characteristic garb of the Jester.

30. *The faith they have in tennis*; the game was peculiarly in vogue among the French.

31. *blister'd*, slashed (puff of silk or satin lining emerging at the slashes).

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords : the sly whore-
sons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ; 40
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em ! I am glad they
are going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em : now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's : 50
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind
indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

45. *plain-song*, simple melody, without variations.

55. *churchman*, ecclesiastic.

King Henry the Eighth

Sands. He may, my lord; 'has wherewithal:
in him

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine: 60

Men of his way should be most liberal;

They are set here for examples.

Cham.

True, they are so;

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;

Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be,

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford

This night to be comptrollers.

Sands.

I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in York Place.*

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the*

CARDINAL, *a longer table for the guests.*

Then enter ANNE BULLEN and divers other

Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one

door; at another door, enter SIR HENRY

GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his
grace

Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates

To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,

In all this noble bevy, has brought with her

One care abroad; he would have all as merry

59. 'has, he has. Ff 'ha's.'

63. *My barge stays.* They are in the king's palace at Bridewell, and proceed thence down the river to York Place (Whitehall).

67. *comptrollers, i.e. of the entertainment.*

Sc. 4. By FLETCHER (Sp.). The account of Wolsey's banquet was ultimately derived from Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*. The historical date was January 3, 1527.

under a state, a canopied chair.

As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. O, my lord, you're tardy :

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em : by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor

To one or two of these !

Sands. I would I were ;

They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir Harry,

Place you that side ; I'll take the charge of this
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze ;
Two women placed together makes cold weather :
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,

And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies ;

6. *As, first, good company,* etc., i.e. apart from the special matter of the mirth for which company, wine, and welcome

provide the favouring conditions.
12. *a running banquet,* a hasty refreshment or dessert at the conclusion of a feast.

My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.

Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice, 50

And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you 're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;

For so they seem: they 've left their barge and
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him. 60

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise,
and tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

46. *make my play*, win my game.

was this discharge of cannon that caused the destruction of the first Globe Theatre. Cf.

49. *chambers discharged.* It Introduction.

Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,

70

Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Vol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which
I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[They choose Ladies for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,

Till now I never knew thee! *[Music. Dance.]*

Vol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

Vol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:

There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

80

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Whispers the Masquers.]

79. *this place*, i.e. the seat of honour.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your
grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll
make
My royal choice.

King. Ye have found him, cardinal :
[*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord :
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain, 90
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas
Bullen's daughter,—
The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness'
women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweet-
heart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

ACT II King Henry the Eighth

King. Lead in your ladies, every one : sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you : let 's be merry :
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again ; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *Westminster. A street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast ?

Sec. Gent. O, God save ye !

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I 'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the cere-
mony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there ?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty ?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd
upon 't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for 't.

108. *knock it*, beat time.

Sc. 1. By FLETCHER (Sp.).

2. *the hall*, Westminster

Hall.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it? 10

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke

Came to the bar; where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty and alleged

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney on the contrary

Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired

To have brought vivâ voce to his face:

At which appear'd against him his surveyor;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car 20

Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he

That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.

All these accused him strongly; which he fain

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all

Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself? 30

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:

11. *in a little*, in brief, 'in cal learning of the lawyer. few.'

17. *whick*, i.e. the witnesses. 29. *pitied or forgotten*, aroused

28. *learnedly*, with the techni- merely ineffectual pity or passed

altogether unheeded.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; tip-staves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: accompanied with* SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people.*

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear
witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!

The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies 70
More than I dare make faults. You few that

loved me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

54. *Sir William Sands*; so Holinshed. Ff have '(Sir) Walter Sands.'

57. *lose*, forget.

67. *evils*, privies.

74. *only*, alone.

76. *the long divorce of steel*, the body - and - soul - divorcing axe. ('Divorce' is, as often, concrete = instrument of divorce).

sc. 1 King Henry the Eighth

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart 80
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with : no
black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace ;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live 90
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be !
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward
Bohun :

99. *furniture, equipment.*
Holinshed speaks of 'cushions
and carpet' on which Lovell
desired the duke to sit down.

103. *Edward Bohun.* So
Holinshed. The duke was de-
scended from the Bohuns, but his
own family name was Stafford.

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan
for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
That made me happy at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes
me

A little happier than my wretched father : 120
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes : both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most,
A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again 130
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last hour

106. *that blood*, the blood in which I now seal (attest) my truth.

108. *raised head*, levied an

armed force.

119. *noble*, i.e. he was tried by his peers. Cf. ii. 2. 92.

129. *rub*, check, hitch.

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done ; and God forgive
me ! [*Exeunt Duke and Train.*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity ! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling 140.
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us !
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith,
sir ?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident ;
You shall, sir : did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine ?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not :
For when the king once heard it, out of anger 150
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now : for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice

143. *faith*, good faith, secrecy.

146. *am confident*, put my
confidence in you.

148. *buzzing*, whisper.

152. *allay*, restrain.

King Henry the Eighth . ACT II

To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ; 160
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark : but
is 't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The
cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading
a letter.*

Cham. ' My lord, the horses your lordship sent
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen,
ridden, and furnished. They were young and
handsome, and of the best breed in the north.
When they were ready to set out for London, a
man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and
main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason :
His master would be served before a subject, if
not before the king ; which stopped our mouths,
sir.'

168. *argue*, discuss.

6. *by commission and main
power*, in virtue of a warrant and
by means of main force.

Sc. 2. By FLETCHER (Sp.).

I fear he will indeed : well, let him have them :
He will have all, I think.

*Enter, to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the DUKES
OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause ?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so :

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal : 20
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one
day.

Suf. Pray God he do ! he'll never know him-
self else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business !
And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs ; and all these for his marriage :

And out of all these to restore the king, 30
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

21. *That blind priest, etc.* and like Fortune herself disposes
Wolsey is Fortune's favourite, blindly of human affairs.

King Henry the Eighth

ACT II

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
 Of her that loves him with that excellence
 That angels love good men with ; even of her
 That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
 Will bless the king : and is not this course pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel !
 'Tis most true

These news are every where ; every tongue speaks
 'em,

And every true heart weeps for't : all that dare 40
 Look into these affairs see this main end,
 The French king's sister. Heaven will one day
 open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
 This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
 And heartily, for our deliverance ;

Or this imperious man will work us all
 From princes into pages : all men's honours
 Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
 Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords, 50
 I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
 If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
 Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
 I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
 To him that made him proud the pope.

Nor. Let's in ;

42. *The French king's sister*, Margaret, Duchess of Alençon, more celebrated as Queen of Navarre. Holinshed reports the tradition that Wolsey had planned this marriage. At the time of Campeggio's visit, how-

ever (October 1528), she had been married for nearly two years to Henry of Navarre.

43. *slept upon*, been blind to the faults of.

50. *pitch*, height.

And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him :

My lord, you 'll bear us company ?

Cham.

Excuse me ;

The king has sent me elsewhere : besides, 60
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.

Nor.

Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

*[Exit Lord Chamberlain ; and the King
draws the curtain, and sits reading
pensively.]*

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much
afflicted.

King. Who 's there, ha ?

Nor.

Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who 's there, I say ? How dare you
thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate ; in which we come 70
To know your royal pleasure.

King.

Ye are too bold :

Go to ; I 'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ?

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a com-
mission.*

Who 's there ? my good lord cardinal ? O my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience ;

Thou art a cure fit for a king. *[To Camp.]*

You 're welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom :

King Henry the Eighth

ACT II

Use us and it. [*To Wol.*] My good lord, have
great care

I be not found a talker.

Wol.

Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference. 80

King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride
in him?

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:

I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,

I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

[*Exeunt Nor. and Suf.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her, 90

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms

Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judge-
ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;

Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him
welcome,

83. *sick*, consumed with
pride.

85. *have-at-him*, assault

94. *Have their free voices*,
can speak their opinion un-
restrained.

sc. II King Henry the Eighth

And thank the holy conclave for their loves : 100
 They have sent me such a man I would have
 wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all
 strangers' loves,
 You are so noble. To your highness' hand
 I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
 The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
 In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be
 acquainted
 Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her 110
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A woman of less place might ask by law :
 Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my
 favour
 To him that does best : God forbid else. Cardinal,
 Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :
 I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand :
 much joy and favour to you ;
 You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
 For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me. 120

King. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*Walks and whispers.*]

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor
 Pace
 In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

King Henry the Eighth

ACT II

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved
him,

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him! 130

That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business. 140
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science!

O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

129. *Kept him a foreign man still*, employed him continually on foreign embassies, 'and the same oftentimes not necessary' (Holinshed).

139. *such receipt of learning*, the reception of such learning.

142. *able*, in the vigour of his prime.

SC. III King Henry the Eighth

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang
that pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her, and
she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster. 10

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content, 20
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,

14. *quarrel* (abstract for concrete), quarreller.

15. *panging*, causing such a pang.

17. *stranger*, alien.

20. *range*, be ranked.

21. *perk'd up*, dressed up, adorned.

And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L.

Our content

Is our best having.

'Anne.

By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L.

Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;

Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which
gifts,

30

Saving your mincing, the capacity

Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,

If you might please to stretch it.

Anne.

Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not
be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,

What think you of a duchess? have you limbs

To bear that load of title?

Anne.

No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off
a little;

40

I would not be a young count in your way,

For more than blushing comes to: if your back

Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak

Ever to get a boy.

23. *having*, possession.

32. *cheveril*, like kid-skin,
pliable, elastic.

36. *a three-pence bow'd*, a bent
three-pence; probably with re-

ference to ratifying an agreement
with a bent coin.

40. *pluck off a little*; i.e.
instead of 'duchess' suppose
'countess.'

sc. III King Henry the Eighth

Anne. How you do talk !
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'ld venture an emballing : I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here ?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't
worth to know 50
The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen !

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty 60
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title

46. *little England* ; probably a covert allusion to Pembroke-shire, which was known as 'little England beyond Wales.'

47. *emballing*, investment with the ball ; one of the insignia of royalty, used with the sceptre and crown at the coronation.

48. *Carnarvonshire* ; as a mountainous and barren country of little value (an antithesis to the fertilising 'mud in Egypt' below, v. 92, as well as, probably, to the cultivated 'little England' above).

52. *values not*, is not worth.

A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers and
wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 70
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused
her well ;

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king : and who knows
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle ? I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Anne. My honour'd lord. 80

Old L. Why, this it is ; see, see !
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !
A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune !—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

84. *Come pat betwixt too early* any petition.
and too late for any suit, hit the 87. *compell'd,* thrust upon
right moment for presenting you.

sc. III King Henry the Eighth

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.

There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, 90
 That would not be a queen, that would she not,
 For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
 O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
 No other obligation! By my life,
 That promises me thousands: honour's train
 Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
 I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
 Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady, 100

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
 And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
 If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
 To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
 In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
 What here you've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[Exeunt.]

89. *forty pence*; a common wager.

101. *particular*, own.

103. *salute*, quicken, exhilarate.

SCENE IV. *A hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,

Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,

Sc. 4. two silver pillars; the of cardinal. *Wolsey was*
insignia of a cardinal. The commonly attended by two
pillar, with the hat and the 'pillar-bearers.'
habit, were the official insignia

He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
 That had to him derived your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: if, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatch'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: it is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I
 humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel
 I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfilled!

Wol. You have here, lady,
 And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled

32. *to him derived your anger*,
 drawn it upon himself.

wisest (an obsolescent partitive
 construction). Holinshed has
 the more current form, 'one of
 the wittiest princes.'

48. *one the wisest*, one of the

King Henry the Eighth

To plead your cause : it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court ; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly : therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire. 70

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay,
before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me ;
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say again, 80
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess

62. *That longer you desire the court*, that you desire the proceedings to be delayed ; *i.e.* the interval before the final decision to be prolonged.

81. *abhor*, protest against ; according to Blackstone, a technical term of Canon Law (detestor).

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
 wrong :

I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
 For you or any : how far I have proceeded, 90
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
 That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
 The king is present : if it be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100
 It lies to cure me : and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you : the which
 before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking
 And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You're meek and
 humble-mouth'd ;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility ; but your heart

99. *free of your report*, innocent of what you allege.

100. *I am not (free) of your wrong*, I am not unaffected by your injurious charge. Wolsey escapes the accusation in so far as it is not true, but suffers from it proportionally as slander.

104. *unthink your speaking*, cancel in thought what you have said.

108. *You sign . . . in full seeming*, ostentatiously display your official and professional attribute of humility.

Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride. 110
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
 Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual: that again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, 120
 And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come
 into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you,
 keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience! Pray you,
 pass on: 130

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
 Upon this business my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

112. *Gone slightly o'er*, lightly
 and swiftly passed.

116. *tender*, regard.

122. *apt*, ready.

127. *Griffith.* Ff give this
 line to a 'gentleman-usher.'

But Griffith is clearly meant.
 Holinshed, whose account is
 here closely followed, adds after
 the Crier's summons, 'with that
 quoth maister Griffith, madame,
 you be called againe.' Griffith
 was her General Receiver.

King. Go thy ways, Kate :
 That man i' the world who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that : thou art, alone,
 If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out, 140
 The queen of earthly queens : she's noble born ;
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
 In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and
 bound,
 There must I be unloosed, although not there
 At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness ; or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might 150
 Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person ?

King. My lord cardinal,
 I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,
 Bark when their fellows do : by some of these 160
 The queen is put in anger. You're excused :
 But will you be more justified? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never
 desired

It to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
 The passages made toward it : on my honour,
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
 And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't,
 I will be bold with time and your attention :
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ; give
 heed to 't :

My conscience first received a tenderness, 170
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambas-
 sador ;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary : i' the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he,
 I mean the bishop, did require a respite :
 Wherein he might the king his lord advértise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager, 180
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast ; which forced such way,
 That many mazed considerings did throng
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
 I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
 If it conceived a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to 't than 190
 The grave does to the dead ; for her male issue

172. *the Bishop of Bayonne.*
 So Holinshed. It was actually
 Grammont, Bishop of Tarbes.

174. *the Duke of Orleans ;*
 second son of Francis I.

182. *bosom of my conscience.*
 Holinshed has 'the secret bottom

of my conscience,' which led
 Theobald to propose 'bottom'
 for 'bosom.' This is plausible ;
 but the dramatist does not
 follow Holinshed's imagery so
 implicitly that it can be said to
 be certain.

Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgement on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladdened in't by me: then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd: first I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself
to say 210

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;

199. *hulling*, tossing to and fro like a dismayed hulk.

204. *yet*, even now.

209. *moved you*, broached the matter to you.

213. *Bearing a state of mighty moment in't*, etc., involving momentous issues and formidable consequences.

214. *committed the daring'st*

counsel which I had to doubt, etc.; instead of directly advising on the queen's case, Lincoln only advised further counsel. This is more clearly put by Holinshed, where the king says, addressing him: 'for so much as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords' (iii. 907).

And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court; 220
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness, 230
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court: 240
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

238. *Cranmer, prithee, return.* was absent on an embassy
A mental apostrophe. Cranmer (cf. iii. 2. 63).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The QUEEN'S apartments.*

Enter the QUEEN and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul
grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave
working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

10

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great
cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Sc. 1. By FLETCHER (Sp.).

Q. Kath.

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] Pray their graces
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from
favour?

20

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men; their affairs as
righteous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a
housewife,

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend
lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here:

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science,

30

Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

31. *Deserves a corner*, i.e. to
be told secretly.

37. *even*, blameless.

37. *If your business*, etc.; if
it be your business to investigate
my conduct as a wife.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, 40
regina serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin ;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious ;
Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank
you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;
Believe me, she has had much wrong : lord
cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady, 50
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,
You have too much, good lady ; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions 60
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills ;
Ye speak like honest men ; pray God, ye prove so !

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
 More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men or such business.

For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause :
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless ! 80

Vol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
 these fears :

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath.

In England

But little for my profit : can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'
 pleasure,

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
 And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth ! My friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here :
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam.

I would your grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath.

How, sir ?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's
 protection ;

He's loving and most gracious : 'twill be much
 Both for your honour better and your cause ;

86. ' Though he (the English-
 man) be grown so reckless as to
 be honest.'

87. *And live a subject*, i.e.

and dare to live where Henry
 has sway. L.

88. *weigh out*, outweigh,
 counterbalance.

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—
my ruin :

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge 100
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men
I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at
once 110

The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye
And all such false professors! would you have
me—

If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords, 120
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven?
obey'd him?

130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

140

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!

134. *a constant woman*, a hers.
woman constant (to . . .).

137. *add an honour*, I will show a merit in addition to all
145. *angels' faces*; perhaps an allusion to Gregory's 'non Angli sed angeli' (Dyce).

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me ; 150
 Almost no grave allow'd me : like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
 Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort : why should we, good
 lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas, our places,
 The way of our profession is against it :
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em. .
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and
 servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
 your virtues
 With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts 170
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
 loves you ;
 Beware you lose it not : for us, if you please
 To trust us in your business, we are ready
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords : and,
 pray, forgive me,
 If I have used myself unmannerly ;

159. *For goodness' sake.* In solemn adjuration : 'for God's
 Shakespeare's time this was a sake.'

You know I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray, do my service to his majesty:
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers 180
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
 fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
 That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ante-chamber to the KING'S apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF
 SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the
 LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
 Cannot stand under them: if you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise
 But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
 With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
 To meet the least occasion that may give me
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
 To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
 Have uncontentm'd gone by him, or at least 10
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person
 Out of himself?

2. *force, urge.*

4. *offer, favourable opportunity.*

8. *the duke, i.e. Buckingham.*

ham.

11. *Strangely neglected.* The negative 'un' in 'uncontentm'd' is understood with both clauses.

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures :
 What he deserves of you and me I know ;
 What we can do to him, though now the time
 Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
 Bar his access to the king, never attempt
 Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
 Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not ;
 His spell in that is out : the king hath found 20
 Matter against him that for ever mars
 The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
 Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
 I should be glad to hear such news as this
 Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true :
 In the divorce his contrary proceedings
 Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears
 As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
 His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried, ³⁰
 And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,
 How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
 To stay the judgement o' the divorce ; for if
 It did take place, ' I do,' quoth he, ' perceive
 My king is tangled in affection to
 A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how
 he coasts

16. way, scope, opportunity.

38. coasts, cautiously feels his way.

And hedges his own way. But in this point
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic 40
 After his patient's death : the king already
 Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
 For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy
 Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to 't !

Nor. All men's !

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation :
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
 To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
 She is a gallant creature, and complete
 In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her 50
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
 In it be memorized.

Sur. But, will the king
 Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
 The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no ;
 There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
 Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
 Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
 To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
 The king cried Ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
 And let him cry Ha ! louder !

45. *Trace*, follow.

astrology.

ib. *conjunction* ; with an
 allusion to the auspicious 'con-
 junction' of two planets in

47. *young*, fresh.

52. *memorized*, made memor-
 able.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager 70
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80

64. *return'd in his opinions*, i.e. he has sent home in advance the opinions he has collected regarding the divorce. These opinions coincided with Cranmer's own; hence by an easy transition the latter becomes the implied subject of v. 66; Cranmer's opinion satisfied the colleges, and theirs, in conjunction with his, satisfied the king. Foxe, whom Shakespeare clearly used for this part of the play, mentions certain German scholars 'who, very ambiguously heretofore conceiving the cause, were fully resolved and satisfied by him' (Foxe, ii. 1754, cit. Stone's *Holinshed*, p. 478).

sc. II King Henry the Eighth

Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*]

[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pem-
broke !

90

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman,
a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;
Then out it goes. What though I know her
virtuous

And well deserving ? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up

100

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would
fret the string,

The master-cord on's heart !

101. *hard-ruled*, hard to rule.

106. *on's*, of his.

*Enter the KING, reading of a schedule, and
LOVELL.*

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of
thrift,

Does he rake this together! Now, my lords, 110
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange com-
motion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning 120
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found
There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing:
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think 130

109. *thrift*, gain. something beyond (what a
127. *out-speaks*, expresses subject may rightly possess).

King Henry the Eighth

His contemplation were above the earth,
 And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
 Dwell in his musings : but I am afraid
 His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
 His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat ; whispers Lovell, who
 goes to the Cardinal.*

Wol.

Heaven forgive me !

Ever God bless your highness !

King.

Good my lord,

You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the in-
 ventory

Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
 You were now running o'er : you have scarce time
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
 To keep your earthly audit : sure, in that
 I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
 To have you therein my companion.

140

Wol.

Sir,

For holy offices I have a time ; a time
 To think upon the part of business which
 I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
 Her times of preservation, which perforce
 I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
 Must give my tendance to.

King.

You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke to-
 gether,

150

As I will lend you cause, my doing well
 With my well saying !

King.

'Tis well said again ;

And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :
 And yet words are no deeds. My father loved
 you :

He said he did ; and with his deed did crown

His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean? 160

Sur [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170
Yet filed with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is 180
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume

168. *which*; i.e. the requital correction for *Ff filed*.
of such favours as the king's. 176. *allegiant*, loyal.

171. *filed*; kept pace with. 181. *the honour of it does pay*
A 'file' is technically two soldiers the act of it; the honour attach-
one standing behind another at ing to such loyalty sufficiently
a proper interval. Hanmer's rewards it.

That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
more

On you than any ; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol.

I do profess

190

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to
you,

And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King.

'Tis nobly spoken :

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. Read o'er this ;

200

[*Giving him papers.*

And after, this : and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal
Wolsey : the nobles throng after him,
smiling and whispering.*

Wol.

What should this mean ?

192. *that am, have, and will be*, etc. Wolsey is beginning a passionate asseveration that he is, has been, and will be dutiful to the king though all others deserted him, etc., but the accumulated subordinate sentences break the thread of his thought, and at v. 196, instead of com-

pleting his broken phrase with 'dutiful,' he begins afresh: 'yet my duty, etc.' The confusion is characteristic of Wolsey's growing embarrassment. A large number of critics have sought to make him coherent at some cost to dramatic effect.

203-459. By FLETCHER (Sp.).

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this
 paper;

I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me: 'tis the account 210
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the pope-
 dom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
 Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To the
 Pope!' 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-
 ness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

210. *'tis the account*, etc. Holinshed records that an inadvertence of this kind was committed by the Bishop of Durham in 1523, which Wolsey used to procure his disgrace.

Shakespeare, not without poetic justice, makes him here play his victim's part.

214. *cross*, thwarting.

226. *exhalation*, meteor.

Re-enter to WOLSEY, the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230
 To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot
 carry

Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to
 do it,

I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
 I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240
 As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
 You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,

227. *The Earl of Surrey.*

The dramatic 'Surrey' stands for two historic persons whom the dramatist probably confused: viz. (1) the Earl of Surrey who married Buckingham's daughter and succeeded Kildare as Deputy of Ireland (ii. 1. 42); in 1524 he became third Duke of Norfolk, *i.e.* the 'Norfolk' of this scene. (2) The famous

son of the third duke.

231. *Asher House*; the later Esher House, near Hampton Court, the property of the bishopric of Winchester. Wolsey had held this see since 1528 'in commendam.' Mr. Stone (*Hol.* p. 474 n.) thinks that Gardiner, Wolsey's successor, may here be meant by 'my lord of Winchester's.'

You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave
me ;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents : now, who 'll take it ?

Sur. The king, that gave it. 250

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ; 260
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest
him ;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you 270
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,

262. *gavest*, didst impute to.

269. *His noble jury*, the jury of his peers.

Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst
feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?

And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king : your good-
ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state 290
Of our despised nobility, our issues,

Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it !

282. *dare*, cause to cower.
Larks were often 'dared' by a
piece of scarlet cloth. Wolsey's
scarlet cap is to serve the same
purpose.

295. *sacring bell*, the little
bell rung to give notice of the
approach of the Host when it
is borne in procession.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer 300
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry ' guilty,' cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.
Have at you !
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge, 310
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, ' Ego et Rex meus '
Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission 320
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,

314. ' *Ego et Rex meus.*' This, like the other charges, is from Holinshed. The point of his offence was, in reality, not that he had mentioned himself *before* the king 'as who would say that the king were his servant' (Hol.), but that he mentioned

himself *with* the king ('the king and I'), 'using himself more like a fellow to [his] Highness than a subject.' Calend. (*Hen. VIII.*) quoted Stone, *Hol.* p. 476 n.

321. *Cassado*; so Halle and Holinshed. Sir Gregory Casale.

Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caused

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then that you have sent innumerable
substance—

By what means got, I leave to your own con-
science—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

330

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ! 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure
is,

Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire,
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

340

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your medi-
tations

340. *Fall into the compass of a præmunire* ; i.e. come within the scope of the laws which restrained the introduction of a foreign authority into England. The punishment was outlawry

and confiscation of goods. 'Chattels,' the word actually used in the legal writ of præmunire, was substituted by Theobald for Ff 'castles.'

How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[Exeunt all but Wolsey.]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me. 350
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory, 360
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have: 370
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What, amazed

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,

Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, 410
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-
well;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide 420
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord:
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. 430

404. *in open*, in public.

reached me.

408. *gone beyond me*, over-

430. *truth*, fidelity.

Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition : 440
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate
 thee ;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O
 Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
 And,—prithee, lead me in : 450
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do
 dwell. [*Exeunt.*

455. *Had I but served my God,* in his last hours to 'Master
 etc. Holinshed reports these Kingston.'
 words as addressed by Wolsey

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You're well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here,
and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last
encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true : but that time offer'd
sorrow ;

This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well : the citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever for-
ward—

In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour. 10

First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that
contains,

That paper in your hand?

First Gent. Yes ; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

Sc. 1. By FLETCHER (Sp.).

8. *royal minds*, devotion to the king, 'loyalty.

sc. 1 King Henry the Eighth

To be high-steward ; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal : you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir : had I not known
those customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager ? how goes her business ?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The
Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill where the princess lay ; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not :
And, to be short, for not appearance and 30
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect :
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent.

Alas, good lady !

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is
coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively flourish of Trumpets.*
2. Then, two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, *with the purse and mace
before him.*
4. Choristers, *singing.* [*Music.*
5. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace.* *Then*

31. *main, general.*

33. *late marriage, the mar-
riage till lately held valid.*

34. *Kimbolton ; then pro-
nounced, as Ff print it, 'Kim-
malton.'*

Garter, *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*

6. Marquess DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. Duke of SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers. They pass over the stage in order and state.*

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know:

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gent.

Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be

The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gent.

'Tis the same: high-steward.

Stage dir. 6. SS. (i.e. 'Esses,' as the Ff print), pieces shaped like the letter S.

King Henry the Eighth

Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

First Gent. Yes.

Sec. Gent. Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the Queen.*]

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent. They that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are
all are near her.

50

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, the Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are
stars indeed;

And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of that.

[*Exit procession, and then a great flourish
of trumpets.*]

Enter a third Gentleman.

First Gent. God save you, sir! where have you
been broiling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the Abbey;
where a finger

Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled

With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent. You saw

The ceremony?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it?

60

46. *strains*, clasps.

58. *stifled* (three syllables).

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
 To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
 A distance from her ; while her grace sat down
 To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
 In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
 The beauty of her person to the people.
 Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
 That ever lay by man : which when the people 70
 Had the full view of, such a noise arose
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,—
 Doublets, I think,—flew up ; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
 That had not half a week to go, like rams
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
 Could say 'This is my wife' there ; all were woven
 So strangely in one piece. 80

Sec. Gent. But, what follow'd ?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and
 with modest paces

Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and saintlike
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.
 Then rose again and bow'd her to the people :
 When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir, 90
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
 Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,

King Henry the Eighth

And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent.

Sir,

You must no more call it York-place, that's past ;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost :
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent.

I know it ;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent.

What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen? 100

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one of
Winchester,

Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.

Sec. Gent.

He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent.

All the land knows that :
However, yet there is no great breach ; when it
comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent.

Thomas Cromwell ;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him master 110
O' the jewel house,
And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent.

Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests :
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both.

You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

101. the one, viz. Gardiner.

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between*
GRIFFITH, *her gentleman usher, and* PA-
TIENCE, *her woman.*

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily 10
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words, 'O father abbot, 20
An old man, broken with the storms of state,

Sc. 2. By FLETCHER (Sp.).

10. *happily*, haply.

11. *voice*, report.

14. *to his answer*, to stand
trial.

19. *covent*, convent.

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
 Give him a little earth for charity !'
 So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursued him still ; and three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, which he himself
 Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. 30

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity. He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion
 Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair-play :
 His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning : he was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful : 40
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing :
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now ?

34. *stomach*, arrogance.

35. *suggestion*, crafty, under-hand practices.

36. *Tied*, brought into bondage. But Holinshed's phrase 'by crafty suggestions gat into his hands innumerable treasure,' gives some plausibility to Hamner's conjecture 'tithed.'

43. *Of his own body he was ill.*

Holinshed's phrase, 'he was vicious of his body,' is slightly more specific (iii. 922).

47. *hear me speak his good.* Griffith's defence of Wolsey is based upon the character of him in Edmund Campian's *History of Ireland*, as quoted by Holinshed. The queen's indictment of him expresses the view conveyed by Halle, also quoted in Holinshed.

Kath.

Yes, good Griffith ;

I were malicious else.

Grif.

This cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle. 50

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,

Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,

He was most princely : ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ; 60

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,

That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;

For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

And found the blessedness of being little :

And, to add greater honours to his age

Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,

No other speaker of my living actions, 70

To keep mine honour from corruption,

But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,

With thy religious truth and modesty,

Now in his ashes honour : peace be with him !

Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :

59. *Ipswich and Oxford* ; viz. 'Wolsey's College' at Ipswich, and Christ Church (originally Cardinal College), Oxford.

60. *the good that did it*, the

goodness (i.e. the benefactor) that founded it. The Ipswich college, as Holinshed says, was 'overthrown with his fall.' A single gateway remains.

I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

80

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down
quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all
gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness ; 90
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench : pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow : 100
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour ; go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness'
pardon ;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this
fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,

You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110

Cap. Madam, the same ; your servant.

Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray
you,

What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too
late ;

'Tis like a pardon after execution :
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom ! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to Katharine.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam. 120

Kath. In which I have commended to his
goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—

132. *model*, image in little.

She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
 I hope she will deserve well,—and a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
 Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long 140
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
 And now I should not lie, but will deserve,
 For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
 For honesty and decent carriage,
 A right good husband, let him be a noble :
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
 The last is, for my men ; they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, 150
 And something over to remember me by :
 If heaven had pleased to have given me longer
 life

And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents : and, good my
 lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
 king

To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 160
 In all humility unto his highness :
 Say his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world ; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
 For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
 My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;

ACT V King Henry the Eighth

Call in more women. When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be used with honour : strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me, 170
Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page
with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS
LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights ; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas !

Whither so late ?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord ?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas ; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter ?

It seems you are in haste : an if there be

7. *primero*, a game of cards.

No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs, that
walk,

As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you ;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,
They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with 20
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir
Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, 30
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-
well,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,

13. *touch*, hint.

at midnight.'

ib. *your late business*, i.e.

business that 'seeks despatch

28. *Of mine own way*, of my
own religious faith:

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your high-
ness

Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her suffer-
ance made

Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and 70
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, 80
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*]

sc. 1 King Henry the Eighth

Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the
bishop spake :

I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*]

Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns
he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to
know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty 90
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows :
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being con-
sider'd,

Have moved us and our council, that you shall 100
This morning come before us ; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : you a brother of us,

85. *Avoid, quit.*

106. *a brother of us, i.e. a member of our Privy Council.*

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness ;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff 110
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury :
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend : give me thy hand, stand up :
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard
you, 120

Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing . . .
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole
world ?

Your enemies are many, and not small ; their
practices

Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries 130
The due o' the verdict with it : at what ease

121. *indurance*, confinement. ground.
The word is from Holinshed.

122. *The good*, the vantage- 129. *not ever*, not always.

Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
 'To swear against you? such things have been done.
 You are potently opposed; and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
 I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
 And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty 140
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
 The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
 They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
 You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring 150
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them. Look, the good man
 weeps!
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
 mother!

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]

He has strangled
 His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady, *LOVELL following.*

Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that
 I bring

Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person 160
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Lov. Sir?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to
the queen. [*Exit.* 170

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll
ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the council-chamber.*

Pursuivants, Pages, etc. attending.

Enter CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the
gentleman

That was sent to me from the council pray'd me

167. *and to be, i.e. and you to be.* Sc. 2. By FLETCHER (Sp.).

sc. II King Henry the Eighth

To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!

Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Cran. So.

Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad

I came this way so happily: the king shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*

Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, 10
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—

To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—

King. What's that, Butts? 20

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

13. *sound*, proclaim.

The metre suggests a scornful

18. 'Mong boys, grooms, etc. emphasis on 'grooms.' L.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord :

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

King. Ha ! 'tis he, indeed :
Is this the honour they do one another ?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had
thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures, 30
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery :
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close :
We shall hear more anon. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Council-Chamber.*

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR ; *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for* CANTERBURY'S *seat.* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, *seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at lower end, as secretary.* Keeper *at the door.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary :

Sc. 3. By FLETCHER (Sp.) and placed under the State
In Ff no change of scene [throne]. Enter, etc.' This
is indicated, but the present naïve procedure of course indi-
cates that the audience were to
stage direction is preceded by suppose the scene changed to the
the words : 'A council table inside of the council-chamber.
brought in with chairs and stools

Why are we met in council?

Crom.

Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom.

Yes.

Nor.

Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar.

Yes.

Keep.

My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep.

Your grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer enters and approaches
the council-table.*]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty: but we all are men,

10

In our own natures frail, and capable

Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which
frailty

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching and your
chaplains,

For so we are inform'd, with new opinions,

Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,

20

My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
spur 'em,

11. *capable of our flesh*, easily succumbing to our human failings.

22. *Pace in their hands*, teach their paces by merely leading with a bridle.

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
 Out of our easiness and childish pity
 To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,
 The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the
 progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching
 And the strong course of my authority
 Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
 Was ever, to do well : nor is there living,
 I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,
 Both in his private conscience and his place, 40
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
 Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it ! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be : you are a counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50

Gar. My lord, because we have business of
 more moment,
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
 pleasure,

24. *manage*, control (regularly used of horsemanship).

30. *The upper Germany* ; an

allusion to the peasant revolt led by Thomas M \ddot{u} nzer in Th \ddot{u} ringen and Saxony in 1525.

And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower ;
 Where, being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I
 thank you ;

You are always my good friend ; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, 60
 You are so merciful : I see your end ;
 'Tis my undoing : love and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition :
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, 70
 That's the plain truth : your painted gloss discovers,
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
 By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty
 To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
 I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer 80
 Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest !

59. *pass*, prevail.

69. *modest*, self-restrained.

Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord : it stands
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;

There to remain till the king's further pleasure.

Be known unto us : are you all agreed, lords? 90

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told
ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,

[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me
see the proudest

130

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some under-
standing

And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy

At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ?

140

Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye

Power as he was a counsellor to try him,

Not as a groom : there 's some of ye, I see,

More out of malice than integrity,

Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;

Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan.

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace

'To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,

150

If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,

And fair purgation to the world, than malice,

I 'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;

Take him, and use him well, he 's worthy of it.

I will say thus much for him, if a prince

May be beholding to a subject, I

Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :

Be friends, for shame, my lords ! My Lord of
Canterbury,

160

I have a suit which you must not deny me ;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
glory

In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare
your spoons: you shall have two noble partners
with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady
Marquess Dorset: will these please you? 170

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy
true heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Can-
terbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian. 180

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

167. *spare your spoons*; i.e. They were commonly gilt, with
the 'postle spoons' presented figures and emblems of the
by the sponsors at baptism. apostles carved on the handles.

SCENE IV. *The palace yard.* •

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? 10

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir. 20

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Sc. 4. By FLETCHER (Sp.). 'Parish Garden.'

2. *Paris-garden*, a well-known popular resort on the Bankside, proverbial for its disorders. Its associations live in the modern 'bear-garden.' Ff have (perhaps with intention)

3. *gaping*, bawling.

15. *On May-day morning*, when it was the universal custom to rise betimes 'and walk into the sweet meadows and green woods' (Stowe).

sc. iv King Henry the Eighth

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me : but if I spared any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ; And that I would not for a cow, God save her !

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter ?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah. 30

Man. What would you have me do ?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us ? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door ! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand ; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. 40 There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose ; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance : that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times

22. *Sir Guy, nor Colbrand* ; Guy of Warwick's principal feat was the overthrow of the Danish giant Colbrand in single combat.

27. *I would not for a cow, God save her !* a proverbial formula of rustic asseveration, current (in several versions) in South and South-West England.

33. *Moorfields* ; the open fields north of the city, where the trainbands mustered for drill.

34. *some strange Indian.* Five American Indians came to London in 1611. Nearly at the same time Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*, ii. 2., speaks of the popular curiosity excited even by 'a dead Indian.'

42. *brazier* (with a play upon the two senses).

44. *the line*, the equator.

45. *fire-drake*, 'fiery dragon' ; commonly a term for a meteor.

was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman; who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broom-staff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. 50 60

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum,

48. *blow us*, blow us up.

49. *a haberdasher's wife of small wit*; probably with a play on the phrase 'haberdasher of small wit,' *i.e.* dealer in trifling jests.

50. *pinked porringer*, her cap (or, according to Fairholt, the fashionable Milan bonnet), shaped as if 'moulded on a porringer,' and pierced with holes for fastening on ornaments.

53. '*Clubs!*' the usual cry for summoning persons to part the combatants in a street affray.

59. *loose shot*, irregular marksmen.

65. *the tribulation of Tower-hill*, etc. The allusion has not

been explained. Johnson and Steevens thought of Puritan assemblies, where the latter 'could easily conceive that the turbulence of the most clamorous theatre had been exceeded by . . . bellowings against surplices and farthingales.' But the context rather suggests a cant term for some local pest akin to the ruffianly 'limbs of Limehouse,' who frequented low entertainments in those neighbourhoods.

67. *in Limbo Patrum*, in prison. The 'Limbus Patrum' in scholastic theology was the region bordering on hell occupied by the Hebrew patriarchs. Cf. Dante, *Inf.* iv. 45.

and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

70

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here ! They grow still too ; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves ? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows :

There's a trim rabble let in : are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour, We are but men ; and what so many may do, Not being torn a-pieces, we have done : An army cannot rule 'em.

80

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads Clap round fines for neglect : ye are lazy knaves ; And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark ! the trumpets sound ; They're come already from the christening :

69. *running banquet* ; cf. i. 4. 12 ; here, of a whipping, probably as a 'dessert' to crown the feast of durance in limbo.

74. *made a fine hand*, played a pretty game.

82. *lay by the heels*, put in the stocks.

85. *baiting of bombards*, drinking deep. Bombards were long leather vessels of liquor.

The meaning of 'bait' is not altogether certain. The phrase suggests that it is transitive verb equivalent to 'set abroad' ; but this sense of 'bait,' though a very natural one, cannot be paralleled. It is safer then to fall back on the common sense, 'feeding, 'drinking.' [Perhaps 'crowding round for drinks, like dogs about a bear.' L.]

Go, break among the press, and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
 A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months. 90

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
 Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
 I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and GARTER speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness,
 send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to
 the high and mighty princess of England,
 Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and Guard.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace,
 and the good queen,

90. *Marshalsea*, the prison in Southwark.

93. *camlet*, a light woollen stuff

94. *peck*, pitch.

Sc. 5. By FLETCHER (Sp.).
Standing-bowls, bowls supported on feet.

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray :
 All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
 Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
 May hourly fall upon ye !

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop :
 What is her name ?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord. 10

[*The King kisses the child.*

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee !
 Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too
 prodigal :

I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
 When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
 For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
 Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
 This royal infant—heaven still move about her !—
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, 20
 Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be
 But few now living can behold that goodness—
 A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed : Saba was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
 Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her : 30

13. *gossips*, sponsors.

served in the older English translations.

24. *Saba*, the queen of Sheba.
 Saba is the Vulgate form pre-

27. *piece*, creation,—'mighty'
 in virtue of her destiny.

She shall be loved and fear'd : her own shall
 bless her ;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows
 with her :

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
 God shall be truly known ; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when 40
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself ;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
 darkness,

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd : peace, plenty, love, truth,
 terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him : 50
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him : our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,

41. *maiden*, i.e. mateless. colony had received a constitu-
 53. *make new nations*; an tion in 1612, but the allusion
 allusion probably to the settle- cannot be definitely referred to
 ment of Virginia in 1607. *The* this.

An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 Would I had known no more ! but she must die, 60
 She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,

Thou hast made me now a man ! never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing :
 This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
 That when I am in heaven I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
 I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor, 70
 And your good brethren, I am much beholding ;
 I have received much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
 lords :

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 'Has business at his house ; for all shall stay :
 This little one shall make it holiday. *Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
 All that are here : some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
 They'll say 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
 Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty !'
 Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
 All the expected good we're like to hear

71. *brethren*, i.e. the aldermen.

76. *'Has*, he has. So *Ff.*

King Henry the Eighth

EPIL.

For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we show'd 'em : if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

10

TITUS ANDRONICUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SAURINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus ; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, MUTIUS,	}	sons to Titus Andronicus.
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YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the Tribune.

SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, VALENTINE,	}	kinsmen to Titus.
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ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON,	}	sons to Tamora.
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AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown ; Romans.
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Rome, and the country near it*

DURATION OF TIME

Four days represented on the stage, with, possibly, two intervals.

Day 1.	I., II. 1.
,, 2.	II. 2.-4., III. 1.
	Interval.
,, 3.	III. 2.
	Interval.
,, 4.	IV., V.

Dramatis Personæ. First supplied, imperfectly, by Rowe. The Ff mark the Acts but not the Scenes. The Qq mark neither Acts nor Scenes.

INTRODUCTION

THE first known edition of *Titus Andronicus* appeared in 1600, with the following title-page:—

'The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. | As it hath sundry times been playde by the | Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke, the | Earl of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberlaine they Seruants. | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for Edward White | and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the little | North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600. |

Another Quarto (Q₂), printed from this, appeared in 1611.

The First Folio text was printed from a copy of the Second Quarto, in which a few MS. alterations and additions seem to have been made for stage purposes. The Folio text also contains a whole scene (iii. 2.) not found in the Quartos, and probably, since it does not contribute to the action, omitted in performance.

An adaptation of the play by Ravenscroft was published in 1687 under the title *Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia*.

Our first explicit evidence of an 'Andronicus' play belongs to the year 1594. On January 23 Henslowe recorded the performance of a 'tittus and ondronicus' as a 'new' play. In February a play *Titus Andronicus* was entered in the Stationers' Register, as well

Titus Andronicus

as a ballad, doubtless occasioned by its success, 'A noble Roman historie of Titus Andronicus.' It is very probable that this may be identified with the play of 1600; for Langbaine¹ records an edition of this printed in 1594. The play is there declared to have been played by the servants of the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex. Henslowe has however certain earlier entries which possibly relate to an 'Andronicus' play; thus: *Tittus and Vespacia*, 11 April, 1591-2, and repeatedly afterwards during the following May and June; as well as *Titus (tittus)* on January 6, 15, 29, 1592-3. Little reliance can be placed on these entries; but we have other evidence that towards the close of the eighties the story of Titus Andronicus was embodied in a popular play which long remained a landmark in the annals of the stage. 'He that will swear Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet,' Jonson could write in 1614, 'shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these twenty-five or thirty years.'² We may infer that, in 1614, only one play currently known as *Andronicus* existed, and that this dated from 1584-9. This favours the view that there never had substantially been more than one play on the story, whatever slight variations in detail it may have undergone. The series of Andronicus tragedies in German and Dutch indicate no variation in any point of the plot.³ The most important of them for the student

¹ *Account of English Dramatick Poets*, 1691, p. 464.

² Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*.

³ These are: (1) *Eine sehr älägliche Tragoedia von Tito Andronico und der hoffertigen Kayserin, darinnen denckwür-*

dige actiones gefunden; (2) Jan Vos, *Aran en Titus, of wraak en weer-wraak* ('or Vengeance and counter-vengeance') (performed 1641); (3) German versions of Vos. One of these, performed at Linz in 1699, is known to us by the detailed programme.

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of Shakespeare is the German comedy played about 1600 by the English actors abroad under the title: 'A very lamentable tragedy of Titus Andronicus and the haughty empress.' This piece abounds in superficial divergences from the English text. Most of the names are different. Lavinia is called Andronica, Lucius Vespasianus, Marcus Victoriates, Aaron Morian, Tamora's sons Helicates and Saphonus, and Tamora herself Aetiopissa; while the Goths are replaced by Moors. These names suggest that the German play was derived from a rival version of the story, designed to attract the public by a specious air of novelty, while keeping the name of the hero.¹ Henslowe's entry of a 'tittus and Vespacia,' mentioned above, is certainly noticeable in connexion with the 'Vespasianus,' who in the German play replaces Lucius; but the structure of hypothesis thus erected is of perilous frailty, and quite incapable of supporting any conclusion. As Creizenach points out,² Henslowe's play may quite as well have dealt with the two emperors so named. But in any case the German version contains no trace of organic divergence from the English. Its eight 'acts' follow in rude epitome the same course, omitting, together with everything distinctively learned, much that was needed to make the plot coherent and intelligible.³

¹ How slight a bearing the names have upon the literary history of the piece may be inferred from the fact that the name of Titus' daughter, *Lavinia* in the English play, is *Andronica* in the German, *Rozelyne* in Vos, and *Lavinia* again in the programme of 1699 of a play otherwise wholly founded on Vos.

² W. Creizenach: *Schauspiele der englischen Comodianten*, p. 5.

³ Thus the sacrifice of Tamora's son disappears from the first Act, and with it the ground and justification of the queen's insatiable thirst for vengeance. Titus' epistolary summons to the gods is in a style of humour too learned for the purpose of the English comedians, and disappears from the play; but an accidental allusion to it later on (Act VII.) shows that it occurred in the original.

Titus Andronicus

At the most a few unimportant details of an earlier version of the story (perhaps a novel) neglected in our play, possibly survive.¹ The play seems in all essentials to be merely a mutilated and simplified version of the English text.

It remains to discuss the claims of this play to be included among the works of Shakespeare. The strength of the external evidence is beyond dispute. Meres in 1598 mentioned *Titus Andronicus* among the plays on which Shakespeare's fame was founded; every other play in his list being of unquestioned authenticity. The inclusion of the play in the First Folio at least guarantees that Shakespeare had some share in it. Not much weight can be allowed to a late tradition recorded by Ravenscroft, who tells us (Preface to *Titus Andronicus*, 1687) that he had heard from 'some anciently conversant with the Stage, that it was not originally his (Shakespeare's) but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal parts and characters.' This tradition may of course be authentic; but it may have originated merely in the inevitable attempt to explain how a play in many ways so unlike Shakespeare came to bear his name. A similar hypothesis has commended itself to most English critics who have allowed Shakespeare any participation in the play at all. But the attempts which have been made to specify Shakespearean additions are very unconvincing. To single out a melodious line or a telling image here and there as Shakespeare's, presupposes a theory of literary production which would render every man's title hazardous to the work of his most brilliant moments. The little

¹ The most palpable addition to the matter is Morian (Aaron)'s account of his previous relations with the queen of 'Mehrenland,' and the conquest of the land by the Romans.

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groups of three or six lines which have thus been singled out¹ do not stand off from the context by any discrepancy of manner; the same style and movement merely acquire a somewhat heightened vivacity and colouring. It is at least a delicate criticism which will assign, for instance, the opening phrases of Titus' lament over his ravished Lavinia to Shakespeare:—

 he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him—

(iii. 1. 91 f.)

and yet permit the 'author of the rude original which Shakespeare touched up' to have written, a few lines farther on,—

Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

(iii. 1. 110 f.)

Difficult, however, as any 'touching up' theory is to make plausible in detail, the view that the whole is Shakespeare's work is not to be lightly adopted. Neither in the choice of subject nor in the structure of the plot is there much that recalls Shakespeare. In his later dealings as a dramatist with the Roman world he either re-created history, as in the three great Roman tragedies, or frankly ignored it, as in *Cymbeline*; he never attempted to reproduce or emulate the bizarre invention of *Titus*, where quasi-historic figures from the age of the Goths play their part in

¹ The following have been specified: i. 1. 9, 70-6, 117-119, iv. 4. 81-6; v. 2. 21-27; 3. 141, 142; ii. 1. 82, 83; 2. 1-6; 160-8.

Titus Andronicus

stories borrowed from classic mythology or legend and steeped in the artificial literary atmosphere of Ovid and Seneca. Ignorant as we are of the source of the story,¹ we can hardly be wrong in assuming that the tragic fortunes of Lavinia are modelled on those of the Ovidian Philomela, and the grim vengeance of Titus on the legend of Atreus. The haunted, sunless wood where Atreus slays his nephews (Sen. *Thyestes*, 650 f.) has passed over into the 'barren detested vale' where Bassianus is slain and Lavinia ravished.² In the death of Lavinia at her father's hands the memory of Virginia seems to be blended, if not confused, with that of Lucrece; and the confusion may diminish the difficulty we otherwise feel in associating the profuse classical learning of the play with Shakespeare's small Latin and less Greek. In the bloodthirsty Tamora, lastly, who so terribly avenges her slaughtered son, we may perhaps find a reminiscence of the Scythian queen Tomyris, who wreaked her son's death not less grimly upon Cyrus. A promiscuous aggregation of materials like this strikes us as un-Shakespearean. Yet it is not unlike, in the tragic sphere, what the author of *Love's Labour's Lost* attempted in the sphere of comic satire. The same alert mind which there assembled oddities and extravagances from every phase of contemporary life, may have gratified the same instinct for profusion and multiplicity by weaving from its school-reminiscences this horrible fantasia of classical legends. Moreover, with all the extravagance of certain incidents, *Titus Andronicus* bears marks of the sanity and self-control which distinguish even the most

¹ The often-repeated statement (first made by Steevens) that Painter in the *Palace of Pleasure* (1567) mentions 'Titus Andronicus and Tamora' seems

to rest on an error. There is no evidence that the story existed in any form before the play.

² Cunliffe, *Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy*, p. 70.

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daring work of the young Shakespeare. Though perilously full of matter, the plot is clear and compact; the immense tragic forces which are let loose contend for dominance in interest as well as for the triumph of their cause; but their encounters are adequately motivated, and with all their energy of wrath they do not lose themselves in the annihilating frenzy which blurs the outlines of Marlowe's *Barabas*. The three great contrivers of the harms, Titus, Tamora, and Aaron, are shaped with a rude and somewhat uncertain hand; but a trait here and there suggests the future author of *Richard III.*, of *Lear*, and *Othello* in this resolute emulator of Marlowe and Kyd.¹ Titus and Tamora bear the stamp of the Kydian tragedy of Revenge. Their tragic career is provoked by a deadly, unpardonable wrong. Aaron, on the other hand, is related rather to the Marlowesque tragedy of dæmonic energy,—*virtù*—which dooms its victims out of pure malignancy.² But Titus has touches of a Shakespearean magnanimity which remove him far from the blind pursuer of vengeance. His generous disclaimer of the imperial crown in the opening scene fitly preludes the nobly-imagined scene in which he hews off his hand to save his sons. The scene (iii. 2.) where the two brothers so passionately moralise the death of a fly, already heralds those apparently trivial moments of pause which the mature Shakespeare is wont to make pregnant of

¹ These faint affinities have been worked out with much ingenuity by Prof. A. Schröer in his interesting study of the play *Über Titus Andronicus* (Marburg, 1891).

² There are curious analogies in detail between Aaron and Richard III. He also derives a

motive for crime from his unpromising exterior:—

Let fools do good, and fair men call
for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like
his face.

Cf. also his monologue in ii. 1. with Richard's opening soliloquy. (Schröer, *N.S.*, p. 115.)

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tragic suggestion. And the tenderness for his child which so suddenly and strangely intrudes upon the fiendish malignity of Aaron, is a trait which might well escape from the pen of the future delineator of Shylock and his daughter. Most critics have recognised Shakespearean touches in the style. Certainly, the bookish allusions which are so abundantly woven into its texture are tempered with many touches caught from the open-air life of nature such as nowhere fail in the young Shakespeare. A woodland brake—a 'pleasant chase'—is the scene of the most tragic deed in the whole play, and we are not allowed to forget over the sufferings of Lavinia the morning dew upon the leaves or their chequered shadow upon the ground¹ as they quiver in the breeze.

The data for a conclusive case on the authorship of *Titus Andronicus* are wholly wanting. English criticism has too peremptorily decided against Shakespeare's claim on the ground of the palpable defects of the plot, and the difficulty of bringing this grim tragedy into relation with the bright and joyous comedy which apparently occupied Shakespeare's early manhood. But we know far too little of that early manhood to be entitled to exclude from it whatever will not fall in with a particular scheme of development; and, in view of the strong external evidence, the more critical course appears to be a qualified acceptance.

¹ It has been pointed out by Dr. Cunliffe in his valuable study of the *Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy*, that some of the most striking of the Senecan parallels with which this play abounds occur in the more

Shakespearean passages. Cf. e.g. with this passage (ii. 3.) the lines :—

hic aves querulæ fremunt
ramique ventis lene percussi tremunt
Hippolytus, 516.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the ANDRONICI appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, SATURNINUS and his Followers; and, from the other side, BASSIANUS and his Followers; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms,
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my
right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol

Sc. 1. aloft, i.e. in the capitol. succeed.
4. *successive title, title to* 8. *age, seniority.*

And suffer not dishonour to approach
 The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
 To justice, continence and nobility ;
 But let desert in pure election shine,
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by
 friends
 Ambitiously for rule and empery,
 Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand 20
 A special party, have, by common voice,
 In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
 For many good and great deserts to Rome :
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls :
 He by the senate is accited home
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms. 30
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride : five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field ;
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, .
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed, 40
 And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
 That you withdraw you and abate your strength ;

27. *accited*, summoned.

42. *pretend*, claim.

Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, 50
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in
my right,
I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me 60
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go
up into the Capitol.*]

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way : the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

47. *affy*, confide.

65. *Patron*, advocate, appointed defender (Lat. 'patronus').

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharged her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.

Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!

Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!

These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:

Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,

Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
 Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthy prison of their bones;
 That so the shadows be not unappeased, 100
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son:
 And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my son to be as dear to me!
 Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs and return, 110
 Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O, if to fight for king and commonweal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful:
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
 Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son. 120

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
 Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
 To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

121. *Patient yourself, have patience.*

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and
Mutius, with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety! 130

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths—
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen— 140
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in
the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons; 150
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,

138. *the Thracian tyrant,* lated, in vengeance for his
Polymnestor, whom Hecuba, murder of her son Polydorus.
according to one tradition, be- Hence Theobald proposed 'her
guiled into her tent and muti- tent.'

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
 Here grow no damned drugs ; here are no storms,
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long ;
 My noble lord and father, live in fame !
 Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
 I render, for my brethren's obsequies ; 160
 And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
 Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :
 O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
 Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud !

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
 The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !
 Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
 And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

*Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tri-
 bunes ; re-enter SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS,
 attended.*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome ! 170

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
 Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful
 wars,
 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame !
 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your country's service drew your swords :
 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

154. *drugs*; so Q₁; 'grudges,' 170. *Gracious*, i.e. 'in the
 Q₂ Ff. eyes of Rome.'

That hath aspired to Solon's happiness
 And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180
 Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
 This palliament of white and spotless hue ;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons :
 Be candidatus then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
 Than his that shakes for age and feebleness :
 What should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day, 190
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all ?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully,
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country :
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world :
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. 200

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
 empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
 tell ?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right :
 Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.

177. *Solon's happiness*; hap-
 piness as conceived by Solon,
 who declared that no man was
 to be called happy before he
 died.

182. *palliament*, Roman
 mantle (a coinage from 'pal-
 lium').

201. *obtain and ask*, obtain
 merely by asking.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee ²¹⁰
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus, ²²⁰
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I
make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say 'Long live our emperor!'

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort, ²³⁰
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'

[*A long flourish till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,

221. *gratulate*, mark our
satisfaction at.

224. *create*, elect.
230. *sort*, class (of citizens).

And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
 And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
 Thy name and honourable family,
 Lavinia will I make my empress, 240
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and in this match
 I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
 And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
 King and commander of our commonweal,
 The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot and my prisoners ;
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord : 250
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
 How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
 Rome shall record, and when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you
 prisoner to an emperor ;
 To him that, for your honour and your state,
 Will use you nobly and your followers. 200

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance :
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change
 of cheer,

Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome :
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you

238. *onset*, first step (Ger. 'Ansatz').

240. *empress* (three syllables).

243. *motion*, proposal.

Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

270

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora
in dumb show.*]

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing Lavinia.]

Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice: 280
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd!

Sat. Surpris'd! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy! 290
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [Stabbing Mutius.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [Dies.]

[*During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora,
Demetrius, Chiron and Aaron go out
and re-enter, above.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine ;
My sons would never so dishonour me :
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock : 300
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are
these ?

Sat. But go thy ways ; go, give that changing
piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword : 310
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded
heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of
Goths,
That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,

298. *That*, i.e. Lavinia. dupe.

301. *I'll trust, by leisure*, I 309. *piece*, 'creature.'

shall be in no hurry to trust.

313. *ruffle*, riot, be turbu-

304. *stale*, laughing-stock, lent.

If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome. 320
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I
swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths, 330
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords,
accompany

Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt all but Titus.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs? 340

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and
MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,

333. *Pantheon*, the Pantheon ;
the temple built by Agrippa in
the Campus Martius, A.D. 27.

338. *bid*, invited.

340. *challenged*, accused.

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes ;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb :
This monument five hundred years hath stood, 350
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls :
Bury him where you can ; he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you :
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. }
Mart. } And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. 'And shall !' what villain was it spake that
word ?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but
here. 360

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite ?

Marc. No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded :

My foes I do repute you every one ;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself ; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.*]

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature
plead,— 370

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature
speak,—

368. *is not with himself*; is 'beside himself.'

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman ; be not barbarous :

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son

380

Did graciously plead for his funerals :

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit.

Rise, Marcus, rise.

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome !

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [*Kneeling.*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

390

Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus ; but I know it is :

Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell :

Is she not then beholding to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far ?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

372. *speed*, gain their suit.

presented in Sophocles' *Ajax*.

379. *upon advice*, after de-liberation. The incident is re-

381. *funerals*, obsequies.

396. *beholding*, indebted.

Flourish. *Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON; from the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize :
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride ! 400

Bas. And you of yours, my lord ! I say no more,
Nor wish no less ; and so, I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love and now my wife ?
But let the laws of Rome determine all ;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir : you are very short with us ;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you. 410

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know :

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd ;
'That in the rescue of Lavinia

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave : 420

Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself in all his deeds

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :

'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have loved and honour'd Saturnine !

399. *play'd your prize*, won schools.

the match, a term of the fencing- 416. *opinion*, reputation.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ; 430
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome
forfend

I should be author to dishonour you !
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord 'Titus' innocence in all ;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs :
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose, 440
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be won
at last ;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats ; and then let me alone :
I'll find a day to massacre them all 450
And raze their faction and their family,
'The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.

Come, come, sweet emperor ; come, Andronicus ;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart

430. *indifferently*, impar- ally. honour.

436. *undertake*, become

435. *author to dishonour you*, author (Lat. *auctor*) of your dis-

surety.

449. *entreats*, entreaties.

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord : 460
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable. 470
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia ;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his
highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ; 480
I will not be denied : sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults :
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,

476. *Tendering*, having regard for.

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends. 490
 This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
 To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
 With horn and hound we 'll give your grace bonjour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
 Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,
 Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash ;
 Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
 As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
 And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
 Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
 And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
 So Tamora :
 Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, 10
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes

491. *love-day*, day of reconciliation. in falconry for the greatest height of a hawk's flight.

3. *Secure*, fearless. 16. *charming*, constraining

14. *pitch* ; a technical term as by a charm.

Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made empress. 20
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
 This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
 Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
 edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30

'Tis not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:

I am as able and as fit as thou

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;

And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not
 keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
 Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,

Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends? 40

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath

Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

28. *affected*, loved.

35. *approve*, prove.

37. *Clubs, clubs*; cf. note to
 1 *Hen. VI. i. 3. 84.*

38. *unadvised*, injudiciously.

39. *dancing-rapier*, a sword
 worn only for ornament in
 dancing.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns; 50
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved.
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy
tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform!

Aar. Away, I say! 60
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please. 70

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some
meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome

64. *jet*, insolently trample on.

How furious and impatient they be,
 And cannot brook competitors in love?
 I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
 By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
 Would I propose to achieve her whom I love. 80

Aar. To achieve her! how?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange?
 She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won;
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
 What, man! more water glideth by the mill
 Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
 Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
 Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus
 may. 90

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows
 to court it
 With words, fair looks and liberality?
 What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
 And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch
 or so
 Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too!
 Then should not we be tired with this ado.
 Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
 To square for this? would it offend you, then, 100
 That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

87. *shive*, slice.

89. *Vulcan's badge*, as the deluded husband of Venus.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that
you jar :

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect ; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me : Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment 110
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
The forest walks are wide and spacious ;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany :
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words :
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit 120
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
turns ;
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye, 130
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

116. *by kind*, by nature. line.

120. *sacred* (an epithet of 123. *file our engines*, polish
royalty), imperial ; the irony our instruments, sharpen our
becoming apparent in the next wits.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, etc.,
MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green :
Uncouple here and let us make a bay
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride
And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired. 10

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter
SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,
DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty ;
Madam, to you as many and as good :
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lord ;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

3. *bay*, of hounds.

Sat. Come on, then ; horse and chariots let us have,
 And to our sport. [*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
 Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord, 20
 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
 And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
 But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A lonely part of the forest.*

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
 To bury so much gold under a tree,
 And never after to inherit it.
 Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
 Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villany :
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,

3. *inherit*, take possession of. 10

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chant melody on every bush,
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise ; 20
 And, after conflict such as was supposed
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surprised
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
 Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious
 birds

Be unto us as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your
 desires, 30

Saturn is dominator over mine :
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
 Even as an adder when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs :
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

11. *make a gleeful boast*, vies in glee.

20. *yelping*, so Ff. Qq have 'yellowing,' a word unrecorded in any sense here possible ; but retained by Camb. edd.

31. *Saturn*; the planet under whom men of morose, 'saturnine' temperament were born.

32. *deadly-standing*, of death-portending fixity.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in
 thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus :
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
 Now question me no more ; we are espied ;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. 50

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
 life!

Aar. No more, great empress ; Bassianus
 comes :

Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. [*Exit.*]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her,
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps! 60
 Had I the power that some say Dian had,
 Thy temples should be planted presently
 With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
 Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
 Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
 And to be doubted that your Moor and you

63. *Actæon*; transformed by Diana into a hart.

68. *doubted*, suspected.

Are singled forth to try experiments :
 Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day ! 70
 'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
 Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
 Spotted, detested, and abominable.
 Why are you séquester'd from all your train,
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
 And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
 If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport, 80
 Great reason that my noble lord be rated
 For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
 And let her joy her raven-colour'd love ;
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king my brother shall have note of
 this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
 long :
 Good king, to be so mightily abused !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our
 gracious mother !
 Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ? 90

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look
 pale ?

These two have 'ticed me hither to this place :
 A barren detested vale, you see it is ;
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe :

69. *Are singled forth*, have emendation for Qq Ff 'notice.'
 stolen out.

87. *abused*, deceived.

85. *note*, intelligence. Pope's

95. *O'ercome*, covered.

Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven :
 And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes, 100
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries
 As any mortal body hearing it
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me
 here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death :
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms 110
 That ever ear did hear to such effect :
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my
 strength. [*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous
 Tamora,

For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tam. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know,
 my boys, 120

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
 wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam ; here is more belongs to her ;

101. *urchins*, hedgehogs.

Like It, iii. 3. 9. Probably, as

110. *Lascivious Goth* ; with a
 quibble on *goat*, as in *As You*

in *mote*, *moth*, the *th* was pro-
 nounced *t*.

First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope braves your mightiness :
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust. 130

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
 Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that
 sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her !

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
 word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : let it be your glory
 To see her tears ; but be your heart to them 140
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
 dam ?

O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee ;
 The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to
 marble ;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike :

[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman
 pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself
 a bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark :
 Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now !— 150

126. *painted hope*, specious confidence.

143. *learn*, teach.

The lion moved with pity did endure
 To have his princely paws pared all away :
 Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with her !

Lav. O, let me teach thee ! for my father's sake,
 That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
 thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
 Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
 To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent :
 Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will,
 The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
 And with thine own hands kill me in this place !
 For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long ; 170
 Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then ? fond woman,
 let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing
 more

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
 O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
 Where never man's eye may behold my body :
 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their
 fee :

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

Dem. Away ! for thou hast stay'd us here too
 long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.]

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour.

190

[Exit.]

Re-enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit

Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[Falls into the pit.]

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood

As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?

200

A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

Aar. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here,

That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me
out

From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole? 210

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints:
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate
heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now 220
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit: 230
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—

211. *uncouth*, strange, un-
canny.

222. *embrewed*, imbrued,
steeped in his blood.

227. *A precious ring, that
lightens all the hole.* This was
a reputed property of the car-
buncle.

If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
 Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
 As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help
 thee out ;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
 I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
 Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. 240

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy
 help.

Quin. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose
 again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below :

Thou canst not come to me : I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS with AARON.

Sat. Along with me : I'll see what hole is here,
 And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
 Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ; 250
 Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
 To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ! I know thou dost but
 jest :

He and his lady both are at the lodge
 Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
 'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all
 alive ;

But, out, alas ! here have we found him dead.

236. *Cocytus'*, one of the rivers of Hades.

Re-enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora, though grieved with killing grief. 260

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound :

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy ;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She giveth Saturnine a letter.

Sat. *[Reads]* 'An if we miss to meet him
handsomely—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him : 270

Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.'

O Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. 280

Sat. *[To Titus]* Two of thy whelps, fell curs
of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison :

There let them bide until we have devised

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

265. *timeless*, untimely.

275. *purchase us*, win us as.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,—

290

Sat. If it be proved! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers: 300
Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk
with them. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON with LAVINIA, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

305. *Fear not, fear not for.*

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.* 10

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast!

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me? 20

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

5. *scrawl*; (doubtful word: 'scrowle'; Ff 'scowl(e)') probably) scrawl, write vaguely and wildly in the air. Qq read 6. *sweet*, perfumed.

Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
 And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
 As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, 30
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say 'tis so ?
 O, that I knew thy heart ; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him, to ease my mind !
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind :
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ; 40
 A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life !
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep 50
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?

26. *Tereus*, the husband of Procne, violated her sister Philomela, and then cut her tongue out.

27. *detect*, betray.

38, 39. Philomela, after losing

her tongue, made her sister Procne aware of her husband's crime by working a representation of it in a sampler.

51. *the Thracian poet*, Orpheus.

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Enter Judges, Senators and Tribunes, with
 MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to
 the place of execution ; TITUS going before,
 pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes,
 stay !

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

10

[*Lieth down ; the Judges, etc. pass by
 him, and Exeunt.*]

For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears :
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
 O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,

7. *aged wrinkles*, wrinkles of
 age.

17. *urns*, Hanmer's emenda-
 tion for Qq Ff 'ruins.'

Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still ;
 In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

20

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes ! O gentle, aged men !
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain :
 The tribunes hear you not ; no man is by ;
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead. 30
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
 speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
 They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
 They would not pity me ; yet plead I must,
 And bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale : 40

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears and seem to weep with me ;
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
 A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than
 stones ;

36. *And bootless unto them.* I complain,'. Camb. edd.
 Q₁ marks a period after these words, and is followed by This, though not absolutely
 Delius. Dyce supplies 'since necessary, is most probable.

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to
 death [Rises.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
 drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their
 death:

For which attempt the judges have pronounced 50
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
 Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
 But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
 From these devourers to be banished!
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break: 60
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ay me, this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon
 her.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
 What fool hath added water to the sea,
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
 My grief was at the height before thou camest, 70
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
 And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have served me to effectless use :
 Now all the service I require of them
 Is that the one will help to cut the other.
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain. 80

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this
 deed ?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the
 park,
 Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
 That hath received some unrecuring wound. 90.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead :
 For now I stand as one upon a rock
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes : 100
 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madded me : what shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so ?
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :

90. *unrecuring*, incurable.

Thy husband he is dead ; and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her ! 110
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd
 her husband ;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ; 120
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ? 130
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at
 your grief,

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry
 thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, 140

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee:

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

O, what a sympathy of woe is this,

As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor 150

Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,

Or any one of you, chop off your hand,

And send it to the king: he for the same

Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;

And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!

Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?

With all my heart, I'll send the emperor 160

My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,

Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:

My youth can better spare my blood than you;

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended

Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,

149. *Limbo*, the region bordering on hell, to which mediæval belief assigned the patriarchs (hence its name *Limbus Patrum*); here used loosely for hell itself.

Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? 170

O, none of both but are of high desert :

My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve

To ransom my two nephews from their death ;

Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go
along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go !

Tit. Sirs, strive no more : such wither'd herbs
as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy
son, 180

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them
both :

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be
honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so : 190

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*]

170. *castle.* The word has not very violent. Titus has been suspected : Theobald proposed 'casque,' and Walker 'crest.' But the expression is 'defended Rome' by breaking down the Gothic strongholds.

Re-enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is
dispatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own. 200

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call! [*To Lav.*] What, wilt thou kneel
with me? 210
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries, 220
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
 Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
 I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
 Then must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd ;
 For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

230

*Enter a Messenger, with two heads and
 a hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
 For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
 And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;
 Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd ;
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes
 More than remembrance of my father's death.

240

[Exit.

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
 These miseries are more than may be borne.
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some
 deal ;
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep
 a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

250

[Lavinia kisses Titus.

225. coil, uproar.

226. blow ; so Ff_{2,4}. 'Flow,' Qq F₁.

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus; Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,

Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;

Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight

Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,

Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs: 260

Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand

Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes:

Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would usurp upon my watery eyes,

And make them blind with tributary tears: 270

Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?

For these two heads do seem to speak to me,

And threat me I shall never come to bliss

Till all these mischiefs be return'd again

Even in their throats that have committed them.

Come, let me see what task I have to do.

You heavy people, circle me about,

That I may turn me to each one of you,

And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head; 280

And in this hand the other will I bear.

Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things :
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
 teeth.

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight ;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there :
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
 The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome : 290
 Farewell, proud Rome ; till Lucius come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life :
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !
 But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power, 300
 To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

282, 283 ; so Ff. The Qq read
 'employd in these Armes.' The
 Camb. edd. conjecture that the
 original MS. may have run :—

And thou, Lavinia, shalt be employd,
 Beare thou my hand, sweet wench,
 betweene thy teeth.

'The author, or some other cor-
 rector, to soften what must have

been ludicrous in representa-
 tion, wrote 'Armes' above 'teeth,'
 as a substitute for the latter ;
 'armes' being then by the
 printer understood as a fragment
 of the previous line, and con-
 jecturally pieced out.

292. *leaves* ; Rowe's emenda-
 tion for Qq Ff 'loves.'

SCENE II. *A room in Titus's house. A banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.

Tit. So, so ; now sit : and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
MARCUS, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot :
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10
Then thus I thump it down.

[*To Lavinia.*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost
talk in signs !

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous
beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.

Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,

And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall

May run into that sink, and soaking in

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears. 20

Marc. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus
to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote
already ?

Sc. 2. This scene is found only in Ff. It was probably
omitted in representation.

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
 Lest we remember still that we have none. 30
 Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
 She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to
 heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I of these will wrest an alphabet
 And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
 laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of
 tears, 50

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

31. *square*, shape.

38. *mesh'd*, mashed.

45. *still*, continual.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother : get thee gone ;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and
mother ?

60

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air !
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry ! and thou hast
kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir ; it was a black ill-
favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

70

Ah, sirrah !

Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought
on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

80

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me :
I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.

62. *lamenting doings*, lamentations.

Come, boy, and go with me : thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. Titus's garden.*

Enter young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him, and the boy flies from her, with books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS.

Young Luc. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia

Follows me every where, I know not why :
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius ; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Young Luc. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius : somewhat doth she mean :

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee : 10
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

13. *her sons*, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus. treatise on the training of an orator (*De Oratore*).

14. *Tully's Orator* ; Cicero's

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she
plies thee thus?

Young Luc. My lord, I know not, I, nor can
I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad for sorrow : that made me to fear ;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,—
Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt :
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

[*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the
books which Lucius has let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia ! Marcus, what means
this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd :
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact : ay, more there was ;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Young Luc. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamor-*
phoses ;

My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!

[*Helping her.*

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes
the leaves. 50

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet
girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none
but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down
by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name 70

45. *Soft! so busily.* So Qq
Ff.

48. *treason, treachery.*
50. *quotes, examines.*

Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*]

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift !
Write thou, good niece ; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge :
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth !

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ ?
'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'

Marc. What, what ! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

80

Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord ; although I
know

There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me, as, with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

90

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,

78. *Stuprum*, i.e. violation.

81. *Magni Dominator poli*,
etc. ; from Seneca's 'Hippolytus,'
slightly adapted : 'Ruler of the

mighty heaven, dost thou so
tardily hear crimes, so tardily
see them ?'

92. *by good advice*, deliberately.

She's with the lion deeply still in league,
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
 And when he sleeps will she do what she list. 100
 You are a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by : the angry northern wind
 Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
 And where's your lesson, then? Boy, what say
 you?

Young Luc. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
 For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft 110
 For his ungrateful country done the like.

Young Luc. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;
 Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy,
 Shalt carry from me to the empress' sons
 Presents that I intend to send them both :
 Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not ?

Young Luc. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,
 grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another
 course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house : 120
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court :
 Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Young Luc.*]

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man
 groan,
 And not relent, or not compassion him ?

103. *gad*, piercing instrument,
 goad.

105. *Sibyl's leaves*, the leaves
 containing the oracular utter-

ances of the prophetess so called.

109. *bondmen*, as being
 prisoners of war, and therefore
 of the status of slaves.

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
 Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield ;
 But yet so just that he will not revenge.
 Revenge, the heavens, for old Andronicus ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, and
 CHIRON ; from the other side, young LUCIUS,
 and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons
 and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
 He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad
 grandfather.

Young Luc. My lords, with all the humbleness
 I may,

I greet your honours from Andronicus.

[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you
 both !

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius : what's the
 news ?

Young Luc. [*Aside*] That you are both de-
 cipher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,
 My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me 10
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury
 To gratify your honourable youth,
 The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;

125. *ecstasy, frenzy.*

129. *Revenge, the heavens ;*
 so Qq Ff. Johnson conjectured
 'ye heavens,' and this is retained
 by Camb. edd. But 'the' is

idiomatic in Elizabethan English
 in forms of address.

8. Omitted in Ff.

10. *well advised, in his right
 mind.*

And so I do, and with his gifts present
 Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
 You may be armed and appointed well :
 And so I leave you both—[*Aside*] like bloody
 villains.

[*Exeunt young Lucius and Attendant.*

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written
 round about?

Let's see :

[*Reads*] 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, 20
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well :
 I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just; a verse in Horace; right, you
 have it.

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
 Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found
 their guilt;

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
 That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well afoot,
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit : 30
 But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
 Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
 Captives, to be advanced to this height?
 It did me good, before the palace gate
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
 Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
 Did you not use his daughter very friendly? 40

26. *no sound jest*, i.e. jest in earnest. out their perceiving it.

28. *beyond their feeling*, with- 38. *insinuate*, insinuate him-
 self, wind into our favour.

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say
amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go ; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils ; the gods have
given us over.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus ?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son. 50

Dem. Soft ! who comes here ?

*Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in her
arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords :
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor ?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is ; and what with Aaron now ?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone !
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore !

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep !
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace ! 60
She is deliver'd, lords ; she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom ?

Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest ! What hath
he sent her ?

42. *At such a bay*, in such a desperate extreme.

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam ; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue :
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime :
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point. 70

Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore ! is black so base a hue ?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live. 80

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's
point :

Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels
up. [*Takes the Child from the Nurse,*
and draws.

Stay, murderous villains ! will you kill your brother ?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got, 90
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir !

72. *blowse*, a plump wench.

76. '*Aar.* . . . *mother.*' Omitted in Ff.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
 With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
 Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
 What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
 Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
 Coal-black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue; 100
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 Tell the empress from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this myself,
 The vigour and the picture of my youth:
 This before all the world do I prefer;
 This maugre all the world will I keep safe, 110
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her
 death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty
 bears:

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
 Here's a young lad framed of another leer:
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father, 120
 As who should say 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
 He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

93. *Enceladus*, . . . *Typhon*,
 giants of classic legend, associ-
 ated with the fury of fire and
 wind.

113. *escape*, offence.
 115. *ignomy* (a popular con-
 traction of 'ignominy').
 119. *leer*, hue, complexion.

Of that self blood that first gave life to you,
 And from that womb where you imprison'd were
 He is enfranchised and come to light :
 Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice : 130
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you :
 Keep there : now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords ! when we join in league,
 I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,
 The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
 But say, again, how many saw the child ? 140

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself ;
 And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :
 Two may keep counsel when the third's away :
 Go to the empress, tell her this I said.

[*He kills the nurse.*

Weke, weke ! so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? wherefore
 didst thou this ?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy :
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
 A long-tongued babbling gossip ? no, lords, no : 150
 And now be it known to you my full intent.
 Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman ;

123. *self*, self-same.

152. *Muli*, Muley, an Eastern
 name well known to the Eliza-

bethans. 'Muli lives' is
 Steevens' conjecture for Qq Ff
 'Muliteus.'

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are :
 Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
 And how by this their child shall be advanced,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, lords ; ye see I have given her physic,

160

[*Pointing to the nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

170

[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the
 Nurse's body.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow
 flies ;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you
 hence ;
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

155. *pack*, plot.

164. *gallant grooms*, stout fellows.

165. *days*, period assigned for

the completion of a business.

178. *feed*. The repetition of the word is suspicious ; but it cannot be certainly emended.

And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit. 180

SCENE III. *The same. A public place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him,* MARCUS, *young LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus; come, kinsmen; this is the way.

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
'Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it 10
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. 20
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:

4. *Astræa*, the goddess of Justice, who of all the gods lingered longest among men.

8. *Happily*, haply.
16. *that*; Qq Ff have then, a palpable slip or misprint.

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence ;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy. 30

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ! how now, my masters !
What, have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you
word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall :
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in héaven, or somewhere else, 40
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size ;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can
bear :

And, sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven and move the gods 50
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,
Marcus ; [He gives them the arrows.]

30. *careful* ; perhaps an error due to 'carefully' above. Schmidt suggests 'cureful,' in the sense of leading to a cure, which would thus simply enforce 'remedy.'

'Ad Jovem,' that 's for you: here, 'Ad Apollinem:'

'Ad Martem,' that 's for myself:

Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.

Of my word, I have written to effect;

There 's not a god left unsolicited.

60

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon; Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,

70

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;

And who should find them but the empress' villain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

59. *Of my word,* on my shot into the middle of the constellation Virgo. So Taurus in

64. *in Virgo's lap.* He has v. 69.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he 80
hath taken them down again, for the man must
not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never
drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came
there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to 90
heaven in my young days. Why, I am going
with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up
a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of
the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to
serve for your oration; and let him deliver the
pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to
the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace 100
in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy
charges.

Give me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a
grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you.
And when you come to him, at the first approach 110

92. *tribunal plebs*, the clown's blunder for 'the tribune of the plebs.'

you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it. Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant. And when thou hast given it the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. 120

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, and others; SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
 Of egal justice, used in such contempt?
 My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
 However these disturbers of our peace
 Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:

3. *for the extent of egal justice, for having inflicted justice impartially.*

See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury ;
 This to Apollo ; this to the god of war ;
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome !
 What 's this but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where ?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords ?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages :
 But he and his shall know that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,
 He 'll so awake as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

20

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his
 heart ;

30

And rather comfort his distressed plight
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts. [*Aside*] Why, thus it shall
 become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all :
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out : if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow ! wouldst thou speak with
 us ?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be
 emperial.

40

21. *ecstasies*, madness.

drawn out thy life-blood.

35. *gloze*, make idle words.

40. *mistership*, for 'mistress

37. *Thy life-blood out*, i.e. ship.'

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you good den: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[*Saturninus reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! 50
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
'That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 60

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lord;—Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head 70

As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms :
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :
 'Tis he the common people love so much ;
 Myself hath often over-heard them say,
 When I have walked like a private man,
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their
 emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city
 strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
 And will revolt from me to succour him. 80

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy
 name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
 He can at pleasure stint their melody :
 Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous, 90
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will :
 For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises ; that, were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
 [To *Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador : 100
 Say that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting

86. *stint*, cause to cease.

91. *honey-stalks*, clover flower.

Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably :
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths. 110
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

*Enter LUCIUS with an army of Goths, with
drum and colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great
Andronicus,

109. *temper*, mould.

113. *successantly*. Apparently
a coined word for 'in succession'
(to Æmilius, just despatched).

Rowe read 'successfully';
Capell, 'incessantly.'

7. *scath*, harm.

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ; 10
 Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
 Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
 Be bold in us : we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
 Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day
 Led by their master to the flowered fields,
 And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all
 with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
 But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his Child
 in his arms.*

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops
 I stray'd 20

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;
 And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
 I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :
 ' Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam !
 Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor : 30
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 They never do beget a coal-black calf.
 Peace, villain, peace !'—even thus he rates the
 babe,—

' For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;
 Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'

15. *master*, i.e. the queen bee. palpable contradiction with the

27. *tawny*, i.e. a hue between previous statement that the
 black and white. This is in Moor's child is a 'blackamoor.'

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil 40
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand ;
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye,
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
'This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
Why dost not speak ? what, deaf ? not a word ?
A halter, soldiers ! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy ; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. 50
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

*[A ladder brought, which Aaron is
made to ascend.]*

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear :
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all !'

Luc. Say on : an if it please me which thou
speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd. 60

Aar. An if it please thee ! why, assure thee,
Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,

42. *This is the pearl*, etc. man is a pearl in a fair woman's
Malone points out that this eye.'
alludes to the proverb : ' A black

Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :
 And this shall all be buried by my death,
 Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin. 70

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest
 no god :

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not ;
 Yet, for I know thou art religious
 And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
 Therefore I urge thy oath ; for that I know
 An idiot holds his bauble for a god
 And keeps the oath which by that god he swears, 80
 To that I'll urge him : therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
 That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
 To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up ;
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the
 empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon. 90
 'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus ;
 They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her
 And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou
 saw'st.

66. *piteously perform'd*, pitiful
 in the doing.

79. *bauble*, the club, with a
 face carved on the end, which

was part of the accoutrement of
 the domestic Fool, here identified
 with the 'idiot.'

88. *luxurious*, lustful.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set;

100

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen and her two sons:

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

110

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,

And, when I had it, drew myself apart

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

120

First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

99. *coddling*, lecherous.

attacks the bull's or bear's

102. *a dog*, the mastiff, which

head.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse—
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
 As kill a man, or else devise his death,
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
 Accuse some innocent and forswear myself, 130
 Set deadly enmity between two friends,
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
 'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.' 140
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
 As willingly as one would kill a fly,
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil ; for he must not die
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue ! 150

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak
 no more.

Enter a Goth.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger
 from Rome
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

145. *Bring down, i.e. from the ladder.*

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius : what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me ;

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,

Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

160

First Goth. What says our general ?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. Before Titus's house.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,

And say I am Revenge, sent from below

To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.

Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,

To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge ;

Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,

And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?

Is it your trick to make me ope the door,

That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And all my study be to no effect ?

You are deceived : for what I mean to do

10

See here in bloody lines I have set down ;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word ; how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action ?

Thou hast the odds of me ; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldest
talk with me. 20

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crim-
son lines ;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care ;

Witness the tiring day and heavy night ;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :

Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora ;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :

I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom, 30

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;

Confer with me of murder and of death :

There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity or misty vale,

Where bloody murder or detested rape

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake. 40

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and wel-
come me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands ;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;
 And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globe.
 Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet, 50
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
 Until his very downfall in the sea :
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me. 60

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they
 call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder ; therefore called so,
 Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons
 they are !

And you, the empress ! but we worldly men
 Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee ;
 And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy : 70
 Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for Lucius his son ;
 And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
 See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme. 80

Enter TITUS below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house :
 Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.
 How like the empress and her sons you are !
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?
 For well I wot the empress never wags
 But in her company there is a Moor ;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil :
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

90

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee
 wrong,
 And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
 Rome ;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.

100

Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him ; he's a ravisher.

Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court

There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;

Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee :

I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do. 110

107. *up and down*, from head to foot.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house ;
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the empress and her sons,
 The emperor himself and all thy foes ;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
 What says Andronicus to this device ?

120

Tit. Marcus, my brother ! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :
 Tell him the emperor and the empress too
 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
 This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

130

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay
 with me ;

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys ?
 will you bide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
 How I have govern'd our determined jest ?
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
 And tarry with him till I turn again.

140

Tit. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,

And will o'erreach them in their own devices :
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam !

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure ; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell. [*Exit Tamora.*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do. 150
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

Pub. What is your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron
and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie ! thou art too much deceived ;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name ;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius.

Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour, 160

And now I find it ; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*

[*Publius, etc. lay hold on Chiron and
Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear ! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.

Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS, with LAVINIA ; he bearing a
knife, and she a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound.

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me ;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius ! 170
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd
with mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest ;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more
dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak ?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace. 180

Hark, wretches ! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad :
Hark, villains ! I will grind your bones to dust
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin I will rear

And make two pasties of your shameful heads, 190
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.

This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged :
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,

[*He cuts their throats.*]

189. *coffin*, crust (of a pie). avenged her sister Philomel's
wrong by serving up to him his
196. *Progne*, wife of Tereus, son at a banquet.

Receive the blood : and when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
 So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

200

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

SCENE III. *Court of Titus's house. A banquet set out.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with
 AARON prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what
 fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
 Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
 For testimony of her foul proceedings :
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong ;
 I fear the emperor means no good to us.

10

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

202. *officious*, zealously ac-
 tive.

the Lapithæ at the marriage
 feast of Pirithous.

204. *the Centaurs' feast*, the
 battle between the Centaurs and

3. *ours with thine*, it is our
 mind as well as yours.

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with ÆMI-
LIUS, Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than
one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break
the parle!

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

20

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at
table.*

*Enter TITUS dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA veiled,
young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the
dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome,
dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

30

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

19. *break the parle*, break off and Dyce, suits the context
this angry discussion. This better than Johnson's 'open the
rendering, proposed by Douce *parley*.'

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this :
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

40

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

[*Kills Lavinia.*

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind ?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage : and it now is done.

50

Sat. What, was she ravish'd ? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat ? will't please your highness feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

Tit. Not I ; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius :

38. *Because she was enforced,* with that of Lucretia. So v. 41.
etc. This seems to rest upon a 44. *lively,* living, actual ; not
confusion of the story of Virginia merely one recorded in literature.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue ;
 And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie ; 60
 Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
 Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Kills Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed !

[*Kills Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?
 There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed !

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult.*

*Lucius, Marcus, and others go up
 into the balcony.*

Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of
 Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
 Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
 O, let me teach you how to knit again 70
 This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
 These broken limbs again into one body ;
 Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
 And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
 Do shameful execution on herself.
 But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,
 [*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst
 our ancestor, 80

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
 To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
 The story of that baleful burning night

73. *Lest Rome.* Capell's emendation. Qq Ff *Let Rome.*

77. *chaps,* deep furrows.

When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy,
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel ;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory, 90
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale ;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him
speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother ;
And they it were that ravished our sister :
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ; 100
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood ; 110
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I ;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft ! methinks I do digress too much.
Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this
child : [Pointing to the Child in the arms
of an Attendant.

Of this was Tamora delivered ; 120
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes :
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans ?

Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now, 130
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak ; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor ; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor !

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[To Attendants.

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[Exeunt Attendants.

LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the others descend.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans : may I govern so,

To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe
 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
 For nature puts me to a heavy task :
 Stand all aloof : but, uncle, draw you near,
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
 O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

150

[*Kissing Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
 The last true duties of thy noble son !

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :
 O, were the sum of these that I should pay
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

Luc. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn
 of us

160

To melt in showers : thy grandsire loved thee well :
 Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet and agreeing with thine infancy ;
 In that respect, then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
 Because kind nature doth require it so :
 Friends should associate friends in grief and woe :
 Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

170

Young Luc. O grandsire, grandsire ! even with
 all my heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again !
 O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with AARON.

Æm. You sad Andronici, have done with woes :
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him ;

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food: 180

If any one relieves or pities him,

For the offence he dies. This is our doom :

Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb ?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers

I should repent the evils I have done :

Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did

Would I perform, if I might have my will :

If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very soul. 190

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave :

My father and Lavinia shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,

No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,

No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;

But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;

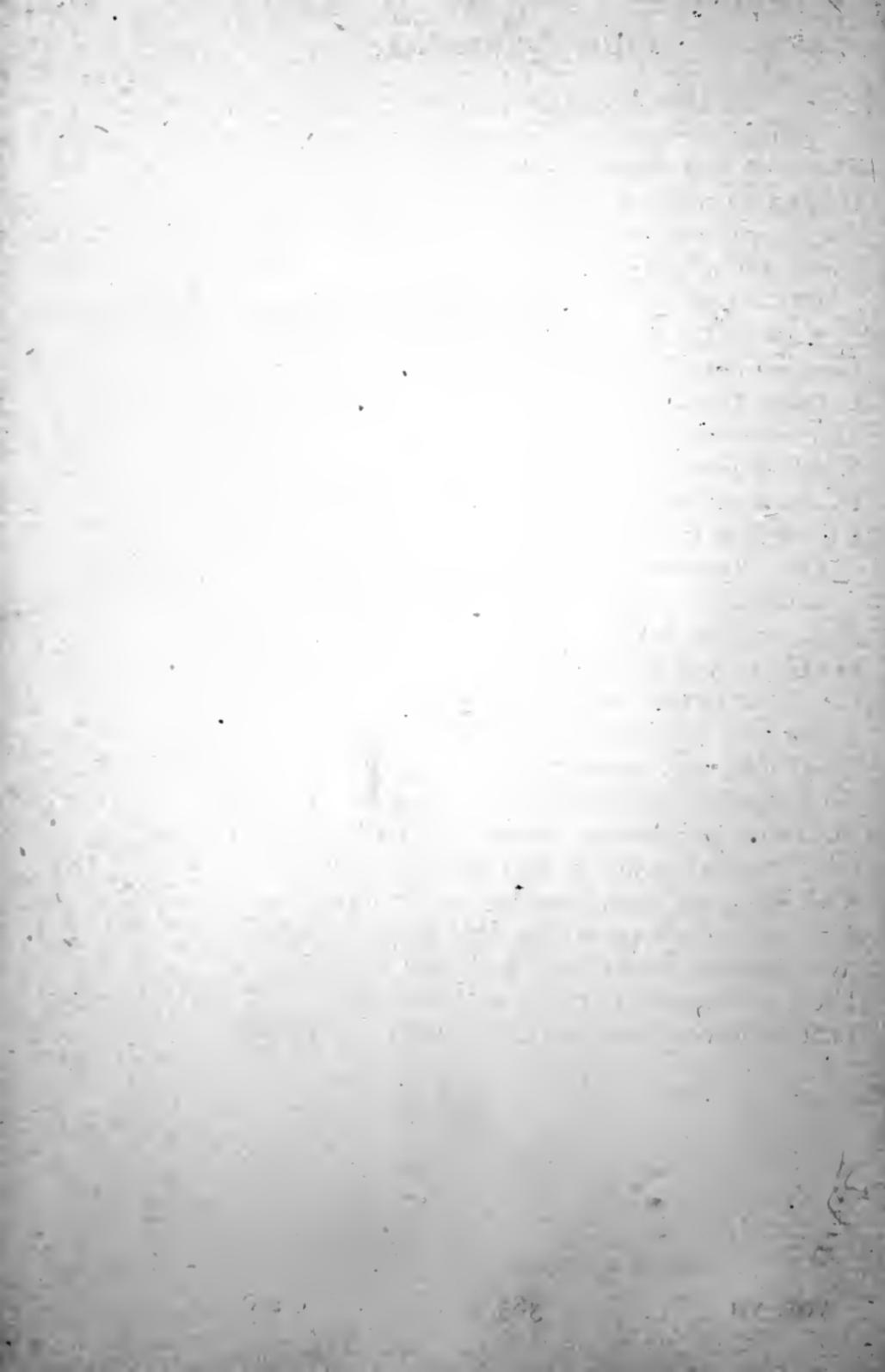
And, being so, shall have like want of pity. 200

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :

Then, afterwards, to order well the state,

That like events may ne'er it ruinat. [*Exeunt.*]



Bibliography on Romeo & Juliet

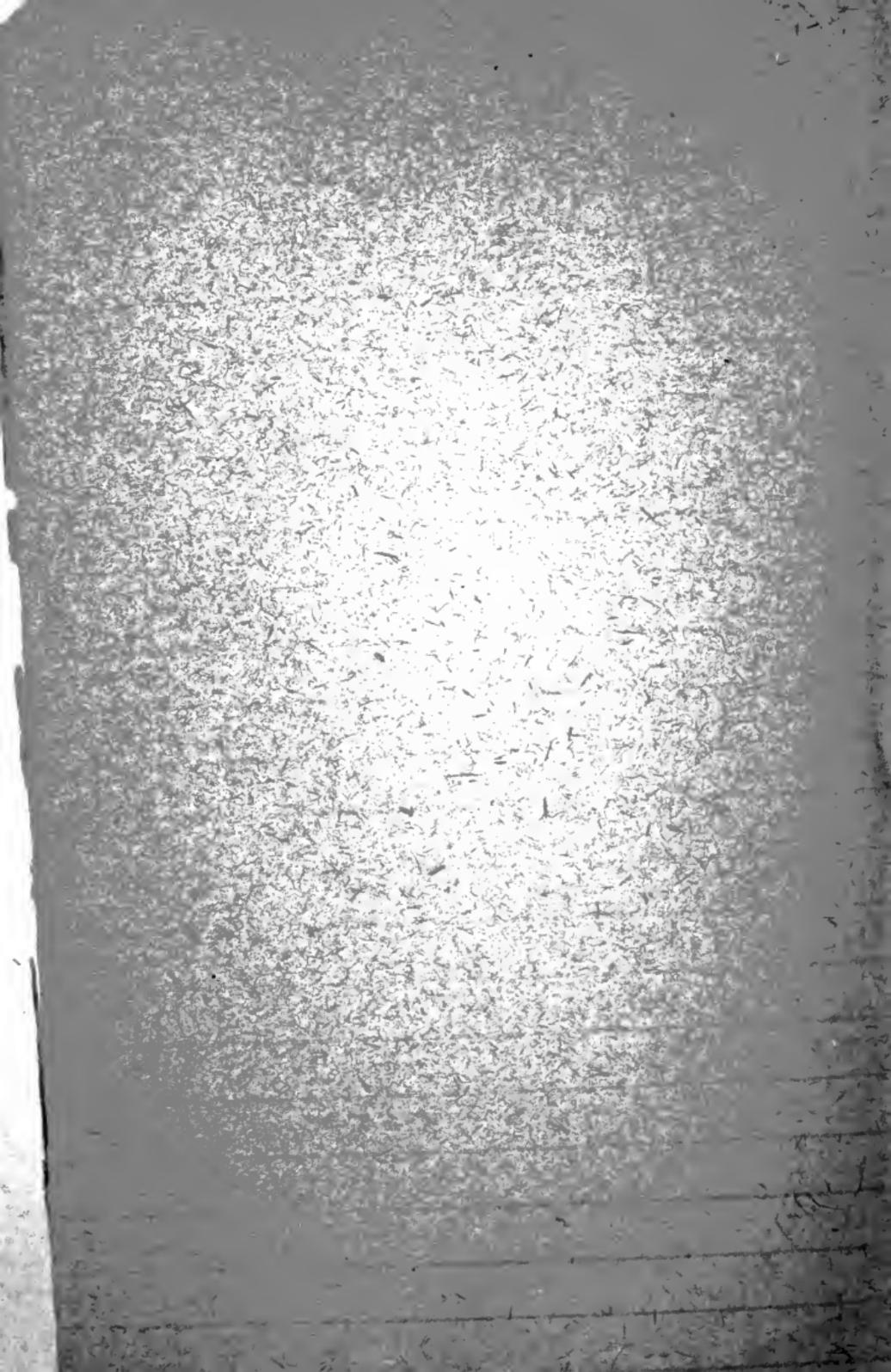
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ROMEO AND JULIET

8.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.

MONTAGUE, } heads of two houses at variance with each
CAPULET, } other.

An old man, cousin to Capulet.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

FRIAR LAURENCE, } Franciscans.
FRIAR JOHN, }

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.

ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua.*

DURATION OF TIME

(Daniel, *Time Analysis*, p. 191 f.)

Six consecutive days, beginning on the morning of the first and ending early on the morning of the sixth.

Day 1. (Sunday) I., II. 1., 2.

„ 2. (Monday) II. 3.-6., III. 1.-4.

„ 3. (Tuesday) III. 5., IV. 1.-3.

„ 4. (Wednesday) IV. 4., 5.

„ 5. (Thursday) V. 1.-3.

„ 6. (Friday) ending of V. 3.

Dramatis Personæ. These were first given by Rowe.

INTRODUCTION

THE first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* was a Quarto published in 1597, with the title:—

AN | EXCELLENT | conceited Tragedie | OF |
Romeo and Juliet, | As it hath been often (with great
applause) plaid publicly, by the right Ho- | nourable
the L. of *Hunsdon* | his Seruants, | LONDON, | Printed
by John Danter. | 1597. |

Q1

59

Two years later a second Quarto appeared, with the title:—

THE | MOST EX- | cellent and lamentable | Tragedie,
of Romeo | and *Juliet*. | *Newly corrected, augmented*
and amended: | As it hath been sundry times pub-
liquely acted, by the | right Honourable the Lord
Chamberlaine | his Seruants. | LONDON | Printed by
Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to | be
sold at his shop neare the Exchange. | 1599. |

Q2

159

A third Quarto was published in 1609, 'as it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe'; a fourth, undated (but probably later than 1623), with the name 'W. Shakespeare' for the first time mentioned on the title-page, in some copies. A fifth appeared in 1637.

Q3.

= F1

The First Folio was printed from the Third Quarto, with a number of minute changes 'some accidental, some deliberate, but all generally for the worse, excepting the changes in punctuation and in the

Romeo and Juliet

stage directions' which are usually for the better (Camb. edd.).

The principal textual problem of the play concerns the relation of the first two Quartos. All critics agree that the First Quarto is a pirated text, made up from notes taken in the theatre, eked out by occasional access to the MS. The great majority of its countless divergences from the other Qq can be accounted for, as the school of Mommsen would account for all, by omission, mutilation,¹ or botching.² Some of the most superb passages are so far preserved that we can be certain they existed entire in the play as performed in 1597. In a certain proportion of cases the First Quarto even preserves readings palpably more genuine than those of the Second, and every editor has admitted more or fewer of them into his text.³ But a considerable residue tends to confirm the assertion of the title-page of the Second Quarto, that its text was 'newly corrected, augmented, and amended.' The Cambridge editors, while expressing their general accord with Mommsen's view, yet demur in the one

¹ A good instance (out of scores) is iii. 1. 202, where the genuine 'Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill,' becomes: 'Mercy to all but murderers, pardoning none that kill.'

² Tycho Mommsen: *Shakespeare's Romeo und Julia* (1859), an exemplary critical edition of the two texts printed face to face. Mommsen's too peremptory rejection of the revision theory has tended to make this attitude orthodox in Germany in the analogous case of *Hamlet*, where that theory has still firmer ground. His uncompromising advocacy of the Second Quarto has been supported (not without extrava-

gance) by R. Gericke, *J. B.* xiv., 207. A parallel edition of the two texts has also been issued by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*New Sh. Society*, 1874).

³ Thus several entire verses (e.g. i. 4. 7, 8) are only found in Q₁. Examples of clearly genuine readings confined to Q₁ are ii. 1. 13, 'Cupid, he that shot so trim' ('true' Qq Ff); iii. 1. 129, 'fire-eyed fury' ('fire end' Q₂, 'fire and' Ff.); iii. 5. 182, 'nobly train'd' (Q₂ 'liand,' Q₃ Ff 'allied'), etc. Q₁ gives Mercutio's Queen Mab speech in verse: all the other Qq in prose.

Introduction

instance of ii. 6. 16-37,—the meeting of Romeo and Juliet at the Friar's cell,—though they 'know of no other passage of equal length where the same can be affirmed with certainty.' The divergence here is indeed startling. Here are a few lines from the dialogue of the lovers in Q_1 :—

Jul. Romeo.

Rom. My Juliet welcome. As do waking eyes
Closed in Night's mists attend the frolick Day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet,
And thou art come.

Jul. I am, if I be Day,
Come to my Sun : shine forth and make me fair.

Rom. All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.

Jul. Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.

Fri. Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass,
Defer embracements till some fitter time.
Part for a while, you shall not be alone
Till holy Church have joined ye both in one.

Rom. Lead, holy Father, all delay seems long.

Jul. Make haste, make haste, this lingering doth us wrong.

Compare this with the later dialogue :—

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work ;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

The two dialogues do not differ merely in expres-

Romeo and Juliet

siveness and effect; they embody different conceptions of the lovers' character, and even of the psychology of love. In the first they fling to and fro light lyric phrases of love-longing; in the second they thrill with a passion too deep for utterance.

A few passages in the final text have perhaps survived from a 'Romeo and Juliet' conceived throughout in the slighter and more conventional manner of the first passage: e.g. Juliet's antithetical see-saw in iii. 2. 75:—

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!

and Romeo's extravagance in iii. 3. But it is futile to attempt to distinguish these by a comparison of the two Quartos.¹

On the other hand, it is impossible to attribute to Shakespeare the rude travesty offered by the First Quarto of the lamentations over Juliet (iv. 5.). Even in the Qq and Ff the naïve iterativeness of simple mourners is carried to the verge of the grotesque; in Q₁ the writer rings the changes on a few stock phrases of the tragic stage, themselves ignorantly mutilated. 'Cruel, unjust, *impartial* destinies' is the burden of Capulet's cry.

The theory of an earlier form of the play receives no support from the German version acted by the English players, under the title 'Von Romeo undth

¹ How futile is apparent from the expedients to which Brandes finds himself reduced in his bold revival of the 'first sketch' theory (*Shakespeare*, E. T. p. 91). Another passage in this antithetic style (i. 1. 184 f.) is omitted in Q₁; while that just quoted (iii. 2. 75, 76) is retained. Brandes is

equal to the emergency. 'So little did it jar upon Shakespeare,' he explains, 'that Romeo in the original text should thus apostrophise love [i. 1. 184 f.], that in the course of revision he must needs place in Juliet's mouth these quite analogous ejaculations [iii. 2. 75].'

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would place the play before 1592. But the arithmetic of the Nurse is an insecure trust, and if it were surer, it is very doubtful whether it has any bearing upon the date of the play. Grant that Juliet's age was to be fourteen, and that the story of her weaning and the earthquake had been independently imagined, the number of years which had passed since the earthquake would in any case be eleven or thereabouts. And though Daniel had the reputation of making undue use of others' (and notably of Shakespeare's) wit, it is to be considered that the fine trait of the lingering 'roses' in the cheeks of the dead Rosamond lay pretty near at hand for a poet prone to play choicely with his heroine's name:—

Rose of the world, that sweeten'd so the same.

On the other hand, many indications point to a date nearer to that of Weever's sonnet. Weever himself associates it with the *Lucrece* and the *Venus*, as well as with 'Richard'—alone of all the dramas. It is in fact linked both with the poems and with *Richard II.*, as well as with the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, by the lyric style and the lyric conception of character, as well as by many striking echoes of phrase and motive.¹

The characteristic speech of *Romeo and Juliet* is a lyric speech, exhausting the last possibilities of expression, but not yet, like the speech of *Hamlet*,

*¹ Sarrazin has compared Juliet's appeal to the Friar—

out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or,
behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this
bloody knife

Shall play the umpire—

with *Lucrece*, l. 1840, '... by this bloody knife' (in which *Lucrece* has stabbed herself)

We will revenge the death of this true wife.

Where it is to be noted that Juliet's intention to stab herself is not taken from Brooke. Can this have been suggested by the *Lucrece* story? (*J. B.* xxix. 103). Parallels to the sonnets have been pointed out by Isaac, *J. B.* xix. 187.

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opening up mysterious vistas of the unexpressed, or responsive to the finer nuances of souls. At exalted times it even assumes lyric form; and Gervinus has pointed out that the lovers exchange their first greetings in a sonnet, that Juliet utters her own *epithalamium* or marriage hymn (iii. 2.), and that the lyric dialogue of the lovers as they part at dawn echoes in everything but its unique splendour of poetry the 'dawn song' (*alba*, *Tagelied*) of mediæval poetry.¹ The evidence thus points to 1594-5 as the time at which *Romeo and Juliet* was substantially composed, though it is tolerably certain that some parts of our present text were written as late as 1596-8, and possible that others are as early as 1591.

The story of *Romeo and Juliet*, as Shakespeare found it, was already a work of art, refined and elaborated by the shaping fancy of several generations. Particular features in it have far-reaching parallels: the legendary poison which produces apparent death; the love between children of hostile houses. The so-called 'Neapolitan Boccaccio,' Massuccio, in his *Novellino*, 1476, used the device of the poison to deliver his heroine from a peril like that which threatens Juliet; but his lovers have other names, live in Siena, and are embarrassed by no family feuds. Luigi da Porto was the first to localise the romance in Verona, to call the lovers *Romeo* and *Giulietta*, and to entangle their destinies in the conflicts of noble families.² Da Porto's novel was widely read

¹ How did Shakespeare become acquainted with this mediæval lyric form, whose home was among the Troubadours and Minnesänger? The problem has keenly exercised German scholars, and is discussed with profuse learning but without very definite result by Ludwig Fränkel

in his *Shakespeare und das Tagelied*. Fränkel supposes Shakespeare to have been introduced to the German *Tagelied* by the Hanseatic merchants of London.

² That the story is not historical is now recognised. The historian of Verona, Girolamo de la Corte (1594), who relates

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in Italy, and presently inspired more pretentious versions of the story. Gherardo Boldiero sang in an epic poem (published 1553) of 'the unhappy love of two faithful lovers Giulia and Romeo,' and the blind dramatist Groto turned it into a tragedy, *Hadriana*. Both these ambitious pieces, however, were of trifling importance compared with the skilfully elaborated prose version of the story published in 1554 by the novelist Bandello. Bandello added a number of dramatic traits, motives, and minor personages: Romeo's Mentor—Benvolio, the Nurse, the love at first sight, the rope-ladder, and Juliet's vision of the horrors of the vault. In Bandello's version the story first gained currency beyond the Alps and the Pyrenees.¹ In France it was translated, with several significant changes, by Boaistuau in the *Histoires Tragiques* (1559).² In Spain it provided Lope de Vega with the materials of a tragi-comedy *Castelvines y Monteses*, and somewhat later was dramatised by

it as having happened there in 1303, merely took it from the novelist Bandello. The Montecchi and Cappelletti were historical families of Verona, but belonged to the *same* (Ghibelline) party; and as such, not as enemies, they are mentioned together in a famous line ('Vieni a veder Montecchi e Cappelletti,' *Purg.* vi. 106) by Dante, who lived in Verona but a few years after the alleged date of the event. But Shakespeare's 'Escalus' doubtless has his ultimate origin in Bartolommeo della Scala, the then Governor of Verona.

¹ Adrian Sevin had, as early as 1542, retailed a substantially identical story, with the scene

transferred to the Morea, and the names of the persons changed: the lovers, *e.g.*, are called Halquadrich and Burglipha.

² Thus (1) the rope-ladder, which in Bandello had served only for an interview, is put to the purpose which it serves in Brooke and Shakespeare; (2) the Italians had made Juliet die 'of grief': Boaistuau, less prone to sentiment, makes her stab herself; (3) in Bandello Juliet awakes before Romeo dies, but after he has taken the poison; Boaistuau makes Romeo die first (*Schulze, Entwicklung der Sage von R. und J.*—a minute comparison of all the versions; *J. B.* xi. 173 f.).

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Francesco de Rojas in *Los Bandos de Verona*.¹ In England, Bandello's novel was reproduced in two notable versions,—the metrical *Romeus and Juliet* of Arthur Brooke (1562),² and the prose translation in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1567). Of all these forms of the story Shakespeare was probably acquainted only with the two last mentioned;³ and the poem of Brooke was virtually the sole source of his own work. But the fame of the story no longer depended on literature when he wrote: the pitiful history of Romeus and Julietta adorned the hangings of chambers, and Juliet figured as a tragic heroine in the sisterhood of Dido and Cleopatra.

It was not for nothing that an Englishman handled the story before Shakespeare. Brooke enriched the Italian romance with a series of homely, realistic

¹ Both plays have been excellently translated by F. W. Cosens.

² Brooke speaks in his 'Address to the Reader' of having seen 'the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for.' A trace of this has been suspected in the fragments of a Latin tragedy, *Romeus et Julietta*, preserved in the British Museum (Sloane MS. 1775), an edition of which is announced by Mr. Gollancz. But a madrigal in the same hand, addressed to the author of *Ignoramus* (first performed 1615), and written in the midst of what is plainly the original MS. of the drama, makes it probable that Shakespeare's tragedy preceded (cf. Keller in *J. B.* xxxiv. 256).

³ Repeated attempts have

been made to prove Shakespeare indebted to Grotto's *Hadriana*; most positively by Walker (*Hist. Memoir on Ital. Tragedy*, 1799) and Klein (*Gesch. des Dramas*, v. 436). The passage to which they attach most weight is the parting scene (iii. 5.), where Latino (Romeo) bids Hadriana listen to the nightingale. But the whole resemblance reduces itself to the nightingale, while even this is quite differently applied. In Grotto it is actually the nightingale whose song is heard; in Shakespeare, Juliet would fain believe the lark to be the nightingale. Grotto's play was certainly known in England shortly after; Jonson, in *Volpone*, iii. 2, makes Lady Politick Would-be enumerate 'Cieco di Hadria vie Grotto' among the Italian authors whom she has read (cf. Schulze, *Jahrbuch*, xi. 197)

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traits congenial to the English taste of his time, most of which reappear, transfigured, in the finer art of Shakespeare. The poison-seller is already Shakespeare's desperate apothecary; Romeo, on the news of his banishment, already wallows on the ground and tears his hair. Above all, Brooke has struck out a rude but vigorous sketch of the Nurse—in Bاندello a mere name,—and given hints which Shakespeare did not despise:—her rambling garrulity about Juliet's childhood, her acceptance of Romeo's gold and prompt desertion of his cause when he is banished.

The poem, in fact, contains the entire material of the play, and the story of both might be summarised in almost identical words. But in Brooke the material forms a series of moving incidents loosely strung together in a rambling narrative; in Shakespeare it coalesces in a vital organic whole. The quarrel of the rival houses appears faintly in the background of the poem, contributing casually to the lovers' ill-luck; in the drama it is an essential condition of their tragic doom. Brooke is possessed with the mediæval faith in Fortune, and his Romeo and Juliet are alternately lifted and depressed at the bidding of her changing moods; in Shakespeare an uncontrollable wind of destiny sweeps them through the brief rapture of existence. The most obvious symptom is the enormously heightened temperature and quickened time. In Brooke the action is measured by weeks, in Shakespeare by hours. Brooke's lovers are united and live happily together for three months; then Fortune thinks fit to mingle 'sour with the sweet,' whereupon Tybalt is introduced to make an unprovoked assault upon Romeo. Shakespeare peremptorily rejected this see-saw of joy and sorrow, and made the fatal brawl and Romeo's banishment occur

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on the very noontide of his marriage, so that the rapture of the lovers is lifted into poetry by the pathos of near parting and mysterious foreboding:—

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!¹

This momentous change is very simply and naturally effected. Tybalt is introduced at Capulet's feast; Romeo kindles his anger at the same moment as Juliet's love, and he is scarcely married when he encounters Tybalt's vengeful fury. But Shakespeare drew the toils of his destiny closer yet. Brooke's Romeo, after vainly attempting to pacify Tybalt, kills him in an access of militant fury like his own. Shakespeare's Romeo deals the blow upon which the whole tragic sequel hangs, in response to a deeper and more inexorable prompting. Tybalt's hectoring threats do not disturb his self-control; he intervenes only to keep the peace. But the fiery Mercutio is not to be restrained. It is only when Mercutio has got his mortal hurt in his behalf that Romeo flings aside respective lenity and falls with fire-eyed fury upon his friend's slayer,—to realise a moment later the abyss into which his destiny has betrayed him: 'O, I am fortune's fool!' Then the prince intervenes, and now, once more, it is only the plea that he had drawn his sword in behalf of Mercutio—the prince's kinsman—which converts his sentence of death to banishment.

Thus Mercutio's participation in this critical incident gives it a far subtler coherence, and this is his chief function in the plot. In Brooke his namesake merely passes for a moment before us at the banquet, as

¹ Presentiments play an unusually prominent part in this tragedy. Premonitions haunt Romeo as he steps into the hall

of the Capulets (i. 4. 106); and Friar Laurence's forebodings are mirrored in Romeo's dreams (v. i. *init.*)

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A courtier that each where was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his speech and pleasant of device.

Shakespeare's Mercutio is the one brilliant figure in that outer world of hate which enspheres and hurries to its tragic doom the inner world of love. In the hands of previous tellers the story had gathered one after another the motley figures which compose this alien *milieu*:—Bandello's Benvolio with his temperate counsels against love; Brooke's Nurse, with her vulgar parody of it; and now Shakespeare's Mercutio, transfixing love with the shafts of his cynical and reckless wit, a gayer but not less effective negation of romance. But Shakespeare has made the other negations of calm reason and of Philistine grossness sharper and even more decisive than he found them. The Nurse, the Capulet father and mother, are all recognisable in Brooke: Shakespeare alone makes us feel the tragic loneliness of Juliet in their midst; and that not less by his ruthless insistence on every mean and vulgar trait in them, than by the flamelike purity and intensity in which he has invested Juliet herself. Brooke's Juliet is a conventional heroine of romance, distinguished from other heroines only by the particular cast of her experiences, and not palpably superior to her father, whose unreason even acquires from Brooke's rhetoric a certain Roman dignity of invective. Shakespeare's Juliet resembles an ideal creation of Raphael or Lionardo environed in the bustling domestic scenery, the Flemish plenty and prose, of Teniers or Ostade. We are spared no poignancy of contrast. The last rich cadences of the lovers' dawn-song die into the bluster of old Capulet; and Juliet's sublime 'Romeo, I come!'¹ is immediately

¹ Juliet's monologue belongs change has completely trans-
in outline to Brooke; but formed the conclusion. In
Shakespeare by an unobtrusive Brooke, after imagining the

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succeeded by the rattling of keys and dishes, and cooks calling for dates and quinces in the 'pastry.'

Thus Shakespeare at once heightened the tragic antagonism of Romeo and Juliet's world and the lyric fervour of passion which sweeps them athwart it. The entire weight of the tragic effect is thrown upon the clashing dissonance of the human elements. In this earliest of the tragedies, alone among them all, there is no guilt, no deliberate contriving of harm. Far from suggesting a moral, Shakespeare seems to contemplate with a kind of fatalist awe the mixture of elements from which so profound a convulsion ensues. He eliminates every pretext for regarding the catastrophe as a retribution upon the lovers. Their love violates no moral law: it springs imperiously from their youth, and Shakespeare has here significantly gone beyond his source and endowed his Juliet with the single-souled girlhood of fourteen;¹ neither of them dreams of any illicit union, and their marriage runs counter only to the unnatural feud between their houses. The chief agent in their tragic doom is the one wise and actively benign character in the play. The imposing figure of Friar Laurence, so clearly congenial to the poet, has tempted some critics, like Gervinus and Kreyssig, to regard him as a chorus, and to read Shakespeare's judgment upon the lovers in his weighty utterance:—

These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume.

horrors of the vault, she drinks
lest her resolution should give
way—

Dreading that weakness might or
foolish cowardise

Hinder the execution of the purposed
enterprise. (ll. 2397-8.)

Shakespeare finely makes the

sudden vision of Romeo in the
vault, and Tybalt vengefully
seeking him out, drown all con-
sideration but the longing to
join him there.

¹ In the Italian versions she
is eighteen, in Brooke sixteen.

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The love of Romeo and Juliet is in short condemned by its unmeasured intensity. 'Shakespeare on his eagle flight above all the heights and depths of human being and feeling, assuredly did not overlook these romantic abysses of the supreme passion.'¹ But we have to do not with the Olympian Shakespeare of *The Tempest*, but with a Shakespeare who, if we may trust the *Sonnets*, was not 'flying above' but plunging strenuously through the heights and depths of human feeling, and to this Shakespeare the matter was hardly so clear. He can never, it is true, have shared the modern Romantic's scorn for the world that lies outside love. He who almost from the outset grasped so profoundly the meaning of national life and the potency of law, could never have complete sympathy for lyric emotion, however entrancing, which defies them. But that he saw an ethical problem in the case is plain from the pathos which gathers, under his handling, about the lyric rebel to law, Richard II. That History presents suggestive analogies to our Tragedy. But Romeo and Juliet's passion, sovran and uncontrolled as it is, has a bearing upon public interests quite other than that of Richard's lyric self-love. His measureless caprice disorganises a great and ordered State; their passion breaks like a purifying flame upon one rotten with disease. For the lovers themselves the price of that purification is death; but our pity for them is blended with wonder and even envy. Juliet's glorious womanhood is the creation of her love; Romeo, a weaker nature, retains more infirmity,² yet he too stands out in heroic stature

¹ Kreyssig, *Vorlesungen über Shakespeare*, ii. 40.

² Juliet's clear vision never leaves her. Cf. the waking in the vault. Brooke's Juliet is at first much amazed to see in tomb so great a light

She wist not if she saw a dream or sprite that walked by night.

(ll. 2707-8.)

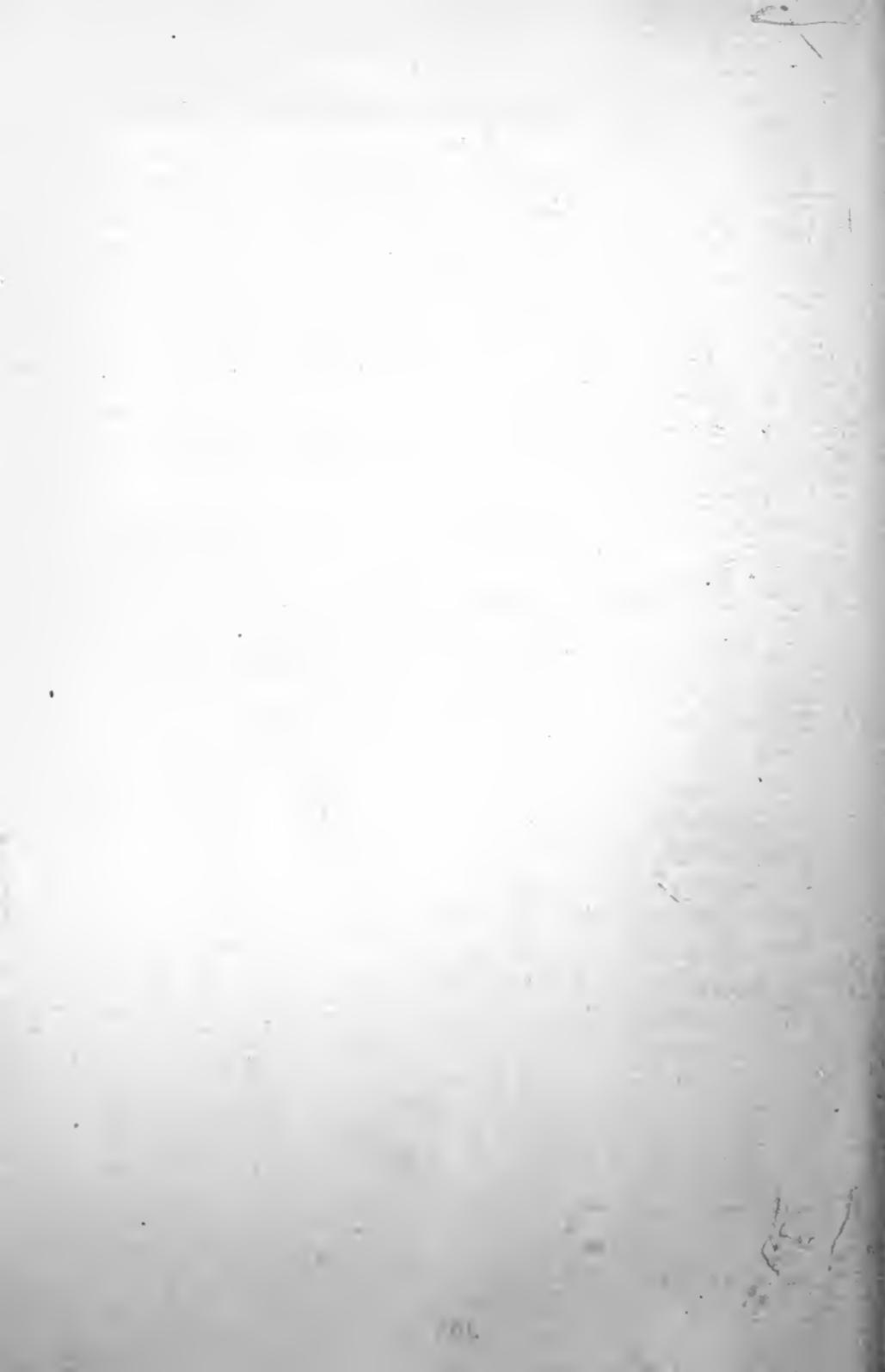
Shakespeare's Juliet instantly addresses the friar:—

O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. (v. 3. 148.)

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against the suitor *par convenance*, Paris, and the quondam wooer of Rosalinde. It is easy to dwell upon his despair at banishment, his fatal errors of judgment, as when he fails to suspect life in Juliet's still warm and rosy form.¹ But to suppose that he is unmanned by his love of Juliet contradicts the whole tenour of Shakespeare's implicit teaching. Passion for a Cressida or a Cleopatra saps the nerve of Troilus and Antony; but nowhere does Shakespeare represent a man as made less manly by absolute soul-service of a true woman: rather, this was a condition of that 'marriage of true minds' to which, in his loftiest sonnet, he refused to 'admit impediments.'

¹ Cf. Bulhaupt, *Dramaturgie des Schauspiels*, ii. 189 f.



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PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life ;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage ;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Prologue. Omitted in Ff. In 'Chorus,' the same person no doubt delivering the 'chorus' at the end of Act I.
the Qq (except Q₁) the speaker of the Prologue is described as

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. A public place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me. 10

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall. 20

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

1. *carry coals* (proverbial), stand an indignity, be put upon. of the collar,' which Ff and most modern edd. substitute.

5. *out of collar*; so Q₂, 3. This is more idiomatic than the 'out 15. *take the wall*, get the better.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt. 30

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee. 40

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them, if they bear it. 50

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR. (*Montagues*)

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

27. *cruel*; so Qq₄, 5. Q₂, 3
Ff have 'civil.'

32. *sense*, physical feeling.

37. *poor John*, a coarse fish dried and salted.

48. *bite my thumb at them*, an insulting gesture, commonly

used by swaggerers as a means of provoking quarrels. It is more precisely described by Cotgrave as performed 'by putting the thumb-nail into the mouth, and with a jerk from the upper teeth make it to knock.'

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

60

Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. [*Aside to Sam.*] Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen. (*i.e. Tybalt*)

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.* 70

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

[*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

66. *one of my master's kinsmen*, i.e. Tybalt. Gregory may be supposed to be looking in the direction from which Tybalt comes, with his back to Benvolio. Mr. Daniel's stage direction, 'Enter at opposite sides, Benvolio and Tibalt,' relieves the otherwise awkward

ambiguity.

70. *swashing*; so Q₄, 5. Q₂, 3 F₁ have 'washing,' which Shakespeare may have written; 'a washing blow' is attested in the same sense by Harvey's *Plaine Percival*, 1589 (Daniel's sedition).

73. *heartless*, timid (with a quibble).

Romeo and Juliet

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate
the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [They fight.

*Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then
enter Citizens and Peace-officers with clubs.*

First Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike!
beat them down! 80
Down with the Capulets! down with the Mon-
tagues!

*Enter old CAPULET in his gown, and LADY
CAPULET.*

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long
sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for
a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not,
let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek
a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

80. *Clubs*, the common cry
raised to part a street quarrel.

80. *bills*, the usual weapons
of watchmen.

80. *partisans*, halberts.

80. *neighbour-stained*, stained
with the blood of fellow-country-
men.

80. In spite of me 409 in despite of me
in scornful defiance of me.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you
beasts, 90

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your mov'd prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments, 100
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:

You, Capulet, shall go along with me:

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 110

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:

I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;

Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,

Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:

94. *mistemper'd*, tempered, in the Ital. original and in
hardened, to an ill end. Painter; already rendered thus

109. *Free-town*, 'Villa Franca' by Brooke.

102. *Canker'd* - corroded as tho' operated upon

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, 120
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him
 to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,
 So early walking did I see your son:
 Towards him I made; but he was ware of me
 And stole into the covert of the wood:
 I, measuring his affections by my own,
 Which then most sought where most might not
 be found

Being one too many by my weary self,
 Pursued my humour not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun 140
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
 And makes himself an artificial night:
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,

127. *drave*. Q_2 has *drive* (i.e. *driv*), a current form of the past tense, which Shakespeare may have written.

133. *affections, inclinations*.

134. Benvolio sought the least frequented places.—This verse, given in Q_2 , is replaced in most modern editions by one from Q_1 : 'That most are busied when they're most alone.'

Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him. 150

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends :

But he, his own affections' counsellor,

Is to himself—I will not say how true—

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow, 160

We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. See, where he comes : so please you step
aside,

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me ! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours ?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes
them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

159. *sun*; Theobald's emendation of Qq Ff 'same.'

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.— 190

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

176. *in proof*, in actual experience.

183. *created*; so Qq Ff. The form 'create' (Q₁ F₂₋₄) is probably due to the Q₁ editor's desire for a (quite gratuitous) rhyme.

191. *Why, such is love's transgression*. [The short line playfully caps Benvolio's. L.] Mommsen conjectured, 'Why such is Benvolio, such is,' etc.

196. *made*; so Qq Ff. Most modern edd. adopt, with Pope, 'raised' from Q₁. But 'made' (besides its far better authority) is more in keeping with the theory to which the line alludes, that the sighs of love as they rose (did not *raise* but) became vapour or 'smoke.'

197. *purged*, i.e. from the fumes of sighs. Cf. 'He shall thoroughly purge [*i.e.* fan] his floor.'

Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall and a preserving sweet. 200
 Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft ! I will go along ;
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here ;
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ! why, no ;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will :
 Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill !

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. 210

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man ! And she's fair
 I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss : she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit ;
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold : 220

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste *always*

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes
 huge waste,

205. *sadness*, seriousness.

208. *Bid a sick man*, etc.; so

Q₁. Q₂ Q₃ F₁ have 'a sicke
 man in sadness makes,' etc.

216. *proof*, armour.

217. *uncharm'd*; so Q₁. Q_q
 Ff 'uncharm'd.'

For beauty starved with her severity
 Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
 She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
 To merit bliss by making me despair :
 She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
 Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

230

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
 Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
 To call hers, exquisite, in question more :
 These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
 Being black put us in mind they hide the fair ;
 He that is stricken blind cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair ?
 Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget.

240

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,
 For men so'old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

235. To call hers, exquisite, comparison, and so make me yet more keenly alive to it.
 244. doctrine, instruction.
 4. reckoning, estimation.

① note the device - 415

Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
 My child is yet a stranger in the world ;
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
 Let two more summers wither in their pride, 10
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
 made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part ;
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light :
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see, 30
 And like her most whose merit most shall be :
 Which on more view, of many mine being one
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

15. *the hopeful lady of my earth*, my heiress.

30. *Inherit*, enjoy.

32. *Which on more view*, etc.
 So QQ₄ 5. These obscure lines
 appear to mean : 'Of which
 number, on closer view, my own
 daughter may be found, not-
 withstanding that "one among

a number is reckoned none."'
 This saying is played upon in
Sonnet cxxxvi. :—

Among a number one is reckon'd
 none :
 Then in the number let me pass
 untold.

'*Which*,' if right, is a loosely
 used relative, with the whole
 previous sentence as antecedent.

Romeo and Juliet

Come, go with me. [*To Serv., giving a paper.*]

Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, 40
the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye, 50
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that. ②

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow. *Note true reference - It is not a*

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read? *In I. 1. it was but early morning*

45. *In good time*; referring to the arrival of Benvolio and Romeo.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 60

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the
lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and
his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valen- 70
tine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daugh-
ters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Va-
lenticio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively
Helena.'

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's. 80

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, 90
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;

86 crush = here drink
90. unattainted, sincere, impartial.

And these, who often drown'd could never die,
 Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
 One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
 Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
 Herself poised with herself in either eye:
 But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
 Your lady's love against some other maid
 That I will show you shining at this feast,
 And she shall scant show well that now shows
 best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
 But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in Capulet's house.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her
 forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve
 year old,—

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
 God forbid!—Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give
 leave awhile,

We must talk in secret:—nurse, come back again;
 I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.
 Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

9. *thou's*, thou shalt.

Notes from
 some of
 a woman's
 early days
 ship

Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but
four,— *grief*

She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me:—but, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—

Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua:—

Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,

To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I
trow,

To bid me trudge:

And since that time it is eleven years;

13. *teen*, grief.

15. *Lammas*, 1st August.

23. *since the earthquake*.

Perhaps an allusion to the violent earthquake shock which actually occurred in England in 1580.

29. *bear a brain*, have a good memory.

33. *Shake, quoth the dove-*

house; the dove-house shook.

This use of 'quoth' for the action of inanimate things is said to be a Warwickshire idiom; so 'Jerk, quoth the ploughshare' (Wise, *Shakspeare and his Birthplace*, p. 112; quot. Deighton, *Romeo and Juliet*, ad loc.).

For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by
the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!

A' was a merry man—took up the child:

'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?'
quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'
La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold
thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but
laugh,

To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'

And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly:

'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee
to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed: 60
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

36. *stand high-lone*, stand
erect, alone.

48. *stinted*, stopped.

52. *it*, its.

53. *cockerel*, young cock.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

La. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, 70
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast; 80

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament *mutually dependent*

And see how one another lends content, *but or*

And what obscured in this fair volume lies *balanced*

Find written in the margent of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover, *unattached*

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride

For fair without the fair within to hide: 90

76. a man of wax, i.e. a well-modelled, shapely man.

88. cover, i.e. binding. There

is a quibble on the French legal phrase for a married woman

feme covert ('femme couverte').

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ! nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper ¹⁰⁰ served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*]

Juliet, the county stays. *not from Ital. conte*

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ?

Or shall we on without apology ?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity :

98. *endart*, dart.

3. *such prolixity.* It was often spoken by a Cupid, as in *Timon of Athens*, i. 2. 127. The usual for the masquers to be Cupid there enters and greets introduced in a formal speech, Timon, begging permission for

a speech spoken usually by a boy
Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance : *entrance*
But let them measure us by what they will ;
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 10

Rom. Give me a torch : I am not for this
ambling ;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you
dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing
shoes

With nimble soles : I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, 20
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love ;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love ;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

the masquers to be admitted ; then, on their being made welcome, withdraws and brings them in. Cf. Hen. VIII. i. 4. Neither example supports the assertion that the custom was 'out of date' when Romeo and Juliet was written.

6. *crow-keeper*, scarecrow.

8. *entrance* (three syllables).

10. *a measure*, a dance.

11. *Give me a torch.* Torch-bearers regularly accompanied a troop of masquers.

21. *pitch*, (technically) the height of a falcon's flight.

Give me a case to put my visage in :

A visor for a visor ! what care I ³⁰

What curious eye doth quote deformities ?

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter ; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase ;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own

word : = *peace, the still - house the constable's*

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho !

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer.

I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

31. *quote, note.*

37. *I am proverb'd,* etc., the old proverb fits my case, viz. that it is well to leave off when the game is at the fairest. Romeo will accordingly be a looker-on or 'candle-holder.'

40. *dun's the mouse* ; a proverbial phrase of obscure point, commonly introduced by a quibble on the word 'done,' and probably unflattering to the person who was 'done.'—Proverbs were often quoted as the sayings of some vaguely remembered authority, as in the famous collection of Hendyng's proverbs.

41. *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire.* This refers to another proverb: 'Dun is the mire,' originally used in

an old Christmas game, where a block of wood stood for a dun-horse stuck in the mire, and was to be forcibly extricated by the company. Hence 'dun is in the mire' was a jocosely appeal for help in a ticklish situation. Here Romeo is to be extricated from the 'mire' of love.

42. *sir-reverence*, proposed by Singer from Q₁ 'sir, reverence.' The other Q_q have 'or save you reverence'; Ff 'or save your reverence.'

43. *burn daylight*, waste time (proverbial).

45. *We waste our lights in vain*, etc. Capell's emendation. Q_q have: 'We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day'; Ff: 'We waste our lights in vaine, lights, lights by day.'

Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I. 50

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been
with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies *creatures as*

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ; *small as*

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers, 60

The traces, of the smallest spider's web,

The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film,

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid ;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops night by night 70

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;

47. *five wits.* These were commonly worn in rings.

57. *atomies,* atom-like creatures.

65, 66. Idle fingers were

popularly believed to breed parasites.

55. *agate-stone,* figures cut in relief on the agate-stones

O'er courtiers' knees that dream on court'sies
straight,

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are :

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;

And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,

80

Then dreams he of another benefice :

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of healths five-fathom deep ; and then anon

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,

And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the night,

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

90

Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes :

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,

That presses them and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage :

This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace !
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,

Which are the children of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,

Which is as thin of substance as the air

And more inconstant than the wind, who woos

100

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,

90. *bakes the elf-locks*, cakes
or clots the hair of slovens in
what were thence called 'elf-

locks.' Hatred of 'sluts and
sluttery' was one of the most
pronounced traits of elfdom.

negative flight 427, which is all in itself, and is more over in perfect being with the character of the speaker. The

And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from
ourselves ;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early : for my mind misgives

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

With this night's revels, and expire the term

It has

Of a despised life, closed in my breast,

110

By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

But He, that hath the steerage of my course,

Direct my sail ! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A hall in Capulet's house.*

Musicians *waiting.* *Enter* Servingmen, *with*
napkins.

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not
to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape
a trencher!

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in
one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too,
'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, re-
move the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good
thou, save me a piece of marchpane ; and, as thou

103. *face*; so Q₁. Qq Ff 'side.'

ib. *dew-dropping*, rainy.

The south wind was believed to
becharged with noxious vapours.

109. *expire*, conclude.

7. *joint-stools*, folding-chairs.

8. *court-cupboard*, the side-
board, on which the plate was
displayed.

9. *marchpane*, a sweet con-
fection of almonds and sugar,
Ger. 'Marzipan.'

Romeo and Juliet

lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone ¹⁰
and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for,
asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Sec. Serv. We cannot be here and there too.
Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer
liver take all.

*Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his
house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have
their toes

Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all ²⁰
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye
now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis
gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians,
play.

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

28. *A hall, a hall!* i.e. clear the hall.

note
fine
realis
touch
of this
conve
sation
between
the two

Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir; 40
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Servingman*] What lady is that,
which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, 50
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, *grotesque*
To flear and scorn at our solemnity? *mask*
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, 60
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

58. *an antic face, a grotesque mask.*

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone ;
He bears him like a portly gentleman ;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth : 70

I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement :
Therefore be patient, take no note of him :
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest :
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured :
What, goodman boy ! I say, he shall : go to ;
Am I the master here, or you ? go to. 80
You'll not endure him ! God shall mend my soul !
You'll make a mutiny among my guests !
You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to ;
You are a saucy boy : is't so, indeed ?
'This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what :
You must contrary me ! marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts ! You are a princox ; go : *leave it*
Be quiet, or—More light, more light ! For shame !
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts ! 90

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitterest gall. [*Exit.*

68. *portly*, of good carriage,
well-bred.

88. *princox*, pert boy.

83. *set cock-a-hoop*, pick a
quarrel, make a disturbance.

91. *Patience perforce*, enforced
patience.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

Rom. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworhiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this; 100
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect
I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have
took. 110

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word
with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

96. *the gentle sin*; probably, as Ten Brink (*J. B.* xiii. 370) suggested, with a play upon 'Gentile,' heathen, in contrast

with the pious pilgrims. The sin is thus a 'gentle' one in spite of its 'profanity.' L. 112. *by the book*, by rule.

Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt. 120

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman? 130

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would
not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name: if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate! 140
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within 'Juliet.'*]

Nurse. Anon, anon!

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

119. *chinks* (colloquial), coin, money.

124. *banquet*, dessert.

142. *Prodigious*, monstrous.

ACT II

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful
hooks :
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ; 10
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where :
But passion lends them power, time means, to
meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *A lane by the wall of Capulet's
orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

2. *gapes, longs.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and
'dove;'

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

13. *Adam Cupid.* Upton's emendation for Qq Ff 'Abraham Cupid.' The emendation is made almost certain by *Much Ado*, i. 1. 260: 'He that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam,'—the allusion being to Adam Bell, a famous archer whose prowess was celebrated in ballads.

14. *King Cophetua.* The ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid contained a stanza:—

The blinded boy that shoots so trim
From heaven down did he;
He drew a dart and shot at him
In place where he did lie.

16. *ape* (used endearingly), 'poor fellow.'

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjured it down ;
That were some spite : my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night :
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et cætera, thou a poperin pear !
Romeo, good night : I'll to my truckle-bed ;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :
Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then ; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*]

But, soft ! what light through yonder window
breaks ?

31. *humorous*, humid, moist
(with a quibble on the common
sense, capricious).

39. *truckle-bed*, a bed running
on wheels, thus able to be
pushed under another one.

40-42. The text is here a com-
position of readings from Q₁
and Q₂.

40. *field-bed*, i.e. one out of
doors.

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she: *a - 10*
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
 It is my lady, O, it is my love! 10
 O, that she knew she were!
 She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
 Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven 20
 Would through the airy region stream so bright
 That birds would sing and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him 30
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

8, 9. *Her vestal livery* . . . allusion to the white and green
wear it; probably with an livery of the court fool.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT II

(1) Deny thy father and refuse thy name ;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I
speak at this ?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy ;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot, 40
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name !
What's in a name ? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes *name*
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized ; 50
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that, thus bescreen'd
in night,
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound :
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike. 60

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore ?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,

61. *dislike, displease.*

note how Juliet's name is a pun on Romeo's
by maidenly - What a dramatic name of the d
vice used - to be Juliet's behavior - to be

sc. II

Romeo and Juliet

And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls ;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords : look thou but
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
their sight ;

And but thou love me, let them find me here :

My life were better ended by their hate,

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love. *delayed (16*

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place ? *II. 1. 4*

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to
inquire ;

80.

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke : but farewell compliment !

Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'

90.

And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light :
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 100
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
 moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear : although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night :
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
 Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night ! 120
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

92. at lovers' perjuries, etc. For Jove himself sits in the azure skies
 From Marlowe's translation of And laughs below at lovers' perjuries.
 Ovid's *Ars Amat.*, bk. i :—

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
 for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst re-
 quest it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what pur-
 pose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit, above.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
 indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

124. *as that*, i.e. as to that
 heart, etc.

141. *substantial* (four syl-
 lables).

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam !

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,

150

I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam !

Jul. By and by, I come :—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night !

[*Exit, above.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist ! O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again !

160

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,

With repetition of my Romeo's name. Romeo !

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name :

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet ?

151. *By and by*, directly.

160. *tassel-gentle*, tercel-gentle, the male of the falcon.

164. *Romeo* ; inserted by Camb. edd. from *Q*₁.

168. *My sweet*. *Q*₁ has

'Madam,' *Q*₂, *3* and *F*₁ 'my neece.' The later Quartos alter this to 'my dear,' the later Folios to 'my sweet.' The former, though adopted by the Camb. edd., strikes a jarring note.

Romeo and Juliet

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then. 170
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee
gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird;

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,

So loving-jealous of his liberty. 180

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. *Handwritten: // -! as a... 1700 y.*

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[*Exit above.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, *Handwritten: spiritual*

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.* 190

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.**Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the
 frowning night,
 Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
 And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels :
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours /
 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb ;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb ; 10
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find,
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
 But to the earth some special good doth give,
 Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse : 20
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power :

1. *grey-eyed* ; the epithet describes the bright clear blue of early morning.

3. *fleckled* ; so Qq ('fleckeld') ; an unexampled but picturesque formation from 'flecked' on the analogy of 'speckled' etc.

4. *fiery* ; so Q₁ ; 'burning,' Q₂.

7. *osier cage*, osier basket.

23. *weak*, so Qq Ff. Most edd. alter with Q₁ to 'small,' for no sufficient reason.

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
 part ;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. 30

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite !
 What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
 reign :
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art up-roused by some distemperature ; 40
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true ; the sweeter rest was
 mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosa-
 line ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
 I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son : but where hast
 thou been, then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again. } *of poor*
 I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, 50

40. *distemperature*, disease.

That's by me wounded : both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies :
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
 drift ;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is
 set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
 And all combined, save what thou must combine 60
 By holy marriage : when and where and how
 We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is
 here !

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
 Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline ! 70
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste !
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :
 If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :
 And art thou changed ? pronounce this sentence
 then,

51. *both our remedies*, the commonplace that the sighs of
 cure of us both. love as they rose formed clouds.

73. Alluding to the poetic Cf. i. i. 196.

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men. 80

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love
now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run
fast. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

90. *In one respect*, in virtue
of one consideration.

93. *I stand on*, have urgent
need of.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT II

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter. 10

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. 20 He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By 30 Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lament-

14. *shot*; so Q₁. Q₂ 'run.'

15. *pin*, centre of the target, bull's-eye.

16. *butt-shaft*, an arrow used for shooting at butts.

19. *More than prince of cats*. Tybert, or Tybalt, was the name of the cat in *Reynard the Fox*.

20. *captain of compliments*, master of etiquette.

21. *prick-song*, music sung from notes.

25. *of the very first house*, etc., of the highest rank as a duellist;

an adept in the *first* and *second* and other 'causes,' which were held in duellist etiquette to justify a duel. Cf. Touchstone's 'We met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause,' *As You Like It*, v. 4.

26. *passado*, thrust, in fencing.

27. *punto reverso*, a back-handed stroke.

27. *hai* (Ital. 'thou hast it'), a home-thrust.

29. *affecting fantasticoes*, affected coxcombs; so Q₁. Q_{2,3} F₁ 'phantacies.'

Romeo and Juliet

able thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones! —

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he
40
for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?
50

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

35. *pardon-me's*, persons continually saying 'pardon me.' Q₁ has 'pardonmeas'; Q₂ 'pardons mees'; F₁ 'pardon-mee's'; Q₄ 'pardons - mees.' Camb. edd. make 'perdonami's of the last, Delius 'pardonnez-mois'; but the weight of authority is for the English phrase.

37. *their bones*; perhaps a play on Fr. 'bon' was intended—their continual exclamation, 'bon!' Some edd. accordingly print 'bon's.'

45. *grey*, blue.

47. *French slop*, loose hose, a fashion borrowed from France.

51. *slip*, a colloquial term for a counterfeit coin.

(I) Romeo and Juliet

ACT II

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

60

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

70

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou was not there for the goose.

80

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

59. *kindly*, aptly.

64. *flowered*, 'pinked' with holes in the shape of a flower.

65. *Well said*; so Q1. Qq Ff 'sure wit.'

69. *single-soled*, simple, childish.

75. *wild-goose chase*, a kind of horse race. 'Two horses were started together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him

over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go (Hudson).

78. *was I with you there for the goose?* i.e. was I a match for you with my retort?

82. *good goose, bite not*; a proverb.

83. *bitter sweeting*, a kind of apple in favour for apple-sauce to a goose.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. 90

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair. *against the hair* 100

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter! 110

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

87. *cheveril*, kid-skin, proverbially pliable and elastic.

90. *far and wide a broad goose*; perhaps 'far and wide abroad, goose'; or *broad* may be 'flat, arrant.' Staunton suggested 'brood-goose.' No fine

point need be sought in the phrase, for Romeo's preoccupied mind betrays itself in his harsh and strained wit.

97. *bauble*, the fool's club.

100. *against the hair*, against the grain.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT II

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman. *in mockery*

Nurse. Is it good den ?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you ! what a man are you ! 120

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar. *G. - for himself to man*

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said ; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a' ? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo ?

Rom. I can tell you ; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. 130

Mer. Yea, is the worst well ? very well took, i' faith ; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So ho !

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No hare, sir ; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.* 140

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent :

116. *God ye good den*, (God give you) good evening (a greeting used from noon onwards, as it still is in the country).

119. *prick*, point.

133. *confidence*, (blunder for)

conference.

136. *So ho!* a technical term of the chase, used on discovering the hare.

139. *hoar*, mouldy.

Romeo and Juliet

But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*sing-* 150
ing] 'lady, lady, lady.'

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll 160
find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. 165
And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that 170
every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!

146. *hoars*, grows mouldy.

151. 'lady, lady, lady.' The burden of the ballad of *Susanna*.

154. *ropery*, roguery (with a suggestion of 'rope,' i.e. halter), but probably not meant for a blunder, as it occurs elsewhere in this sense. Q₁ has 'rope ripe.'

162. *flirt-gills*, loose women.

162. *skains-mates*, companions (perhaps from 'skein,' as if originally meaning 'fellow-spinners.' Malone thought of 'skain,' a short sword; but the word must refer to female companions. It occurs nowhere else, and may be merely one of the Nurse's blunders).

Romeo and Juliet

ACT II

Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak 180 dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer. 190

Rom. Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee, 200
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

201. *tackled stair, rope ladder.*

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel. 210

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—I ord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? 220

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*]

Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*]

217. *properer*, handsomer.

218. *clout*, sheet, piece of linen.

223. *the dog's name*; R, as resembling the dog's growl, was known as 'the dog's letter' in

the old grammars; and a verb was even coined, 'to arre,' to growl. Hence the illiterate Nurse takes for 'mockery' the suggestion that 'Romeo' and 'Rosemary' begin with 'arre.'

no be
double
true

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.**Enter* JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send
 the nurse ;
 In half an hour she promised to return.
 Perchance she cannot meet him : that 's not so.
 O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
 Driving back shadows over louring hills :
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 10
 Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
 She would be as swift in motion as a ball ;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me :
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
 O God, she comes !

Enter Nurse and Peter.

O honey nurse, what news ?
 Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.* 20

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why
 look'st thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
 If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile.

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunce have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

26. *jaunce*, wild ramble, jaunt; so *Q*₂. *Q*₁ 'jaunt.'

36. *circumstance*, detailed account.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT II

To catch my death with jauncing up and down !

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
love ?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentle-
man, and a courteous, and a kind, and a hand-
some, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your
mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ! why, she is within ; 60
Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest !
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother ?'

Nurse. O God's lady dear !
Are you so hot ? marry, come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil ! come, what says
Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift
to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence'
cell ;

70

There stays a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark :
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go ; I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune ! Honest nurse, fare-
well.

[*Exeunt.* 80

67. coil, ado.

SCENE VI. *Friar Laurence's cell.**Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,

That after hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare ;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, 10
Which as they kiss consume : the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady : O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity. 20

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too
much. ⁽¹⁾

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more

(1) note Juliet's ^{12. his, its.} charming self-posses-
49

Romeo and Juliet

ACT III

blazon
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

imagination
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in
words,

30

Brag of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work ;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and
Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire :
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood
stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me
his sword upon the table and says 'God send me

26. *blazon*, celebrate.

31. *i.e.* rejoices in possessing,
not in brilliantly describing its
possession.

30. *Conceit*, imagination.

Romeo and Juliet

no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow? 10

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling! 20
30

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. 40
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT III

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear ⁵⁰ nothing but discords: here 's my fiddlestick; here 's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw unto some private place, And reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

49. *Consort* (a play on the sense, 'company of musicians'). 66, 67. *i.e.* the rage appertaining to such a greeting.

That thou hast done me ; therefore turn and draw. 70

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
Alla stoccata carries it away. [Draws.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of 80
your nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal,
and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the
rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out
of his pilcher by the ears ? make haste, lest mine
be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage ! 90
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets :
Hold, Tybalt ! good Mercutio !

[Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio,
and flies with his followers.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses ! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 'tis
enough.

74. *tender*, regard.

77. *Alla stoccata*, a rapier-
thrust. Qq Ff 'Alla stucatho,'
'Allastucatho.'

82. *dry-beat*, thrash.

84. *pilcher*, scabbard (con-
temptuously ; perhaps with an
allusion to 'pilch,' a leather
jerkin).

Romeo and Juliet

ACT III

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill 100
serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, 110
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, And soundly too: your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel! 120

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

① || *Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth
depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

124. *depend, impend.*

of Dowden says: death of Mercutio is like the removal of a stone

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
 Away to heaven, respective lenity, *considerate*
 And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again, 130
 That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company:
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort
 him here,
 Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
 Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,
 If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
 [Exit Romeo.]

Enter Citizens, etc.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
 Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
 I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
 their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all

128. *respective*, considerate,
 scrupulous.

139. *amazed*, bewildered.
 147. *discover*, disclose.

152 The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

150

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's
child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood
is spilt

Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink

How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal

Your high displeasure: all this uttered

160

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats

Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than
his tongue,

170

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,

And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;

But by and by comes back to Romeo,

Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,

And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I

148. *manage*, course.159. *nice*, trifling.

Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

180

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague ;
 Affection makes him false ; he speaks not true :
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
 friend ;

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

190

Prin. And for that offence
 Immediately we do exile him hence :
 I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses :
 Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body and attend our will :
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

*punished by
 fineing.*

200

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' lodging : such a waggoner

193. *hate's*; Knight's emendation for Qq Ff 'hearts.'

As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties ; or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown
 bold,
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, night ; come, Romeo ; come, thou day in
 night ;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd
 night, 20

3. *Phaethon*, who rashly attempted to drive the chariot of the Sun.

6. *runaways'*. No interpretation of this word is satisfactory. Those who retain it commonly explain it 'ramblers, vagabonds,' whose observation Romeo could not defy till it was dark ; a prosaic idea. Dyce proposed 'rude day' ; Heath 'Rumour's' ; Halpin thought that 'Runaway' meant Cupid ("Epos δραπέτης"); Warburton that it referred to Phœbus in his chariot ; and Mr. Gollancz suggests, very prettily, that Runaway 'may have belonged, in the sense of "Day," to the play-

ful phraseology of Elizabethan girls, and savours of the expressive language of children's rhymes.' The latest discussion of the question is by Professor Hales, who defends 'runaways' in the sense of 'vagabonds' (*Longman's Magazine*, Feb. 1892). *See Dowden in Arden* (Ar. III)

10. *civil*, grave, sober.

12. *learn*, teach.

14. The image is from falconry. A falcon was *unmanned* when not yet brought to endure company ; it *bated* or fluttered with its wings when the hood was removed.

14. *bating*; Q₂, 3. Ff 'bayting.'

15. *strange*, i.e. untamed, shy.

Shakespeare's eulogy, that the sun had
would make the meaning more clear.

sc. II

Romeo and Juliet

Give me my Romeo ; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd : so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news ; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence. 30

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can, 40

Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'

45. *say thou but 'I,'* i.e. 'ay,' which was commonly written 'I.'

Romeo and Juliet

ACT III

And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
 I am not I, if there be such an I;
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.'
 If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no: 50
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
 eyes—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
 All in gore-blood; I swoounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break
 at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
 Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
 My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished:
 Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. 70

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
 blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

53. *God save the mark!* a blessing on it; hence, loosely,
 phrase originally used to avert 'God bless us!'
 the evil omen attaching to some
 token or 'mark,' by invoking
 56. *gore-blood*, blood that has
 been shed, clotted blood.

What is the explanation of the 470 outburst. — Juliet's

Dove-feather'd raven ! wolfish-ravening lamb !

Despis'd substance of divinest show !

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain !

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse.

There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjured,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

Ah, where's my man ? give me some aqua vitæ :

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me

old.

Shame come to Romeo !

Jul.

Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit ;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it ?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband :

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

76. *Dove-feather'd raven*, etc. ; feathered Raven' ; the later Qq
Theobald's restoration. Qq₂, 3 and F₁ 'ravenous dove, feathred
and F₁ have 'ravenous dove- Raven.'

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
 husband :

All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?
 Some word there was, worsers than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;
 But, O, it presses to my memory, 110
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :
 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished ;'
 That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there :
 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
 Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have moved ? 120
 But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
 'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished !'
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
 Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears : mine
 shall be spent, 130

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords : poor ropes, you are beguiled,
 Both you and I ; for Romeo is exiled :
 He made you for a highway to my bed ;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

117. *needly will*, needs must.

120. *modern*, common, ordinary.

Come, cords, come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding-bed ;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo

To comfort you : I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night :

I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

140

Jul. O, find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou
fearful man :

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's
doom ?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. L. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company :

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom ?

Fri. L. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his
lips,

10

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment ! be merciful, say ' death ; '

10. *vanish'd, issued.*

Romeo and Juliet

ACT III

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death : do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death : then banished, 20
Is death mis-term'd : calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog 30
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,

But Romeo may not : more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion-flies than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;

But Romeo may not ; he is banished : 40
This flies may do, but I from this must fly :

26. *rush'd aside the law*, with impetuous eagerness eluded, or contravened, the law. *haviour.*

28. *dear*, in full measure, genuine. 40-43. This passage is confused in the old editions. Q₂ gives the lines in the order : 41, 43, 40, 41 (with the variation, 'Flies may do this'), 42. F₁

33. *validity*, worth.

34. *courtship*, courtly be- 41, 43, 40.

his elaboration of the name, with the punning on the word fly does not seem to us in good taste

Romeo and Juliet

ACT III

Fri. L. Arise ; one knocks ; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock ! Who's there ?

Romeo, arise ;

Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile ! Stand up ;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my study. By and by ! God's will,

What simpleness is this ! I come, I come !

[*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's your will ?

Nurse. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand ;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L.

Welcome, then.

80

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar, Where is my lady's lord ? where's Romeo ?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case, Just in her case !

Fri. L. Owoful sympathy ! Piteous predicament !

Nurse. Even so lies she,

Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.

Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;

Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

90

86. *O woful sympathy ! Piteous predicament.* First given by Steevens to the friar. Qq

Ff include the words in the Nurse's speech ; but this is hardly credible.

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all. //

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
 With blood removed but little from her own?
 Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
 My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
 And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
 And then down falls again.

Rom.

As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
 Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my namè lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion. [Drawing his sword.

Fri. L.

Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
 Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
 The unreasonable fury of a beast:
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
 Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
 Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?

94. old, practised, experi-
 enced.

106. anatomy, frame.

119. Why rail'st thou on thy
 birth, etc. Romeo, in the play

as it stands, has not done this.
 But Brooke's Romeus, his original, had. Shakespeare has obliterated the offence but retained the reproof.

100
 Note it is not
 the Nurse's death
 to increase the
 of the world
 by torment
 heark
 Go. her
 her news
 110
 Juliet
 and
 "I am her some
 by killing her
 is the proper
 man"

Romeo and Juliet

ACT III

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet ¹²⁰
 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
 Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit :
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man ;
 Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish ;
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, ¹³⁰
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
 Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
 There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy : ¹⁴⁰
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time ¹⁵⁰
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

127. *Digressing*, deviating.

151. *blaze*, proclaim.

Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the
 night

To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this !

Fri. L. Go hence ; good night ; and here stands
 all your state :

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguised from hence :
 Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you that chances here :
 Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
 Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in Capulet's house.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter :
 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I :—Well, we were born to die.
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night :
 I promise you, but for your company,

166. *here stands all your* upon this.
state, your whole fortune depends 2. *move, open the matter to.*

Romeo and Juliet

ACT III

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;

To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by.
Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

12. *desperate tender*, bold offer.

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the
window.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. 10
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet ; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ; 20
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay than will to go :
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.
How is 't, my soul ? let's talk ; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is : hie hence, be gone, away !
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

13. *exhales*, draws out (meteors common name, 'exhalations').
being regarded as vapours drawn up by the sun ; hence their 20. *Cynthia's brow*, i.e. the moon.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT III

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division; *modulation*

This doth not so, for she divideth us:

30

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now I would they had changed voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day. *reveille*

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light; more dark and dark
our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your
chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.* 40

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll
descend. [*He goeth down*

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my
friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 50

29. *division*, modulation (in music).

a common burthen of hunting-ballads.

31. *change eyes*; the lark being said to have ugly and the toad beautiful eyes.

42. *stage direction*. This is found only in Q₁.

34. *hunt's-up*, reveille. Originally the tune played to wakesportsmen and call them together; the words being thence

43. *mylord*. . . *friend*; so Q₁. The Q_q and F₁ have a weaker reading: 'love, lord, ay, husband, friend.'

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

[Exit.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: 60
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? it is my lady mother.
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death?

70

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of
love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the
friend

Which you weep for.

54. *ill-divining*, foreboding. 65. *it is*; so Qq. Ff 'is it.'

Romeo and Juliet

ACT III

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him. 80

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles
asunder.—

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer
lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hands:

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death.

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear
thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, 90
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors 100
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find
such a man.

86. *from, beyond.*

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child ;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, 110
That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo. 120

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now ! a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ? 130

106. *needy*, joyless.

110. *sorted out*, arranged.

ib. *sudden*, speedy.

112. *in happy time*, expressing ready acquiescence (Fr. 'à

la bonne heure').

130. *a conduit, girl*; a human figure spouting water was a common feature of fountains or 'conduits.' Cf. *As You Like It*, iv. i. 154.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT III

Evermore showering? In one little body
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
 Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
 Without a sudden calm, will overset
 Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives
 you thanks. 140

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with
 you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that
 you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How how, how how, chop-logic! What
 is this? 150

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'
 And yet 'not proud:' mistress minion, you,
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
 But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
 You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

142. *take me with you*, explain yourself. now' Ff.

150. *How how*; so Q₂. 'How 154. *fettle*, dress, prepare.

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,

177-179. Capulet's 'madness' is perhaps reflected in the incoherent expression and rebel-

lious metre of these lines.

178. *hour*, at every hour.

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
 I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me: 190
 Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
 Trust to 't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

200

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
 word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be pre-
 vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.

210

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse.

Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,

186. *in her fortune's tender,*
 when fortune is offered to her.

192. *advise, reflect.*211. *stratagems, afflictions.*

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman !

Romeo's a dishclout to him : an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first : or if it did not,

Your first is dead ; or 'twere as good he were

As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. And from my soul too ;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen !

Nurse. What ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.

Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,

To make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath praised him with above compare

So many thousand times ? Go, counsellor ;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy :

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*]

216. *challenge*, claim.

having been taken down from notes in the theatre, we doubtless have here a direct clue to the original manner of playing the part. L.

234. There is a significant stage direction here in Q₁ : 'She lookes after Nurse.' This Q

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Friar Laurence's cell.**Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS.*Fri. L.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.*Fri. L.* You say you do not know the lady's
mind:

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do give her sorrow so much sway, 10
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.*Fri. L.* [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should
be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.*Par.* Happily met, my lady and my wife!*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

3. *I am nothing slow*, i.e. Qq and F_{1,2} 'talke,' which
There is no slowness in me to Mommsen retains, in the sense,
contribute to 'slack his haste.' 'I get few words of love'; but
7. *talk'd*; so Q₅. The other the expression is harsh.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday
next.

20

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with
tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

30

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

40

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion !

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye :

Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*

29. *abused*, stained.

38. *evening mass*. The practice of saying mass in the afternoon had been prohibited, a generation before Shakespeare wrote, by Pius V. (1566-72); Simpson, however, has shown (*N. Sh. Soc. Transac-*

tions, 1875) that it notwithstanding continued in certain places, among the rest at Verona. It was not Shakespeare's way to avail himself of local accidents such as this; but early associations may have suggested the phrase.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT IV

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast
done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past
help!

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it, *delay*
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 50
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time, 60
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of
hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

45. *cure*; so Q₁. Qq₂₋₄, Ff
have 'care.'

57. *label*, seal appended to a
deed.

64. *commission*, warrant.

Romeo and Juliet

A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to scape from it ;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ; 80
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow :
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone ;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

83. *chapless, jawless.*104. *borrow'd, counterfeit.*

1
100
80
100
In III. 4
it is all ready
might be found
III 5 in a line
content of the
with III 4
at end of III
(see early Ju
morning) I go
goes out to a
the train
"Wednes
is to-morr
house
double Funs
here.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier 110
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come : and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame ;
 If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

Jul. Give me, give me ! O, tell not me of fear !

Fri. L. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and
 prosperous

In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength ! and strength shall
 help afford.

Farewell, dear father !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and
 two Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit First Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for I'll
 try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?

114. *drift*, plan.

119. *toy*, capricious whim.

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. [Exit Sec. Servant.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 10

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence? 1

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is. *baggage.*

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20
To beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well: stand up:
This is as 't should be. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

14. *harlotry*, 'baggage.'

26. *becomed*, becoming.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT IV

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision: 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife: 40
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Juliet's chamber.*

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,

8. *behoveful*, fitting.

And let the nurse this night sit up with you ; 10
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
 In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night :
 Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Jul. Farewell ! God knows when we shall meet
 again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life :
 I'll call them back again to comfort me :
 Nurse !—What should she do here ?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
 Come, vial. 20

What if this mixture do not work at all ?
 Shall I be married then to-morrow morning ?
 No, no : this shall forbid it : lie thou there.

[*Laying down a dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo ?
 I fear it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man.
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
 Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones 40

29. *tried, proved.*

37. *conceit, imagination.*

Romeo and Juliet

ACT IV

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd :
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies festering in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ;
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad :—
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look ! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point : stay, Tybalt, stay !
 Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

50

[*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.* ①

This is the stage direction of ①, omitted in some other Ed. The curtains are those of the next stage. SCENE IV. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath crow'd,

42. *green*, fresh.

47. *mandrakes* ; the plant mandragora, which was thought to resemble the human form and to utter a shriek when plucked

from the earth, which caused madness in those who heard it.

2. *pastry*, the room in which pies were made.

Don't think Coleridge is wrong when he says "Shakespeare borrows for the finest deceptions"

eg "His deep eyes Juliet fall that is most in heaven
The act. In the night and the solitudes her imagination
st. iv intensely and markedly excited; but it is
not her horror but her thought of Romeo that
nerves her to the act.

Romeo and Juliet

The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :
Look to the baked-meats, good Angelica :
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed ; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit : what ! I have watch'd ere
now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
your time ;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !

*Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs,
and baskets.*

Now, fellow,

What's there ?

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir ; but I
know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First
Serv.*] Sirrah, fetch drier logs :

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out
logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. Mass, and well said ; a merry whoreson, ha !
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day :
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would : I hear him near.

[*Music within.*]

Nurse! Wife ! What, ho ! What, nurse, I say !

5. baked-meats, pastry.

11. mouse-hunt, woman-

6. cot-quean, a man who
busies himself with women's
affairs.

hunter.

13. jealous-hood, jealousy.

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up ;
 I'll go and chat with Paris : hie, make haste,
 Make haste ; the bridegroom he is come already :
 Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast,
 I warrant her, she :
 Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
 Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why,
 bride!
 What, not a word? you take your pennyworths
 now ;
 Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,
 The County Paris hath set up his rest, *resolved.*
 That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
 Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
 I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed ; 10
 He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
[*Undraws the curtains.*
 What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down
 again!
 I must needs wake you : Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho! My lord! my lady!

4. *pennyworths* (pronounced
 'pen'orths').

6. *set up his rest, resolved* (a
 phrase in the game of primero).

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. What is the matter ?

Nurse. Look, look ! O heavy day !

La. Cap. O me, O me ! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee !

20

Help, help ! Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is
come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead ; alack
the day !

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead !

Cap. Ha ! let me see her. Out, alas ! she's
cold ;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;

Life and these lips have long been separated :

Death lies on her like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

|| These are
ful lines
seen out of

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. O woful time !

30

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with*
Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son ! the night before thy wedding-day

Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,

Romeo and Juliet

ACT IV

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
 Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir ;
 My daughter he hath wedded : I will die,
 And leave him all ; life, living, all is Death's.

40

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
 face,
 And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful
 day !

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
 In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
 But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
 But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
 And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight !

Nurse. O woe ! O woful, woful, woful day !
 Most lamentable day, most woful day,
 That ever, ever, I did yet behold !

50

O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
 Never was seen so black a day as this :
 O woful day, O woful day !

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain !
 Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
 By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown !
 O love ! O life ! not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd !
 Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
 To murder, murder our solemnity ?

60

O child ! O child ! my soul, and not my child !
 Dead art thou ! Alack ! my child is dead ;
 And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure
 lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid :

Your part in her you could not keep from death,

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 The most you sought was her promotion ;
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced :
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
 She's not well married that lives married long,
 But she's best married that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church :
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

70

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral ;
 Our instruments to melancholy bells,
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Cp. Ham. IV
 175-80
 6 added:
 "Therese's rosemary"
 stick for re-
 membrance

Fri. L. Sir, go you in ; and, madam, go with
 him :

90

And go, Sir Paris ; every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave :
 The heavens do lour upon you for some ill ;
 Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet,
 Paris, and Friar.*]

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes,
 and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*]

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be
 amended.

79. *rosemary*; habitually used at weddings and funerals.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease:' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease'?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe:' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

First Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

110

Pet. You will not, then?

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel. *retort by calling you*

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature. *minstrel*

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: 120 I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me?

First Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound,

101. *Enter Peter.* Qq have 'Enter Will Kemp,' the well-known clown of the company who evidently took this part.

102. 'Heart's ease,' a popular ballad. So, 'My heart is full of woe,' below.

108. *dump*, mournful strain (misused by Peter).

115. *gleek*, a scoff.

116. *give you*, i.e. retort by calling you.

121. *note*, understand.

128. The stanza is from the beginning of a poem 'In commendation of music,' by Richard Edwards, printed in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*.

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
 Then music with her silver sound'— 130
 why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver
 sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a
 sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say 'silver sound,' because musicians
 sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-
 post?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say. 140

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer:
 I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver
 sound,' because musicians have no gold for sound-
 ing:

'Then music with her silver sound

With speedy help doth lend redress.' [*Exit.*

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this
 same!

Sec Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in
 here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. 150

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Mantua. A street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;

132. *Catling*, lit. 'catgut'; so Rebeck; lit. a three-stringed fiddle.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT V

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to
think!—

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

10

Enter BALTHASAR, booted.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

20

Rom. Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

30

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
 Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
 I do remember an apothecary,
 And hereabouts a' dwells, which late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house:
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap.

Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art
 poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
 As will disperse itself through all the veins
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fired

39. *overwhelming*, projecting.

52. *caitiff*, miserable.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT V

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, 70
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back ;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law ;
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
souls, 80

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not
sell.

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell : buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar
John.

67. *he, man.*

67. *utters, disposes of.*

Romeo and Juliet

Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge *unimportant*
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence ; 20
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.
[Exit.

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake :
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents ;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come :
Poor living corpse, closed in a dead man's tomb !

[Exit.

6. *associate*, accompany.

9-11. It was a part of the constable's business to seal up the doors of plague-stricken houses. The Middlesex Sessions Rolls contain cases of the trial

of constables for neglecting this duty.

18. *nice*, unimportant.

19. *dear*, extreme.

26. *accidents*, events.

SCENE III. *A churchyard; in it a tomb
belonging to the Capulets.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and
a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand
aloof:

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand
alone

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed
I strew,—

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

[*Retries.*

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, *with a torch, mattock, etc.*

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light : upon thy life, I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death
 Is partly to behold my lady's face ;
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 30
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I farther shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :
 The time and my intents are savage-wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable far
 Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 40

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that :

Live, and be prosperous : and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout :

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
 And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

[*Opens the tomb.*]

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,

That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief, 50
 It is supposed, the fair creature died ;
 And here is come to do some villanous shame
 To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.

[*Comes forward.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague !
 Can vengeance be pursued further than death ?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
 Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed ; and therefore came I
 hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
 Fly hence, and leave me : think upon these gone ; 60
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
 Put not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury : O, be gone !
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
 For I come hither arm'd against myself :
 Stay not, be gone ; live, and hereafter say,
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Far. I do defy thy conjurations,
 And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at
 thee, boy ! [*They fight.* 70

Page. O Lord, they fight ! I will go call the
 watch. [*Exit.*

Par. O, I am slain ! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode ? I think
 He told me Paris should have married Juliet :
 Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80
 To think it was so ? O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave ;
 A grave ? O, no ! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the monument.*

How oft when men are at the point of death
 Have they been merry ! which their keepers call
 A lightning before death : O, how may I
 Call this a lightning ? O my love ! my wife !
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy ?
 Forgive me, cousin ! Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair ? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee ;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again : here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your
 last !

90

100

Note how the m...
 Op. above
 III 2.137 (P. U.)
 and IV 5.35 (P.)

111

84. *lantern*, (in its architectural sense) a turret full of windows (such as that over the crossing of nave and transepts at Ely).
 86. *presence*, state-chamber.

Romeo and Juliet

ACT V

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. 120
[*Dies.*]

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft
 to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's
 there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
 you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good
 my friend,
 What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my
 master,
 One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour. 130

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
 And fearfully did menace me with death,
 If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then ; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me :

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here, I dreamt my master and another fought, And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo !

[*Advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains 140
The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?

[*Enters the tomb.*

Romeo ! O, pale ! Who else ? what, Paris too ?
And steep'd in blood ? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance !

The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*

Jul. O comfortable friar ! where is my lord ?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am : where is my Romeo ? 150

[*Noise within.*

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep :

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents : come, come away. || (*Fate*)

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;

And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;

Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*] ; I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 160

[*Exit Fri. L.*

What's here ? a cup, closed in my true love's hand ?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :
 O churl ! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
 To help me after ? I will kiss thy lips ;
 Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
 Thy lips are warm.

First Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy : which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise ? then I'll be brief. O happy
 dagger ! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*] ; there rust, and
 let me die.

170

[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch
 doth burn.

First Watch. The ground is bloody ; search
 about the churchyard :

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go, tell the prince : run to the Capulets :

Raise up the Montagues : some others search :

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

180

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

Sec. Watch. Here's Romeo's man ; we found
 him in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the
 prince come hither.

162. *timeless*, untimely.

181. *circumstance*, further particulars.

Romeo and Juliet

Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR
LAURENCE.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles,
sighs, and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

First Watch. A great suspicion : stay the friar
too.

Enter the PRINCE *and* Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest ?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad ?

190

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris ; and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our
ears ?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County
Paris slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd
Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

200

Cap. O heavens ! O wife, look how our
daughter bleeds !
This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,

Romeo and Juliet

ACT V

And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a
bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; 210
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in
this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a
while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true
descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear, 220
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of
breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 230
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

216. outrage, outcry.

210 (p. 1. adds "And young Benedick is decaying"

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
 I married them ; and their stol'n marriage-day
 Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
 Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
 You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
 Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
 To County Paris : then comes she to me,
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean 240
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 250
 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
 But when I came, some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking, here untimely lay
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth, 260
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

247. *as this dire night*, this 'as this very day was Cassius dire night. ('As' served to born,' *Jul. Cæs.* v. 1. 72 ; 'as define expressions of time, cf. now,' etc.).

Romeo and Juliet

ACT V

All this I know ; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy : and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy
man.

270

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter ; I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

280

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave ;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb ;
And by and by my master drew on him ;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet ! Montague !
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love.

290

And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen : all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand :

Romeo and Juliet

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more :
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

300

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings ;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head :
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. //

[*Exeunt.* 310

END OF VOL. VII











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