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*THE STUDENTS' HANDY EDITION.*

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THE WORKS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE:

THE TEXT CAREFULLY RESTORED ACCORDING TO  
THE FIRST EDITIONS; WITH INTRODUCTIONS,  
NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND  
A LIFE OF THE POET;

BY THE

REV. H. N. HUDSON, A.M.

REVISED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

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THE only contemporary notice that has reached us of **THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE** is from Dr. Simon Forman's "Book of Plays and Notes thereof," lately discovered by Mr. Collier in the Ashmolean Museum; the same dealer in occult science who has been met with in our Introductions to *The Winter's Tale*, *Macbeth*, and *King Richard II.* Unluckily, Forman's notice of *Cymbeline* does not give the date and place of the performance; but from the dates set down in other parts of his Diary it appears that he must have seen the play acted some time between the 20th of April, 1610, and the 15th of May, 1611. We subjoin the greater part of the notice:

"Remember, also, the story of *Cymbeline*, how *Lucius* came from *Octavius Cæsar* for tribute, and, being denied, after with a great army, who landed at *Milford-Haven*, and were vanquished by *Cymbeline*, and *Lucius* taken prisoner; and all by means of three outlaws, of the which two were the sons of *Cymbeline*, stolen from him when they were but two years old, by an old man whom *Cymbeline* banished; and he kept them as his own sons twenty years with him in a cave. And how one of them slew *Cloten*, that was the *Queen's* son, going to *Milford-Haven* to seek the love of *Imogen*, the king's daughter. And how the Italian that came from her love conveyed himself into a chest; and said it was a chest of plate, sent from her love and others. And in the deepest of the night, she being asleep, he opened the chest and came forth, and viewed her in her bed, and the marks of her body, and took away her bracelet; and after accused her of adultery to her love. And, in the end, how he came with the Romans into England, and was taken prisoner, and after revealed to *Imogen*, who had turned herself into man's apparel, and fled to meet her love at *Milford-Haven*; and chanced to fall on the cave in the woods where her two brothers were. And how, by eating a sleeping dram, they thought she had been dead, and laid her in the

woods, and the body of Cloen by her in her love's apparel ; and how she was found by Lucius."

All this, to be sure, does not prove that the play was new when Forman saw it ; since we know not how long it may have held its place on the stage ; and the fact of its being kept out of print during the Poet's life is strong evidence that the company were interested in retaining it for performance. It appears, also, by an entry of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, that the play was acted at Court, on the 1st of January, 1633, before King Charles I., and was " well liked by the King." Nevertheless, our own conviction is very clear that the play, as it has come down to us, was indeed fresh from the mint about the time of Forman's notice. External evidence bearing on this point, we have already implied there is none. But the play has the same general characteristics of style and imagery as *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* ; while perhaps no play in the whole series abounds more in those overcramped and elliptical passages which show too great a rush and press of thought for the author's space. The poetry and characterisation, also, are marked by the same severe beauty and austere sweetness, as in the other plays mentioned ; while the moral sentiment of the piece comes out from time to time in just that condensed and flashing energy which indicates, to our mind, the Poet's last and highest stage of art. But these points have been sufficiently dwelt upon in the other plays which we reckon to the same period ; so that there is no need of pursuing them here.

Every discerning and careful student will easily perceive that some passages of *Cymbeline*, especially in the fifth act, run in a very different style from the rest of the play. We refer, of course to that piece of dull impertinence, the vision of Posthumus in prison, his dialogue with the Jailers, and the absurd "label" found on his bosom after the vision disappeared. For nothing can well be plainer than that this whole thing is strictly impertinent. It does not throw the least particle of light on the character or motive of any person ; has indeed no business whatsoever with the action of the drama, except to hinder and embarrass it. The dialogue with the Jailers is the brightest part of it ; yet even here we have, in effect, but a stupid repetition of what Posthumus has already set forth with such utterance as Shakespeare alone could give him. This ugly blemish apart, the denouement is perfect, and the whole preparation for it made with consummate judgment and skill.

Nevertheless, there the passage stands, and, unsightly an old patch as it may seem, we have no doubt it was woven into the place by Shakespeare himself. It is very much in the manner of those rude and inartificial plays of an earlier time, which Shakespeare did more than anybody else to supersede and drive out of use. This has naturally led some to consider it the relic of an older drama, perhaps one written in the Poet's youth, and in the



other parts thoroughly rewritten when his powers were in their full-grown and ripened strength. But, whether retained from an earlier effort of his own, or borrowed from the work of some other hand, it must have been worked in with the nobler effluence of his genius for motives which could have no place with him as an artist. How well it was adapted to take with the vulgar taste of that day, may be judged well enough from the comparative thrift that waits on divers stupid absurdities of the stage in our time. Doubtless, in his day as in ours, there was a large majority who, for the sake of this blemishing stuff, would tolerate the glories of the play; and though, in this case at least, we cannot but wish it were otherwise, still it ought to be no prejudice to Shakespeare, that he was not inaccessible to such motives as have always largely influenced men in his line.

Cymbeline was first published in the folio of 1623, where it stands the last in the division of Tragedies, and the last in the volume. The original presents a tolerably well-printed text, with the acts and scenes duly marked, and the stage-directions remarkably full and precise.

The historical matter of Cymbeline, what there is of it, was drawn from Holinshed. A few passages from the old chronicler will be found in our notes, including all, we believe, that is of much importance from that source. The whole matter of old Belarius and the disguised princes, for aught that hath yet been discovered, was original with the Poet; the only mention of them in Holinshed being as follows: "Touching the continuance of Kymbeline's reign, some writers do vary, but the best-approved affirm that he reigned thirty-five years, and then died, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." The name of Cloten also was found among the ancient British kings; but the character and all the incidents belonging to it are without any historical basis. The part of the Queen, also, is throughout the Poet's own creation; at least, no originals of it have been brought to light. The main plot of the drama, with all that relates to Imogen, Posthumus, and Iachimo, is of fabulous origin.

What source Shakespeare directly drew from in this part of the play, is involved in some uncertainty. The chief points in the story seem to have been a sort of common property among the writers of Mediæval Romance. A general outline of the tale, — containing the husband's wager on the virtue of his wife, the successful falsehood practised by the undertaker, to persuade him of her infidelity, his seeking to avenge himself by her death, her escape, his subsequent discovery of the falsehood, the punishment of the traitor, and the reunion of the separated couple, — has been traced to two old French romances of the thirteenth century, and to a French Miracle-play of the Middle age. Brief sketches of all these are given in Mr. Collier's collection of ancient romances entitled Shakespeare's Library. It is remarkable that the old

Miracle-play has two points of resemblance to *Cymbelie*, which have not been found elsewhere. One is, that Berengier, who answers to Iachimo, when proposing the wager, says to the husband, — “I tell you truly that I know no woman living, but if I might *speak to her twice*, at the third time I might have all my desire.” So, in Act i. sc. 5, of the tragedy, Iachimo says, — “With no more advantage than the opportunity of a *second conference*, I will bring you from thence that honour of hers.” The other is, that Berengier endeavours to work the lady up to a fit of jealousy and resentment by telling her, — “I come from Rome, where I left your lord, who does not value you the stalk of a cherry: he is connected with a girl for whom he has so strong a regard that he knows not how to part from her.”

But the completest version of the story is in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, being the Ninth Novel of the Second Day. Here we meet with several incidents, such as the trunk used for conveying the traitor into the lady's bed-chamber, his discovery of a private mark on her person, and her disguise in male attire, which establish a connection between the novel and the tragedy; though whether the Poet read Boccaccio in the original or in a translation since lost, is still uncertain. We subjoin a sketch of the story as told by the novelist:

Several Italian merchants, meeting in Paris, fell to talking freely about their wives. “I know not,” said one, “how my wife behaves in my absence; but, whenever I meet with an attractive woman, I make the best I can of the opportunity.” “And so do I,” said another; “for whether I think my wife unfaithful or not, she will be so if she pleases.” All agreed in this opinion, except Bernabo Lomellia, of Genoa, who said he had a wife perfectly beautiful, in the flower of youth, and of such chastity, that if he were absent ten years she would remain true. Thereupon a young merchant named Ambrogio became very facetious and loose-spoken, boasting that he would seduce this modern Lucretia if opportunity were given him. Bernabo met his boast by proposing a wager, which the other accepted.

Ambrogio then went to Genoa, where he soon found that Ginevra had not been overpraised, and that his wager would be lost, unless he could prevail by some stratagem. Accidentally meeting with a poor servant-woman of Ginevra's, he bribed her to his purpose; and she, pretending absence for a few days, begged the lady to take charge of a large chest till her return: she consented, and the chest was placed in her bed-chamber. The lady having retired for the night, when she was fast asleep, with a taper burning in the chamber, Ambrogio crept from his lurking-place, made a careful survey of the room, the furniture, and pictures; then approached the bed, looking eagerly for some mark on her person, and at last discovered a mole and a tuft of golden hair on her left breast. Then, taking a ring, a purse, and

ouer trides, he erej, a oack into the chest, where he stayed till the third day, when the woman returned, and had the chest carried home.

On his return to Paris, the villain called together those who were present at the laying of the wager, produced before them the stolen trinkets, calling them gifts from the lady, and gave an account of the room and its contents. Bernabo said his account was correct, and that the purse and the ring belonged to his wife; but that all this might have been obtained from some of her servants, and therefore it did not make good his claim to the wager. Then the other said, — "The proofs I have given ought to suffice; but as you require more, I will silence your doubts: Ginevra has a mole on her left breast." Bernabo showed at once by his looks that this was true, and soon acknowledged it in words; then paid the wager, and started for Italy. Arriving near home, he sent for his wife, and gave secret orders to have her put to death on the road. The servant stopped in a lonely place, and told her of his master's orders: she protested her innocence of any crime against her husband, besought the compassion of the servant, and promised to hide herself in some distant abode. He spared her life, and returned with some of her clothes, saying he had killed her.

Ginevra then disguised herself in man's apparel, and became the servant of a Catalonian gentleman, who took her to Alexandria. Here she was so fortunate as to gain the favour of the Sultan, who took her into his service, and made her captain of the guard. Not long after, she was sent with a band of soldiers to Acre, where, being in the shop of a Venetian merchant, she saw a purse and girdle which she recognised as her own. On her asking whose they were, and whether they were for sale, Ambrogio, who had arrived with a stock of merchandize, stepped forth and said they were his, and begged her, since she admired them, to accept them as a gift. She asked him why he smiled. He replied, that the purse and girdle were presents to him from a married lady of Genoa; and that he smiled at the folly of her husband, who had laid five thousand florins against one that his wife's virtue was incorruptible.

The conduct of her husband was now explained to her. She feigned pleasure at the story, and persuaded the villain to go with her to Alexandria. Her next care was, to have her husband brought thither, who was now in great distress. Then she prevailed on the Sultan to force from Ambrogio a public recital of his whole course of villainy; whereupon Bernabo owned that he had caused his wife to be murdered, in the belief of her guilt with Ambrogio. "You see," said she to the Sultan, "how little cause the lady had to be proud either of her gallant or her husband. If you, my lord, will punish the deceiver and pardon the deceived, the lady shall appear in your presence." The Sultan assenting, she then fell at his feet, and, throwing off her disguise

declared herself to be Ginevra : the mole on her breast soon put an end to all doubt of the fact. The villain was then put to death, and his great wealth given to Ginevra. The Sultan made her a princely gift of jewels and money, furnished a ship, and suffered her and Bernabo to depart for Genoa.

There is also a vulgarized and mutilated English version of the same tale, which places the scene in England, in the reign of Henry VI., and makes all the persons Englishmen. It was published in a book called *Westward for Smelts*, and was entitled "The Tale told by the Fishwife of the Stand on the Green." Malone and some others too hastily concluded this to have been the piece used by Shakespeare, supposing it to have been first printed in 1603. But no copy of that date, or of any earlier date than 1620, has been seen or heard of, and an entry of it at the Stationers' in January, 1620, seems to establish that it had not been published before that time. Besides, it varies from Boccaccio's tale in some points wherein the tragedy agrees with it, as in making the villain conceal himself under the lady's bed, instead of using a chest, and in leaving out the item of the mole : so that, even granting it to have been published early enough, still it would not quite answer the purpose.

Those who have undertaken to reform the original classification of Shakespeare's plays, have been something at loss, apparently, what to do with *Cymbeline*. As already seen, it has somewhat of historical matter ; but the history is so slight, and, withal, so manifestly neither forms nor guides the plot, but merely, as in case of *Macbeth*, subserves it, that the play cannot with any show of propriety be called an historical drama. Then, the predominant tone of feeling carries too much of tragic earnestness and intensity to permit the regarding it as a comedy, while at the same time there is not enough of tragical impression in the incidents and the catastrophe to warrant the calling it a tragedy. Perhaps it may be taken as proof that the Gothic drama, like the Gothic architecture, is naturally capable of more variety than can be embraced within the ordinary rules of dramatic classification. Hazlitt describes it as a "dramatic romance," and this description probably fits it as well as any that can be given. At all events, certain it is, that the play has just enough of historical or traditionary matter to give it a legendary character, while the general scope and structure of the piece admit and even invite the freest playing-in of whatsoever is wild and wonderful and enchanting in old romance. By throwing the scene back into the reign of a semi-fabulous king, the Poet was enabled to cast around the work an air of historical dignity, and yet frame the whole in perfect keeping with the deep, solemn, and all but tragic pathos which sets and regulates the harmonies of the piece. A confusion of times, places, and manners, with the ceremonial of old mythology and the sentiments of Christian chivalry, the heroic deeds of earlier, and the liberal

ideas of later periods, blended together without restraint and in the order merely of inherent fitness ; the play is of course replete with improbable incidents ; yet the improbability is everywhere softened by distance, and even made grateful by the romantic sweetness, the sober wisdom, and the pathetic tenderness, that still spring up fresh and free in its course. All which may sufficiently account for the strong sentence some have put in against this "marvellous drama," as Ulrici justly calls it ; and also of the equally strong and far wiser judgment of the poet Campbell, who regards this play as "perhaps the fittest in Shakespeare's whole theatre to illustrate the principle, that great dramatic genius can occasionally venture on bold improbabilities, and yet not only shrive the offence, but leave us enchanted with the offender."

One can scarce help regarding the title of this play as a misnomer. For Cymbeline himself is so far from being the centre of action and interest, that we care little or nothing for him, save as related, personally and dramatically, to Imogen, in whom the whole interest of the play centres, and whose presence, virtual or actual, fills every part of it. Notwithstanding, Ulrici, the German critic, who at least is not easy to beat in the making out of a case, maintains the appropriateness of the title. His argument is worth quoting for its ingenuity, if for nothing else. "Cymbeline," says he, "the husband, the father, and the king, whom the miseries of all the other parts more or less remotely affect, in whom the rays of the large circle converge again, around whom all revolves, forms, as it were, the quiescent centre of motion, which, however passive and latent, regulates the fortunes of all, and is influenced by them. The drama, therefore, justly takes its name from him."

Schlegel pronounces Cymbeline "one of Shakespeare's most wonderful compositions." Few will deny that he has chosen the right word for the impression which the play leaves strongest in the mind. Less grand and lofty in design than the Poet's great tragedies, Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, and Othello, it scarce falls behind any of them in grace and power of execution. One cannot easily conceive how a finer and more varied display of poetry and character could be reduced within the same compass. We have already touched upon the improbability of some of the incidents. But it should be observed that the most improbable of these, excepting the vision in Act v., were borrowed from general circulation and belief. The story containing them, cast into divers forms, was a popular favourite throughout the then better part of Europe ; and in this case their improbability has been much alleviated by the Poet's art, and by the home breathings of nature that wait upon them. The incidents being granted, Shakespeare's ordering of them to his use and purpose, the whole framing and management of the plot so as to work out the proposed result, are certainly most skilful and judicious ; inasmuch that he may be fairly

said to have shown as much of judgment here, as of genius in the richly-varied poetry and character of the drama. Of course the leading purpose of the play is to be sought for in the character of Imogen. Around this, however, are ranged a number of subordinate purposes, running out into a large diversity of matter and person; yet all are set off with such artful blendings and transitions of light and shade, and grouped with such mastery of perspective, and such picturesque effect, that the very diversity serves but to deepen the impression of unity.

It is worth special noting how the constancy of the heroine, in the trial and proof of which the whole play takes its form and process, seems to have infused its spirit into the other parts. All the persons are equally set in their respective courses; the Queen in her intriguing malignity, the King in his self-blinded dotage, Cloten in urging on his love-suit, Pisanio in his fidelity of service, Belarius in his resentment, Iachimo in his treachery, and Posthumus in his quest of death. All these persons, too, have each their several plot; each is forecasting and scheming for some end which can only be reached by thwarting another; so that the groundwork of the drama presents little else than a series of counter-plottings. And all are defeated in their turn, and, what is more, the final result is brought about by their defeat; as if on purpose to illustrate again and again, that men are not the masters of their own lot; and that while they are each intent on their several plans, a higher Power is secretly working out other plans through them. Accordingly, if the bad thrive for awhile, it is that they may at last be the more effectually caught and crushed in their own toils; if the good are at first cast down, it is that they may be uplifted in the end, and "happier much by their affliction made." And so, while the drama is bristling throughout with resolves and deeds, yet all of them miscarry, all of them fail. It is the very prevalence, in part, of what we call chance over human design, that gives the work such a wild, romantic, and legendary character; making the impression of some supernatural power putting to confusion the works of men, that its own agency may be the more manifest in the order that finally succeeds.

In Imogen not a single trait or line of female excellence is omitted. As if on purpose for the better depicting of a perfect wife, the Poet keeps her out of the other relations through most of the play. Already a wife when we first see her, she acts but little in any other quality; yet in this one she approves herself the mistress of all womanly perfections, such as would make glad the heart and life of whoever stood in any relationship with her. That her attractions may the more appear as in herself, not in the feeling of others, that is, in her character, not in her sex, the latter is hidden from those about her: yet, without any of the advantages that would arise from its being known what she is; disrobed of all the poetry and religion with which every right-minded man

invests the presence of womanhood ; still she kindles a deep, holy affection in every one that meets with her. Hazlitt, with characteristic liveliness and obliquity of criticism, says, — “ Posthumus is only interesting from the interest she takes in him, and she is only interesting herself from her tenderness and constancy to her husband.” If this be true, how is it that she so wins and wears the hearts of those who know not nor suspect what she is ? Why should wise and reverend manhood exclaim at the sight of her — “ Behold divineness no elder than a boy ! ” In truth, the “ sweet rosy lad,” and the “ page so kind, so duteous, diligent,” is hardly less interesting, though in a different sort, than the lady, the princess, and the wife. But is it to us, not to the other persons of the drama, that she is “ interesting only from her tenderness and constancy to her husband ? ” Nay, much of the interest we take in her as a woman and a wife springs from the feelings kindled in others towards her as a sad, sweet, lovely boy. But, if the meaning be, that it is only while acting in the quality of a wife that she interests us ; of this there can be no question, for we scarce see her acting in any other. Indeed, so far from just is the remark quoted, that there is perhaps no character in Shakespeare more apt to inspire one with the sentiment, —

“ What joy to hear thee, and to see !  
 Thy elder brother I would be,  
 Thy father, any thing to thee.”

Imogen has all the intelligence of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, without any of Portia's effort or art. Portia is always trying to be wise, and always succeeds ; Imogen has at least equal success without trying : and her wisdom is better than Portia's inasmuch as, seated more in the heart than in the head, and springing rather from nature than from reflection, it comes forth so freely and spontaneously that she herself takes no thought of it. It is this inward framing and tuning of the heart to the harmonies of truth that enables her to anticipate as by instinct the wisdom that comes to others only by large and ripe experience. For it may well be observed, that in her moral reflections Imogen is wise far beyond any capabilities of the mere intellect.

And she is as spirited, withal, as intelligent, whenever duty bids or permits her to be so. Her anger is hard indeed to arouse, but woe to the man that does arouse it. Notwithstanding her sharp trials and vexations, though pursued by cunning malice “ hourly coining plots ” and “ sprighted by a fool,” the calm sweetness of her temper is ruffled but twice, and that is when duty to her husband and to herself requires it. In both cases her anger is like a flash of lightning, brief, but sure. Not even Cloten's iron stomach is proof against her scorching strokes when her spirit is up. There is no mistaking her meaning : when she speaks, every word

goes right to the spot ; and her quick keen rebuffs crack on the feelings and sting like a whip.

Of her personal beauty we never think at all save when others are speaking of it. And the reason seems to be, partly because she wears it so unconsciously herself, partly because, when she is before us, the radiance of her person is quenched in that of her mind and character ; she so fills the inner eye, that what touches the outer is scarce heeded more than if it were not. And it is much the same with her disguise : we take no thought of it, because she takes none. For it is remarkable that she shows no fear and makes no effort, either, like Rosaline, lest she should betray her sex to others, or, like Viola, lest she should wrong it to herself. The outward proprieties of her sex are indeed exquisitely preserved ; yet she seems no more conscious of doing this than of the circulation of her blood. Her thoughts and feelings are all intent on higher matters, and such is her command of our sympathies, that for the time being she empties our minds of every thing but what is in her own.

But it is needless to dwell upon, it is impossible to exhaust the beauty of this delineation. The whole play is full of the divinest poetry, and it is nearly all inspired by Imogen, except what she herself utters and is. Other of the Poet's heroines are equal, perhaps superior, in the conception ; but none of them is carried out with such sustained force and wealth of development : she is all or nearly all that a woman can be or ought to be, and we are given to see and feel all that she is. Perhaps she does not strike the imagination quite so enchantingly as Miranda, nor the heart quite so profoundly as Cordelia ; but she goes near to make up the account, in that she unites, as far as seems possible, the interest of both.

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



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

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

Cloten is a very notable instance of a man or a thing, with not merely a loose screw in the gearing, but with all the screws loose. His character reminds us of nothing so much as the description of Desborough in Woodstock: "His limbs seemed to act upon different and contradictory principles. They were not, as the play says, in a concatenation accordingly: the right hand moved as if it were on bad terms with the left, and the legs showed an inclination to foot it in different and opposite directions." Precisely so it is with Cloten's mind. There are the materials of a man in him, but they are not made up: his whole being seems a mass of unbingement, disorder, and jumble, full of unaccountable jerks and twitches: the several parts of him hold no mutual intercourse or intelligence, but appear set at incurable odds one with another each having a will and a way of its own so that no two of them can pull or strike together. Hence the excruciating, though at the same time laughable, misfitness of all that he

does, and most that he speaks. He has indeed a reasonable gift of practical shrewdness, is not without frequent flashes of strong and ready sense; yet even these, through his overweening self-importance of rank and place, only serve to invest him all the more with the air of a conceited, blustering, consequential booby. It is very curious to observe how his vein of pithy and sententious remark goes to heighten the ridiculousness of his character, from the Saint-Vitus'-Dance of mind, so to speak, through which it comes sprawling out. Therewithal, he is rude, coarse, boisterous, vain, insolent, ambitious, malignant. Thus rendered ludicrous by whatsoever is best in him, and rendered frightful by whatsoever is not ludicrous; savage in feeling, awkward in person, absurd in manners; he is of course just the last man that any lady of sense or sensibility could be brought to endure. His calling Imogen an "imperceivable thing," for not appreciating his superiority to Posthumus in the qualities that invite a lady's respect and affection, aptly illustrates the refined irony with which the character is drawn.

The character of Cloten was for a long time thought to be out of nature and monstrous. But Miss Seward tells us, in one of her letters, that he is the exact prototype of a man she once knew: "The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of speaking; the bustling insignificance; the fever-and-ague fits of valour; the froward tetchiness; the unprincipled malice; and, what is most curious, the occasional gleams of good sense amid the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain, and which, in Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity of character;—but in the sometime Captain C——n I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature." All which would seem to infer that in this instance Shakespeare made the original, and nature imitated him!

The part of Iachimo illustrates, though not on a very large scale, Shakespeare's peculiar science and learned dealing in the moral constitution of man. At our first meeting with Iachimo, he is in just that stage of moral sickness, that he must be worse before he can be better; and in his sharp practice on the wager his disease reaches the extreme point which, even because it is extreme, starts a process of moral revolution within him; setting him to a hard diet of remorse and repentance, and conducting him through these to renovation and health. So that his treachery is one of those large over-doses of crime which sometimes have the effect of purging off men's criminality. Such is the cunning leechcraft of nature: out of men's vices she hatches scorpions to lash and sting them into virtue.

Those who think poetry dwells more in the palace than the cottage, and that Shakespeare is apt to postpone the rights of untitled manhood in favour of conventional aristocracy, may be sent to school to Pisanio; who is, socially, the humblest person in the drama, yet his being is "all compact" of essential hero-

ism. His action shows not one self-regarding thought or purpose; he alone seems to live and breathe purely for others. And what shrewdness, what forecast, what fertility of beneficence there is in him! His character is lifted into the highest region of poetry by his oblivion of self; and even those whom he serves derive much of their poetry from his self-forgetting, incorruptible loyalty to them.

In the two princes the Poet again shows his preference of the innate to the acquired; if indeed one may venture to affirm what is due to nature, and what to art, in a place where have fallen the instructions of the veteran sage and hero whom they call father. From the lips of old Belarius they have drunk in the lore of wisdom and virtue: all their nobler aptitudes have been fed and nurtured alike by the stories of his life and by the influences of their mountain home. What they hear from him only makes them desire to be like him when they are old; and this desire prompts them to go where he has been, see what he has seen, and do as he has done. So that all his arguments for keeping them withdrawn from the world are refuted by his own character; they cannot rest away from scenes where such treasures grow. The wisdom of experience in him and the wisdom of nature in them are both equally beautiful in their way, both equally becoming in their place; and if they have been to him the best of materials to work upon, he has been to them the best of workmen. Except themselves, truth, piety, gentleness, heroism, are the only inmates of their rocky dwelling. Love and reverence, the principles of whatsoever is greatest and best in human character, have sprung up in their breasts in healthy, happy proportion, and indissolubly wedded themselves to the simple and majestic forms of nature around them. And how inexpressibly tender and sweet the pathos that mingles in their solemnities round the tomb of their gentle visitor, supposed to be dead! But, indeed, of these forest scenes it is impossible to speak with any sort of justice. And we cannot tell whether the "holy witchcraft" of these scenes be owing more to the heroic veteran, the two princely boys, or the "fair youth" that has strayed amongst them,

"A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament."

It is hardly too much to say, that whatsoever is most beautiful elsewhere in the Poet, is imaged here in happier beauty. And when the youthful dwellers in the mountain and the rock, awed and melted by the occasion, weep and warble over the grave of that "blessed thing" that seems to have dropped down from heaven merely to win their love and vanish; one would think the scene must, as Schlegel says, "give to the most deadened imagination a new life for poetry."

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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**CYMBELINE**, King of Britain.

**CLOTEN**, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.

**LEONATUS POSTHUMUS**, Husband to Imogen.

**BELARIUS**, a banished Lord, disguised as Morgan.

**GUIDERIUS**, } Sons to Cymbeline, disguised as Poly-

**ARVIRAGUS**, } dore and Cadwal, Sons to Belarius.

**PHILARIO**, Friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

**IACHIMO**, Friend to Philario, }

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**, General of the Roman Forces.

**PISANIO**, Servant to Posthumus.

Two British Captains.

A Roman Captain.

**CORNELIUS**, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Jailers.

**QUEEN**, Wife to Cymbeline.

**IMOGEN**, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

**HELEN**, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

**SCENE**, sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy

# CYMBELINE.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I. Britain.

The Garden behind CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

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

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers  
Still seem as does the king.<sup>1</sup>

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter ?

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

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow  
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself

<sup>1</sup> That is, our bloods do not more feel the changes of the weather, or our tempers, the "skyey influences," than our courtiers still put on the seeming of the king, and look as he looks. The same thought occurs a little after, thus : "Not a courtier, although they wear their faces to the bent of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not glad at the thing they scowl at." So in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1599 : "If the king smiled, every one in court was in his jollitie ; if he frowned, their plumes fell like peacock's feathers ; so that their outward presence depended on his inward passions." *Bloods* was often used for *dispositions* or *tempers* ; and the tempers of men were supposed to obey or sympathise with the heavens, that is, the tempers of the sky. The original has *kings*, which is evidently a misprint for *king*. The passage has caused a great deal of discussion, owing to the naughty *s* in *kings*. H

Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : She's wedded,  
Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd : all  
Is outward sorrow ; though I think the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king ?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too ; so is the  
queen,

That most desir'd the match : but not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so ?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing  
Too bad for bad report ; and he that hath her  
(I mean, that married her, — alack, good man ! —  
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think  
So fair an outward and such stuff within  
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.<sup>2</sup>

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself ;  
Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His measure duly.<sup>3</sup>

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth ?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father  
Was call'd Sicilius, who did gain his honour  
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,  
But had his titles by Tenantius,<sup>4</sup> whom

<sup>2</sup> That is, run your speech of him to an extreme. H.

<sup>3</sup> The meaning is, my praise, however extreme it may appear  
is less than the truth warrants : I rather stop short of his merits  
than go the full length of them. H.

<sup>4</sup> Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline, and the son of Lud

He serv'd with glory and admir'd succe  
 So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus :  
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
 Two other sons, who in the wars o'the time  
 Died with their swords in hand ; for which their  
     father,  
 Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow  
 That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,  
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd  
 As he was born. The king he takes the babe  
 To his protection ; calls him Posthumus Leonatus ,  
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber ;  
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
 Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,  
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd, and  
 In 's spring became a harvest ; liv'd in court  
 (Which rare it is to do) most rais'd, most lov'd ;<sup>5</sup>  
 A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature,  
 A glass that feated them ;<sup>6</sup> and to the graver,  
 A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,  
 From whom he now is banish'd, — her own price

On the death of Lud, his younger brother, Cassibelan, took the throne, to the exclusion of the lineal heir. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first invasion, but was vanquished on their second, and agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, his nephew Tenantius was established on the throne. Some authorities tell us that he quietly paid the tribute stipulated by his usurping uncle ; others, that he refused it, and warred with the Romans ; which latter account is the one taken for true by the Poet.

H.

<sup>5</sup> "This encomium," says Johnson, "is highly artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised* is truly *rare*."

<sup>6</sup> That is, their pattern or model ; the glass whereby they trimmed up and accomplished themselves. In like manner, the Poet describes Hotspur as "the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves." No earlier instance of *feat* being used as a verb has been discovered. The adjective means *neat, comely, well-fashioned*.

H.

Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;  
 By her election may be truly read  
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him,  
 Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,  
 Is she sole child to th' king ?

1 *Gent.* His only child.  
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,  
 Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,  
 I'the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery  
 Were stolen ; and to this hour no guess in knowl  
 edge

Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago ?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so con-  
 vey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,  
 That could not trace them !

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

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear : Here comes the gen  
 tleman,

The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. The Same.

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Queen.* No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,  
 daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,  
 Evil-ey'd unto you : you're my prisoner, but



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

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

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

*Imo.* O,  
Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds ! — My dearest hus-  
band,

I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing  
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what  
His rage can do on me. You must be gone ;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world  
That I may see again.

*Post.* My queen ! my mistress :  
O, lady ! weep no more, lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man. I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth :  
My residence in Rome at one Philario's ;  
Who to my father was a friend, to me  
Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,  
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send  
Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter the QUEEN.*

*Queen.* Be brief, I pray you.  
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
 How much of his displeasure.— [*Aside.*] Yet I'll  
     more him  
 To walk this way. I never do him wrong,  
 But he does buy my injuries to be friends;  
 Pays dear for my offences.<sup>1</sup> [*Exit.*]

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

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

*Post.* How! how! another?—  
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
 And cere up<sup>2</sup> my embracements from a next  
 With bands of death!—Remain, remain thou here  
     [*Putting on the Ring.*]  
 While sense can keep it on!<sup>3</sup> And sweetest, fairest,

<sup>1</sup> Meaning that the king is so infatuated with her, that the more she offends him, the more he lavishes kindnesses upon her, in order to purchase her good-will. H.

<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare calls the *cere-cloths*, in which the dead are wrapped, the *bonds of death*. There was no distinction in ancient orthography between *seare*, to dry, to wither, and *seare*, to dress or cover with wax. *Cere-cloth* is most frequently spelled *seare-cloth*.

<sup>3</sup> That is, while I have sensation to retain it. There can be no doubt that *it* refers to the ring, and it is equally obvious that *thee* would have been more proper. Whether this error is to be laid to the Poet's charge or to the printer's, it would not be easy to decide. Malone has shown that there are many passages in these plays of equally loose construction.

As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
 To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles  
 I still win of you : for my sake wear this ;  
 It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it  
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

*Imo.* O, the gods !

When shall we see again ?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Post.* Alack, the king !

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my  
 sight !

If after this command thou fraught the court  
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away !  
 Thou'rt poison to my blood.

*Post.* The gods protect you,  
 And bless the good remainders of the court !

I am gone. [*Exit.*

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

*Cym.* O, disloyal thing !  
 That should'st repair my youth,<sup>4</sup> thou heap'st  
 A year's age on me.<sup>5</sup>

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
 Harm not yourself with your vexation : I

<sup>4</sup> To *repair* is to restore to the first state, to renew.

<sup>5</sup> Several suggestions have been made for amending this expression, as being too tame for the place. Hanmer would read, — "Thou heap'st *many* a year's age on me ;" Johnson, — "Thou heap'st *years, ages, on me.*" To our mind, neither of these expressions is so strong as that in the text. For the king is supposed to be in that advanced age when the adding of a year to one's life is a good deal. To make such a man say in such a case, — "Thou heap'st years, ages, on me," is just what we should expect from one who knew not to distinguish strength from violence.

Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.* Past grace ? obedience !

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past  
grace.

*Cym.* That might'st have had the sole son of my  
queen !

*Imo.* O bless'd, that I might not ! I chose an  
eagle,

And did avoid a puttock.\*

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have made  
my throne

A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No ; I rather added

A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O, thou vile one !

*Imo.* Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus .

You bred him as my playfellow ; and he is

A man worth any woman ; overbuys me

Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.* What ! art thou mad ?

*Imo.* Almost, sir : Heaven restore me !— Would  
I were

A neat-herd's daughter ! and my Leonatus

Our neighbour shepherd's son !

*Re-enter the QUEEN.*

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing !—

[*To the QUEEN.*] They were again together : you  
have done

Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her up.

\* A *puttock* is a mean degenerate species of hawk, not worth the training.

*Queen.* 'Beseech your patience : — Peace !  
 Dear lady daughter, peace ! — Sweet sovereign,  
 Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some  
 comfort  
 Out of your best advice.<sup>7</sup>

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

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Queen.* Fie ! — you must give way :  
 Here is your servant. — How now, sir ! What news ?

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.

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

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

*Queen.* I am very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his  
 part. —

To draw upon an exile ! — O, brave sir ! —  
 I would they were in Afric both together,  
 Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
 The goer-back. — Why came you from your master ?

*Pis.* On his command. He would not suffer me  
 To bring him to the haven ; left these notes  
 Of what commands I should be subject to,  
 When't pleas'd you to employ me.

*Queen.* This hath been  
 Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour,  
 He will remain so.

<sup>7</sup> *Advice* is consideration, reflection.

*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Queen.* Pray, walk awhile.

*Imo.* About some half hour hence,  
I pray you, speak with me. You shall at least  
Go see my lord aboard : for this time, leave me.

[*Excunt.*]

### SCENE III. A Public Place.

*Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.*

*1 Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt  
the violence of action hath made you reek as a  
sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in :  
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it —  
Have I hurt him ?

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

*1 Lord.* Hurt him ? his body's a passable car-  
cass, if he be not hurt : it is a thoroughfare for steel  
if it be not hurt.

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt ; it went  
o'the backside the town.<sup>1</sup>

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

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

*1 Lord.* Stand you ! you have land enough of  
your own : but he added to your having ; gave you  
some ground.

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

*Clo.* I would they had not come between us.

<sup>1</sup> That is, to the jail, the place where other bankrupt debtors  
go. H.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

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

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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

*Clo.* You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

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

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,

And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* It was, His queen! his queen!

*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?

<sup>2</sup> To understand the force of this, it should be remembered that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

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

*Pis.* No, madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear<sup>1</sup>  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
The deck, with glove or hat or handkerchief  
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
How swift his ship.

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

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd  
them, but  
To look upon him, till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;  
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. — But, good Pi-  
sanio,  
When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam  
With his next vantage.<sup>2</sup>

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,  
How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear  
The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

<sup>1</sup> The old copy reads, "his eye or ear." Warburton made the emendation.

<sup>2</sup> Opportunity.



T' encounter me with orisons, for then  
 I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could  
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
 Betwixt two charming words,<sup>3</sup> comes in my father  
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

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

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd. —

I will attend the queen.

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

## SCENE V. Rome.

An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutch man, and a Spaniard.*<sup>1</sup>

*Iach.* Believe it, sir. I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

<sup>3</sup> *Charming words* are *enchanting words*; words which, as by the power of enchantment, should guard his heart against the assaults of temptation; or tie her kiss upon his lips with such "might of magic spells" that "the shes of Italy" should not be able to steal it off. So, a charmed shield was a shield that could not be pierced

H.

<sup>1</sup> This enumeration of persons is from the old copy; but *Mynster* and the *Don* are mute characters.

*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes<sup>2</sup> him both without and within.

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

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.<sup>3</sup>

*French.* And then his banishment, —

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him;<sup>4</sup> be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.<sup>5</sup> But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

*Phi.* His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. —

*Enter* POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your

<sup>2</sup> That is, *accomplishes* him.

<sup>3</sup> That is, makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

<sup>4</sup> That is, to stretch his reputation beyond his merits. See sc. 1, note 3. — Those "under her colours" of course are those on her side, the favourers of her marriage. It were hardly worth the while to say this, but that Mr. Collier, on the strength of his second folio, would change *under her colours* to *and her dolours*.

H.

<sup>5</sup> So in the old copies. Some modern editions change *less* to *more*. "*Without less quality*" seems to be but an instance of the double negative, such as were often used in the Poet's time, as they still are in conversation

H.

knowing, to a stranger of his quality. — I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine : how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

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

*French.* Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you :<sup>6</sup> it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.<sup>7</sup>

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller ; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences :<sup>8</sup> but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*French.* Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords ; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded<sup>9</sup> one the other, or have fallen both.

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

<sup>6</sup> Shakespeare always uses *atone* in the sense of *reconcile* or *at-one*. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii. sc. 2, note 13. H.

<sup>7</sup> *Importance* was sometimes used for *import*. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*, Act v. sc. 2 : "A notable passion of wonder appeared in them ; but the wisest beholder could not say, if the *importance* were joy or sorrow." The word in the text has sometimes been wrongly explained *importunity*. H.

<sup>8</sup> Rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of others, than to be guided by their experience.

<sup>9</sup> That is, *destroyed*. *Confound* is often so used by the Poet. See *1 Henry IV.*, Act i. sc. 3, note 11. H.

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

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

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

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

*Post.* Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.<sup>10</sup>

*Iach.* As fair and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe<sup>11</sup> she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Post.* I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold,

<sup>10</sup> *Friend* and *lover* were formerly synonymous.

<sup>11</sup> The old copy reads, "I could *not* believe she excelled many." Mr. Heath proposed to read, "I could *but* believe;" Malone, "I could *not but* believe."

or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you ?

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

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours ; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too : so, your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince<sup>12</sup> the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

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

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

*Post.* No, no.

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

*Post.* You are a great deal abus'd in too bold

<sup>12</sup> That is, overcome.

a persuasion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

*Iach.* What's that ?

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

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

*Iach.* Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.<sup>13</sup>

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail ?

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

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

*Iach.* You are afraid, and therein the wiser.<sup>14</sup> If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you can-

<sup>13</sup> *Approbation* was sometimes used for *proof*. See King Henry V., Act i. sc. 2, note 4. H.

<sup>14</sup> That is, you are the wiser in fearing to have your wife put to the proof. To screw Posthumus up to the sticking-point, the villain here imputes his backwardness to a distrust of his wife, and so brings his confidence in her over to the side of the wager and trial. The original reads, *a friend* instead of *afraid*. The latter word was suggested by Warburton, and adopted by Theobald. It is not altogether easy to get at the meaning of *a friend* in such a connection : besides, Posthumus has just professed himself "her adorer, not her friend." And the change is further approved by what Iachimo says just after : "But, I see, you have some religion in you, that *you fear* ;" that is, evidently, fear to have your wife's honour attempted, lest it should give way. It need scarce be said, that to such a man as Iachimo religion and superstition are synonymous terms. H.

not preserve it from tainting. But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

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

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

*Post.* Will you ? — I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match ; here's my ring.

*Phi.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the gods, it is one. — If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too : if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours ; — provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

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

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

*Post.* Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POST. and IACH

*French.* Will this hold, think you ?

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

## SCENE VI. Britain.

### A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter the QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

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

Make haste : Who has the note of them ?

*1 Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Despatch. — [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam : [*Presenting a small Box.*

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

*Queen.* I do wonder, doctor,  
Thou ask'st me such a question : have I not been Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions ?<sup>1</sup> I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

<sup>1</sup> *Conclusions* are *experiments* "I commend," says Walton "an angler that trieth *conclusions*, and improves his art."



We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)  
To try the vigour of them, and apply  
Allayments to their act; and by them gather  
Their several virtues and effects.

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

*Queen.* O! content thee.—

*Enter PISANIO.*

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

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

*Queen.* [*To PISANIO.*] Hark thee, a word.—

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think  
she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has  
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile:  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and  
dogs,

Then afterward up higher; but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> This soliloquy is pronounced by Johnson to be "very artificial, and that Cornelius makes a long speech to tell himself what

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

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

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

She will not quench, and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then  
As great as is thy master: greater; for  
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name  
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is: to shift his being,<sup>3</sup>  
Is to exchange one misery with another;  
And every day that comes, comes to decay  
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,  
To be depender on a thing that leans?  
Who cannot be new-built, nor has no friends

[*She drops a Box: he takes it up*

So much as but to prop him? — Thou tak'st up  
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
What is more cordial: — Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;  
It is an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou changest on;<sup>4</sup> but think

himself knows." The great critic forgot that it was intended for the audience, to relieve their anxiety at mischievous ingredients being left in the hands of the Queen. It is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life.

To change his abode.

<sup>4</sup> "Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service." It has been proposed to read, "Think what a change thou chancest on." But there seems to be no necessity for alteration.

Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,  
 Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king  
 To any shape of thy preferment, such  
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,  
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :  
 Think on my words. — [Exit PISANIO

A sly and constant knave,  
 Not to be shak'd ; the agent for his master,  
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold  
 The hand-fast to her lord. — I have given him that,  
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
 Of liegers for her sweet ;<sup>b</sup> and which she after,  
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

*Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.*

To taste of too. — So, so ; — well done, well done :  
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
 Bear to my closet. — Fare thee well, Pisanio :  
 Think on my words. [Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.

*Pis.* And shall do ;  
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
 I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VII. Another Room in the Same.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;  
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
 That hath her husband banish'd : — O, that husband !  
 My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated

<sup>b</sup> A *lieger* is an ambassador, one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,  
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
 Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,  
 How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,  
 Which seasons comfort.<sup>1</sup> — Who may this be? **Fie.**

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

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

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

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

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

*Imo.* [*Reads.*] — He is one of the noblest note, to whose  
 kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him  
 accordingly, as you value your truest<sup>2</sup> **LEONATUS.**

So far I read aloud;  
 But even the very middle of my heart

<sup>1</sup> To *season* a thing is to give it a relish or zest: the word is constantly so used in cookery. — The meaning of the passage is, the homely freedom of those who dwell in the poorest cottages, those who are left to the enjoyment of their honest wills, is what puts a relish into the comforts of life, and makes them blessings indeed. The sentiment is worthy of a son of old England.

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads, *trust*. The emendation was suggested by Mason, is defended by Steevens, and opposed by Malone

Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully. —  
 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
 Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,  
 In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady. —  
 What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes  
 To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
 Of sea and land ; which can distinguish 'twixt  
 The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones  
 Upon th' unnumber'd beach ;<sup>3</sup> and can we not  
 Partition make with spectacles so precious  
 'Twixt fair and foul ?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration ?

*Iach.* It cannot be i'the eye ; for apes and mon-  
 keys,  
 'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and  
 Contemn with mows<sup>4</sup> the other : nor i'the judgment ;  
 For idiots, in this case of favour, would  
 Be wisely definite : nor i'the appetite ;  
 Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd  
 Should make desire vomit to emptiness,<sup>5</sup>  
 Not so allur'd to feed.

<sup>3</sup> That is, which can distinguish betwixt the pebbles, though as like one another as twins, that lie numberless on the beach. The original reads, "*the number'd beach* ;" out of which it is not easy to extract a meaning. "*Th' unnumber'd beach*" was proposed by Theobald, has been approved by several, and is found in Mr. Collier's second folio. Of course, *unnumber'd* has the sense of *numberless* or *innumerable* ; a frequent usage in the Poet's time. It has also been proposed to read *cope* instead of *crop*, in the third line above ; but this would make but an ugly tautology on *vaulted arch* : besides, it would require *of* to be changed into *o'er* : both which changes are indeed made in Collier's second folio. But these changes will not go : besides, no change is wanted here, the sense being clear enough, and natural enough, as the text stands.

H.

<sup>4</sup> To *mow*, or *moe*, is to make mouths.

<sup>5</sup> In the original *to* is wanting ; and much ingenuity has been

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow ?

*Iach.* The cloyed will,  
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,  
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first  
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

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

*Iach.* Thanks, madam, well. — Beseech you, sir,  
desire [To PISANIO  
My man's abode where I did leave him : he  
Is strange and peevish.<sup>6</sup>

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

*Imo.* Continues well my lord ? His health, he  
seech you ?

*Iach.* Well, madam.

*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope he is.

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

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

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces<sup>7</sup>

spent in trying to explain the meaning of *vomit emptiness*, this being a somewhat difficult thing to throw up. The preposition is supplied in Collier's second folio, and seems needful alike to the sense and the metre. H.

<sup>6</sup> That is, he is a *foreigner* or stranger, and *foolish*, or *silly*.

<sup>7</sup> We have the same expression in Chapman's preface to his translation of the Shield of Homer, 1598 : "*Furnaceth* the universal sighes and complaintes of this transposed world." And in *As You Like It* : "*Sighing* like *furnace*, with a woful ballad."

The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton  
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs ;  
cries, "O !

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

*Imo.* Will my lord say so ?

*Iach.* Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with  
laughter :

It is a recreation to be by,  
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens  
know,

Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iach.* Not he : but yet Heaven's bounty towards  
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;  
In you, — which I account his beyond all talents, —  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.<sup>8</sup>

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir ?

*Iach.* Two creatures, heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir ?

You look on me : what wreck discern you in me,  
Deserves your pity ?

*Iach.* Lamentable ! What !

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace  
I'the dungeon by a snuff ?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,

<sup>8</sup> That is, on his own account merely, or *in respect of himself*, let alone his wife, his conduct is bad enough ; but when I consider the grossness of his sin *in respect of you*, I am bound, &c. *It was*, and indeed still is, often used with the sense of *in respect of*

Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

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

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me : pray you  
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties  
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,  
The remedy then born,) discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.<sup>9</sup>

*Iach.* Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To th' oath of loyalty ; this object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here ; should I (damn'd then)  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood, (falsehood, as  
With labour,) then by-peeping in an eye,  
Base and illustrious as the smoky light<sup>10</sup>

<sup>9</sup> The information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold. The allusion is to horsemanship. So in Sidney's *Arcadia* : "She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably spurred, but so *short-reined*, as he cannot stirre forward."

<sup>10</sup> *Illustrious* is the word used in the original ; and a good word it is, too. Of course the meaning is, eye without lustre, or "lack-lustre eye ;" the prepositive *in* being used privatively, as in *il-liberal*, not intensively, as in *illustrious*. Modern editions generally substitute *unlustrious*, which gives the right sense indeed, but is an unwarrantable change nevertheless. — In the preceding line, *by peeping*, commonly altered in modern editions to *lie peeping*, means, no doubt, *peeping clandestinely* or *in secret*. — "Hands made hard with hourly falsehood," are hands hardened by often joining with others in confirmation of false promises. H.



That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

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

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

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O, dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my  
heart  
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,<sup>11</sup>  
Would make the great'st king double ! to be part-  
ner'd  
With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition,<sup>12</sup>  
Which your own coffers yield ! with diseas'd ven-  
tures,  
That play with all infirmities for gold

<sup>11</sup> *Empery* is a word signifying *sovereign command*, now obsolete.

<sup>12</sup> *Self* is here used for *self-same*. — *Tomboy*, which is now applied sometimes to a rude romping girl, formerly meant a wanton. Thus in Warren's *Nurserie of Names*, 1581 : " Like *tom boyes*, such as live in Rome, for every knave's delight." Versteegan defines the word thus : "*Tumbe*, to dance. *Tumbed*, danced. Hereof we yet call a wench, that skippeth or leapeth like a boy, a *tomboy*." — *Exhibition* is *allowance* or *maintenance*. The word is so used still in the English Universities. So in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Act iii. sc. 1 : " Go to, behave yourself distinctly, and with good morality ; or, I protest, I'll take away your *exhibition*." Likewise, in his *Poetaster*, Act i. : " Thou art a younger brother, and hast nothing but thy bare *exhibition* ; which I protest shall be bare indeed, if thou forsake not these unprofitable by courses." M.

Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd  
stuff,<sup>13</sup>

As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd ;  
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd !

How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,  
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,  
How should I be reveng'd ?

*Iach.* Should he make thee  
Live, like Diana's priest,<sup>14</sup> betwixt cold sheets,  
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your despite, upon your purse ? Revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,  
More noble than that runagate to your bed ;  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close, as sure.

*Imo.* What ho, Pisanio !

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

*Imo.* Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that  
have

So long attended thee. — If thou wert honourable,  
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and  
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike. — What ho, Pisanio !—  
The king my father shall be made acquainted

<sup>13</sup> This allusion has been already explained. See *Timon of Athens*, Act ii. sc. 2, note 8.

<sup>14</sup> Of course, Diana's priests were *maiden* priests. So in *Pericles*, Act v. sc. 2, Diana says, — "When my *maiden* priests are met together." H.

Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,  
 A saucy stranger in his court to mart  
 As in a Romish stew,<sup>15</sup> and to expound  
 His beastly mind to us, he hath a court  
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom  
 He not respects at all. — What ho, Pisanio !—

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

*Imo.*

You make amends.

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

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

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot

<sup>15</sup> *Romish* for *Roman* was the phraseology of the time

T' entreat your grace but in a small request,  
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
 Your lord ; myself and other noble friends  
 Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is't ?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us and your lord  
 (The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums.  
 To buy a present for the emperor ;  
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
 In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,  
 Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;  
 And I am something curious, being strange,<sup>16</sup>  
 To have them in safe stowage : May it please you  
 To take them in protection ?

*Imo.* Willingly ;

And pawn mine honour for their safety : since  
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
 In my bed-chamber.

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

*Imo.* O, no, no !

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

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains ;  
 But not away to-morrow ?

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

<sup>16</sup> That is, being a *stranger*. See note 6 in this scene. ■.

*Imo.*

I will write.

Send your trunk to me : it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.<sup>17</sup>

[*Exeunt*

<sup>17</sup> Concerning the art with which the character of Imogen is worked out, especially in her interview with Iachimo, Mr. Richard Grant White, in his *Shakespeare's Scholar*, has some thoughts so just and so well put, that we are unwilling to forego the benefit of them. "The firm, undallying chastity," says he, "of Imogen is indicated with unsurpassable tact and skill in this scene. She is slow to understand Iachimo; but the moment he makes his proposition plainly, before a word of anger or surprise passes her lips, she calls for the faithful servant of her lord, to remove him who has insulted her and his friend's honour. Then her indignation bursts from her; but again and again she interrupts its flow with 'What, ho! Pisanio!' She holds no question with him who made such a proposition to her; enters into no dispute of why or wherefore: she seeks nothing but the instantaneous removal of the man who has dared to attempt her chastity. Not only does she refuse all consideration of the right or wrong of the proposition, but the mere proposal changes, on the moment, all previous relations between her and the proposer, although they were established by her husband himself. It is not until her pure soul, as quick to believe good as it was slow to imagine evil, is quieted by the entire withdrawal of Iachimo's advances, and the assignment of a comprehensible, though not excusable reason for them, that she ceases to call for him who is in some sort the representative of her husband. An exquisite touch of the master's hand occurs in a single pronoun in the succeeding speech of Imogen. Born a princess, she has given herself to Posthumus, a nameless man, as freely as if she were a peasant's daughter; and she is remarkable, with all her dignity, for her unassuming deportment: but the insult of Iachimo stings her into pride, and, for the first and only time, she takes her state, and speaks of herself in the plural number. She says, 'to expound his mind,' not to *me*, but 'to *us*' "

H

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. Court before CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.*

*Clo.* Was there ever man had such luck? when I kiss'd the jack, upon an upcast to be hit away!<sup>1</sup> I had a hundred pound on't. And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

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

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

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

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

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

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.<sup>2</sup>

*Clo.* I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth.—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble

<sup>1</sup> He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the *owers* are aimed: he who is nearest to it wins. "To kiss the jack" is a state of great advantage. Of course, Cloten's bowl was *hit away* by the *upcast* of another bowler. So, Rowley, in *A Woman never Vexed*: "This city bowler has *kiss'd* the *mistress* at the first *cast*." The *jack* was also called *mistress*

ii.

<sup>2</sup> The same quibble occurs in *As You Like It*:

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my *rank*.

*Ros.* Thou locest thy old *smell*."

as I am : they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.<sup>3</sup>

*Clo.* Sayest thou ?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion<sup>4</sup> that you give offence to.

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

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

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

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

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

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

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

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

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

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

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

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

<sup>3</sup> That is, you are a *cockcomb*.

<sup>4</sup> The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now.

2 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord*.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;  
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband. Then, that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make!<sup>5</sup> The heavens hold firm  
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd  
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,  
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit*.

The original is here allowed on all hands to be corrupt; being literally thus:

"A Mother hourelly coyning plots: a Wooer,  
More hatefull then the soule expulsion is  
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act  
Of the divorce, heel'd make the Heavens hoid firme  
The walls of thy deere Honour."

Modern editions, with the exception of Knight's, make the clause, "Then, that horrid act," &c., a continuation of the foregoing sentence, thus: "More hateful than the foul expulsion is of thy dear husband, than that horrid act," &c. Knight connects the same clause with what follows, changing *then* into *from*, thus: "From that horrid Act of the divorce he'd make, the heavens hold firm," &c. We see no cause for any variation from the old copy, except in the pointing and in the changing of *heel'd* into *he'd*. Of course, as we print the passage, the clause, "Then, that horrid act," &c., is thrown in as a sort of indignant or abhorrent exclamation; and the following sentence has a tacit reference to "that horrid act." Both the usual reading and Knight's have an awkwardness about them which we can hardly believe belongs to the text. Our arrangement, besides varying less from the original presents, we think, a reading perfectly free and natural. H.



## SCENE II.

A Bedchamber ; in one Part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed* ; a Lady attending.

*Imo.* Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

*Lady.* Please you, madam.

*Imo.* What hour is it ?

*Lady.* Almost midnight, madam.

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

Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed :

Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;

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

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods !

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye !

[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO *comes from the Trunk.*]

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd  
sense

Repairs itself by rest : Our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes,<sup>1</sup> ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded. — Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily,

And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !

But kiss, one kiss ! — Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't ! — 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o'the taper

Bows toward her, and would underpeep her lids,

To see th' enclosed lights now canopied

<sup>1</sup> It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes

Under these windows ;<sup>2</sup> white and azure, lac'd  
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.<sup>3</sup>—But my design,  
 To note the chamber :—I will write all down :  
 Such and such pictures ;—there the window ;—  
 such

Th' adornment of her bed ;—the arras, figures,  
 Why, such and such ;—and the contents o' the  
 story. —

Ah ! but some natural notes about her body  
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
 Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory :  
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !  
 And be her sense but as a monument,  
 Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—  
 [Taking off her Bracelet

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—  
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,  
 As strongly as the conscience does within,  
 To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast  
 A mole cinque-spotted,<sup>4</sup> like the crimson drops  
 I'the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,  
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret

<sup>2</sup> That is, her *eyelids*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*: "Thy eyes windows fall, like death when he shuts up the day of life." And in *Venus and Adonis*:

"The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,  
 Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth."

<sup>3</sup> This is an exact description of the eyelid of a fair beauty, which is white tinged with blue, and laced with veins of darker blue. By *azure* our ancestors understood not a dark blue, but a tinct or effusion of a blue colour. Drayton seems to have had this passage in his mind:

"And these sweet reins by nature rightly plac'd,  
 Wherewith she seems the white skin to have lac'd."

<sup>4</sup> Some readers may like to be told that *cinque* means *five*.—*Conscience*, two lines above, is *consciousness*; often so used in the Poet's time.

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en  
The treasure of her honour. No more. — 'To what  
end,

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late  
The tale of Tereus ;<sup>5</sup> here the leaf's turn'd down,  
Where Philomel gave up. — I have enough :

To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night,<sup>6</sup> that dawn-  
ing

May bare the raven's eye !<sup>7</sup> I lodge in fear ;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three, — time, time !<sup>8</sup>

[*Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.*

<sup>5</sup> *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576. The story is related in Ovid, *Metam.* l. vi. ; and by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*.

<sup>6</sup> The task of drawing the chariot of Night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act iii. sc. 2, note 26.

<sup>7</sup> That is, may *make bare* or *open* the raven's eye. The raven, being a very early stirrer, is here referred to as having its eye opened by the dawn. The original reads, "may *beare* ;" but the only way of getting any natural meaning from it is by supposing it to mean *bare*. H.

<sup>8</sup> The inexpressible purity and delicacy of this scene has been often commended. It cannot be overpraised. The imagery all shows of "heaven's own tinct," as though by some secret sympathy it had caught the very life and quality of the subject. Its richness and rareness enchant the senses ; but the enchantment is wrought so entirely through the imagination, that the senses are at the same time purified, and, as it were, turned into soul in the contemplation. The description of Imogen would almost engage our respect, if not our love, upon the describer, but that we already know Iachimo to be one of those passionless minds in which gross thoughts are most apt to lodge ; and that the unaccustomed awe of virtue, which Imogen struck into him at their first interview, only chastises down his tendencies to gross-thoughtedness while in her presence. Thus his delicacy of speech only goes to heighten our impression of Imogen's character inasmuch

## SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining IMOGEN'S Apartment.

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

*I Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

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

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

*I Lord.* Day, my lord.

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

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it;—and then let her consider.

## SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,<sup>1</sup>  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,

as it seems to come, not from him, but from her *through* him; and as something that must be divine indeed, not to be strangled in passing through such a medium. H.

<sup>1</sup> A similar figure occurs in *Paradise Lost*, Book v., 197: "Ye

His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chalic'd flowers that lies ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes :  
 With every thing that pretty is,<sup>3</sup>  
 My lady sweet, arise ;  
 Arise, arise !

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider

birds, that singing up to heaven-gate ascend, bear on your wings and in your notes His praise." And in Shakespeare's xxix. Sonnet :

"Haply, I think on thee, and then my state,  
 Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

Divers other poets, from Chaucer downwards, have the same figure. The whole song may have been suggested by a passage in Lyly's Alexander and Compaspe :

"Who is't now we hear ?  
 None but the lark so shrill and clear :  
 Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,  
 The morn not waking till she sings.  
 Hark, hark ! with what a pretty throat  
 Poor robin red-breast tunes his note ;  
 Hark ! how the jolly cuckoos sing  
 Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring."

H.

<sup>2</sup> The morning dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers called calices or chalices. The marigold is one of those flowers which close themselves up at sunset. So in King Henry VIII. : "Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread, but as the marigold at the sun's eye." A similar idea is expressed in A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cantels, 1578 : "Floures which, unfolding their tender leaves at the breake of the gray morning, seemed to open their smiling eies, which were oppressed with the drowsynesse of the passed night."—Such instances of false concord as lies were common with the older poets, and can hardly be called breaches of grammar.

H.

<sup>3</sup> So in the original. Modern editions, until Knight's, following Hanmer, alter *is* to *bin* ; than which, if any change were wanted, nothing could be happier. Of course, the purpose of the change was, to make the line rhyme with *begin*. But this kind of ballad-measure was written quite as often with one rhyme in a quatraine, as with two

H.

your music the better :<sup>4</sup> if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts,<sup>5</sup> nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians*

*Enter CYMBELINE and the QUEEN.*

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early : he cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. — Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ?

Will she not forth ?

*Clo.* I have assail'd her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

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

*Queen.* You are most bound to th' king,  
Who let's go by no vantages, that may  
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself  
To orderly solicits, and be friended  
With aptness of the season : make denials  
Increase your services ; so seem, as if  
You were inspir'd to do those duties which  
You tender to her, that you in all obey her,

<sup>4</sup> That is, I will pay you more amply for it.

<sup>5</sup> Such is the reading of all the old copies. Modern editions, following Rowe, read *cat-guts*. We see no reason why fiddle-strings might not as well be called *calves'-guts* as *cat-guts*, as neither calves nor cats have any guts in the making of them. No reason, we mean, save what springs from custom ; and the old reading here is valuable as showing, what is well known otherwise, that such was not the custom in Shakespeare's time.

Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.*

Senseless? not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Cym.*

A worthy fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;  
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him  
According to the honour of his sender;  
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us  
We must extend our notice.<sup>6</sup> — Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your mis-  
tress,

Attend the queen and us: we shall have need  
T' employ you towards this Roman. — Come, our  
queen.

[*Exeunt CYM., the QUEEN, Lords, and Mess.*

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

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her: what  
If I do line one of their hauds? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and  
makes  
Diana's rangers false themselves,<sup>7</sup> yield up

<sup>6</sup> That is, we must extend towards himself our notice of his goodness heretofore shown to us. Shakespeare has many similar elipses.

<sup>7</sup> *False* is here a verb, for *falsify*. The usage was not uncommon. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii. sc. 2, note 7. So in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, Part I., Act ii. sc. 2: "And make him false his faith unto his king." And in Drant's *Horace*: "The leverner that falsethe othes, and litle reckes to lye." Chaucer

Their deer to th' stand o'the stealer; and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the  
thief;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: what  
Can it not do, and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me; for  
I yet not understand the case myself.  
By your leave. [Knocks.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Who's there, that knocks?

*Clo.* A gentleman.

*Lady.* No more?

*Clo.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

*Lady.* That's more

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

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

*Lady.* Ay, to keep her chamber.

*Clo.* There's gold for you: sell me your good  
report.

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

*Enter IMOGEN.*

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

*Imo.* Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much  
pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,

often uses the word in a similar way. Thus, in *Troilus and Cre-  
side*, Book v.:

"There made never woman more wo  
Then she, when that she *falsed* Troilus." ■.



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

*Clo.* Still, I swear, I love you

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

*Clo.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But, that you shall not say I yield, being  
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

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

*Imo.* Fools cure not mad folks.

*Clo.* Do you call me fool ?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal :<sup>8</sup> and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you ;  
And am so near the lack of charity  
(To accuse myself) I hate you ; which I had rather  
You felt, than make't my boast.

*Clo.* You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For

<sup>8</sup> This is a covert mode of calling him a fool. The meaning implied is, "If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be." Cloten takes her meaning at once.

<sup>9</sup> This is commonly explained, "being so *verbose*, so full of talk." It rather seems to us, that Imogen refers to his forcing her thus to the discourtesy of expressing her mind to him, of putting her *thoughts* into words.

The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
 (One bred of ulms, and foster'd with cold dishes,  
 With scraps o'the court,) it is no contract, none :  
 And though it be allow'd in meaner parties  
 (Yet who than he more mean ?) to knit their souls  
 (On whom there is no more dependency  
 But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot ;<sup>10</sup>  
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
 The consequence o'the crown ; and must not soil  
 The precious note of it with a base slave,  
 A hilding for a livery,<sup>11</sup> a squire's cloth,  
 A pantler, not so eminent.

*Imo.*

Profane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more  
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base  
 To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,  
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
 Comparative for your virtues,<sup>12</sup> to be styl'd  
 The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated  
 For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.*

The south-fog rot him !

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance than  
 come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,  
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer  
 In my respect than all the hairs above thee,

<sup>10</sup> In knots of their own tying.

<sup>11</sup> That is, a vile wretch, only fit to wear a livery, which was the badge of servitude. *Hilding* is from a Saxon word signifying to crouch or cower. See King Henry V., Act iv. sc. 2, note c. — *Foil*, second line above, is commonly printed *soil*. The old form of *s* is not always easily distinguished from *f*. Either word gives an apt enough meaning. Cotgrave defines thus : "To *foyl*, wound, bruise, or hurt sore with blowes ; also, to spoyle, ruine, undo ; also, to besot, gull, befool." H.

<sup>12</sup> If you were to be dignified only *in comparison to your virtues*, the under hangman's place is too good for you.

Were they all made such men. — How now, Pisanio !

*Enter* PISANIO.

*Clo.* His garment ? Now, the devil —

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently. —

*Clo.* His garment ?

*Imo.* I am sprighted with a fool ;<sup>13</sup>  
Frighted, and anger'd worse. — Go, bid my woman  
Search for a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's : 'shrew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe. I do think  
I saw't this morning : confident I am,  
Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it.  
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.

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

*Clo.* You have abus'd me. —  
His meanest garment ?

*Imo.* Ay ; I said so, sir.  
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

*Clo.* I will inform your father.

*Imo.* Your mother too :  
She's my good lady ;<sup>14</sup> and will conceive, I hope,  
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,  
To th' worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* I'll be reveng'd. —  
His meanest garment ? — Well. [*Exit.*

<sup>13</sup> That is, haunted by a fool as by a *spright*.

<sup>14</sup> This is said ironically. "My good lady" is equivalent to "my friend." See 2 Henry IV., Act iv. sc 3, note 4.

## SCENE IV. Rome.

An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.

*Enter* POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

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

*Phi.* What means do you make to him ?

*Post.* Not any ; but abide the change of time ;  
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
That warmer days would come : in these sear'd  
hopes,<sup>1</sup>

I barely gratify your love ; they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.

*Phi.* Your very goodness, and your company,  
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king  
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius  
Will do 's commission throughly : And I think  
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,  
Ere<sup>2</sup> look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Post.* I do believe  
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)

<sup>1</sup> The original and all modern editions but Knight's read *sear'd* instead of *sear'd*. None of them, however, that we have seen, explain the word, and surely it needs explanation. Of course, "*sear'd* hopes" are *withered* hopes ; just as they would naturally be in their "winter's state." We have already seen, in note 11 of the preceding scene, that the old form of *s* and *f* were apt to be mistaken for each other. A case still more in point may be found in *Measure for Measure*, Act ii. sc. 4, note 2. See, also *Macbeth*, Act v. sc. 3, note 4. H.

<sup>2</sup> Instead of *ere*, the original has *or*, which is commonly explained as standing for *ere*. In Shakespeare's time, *ere* was often written and printed *er*, and so might easily be mistaken for *or*. The sense plainly requires *ere* in the text. H.

That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear  
 The legion, now in Gallia, sooner landed  
 In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
 Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar  
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
 Worthy his frowning at : their discipline  
 (Now mingled with their courages) will make known  
 To their approvers,<sup>3</sup> they are people, such  
 That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Phi.* Sec! Iachimo?

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

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.

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

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

*Post.* And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty  
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,  
 And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

<sup>3</sup> That is, those who try them, or put them to the proof. — In the preceding line, the original has *wing-led* instead of *mingled*, which is the reading of the second folio. All modern editions, that we have seen, read *mingled*; which agrees well with the context, as it gives the idea that the Britons had *courage* before, and *discipline* has now been added to courage. But for this latter consideration, we should certainly read *winged*; as it seems to us nothing could well be more in the Poet's style, than the figure of courage adding wings to discipline. u

*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,  
When you were there ?<sup>4</sup>

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

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

*Iach.* If I have lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.

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

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

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

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

*Post.* If you can make't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
And ring is yours : if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour gains, or loses,  
Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them.

<sup>4</sup> This speech is given to Posthumus in the old copy ; but Posthumus was employed in reading his letters, and was too much interested in them to put a question of this nature.

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

*Post.* Proceed.

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

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

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

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

*Iach.* The chimney  
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,  
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves: the cutter

<sup>b</sup> Mason proposes to read: "Such the true life on't was." It is a typographical error easily made; but the original has a long dash after *was*, showing that the speech was interrupted. — "Iachimo's language," says Johnson, "is such as a skilful villain would naturally use; a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art."

Was as another nature, dumb;<sup>6</sup> outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

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

*Iach.* The roof o'the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted. Her andirons  
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands.<sup>7</sup>

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

*Iach.* [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*] Then, if you can,  
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel;<sup>8</sup> see!—  
And now 'tis up again: it must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

*Post.* Jove!—  
Once more let me behold it. Is it that  
Which I left with her?

<sup>6</sup> That is, so near speech. A *speaking picture* is a common figurative expression. The meaning of the latter part of the sentence is: The *sculptor* was as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech*.

<sup>7</sup> It is well known that the *andirons* of our ancestors were sometimes costly pieces of furniture; the *standards* were often, as in this instance, of silver, and representing some *terminal figure* or device; the transverse or horizontal pieces, upon which the wood was supported, were what Shakespeare here calls the *brands*, properly *brandirons*. Upon these the Cupids which formed the standards *nicely depended*, seeming to stand on one foot.

<sup>8</sup> In the original this is pointed thus: "Then if you can be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel." This is preferred by some editors, and may be right; the sense being, "If your cheeks can be pale, I will but show this jewel, and that will make them so." Still the usual pointing commends itself as much the better. H.



*Iach.* Sir, (I thank her,) that:  
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet:  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and said  
She priz'd it once.

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

*Iach.* She writes so to you, doth she?

*Post.* O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this  
too; [Giving the Ring

It is a basilisk<sup>9</sup> unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honour,  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;  
love,

Where there's another man: the vows of women  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.—  
O, above measure false!

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

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

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

*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.  
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring,—'tis true. I am  
sure

She would not lose it: her attendants are

<sup>9</sup> For an account of the wonders formerly done by this Satanic snake, see 2 Henry VI., Act iii. sc. 2, note 2. H.

All sworn and honourable :<sup>10</sup> — They induc'd to  
steal it ?

And by a stranger ? No ; he hath enjoy'd her :  
The cognizance<sup>11</sup> of her incontinency  
Is this : She hath bought the name of whore thus  
dearly. —

There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you !

*Phi.*

Sir, be patient :

This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of —

*Post.*

Never talk on't :

She hath been colted by him.

*Iach.*

If you seek

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

*Post.*

Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.*

Will you hear more ?

*Post.* Spare your arithmetic : never count the  
turns ;

Once, and a million !

*Iach.*

I'll be sworn, —

*Post.*

No swearing

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie ;  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou'st made me cuckold.

<sup>10</sup> It was anciently the custom for the servants of great families (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office.

<sup>11</sup> The badge, the token, the visible proof.

*Iach.* I will deny nothing

*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before  
Her father. — I'll do something. [*Exit.*]

*Phi.* Quite beside  
The government of patience! — You have won.  
Let's follow him, and pervert<sup>12</sup> the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

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

## SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

*Enter* POSTHUMUS.

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;  
And that most venerable man, which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd: some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit. Yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this. — O, vengeance, vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with  
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought  
her

<sup>12</sup> That is, *avert*. To *pervert* a thing means properly to turn or wrest it utterly away from its appointed end or purpose; the *per* having merely an intensive force. So, in Phaer's Virgil:

“The matrons first with wavering minds began to dout,  
And with *perversid* eies beheld the navy round about.”

As chaste as unsunn'd snow : — O, all the devils ! —  
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, — was't not ? —  
 Or less, — at first ; perchance he spoke not, but,  
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a brimeing one,<sup>1</sup>  
 Cried, " Oh ! " and mounted ; found no opposition  
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she  
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
 The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion  
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
 It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,  
 The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;

<sup>1</sup> Hereby hangs one of the most curious tales of misprinting and correcting that we remember to have met with. The original reads thus : " Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a *Iarmen on.*" There can be no doubt that *on* is for *one*, as the word was very often so printed. But what to do with *Iarmen*, that is the question. Pope and Warburton betook themselves to the strange reading, " a *churning on.*" Malone turned *Iarmen* into *German*, and such has been the reading of every edition, we believe, published since. Yet, why Posthumus should speak of a *German* boar, is more than any one can tell. And the reading has been acquiesced in probably because none other was thought of that would bear any sort of scrutiny. Mr. Collier's second folio has *foaming*, which is indeed a great improvement on *German*. But Collier's *foaming* has done something far better yet, in having drawn forth the following note from Mr. Singer : " There can be no doubt that the misprinted word was *brimmen*, or *brimeing*. Thus Bullokar : ' *Brime*, a term among hunters, when the wild boar goeth to the female.' Shakespeare has everywhere displayed his knowledge of and fondness for terms of the chase. I am told the word still lingers in the purlieus of the New Forest, and elsewhere provincially." The verb *brime*, from the Anglo-Saxon *bremman*, means to be *hot*, *furios*, *rampant*. To the authority produced by Singer we may add the following from Holland's Pliny : " They stand lightly to the first *brimming*, but by reason that they are subject to cast their pigges they had need to be *brimmed* a second time." Also this, from Holland's Plutarch : " For the same reason they take the sow to be a prophane and unclean beast, for that ordinarily she goeth a *brimming* and admitteth the boar, when the moon is past the full." So that *brimeing* accords perfectly with the sense of *full-acorn'd*.

Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges,  
hers ;<sup>2</sup>

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :  
For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them. — Yet 'tis greater skill  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :  
The very devils cannot plague them better.<sup>3</sup> [*Exit.*

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I. Britain.

#### A Room of State in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, the QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords,  
at one Door ; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and  
Attendants.*

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

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet  
lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues

<sup>2</sup> This line is wanting in the Chiswick edition ; doubtless omitted by mistake. H.

<sup>3</sup> " God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes." — Sir T. MORE'S *Comfort against Tribulation*

Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain,  
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,  
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
 Than in his feats deserving it,) for him  
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,  
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately  
 Is left untender'd.

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

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

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

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag  
 Of "came," and "saw," and "overcame:" with  
 shame

(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried  
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping  
 (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,  
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges; crack'd  
 As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,  
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
 (O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,

<sup>1</sup> O, false, inconstant fortune! A *giglot* was a strumpet. The

Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,  
And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.<sup>2</sup>

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute. pray you now.

*Cym.* You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's am  
bition

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
The sides o'the world) against all colour<sup>3</sup> here  
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off,  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be.

*Clo.* We do.<sup>4</sup>

Poet has transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. So in Holinshed: "The same historie also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibelane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield, by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. But Nennius died, within 15 daies after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand; although after he was hurt he slew Labienus, one of the Roman tribunes."

<sup>2</sup> The pith and shrewdness of this ungeared and loose-screwed genius here go right to the mark, although they go off out of time. Of course, to *owe* means to *own*, as usual. H

<sup>3</sup> That is, against all colour of *right*.

<sup>4</sup> We here adopt, with some hesitation, the arrangement found

*Cym.* Say, then, to Cæsar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which  
Ordain'd our laws ; whose use the sword of Cæsar  
Hath too much mangled ; whose repair and fran-  
chise  
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made  
our laws,  
Who was the first of Britain which did put  
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd  
Himself a king.<sup>6</sup>

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

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius

in Mr. Collier's second folio. The old copies make *We do* a part of Cymbeline's speech, giving the whole line thus : "Ourselves to be, we do. Say then to Cæsar." Modern editions detach *we do* from the first part of the line, and prefix it to the second, thus : "We do say, then, to Cæsar." The arrangement here adopted gives us a most characteristic piece of impertinent pertinence from Cloten, whose rickety, jerking mind keeps shaking out pithy comments on what the others say, throughout this scene. H.

<sup>6</sup> Here, again, Holinshed was the Poet's authority : "Mulmutius, the son of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers ; and, after his father's decease, began to reign over the whole monarchy of Britain, in the year of the world 3529. He made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmutius' laws. After he had established his land, he ordained him, by the advice of his lords, a crown of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned. And because he was the first that bore a crown here in Britain, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britain, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors." H.



'Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent  
 Much under him ; of him I gather'd honour ;  
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,  
 Behoves me keep at utterance.<sup>6</sup> I am perfect,  
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for  
 Their liberties are now in arms ; a precedent  
 Which not to read would show the Britons cold :  
 So Cæsar shall not find them.<sup>7</sup>

*Luc.*

Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-  
 time with us a day or two, or longer. If you seek us

<sup>6</sup> That is, at the *uttermost* of defiance. So in Helyas Knight of the Swan : " Here is my gage to sustain it *to the utterance*, and befight it to the death." See Macbeth, Act iii. sc. 1. note 3. — " I am *perfect* " is, I am *well-informed*, am *certain*.

<sup>7</sup> The main points of this speech are thus set forth in Holii-  
 shed : " Kymbeline was of the Britains made king, after the æ  
 cease of his father, in the year of the world 3944, and before the  
 birth of our Saviour 33. This man, as some write, was brought  
 up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under  
 whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him,  
 that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not. But here is to be  
 noted that, although our histories do affirm that Kymbeline lived  
 in quiet with the Romans, and continually to them paid the trib-  
 utes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cæsar to pay ;  
 yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death,  
 when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the Empire, the  
 Britains refused to pay that tribute : whereat, as Cornelius Tacitus  
 reporteth, Augustus, being otherwise occupied, was contented to  
 wink ; howbeit, through earnest calling upon to recover his right  
 by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British king-  
 dom, at length, in the tenth year after the death of Julius Cæsar,  
 Augustus made provision to pass with an army over into Britain,  
 and was come forward upon his journey into Gallia Celtica, or, as  
 we may say, into these hither parts of France. But, here receiv-  
 ing advertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the coun-  
 try now ealled Hungary, and the Dalmatians, whom we now call  
 Slavons, had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue these reb-  
 els, near home, rather than to seek new countries, and leave such  
 in hazard whereof he had present possession ; and so, turning his  
 power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a  
 time the wars of Britain." H.

afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine;

All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Another Room in the Same.

*Enter PISANIO, reading a Letter.*

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not

What monsters her accuse?<sup>1</sup> — Leonatus!

O, master! what a strange infection

Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian

(As poisonous-tongued, as handed) hath prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing? — Disloyal? No:

She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,

More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take in some virtue.<sup>2</sup> — O, my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were

Thy fortunes.<sup>3</sup> — How! that I should murder her!

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I

Have made to thy command? — I, her? — her blood?

<sup>1</sup> So in all the old copies. Modern editions until Collier's read "what monster's her accuser?" The only assignable reason for the change seems to be, that Iachimo alone had accused her. But this is just what Pisanio did not know: had he known it, he would not have asked the question. H.

<sup>2</sup> To take in is to conquer; often so used.

<sup>3</sup> Thy mind compared to hers is now as low as thy condition was compared to hers.

If it be so to do good service, never  
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
 That I should seem to lack humanity,  
 So much as this fact comes to? "Do't: the letter,  
 That I have sent her, by her own command  
 Shall give thee opportunity."<sup>4</sup> — O, damn'd paper!  
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble.  
 Art thou a feodary<sup>5</sup> for this act, and look'st  
 So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.<sup>6</sup>

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio!

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

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus.  
 O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer,  
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;  
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,  
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,

<sup>4</sup> Modern editions until Knight's insert [*Reading*] as a stage direction here; as if Pisanio were to read from the letter which he was reading when he entered. They also leave off the words, *reading a letter*, from the original stage-direction at the opening of the scene, and give us simply, *Enter Pisanio*. It is manifest that Pisanio is not here reading from the letter, for the words he speaks are not in the letter; but merely quoting from memory the substance or main purport of what he has just read, putting it into his own language. Malone, not observing or not understanding this, confidently inferred that the Poet did not intend his plays should be published; else he would have made the letter read the same here as it does afterwards. H.

<sup>5</sup> That is, a *subordinate agent*, as a vassal to his chief. See *Measure for Measure*, Act ii. sc. 4, note 15. A *feodary*, however, meant also "a *prime agent*, or steward, who received aids, reliefs, suits of service, &c., due to any lord." Yet after all it may be doubted whether Shakespeare does not use it to signify a *confederate* or *accomplice*, as he does *federary* in *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. sc. 1, note 7.

<sup>6</sup> That is, I am unpractised in the arts of murder.

Of my lord's health, of his content, — yet not,  
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him, —  
 (Some griefs are medicinable ; that is one of them.  
 For it doth physic love,) — of his content,  
 All but in that ! — Good wax, thy leave. — Bless'd be  
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers  
 And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike :  
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
 You elasp young Cupid's tables. — Good news, gods

[*Reads.*] Justice and your father's wrath, should he tak  
 me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you,  
 O, the dearest of creatures ! would even renew me with  
 your eyes.<sup>7</sup> Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Mil-  
 ford-Haven : what your own love will out of this advise  
 you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that re-  
 mains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings ! — Hear'st thou, Pisanio  
 He is at Milford-Haven : Read, and tell me  
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
 May plod it in a week, why may not I  
 Glide thither in a day ? — Then, true Pisanio,  
 (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord ; who long'st, —  
 O, let me 'bate ! — but not like me ; — yet long'st, —  
 But in a fainter kind : — O, not like me !  
 For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,<sup>8</sup>  
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
 To th' smothering of the sense,) how far it is

<sup>7</sup> There is some obscurity here. The meaning seems to be something thus : "Justice and your father's wrath could not hurt me so much as you would repair me with your eyes." Malone and others insert *not* after *would*, and Knight turns *as* into *an*, equivalent to *if* ; both which, to our mind, only darken what is certainly none too light. H.

<sup>8</sup> That is, speak *fast*. See Macbeth, Act i. sc. 3, note 12. — *Beyond beyond* is beyond any thing that can be expressed. H.

To this same blessed Milford. And, by th' way,  
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
 T' inherit such a haven : but, first of all,  
 How we may steal from hence ; and, for the gap  
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,  
 And our return, to excuse :<sup>9</sup> — but first, how get  
 hence.

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ?<sup>10</sup>  
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak ;  
 How many score of miles may we well ride  
 'Twixt hour and hour ?

*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
 Madam, 's enough for you, and too much, too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,  
 Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding  
 wagers,<sup>11</sup>

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
 That run i'the clock's behalf.<sup>12</sup> — But this is  
 foolery. —

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say  
 She'll home to her father ; and provide me, presently  
 A riding suit, no costlier than would fit  
 A franklin's housewife.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>9</sup> That is, how to excuse for the gap that we shall make in time.  
 H.

<sup>10</sup> That is, *before* the act is done for which excuse will be necessary.

<sup>11</sup> This practice was prevalent in Shakespeare's time. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother's *putting out* money to be paid with interest on his return from Jerusalem, defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when "no meane lords, and lords' sonnes, and gentlemen in our court, *put out* money upon a horse race under themselves, yea, upon a journey afoote."

<sup>12</sup> That is, *instead of* the clock. It may be necessary to apprise the reader that the *sand of an hour glass* used to measure time is meant. The figurative meaning is *swifter* than the flight of time.

<sup>13</sup> A *franklin* is a *veoman*. See 1 Henry IV., Act ii. sc. 1. note 12.

*Pis.* Madam, you're best consider

*Imo.* I see before me, man : nor here, nor here,  
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through.<sup>14</sup> Away, I pr'ythee :  
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say ;  
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. Wales.

*A Mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys : this  
gate  
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens ; and bows  
you  
To a morning's holy office : The gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet<sup>1</sup> through  
And keep their impious turbans on, without  
Good morrow to the sun. — Hail, thou fair heaven !  
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

*Gui.* Hail, heaven !

*Arv.* Hail, heaven !

<sup>14</sup> Of course, Imogen here speaks with her hand as well as with her tongue. "Neither the right side, nor the left, nor what is behind me, but have a dense fog in them : the path straight before me to Milford is the only one where I can see my way." We adopt Mason's pointing. As commonly pointed, *I* is the subject of *have*, thus : "I see before me, man, nor here, nor here, nor what ensues ; but have a fog," &c. H.

<sup>1</sup> *Strut*, walk proudly. So in *Twelfth Night* : "How he jets under his advanced plumes." The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a *Saracen*

*Bel.* Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yond'  
hill;

Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Con-  
sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place which lessens, and sets off.

And you may then revolve what tales I have told **you**  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:

This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd:<sup>2</sup> to apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see;

And often, to our comfort, shall we find

The sharded beetle<sup>3</sup> in a safer hold

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life

Is nobler, than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a brabe;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> That is, so considered, or so approved.

u.

<sup>3</sup> That is, *scaly-winged* beetle. See *Macbeth*, Act iii. sc. 2, note 7. And *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii. sc. 2, note 3. The epithet full-winged, applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the Poet's imagery; for whilst the bird can soar beyond the reach of human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day.

<sup>4</sup> The original has *babe* instead of *brabe*; an evident misprint, though how to correct it, is not so clear. The more common reading is *bribe*, which was proposed by Hanmer, and is well explained by Verplanck, thus: "Such a life is richer than that of the bribed courtier, even though he pocket his bribe without rendering any return." The only other tolerable emendation is *bauble*, which was proposed by Rowe. *Brabe* is strongly approved by Singer and Dyce, the latter saying, — "In all probability, the right reading is *brabe*." Speight, in his *Glossary to Chaucer*, 1602, explains *heth* or *hething* as meaning "*brabes* and such like;" and in *Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer* *hething* is interpreted to mean *contempt*. So that *brabe*, as used in Shakespeare's time, would signify a word, look, or gesture of *scorn*. And this agrees well with the context, setting forth a courtier's life, as one who industriously dances attendance, and is paid with reproof; who wears out his strength in trifles, mere nothings, works assiduously to earn a look of contempt, and gets it.

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :  
Such gains the cap of him that makes him fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncross'd.<sup>5</sup> No life to ours.

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

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,  
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,  
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding  
With your stiff age : but unto us it is  
A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;  
A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
To stride a limit.<sup>6</sup>

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

*Bel.* How you speak !  
Did you but know the city's usuries,  
And felt them knowingly : the art o'the court,  
As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb

<sup>5</sup> That is, such a man — the man who “rustles in unpaid-for silk” — gains the bow of courtesy from his tailor, but remains still in debt to him, leaves his account unsettled. To *cross the book* is still a common phrase for wiping out an entry of debt. The original has *gain* instead of *gains* ; but the use of *him* shows that the verb should be in the singular. — “No life to ours” is no life *com- pared* to ours. The form of expression was common. H.

<sup>6</sup> To *stride a limit* is to overpass his bound.



Is certain falling, or so slippery that  
 The fear's as bad as falling : the toil o'the war,  
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
 I'the name of fame and honour ; which dies i'the  
 search,

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

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

*Gui.* Uncertain favour !

*Bel.* My fault being nothing (as I have told you  
 oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline  
 I was confederate with the Romans : so,  
 Follow'd my banishment ; and this twenty years  
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world ;  
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; paid  
 More pious debts to Heaven, than in all  
 The fore-end of my time. — But, up to th' mountains !  
 This is not hunters' language. — He that strikes  
 The venison first shall be the lord o'the feast ;  
 To him the other two shall minister ;  
 And we will fear no poison, which attends

In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys. — [Exeunt GUI. and ARV

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !

These boys know little they are sons to th' king :

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.

They think they are mine ; and, though train'd up thus meanly

I'the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit

The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them

In simple and low things to prince it, much

Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore, —

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom

The king his father call'd Guiderius, — Jove !

When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out

Into my story ; say, — “ Thus mine enemy fell ;

And thus I set my foot on 's neck : ” even then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal, (Once Arviragus') in as like a figure

Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more

His own conceiving. Hark ! the game is rous'd. —

O, Cymbeline ! Heaven, and my conscience, knows

Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon,

At three and two years old, I stole these babes,

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as

Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,

Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their mother,

And every day do honour to her grave :<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> The grammatical construction requires “to *thy* grave ;” but we have frequent instances of this change of persons not only in Shakespear, but in all the writings of his age.

Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
 They take for natural father. — The game is up.  
 [Exit.

SCENE IV. Near Milford-Haven.

*Enter* PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,  
 the place  
 Was near at hand. — Ne'er long'd my mother so  
 To see me first,<sup>1</sup> as I have now: — Pisanio! Man!  
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,  
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks  
 that sigh  
 From th' inward of thee? One but painted thus  
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
 Beyond self-explication: put thyself  
 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness  
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
 A look untender? If it be summer news,  
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st  
 But keep that countenance still. — My husband's  
 hand!  
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,  
 And he's at some hard point. — Speak, man: thy  
 tongue  
 May take off some extremity, which to read  
 Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.*

Please you, read;

<sup>1</sup> That is, "as I have now long'd to see Posthumus." It would seem something fitter to Imogen's state of mind, to read, "Ne'er long'd *his* mother so to see *him* first." Nevertheless, the sense is clear enough.

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

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

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the  
paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No; 'tis slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose  
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile;<sup>2</sup> whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,<sup>4</sup>  
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, mad-  
am?

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it, to be false?  
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge  
nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake? that's false to 's bed,  
Is it?

<sup>2</sup> *Worm* was the general name for all the *serpent* kind. In Antony and Cleopatra the *aspic* is repeatedly spoken of as a *worm* thus, in Act v. sc. 2, the Clown says, "the *worms*'s an odd worm.

H.

<sup>3</sup> That is, persons of the highest rank.

*Pis.* Alas, good lady!

*Imo.* I false? Thy conscience witness. — Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,  
Thy favour's good enough. — Some jay of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting,<sup>4</sup> hath betray'd him  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by th' walls,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> That is, of course, who was *born of her paint-box*; who had no beauty, no attraction, no *womanhood* in her face but what was daubed on; insomuch that she might be aptly styled the creature of her painting, one made of artificial colours, one who had *daubery* for her *mother*. A figure more perfectly in Shakespeare's style, more intensely characteristic of him, is scarcely to be found in the whole compass of his plays. Nevertheless, divers seem very confident that the old reading should give place at once to *Who smothers her with painting*, which is found written in Mr. Collier's famous second folio. Nothing short of a written order direct from the Poet himself, signed with his own hand, and sealed with his own seal, would persuade us into such a substitution; and even then we should intreat him to reconsider, before he authorised the change! There needs no better comment on the passage, than is furnished in *King Lear*, Act ii. sc. 2, where Kent says to Oswald, — "You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a *tailor made thee*." And when Cornwall says to him, — "Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?" he replies, — "Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a *painter*, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade." And Steevens quotes a similar expression from an old play: "A parcel of conceited feather-caps, *whose fathers were their garments!*" See, also, Act iv. sc. 2, note 7. Remains but to add, that in Italian *putta* signifies both a *jay* and a *strumpet*: hence, perhaps, the use of *jay* for *strumpet* in English. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. sc. 3, note 4. H.

<sup>5</sup> That is, to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. Clothes were not formerly, as at present, kept in drawers, or given away as soon as time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the purpose; and, though such as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations. When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above

I must be ripp'd : — to pieces with me ! — O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good-seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband ! shall be thought  
Put on for villainy ; not born where 't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false  
*Æneas,*

Were in his time thought false ; and Sinon's weep-  
ing

Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity  
From most true wretchedness : so thou, Posthumus,  
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;<sup>6</sup>

Goodly and gallant, shall be false and perjurd,  
From thy great fail. — Come, fellow, be thou honest :  
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,  
A little witness my obedience : Look !

I draw the sword myself ; take it, and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart  
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things but grief ;  
Thy master is not there, who was indeed  
The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.  
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument !

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die ;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art

three thousand dresses behind her. Steevens once saw one of these repositories at an ancient mansion in Suffolk, which (thanks to a succession of old maids !) had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

<sup>6</sup> The *leaven* is, in Scripture phraseology, "the whole wickedness of our sinful nature." See 1 Corinthians, v. 6, 7, 8. "Thy failure, Posthumus, will lay *falsehood* to the charge of men with our guile ; make all suspecto."

No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter  
 There is a prohibition so divine,  
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my  
 heart :

Something's afore't ; — soft, soft ; we'll no defence :  
 Obedient as the scabbard. — What is here ?

The scriptures<sup>7</sup> of the loyal Leonatus,  
 All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,  
 Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more  
 Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools  
 Believe false teachers : Though those that are be-  
 tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up  
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father  
 And make me put into contempt the suits  
 Of princely fellows,<sup>8</sup> shalt hereafter find  
 It is no act of common passage, but  
 A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,  
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her  
 That now thou tir'st on,<sup>9</sup> how thy memory  
 Will then be pang'd by me. — Pr'ythee, despatch :  
 'The lamb entreats the butcher : Where's thy knife ?  
 'Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
 When I desire it too.

*Pis.*

O, gracious lady !

<sup>7</sup> Referring to her husband's *letters*, but at the same time in-  
 tending an antithesis between *Scriptural doctrine* and *heresy*.

H

<sup>8</sup> *Fellows* for *equals* ; those of the same rank with herself.

<sup>9</sup> It is probable that the first, as well as the last, of these met-  
 aphorical expressions is from falconry. A bird of prey may be  
 said to be *disedged* when the keenness of its appetite is taken  
 away by *tiring*, or feeding, upon some object giver to it for that  
 purpose

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do't, and to bed, then

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.<sup>10</sup>

*Imo.* Wherefore, then,

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
So many miles with a pretence? this place?  
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?  
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
For my being absent; whereunto I never  
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,  
To be unbent<sup>11</sup> when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
Th' elected deer before thee?

*Pis.* But to win time

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

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak  
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,  
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
Nor tent to bottom that.<sup>12</sup> But speak.

*Pis.* Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like;

Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither.

But if I were as wise as honest, then  
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,  
But that my master is abus'd:

<sup>10</sup> *Blind* is wanting in the old copies, and was supplied by Hammer. Collier's second folio, with some plausibility, reads, "I'll crack mine eye-balls first;" and then begins the next speech with *and*, to fill up the measure. H

<sup>11</sup> To have thy bow *unbent*, alluding to a hunter.

<sup>12</sup> To *tent* is to *probe*.



Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan.

*Pis.*

No, on my life.

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

*Imo.*

Why, good fellow,

What shall I do the while ? where bide ? how live ?  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband ?

*Pis.*

If you'll back to th' court, -

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

*Pis.*

If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

*Imo.*

Where then ?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain ? I'the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;  
In a great pool, a swan's nest : pr'ythee, think  
'There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.*

I am most glad

You think of other place. Th' ambassador  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
'To-morrow : Now, if you could wear a mien  
Dark as your fortune is,<sup>13</sup> and but disguise

<sup>13</sup> That is, wear an *outside* as dark, have your person as *obscured* as your fortune now is. The original has *mind* instead of *mien*, which latter is from Collier's second folio. The old reading, however, has been plausibly explained thus: "To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness* applied to the *mind*, is secrecy ; applied to the *fortune*

That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be,  
 But by self-danger ; you should tread a course  
 Privy, and full of view :<sup>14</sup> yea, haply, near  
 The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh, at least,  
 That though his actions were not visible, yet  
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
 As truly as he moves.

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

*Pis.* Well, then, here's the point •  
 You must forget to be a woman ; change  
 Command into obedience ; fear and niceness  
 (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
 Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage ;  
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
 As quarrellous as the weasel :<sup>15</sup> nay, you must  
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
 Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart !  
 Alack, no remedy !) to the greedy touch  
 Of common-kissing Titan ;<sup>16</sup> and forget

is *obscurity*." Still we have no doubt *mien* is the right word, as it gives a clearer sense, and coheres better with the rest of the passage. In the Poet's time, it was often spelt *mine*, and so might easily be misprinted *mind*.—The next clause is somewhat dark, and may be explained thus : "You must disguise that character which, to be seen hereafter in its proper light, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself ;" meaning, of course, her character as successor to the crown. H.

<sup>14</sup> That is, where you would be unknown yourself, and yet have a full view of what were going on about you. The old copies have *pretty* instead of *privy*. It is not easy to gather any congruent sense out of *pretty* ; while *privy* gives just the sense wanted. The correction is from Collier's second folio. H.

<sup>15</sup> Weasels were formerly, it appears, kept in houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. The Poet no doubt speaks from observation ; while a youth he would have frequent opportunities to ascertain their disposition.

<sup>16</sup> So in Sidney's *Arcadia* : "And beautiful might have been,

Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein  
You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit  
(’Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them. Would you, in their serving,  
And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season, ’fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
Wherein you are happy, (which you’ll make him  
know,

If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,  
With joy he will embrace you; for he’s honourable,  
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,  
You have me,<sup>17</sup> rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning, nor supplyment.

*Imo.* Thou art all the comfort

The gods will diet me with. Pr’ythee, away:  
There’s more to be consider’d; but we’ll even  
All that good time will give us. This attempt  
I am soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince’s courage. Away, I pr’ythee.

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

if they had not suffered greedy Phœbus over often and hard to  
kisse them.”

<sup>17</sup> “As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.”

And fit you to your manhood. — May the gods  
Direct you to the best!

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

SCENE V. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter* CYMBELINE, the QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,  
and Lords.

*Cym.* Thus far; and so farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, royal sir

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

*Cym.* Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.* So, sir: I desire of you  
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven. —  
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!<sup>1</sup>

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

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

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

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

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my  
lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn. — Happiness!

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, and Lords.]

<sup>1</sup> We should apparently read "his grace and you."

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

*Clo.* 'Tis all the better :  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

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

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

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day. She looks us like  
A thing more made of malice, than of duty.  
We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

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

*Re-enter an Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, sir ? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

*Atten.*

Please you, sir

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

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

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd?  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I  
Fear prove false! [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.

*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days.

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

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son!

*Clo.* 'Tis certain she is fled.  
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none  
Dare come about him.

\* The original reads, "to th' loud of noise we make." The sense apparently requires "loud'st of noise," and such forms of expression were very common in the Poet's time. The change is made in all modern editions till Collier's. H.

*Queen.* All the better : may  
This night forestall him of the coming day !<sup>3</sup> [*Exit.*

*Clo.* I love, and hate her ; for she's fair and royal ;  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman :<sup>4</sup> from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all. I love her, therefore ; but,  
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on  
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,  
That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and in that point  
I will conclude to hate her ; nay, indeed,  
'To be reveng'd upon her : for, when fools shall—

*Enter PISANIO.*

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

*Pis.* O, good my lord !

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

*Pis.* Alas, my lord !

How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?  
He is in Rome.

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

<sup>3</sup> That is, may his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an unexpected and premature death.

<sup>4</sup> Than any *lady*, than all *ladies*, than all *woman-kind*. There is a similar passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii. sc. 3 : 'To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man.'

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!

*Clo.* All-worthy villain :

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,  
At the next word, — No more of worthy lord, —  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*]

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

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

*Clo.* Humph!

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

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

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

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? For, since patiently  
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune

<sup>b</sup> Meaning, probably, "I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten or perish by his fury." Dr. Johnson thought the words should be given to Cloten



of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me ?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

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

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

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

*Pis.* I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven : — I forgot to ask him one thing ; I'll remember't anon : — Even there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee. — I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her : first kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, — and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.*

Be those the garments ?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

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

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

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

*Pis.* Thou bidd'st me to my loss : for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. — To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness ; labour be his meed ! [*Exit.*

#### SCENE VI. Before the Cave of BELARIUS.

*Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.*

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

I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial ? Yes ; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true : to lapse in fulness Is sorer,<sup>1</sup> than to lie for need ; and falsehood

<sup>1</sup> That is, is worse, more criminal.

Is worse in kings, than beggars. — My dear lord !  
 Thou art one o'the false ones : now I think on thee  
 My hunger's gone ; but even, before, I was  
 At point to sink for food. — But what is this ?  
 Here is a path to't : 'tis some savage hold :  
 I were best not call, I dare not call ; yet famine,  
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
 Plenty and peace breeds cowards ; hardness ever  
 Of hardness is mother. — Ho ! who's here ?  
 If any thing that's civil,<sup>2</sup> speak ; if savage,  
 Take, or lend. — Ho ! — No answer ? then I'll enter.  
 Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy  
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
 Such a foe, good heavens ! [She enters the Cave.

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best wood  
 man,<sup>3</sup> and

Are master of the feast : Cadwal and I  
 Will play the cook and servant ; 'tis our match.<sup>4</sup>  
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,  
 But for the end it works to. Come ; our stomachs  
 Will make what's homely, savoury : Weariness  
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> That is, *civilized*, as opposed to *savage*. So, in *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. sc. 3, we have, "*civil laws are cruel* ;" where "*civil laws*" obviously means, the laws of *civilized* life. — In the next clause the meaning seems to be, "either let me have food, and *take* pay for it, or else *lend* it to me, and look for a future return." So she says, afterwards, "I thought to have *begg'd*, or *bought*, what I have took." H.

<sup>3</sup> *Woodman* was a common term for a *hunter*. See *Measure for Measure*. Act iv. sc. 3, note 11. H.

<sup>4</sup> That is, our compact.

<sup>5</sup> *Resty* signifies here *dull, heavy*, as it is explained in *Bullokar's Expositor*, 1616. So Milton uses it in his *Eiconoclastes*, sec. 24 : "The master is too *resty*, or too rich, to say his own prayers, or to bless his own tale."

Finds the down pillow hard. — Now, peace be here,  
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Gui.* I am throughly weary

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

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

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

*Bel.* [*Looking in.*] Stay ; come not in :

But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
 Here were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir ?

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

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not :

Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought  
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took. Good  
 troth,

I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had  
 found

Gold strew'd i'the floor.\* Here's money for my  
 meat :

I would have left it on the board, so soon  
 As I had made my meal ; and parted  
 With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth ?

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
 Who worship dirty gods.

\* Hanmer altered this to "o'the floor," and unnecessarily: *in* was frequently used for *on* in Shakespeare's time, as in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done *in* earth."

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

*Bel.* Whither bound ?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.

*Bel.* What's your name ?

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

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

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your groom. — In hon-  
esty,  
I bid for you, as I do buy.

*Arv.* I'll make't my comfort,  
He is a man : I'll love him as my brother ; —  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,  
After long absence, such is yours. Most wel-  
come !  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends,  
If brothers. — [*Aside.*] Would it had been so, that  
they  
Had been my father's sons ! then had my prize<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Prize, prise, and price* were confounded, or used indiscriminately by our ancestors. Indeed it is not now uncommon to hear persons above the vulgar confound the words, and talk of high *priz'd* and low-*priz'd* goods. *Prize* here is evidently used for *value, estimation*.

Been less ; and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthumus.

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.<sup>8</sup>

*Gui.* Would I could free't!

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

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

*Imo.* [*Aside.*] Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by  
That nothing gift of differing<sup>9</sup> multitudes,)  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus false.<sup>10</sup>

*Bel.* It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. — Fair youth, come  
in :

Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray, draw near.

*Arr.* The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark,  
less welcome.

<sup>8</sup> To *wring* is to *writhe*.

<sup>9</sup> Several explanations have been given of *different* in this place, such as *wavering* and *many-headed*. We do not well see how it can be understood otherwise than as meaning *difference of rank*. Imogen is contrasting the nobility of conscious virtue with the state of those who feed on the "bubble reputation" blown up by multitudes of a lower rank. H.

<sup>10</sup> Malone says, — "As Shakespeare has used in other places 'Menelaus' tent,' and 'thy mistress' ear' for 'Menelaus' tent,' and 'thy mistresses ear ;' it is probable that he used 'since Leonatus' false' for 'since Leonatus is false.'" Steevens doubts this and says that the Poet may have written "Since Leonate is false." as he calls *Enobarbus*, *Enobarbe* ; and *Prospero*, *Prosper*, in other places.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

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

## SCENE VII. Rome.

*Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.*

*1 Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ. That since the common men are now in action 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ; And that the legions now in Gallia are Full weak to undertake our wars against The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite The gentry to this business. He creates Lucius pro-consul ; and to you, the tribunes, For this immediate levy, he commands His absolute commission.<sup>11</sup> Long live Cæsar !

*Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces ?

*2 Sen.*

*Ay.*

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia ?

*1 Sen.*

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

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

<sup>11</sup> He commands the commission to be given you.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. Britain. The Forest, near the Cave.

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by Him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (saving reverence of the word,) for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:<sup>1</sup> yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite.<sup>2</sup> What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall

<sup>1</sup> In single combat. An *opposite*, in Shakespeare's age, was the common phrase for an antagonist.

<sup>2</sup> *Imperceiverant* is of course *undiscerning*, or *imperceiving*. The word, though now obsolete, was often used in the Poet's time. In the old copies the word is spelt *imperseverant*, which was then the common orthography. Mr. Dyce quotes the following opposite passage from *The Widow*, a play written by Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton: "Methinks the words themselves should make him do't, had he but the *perseverance* of a Cock sparrow." And in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii., page 400, may be found several instances in point, furnished by the Rev. Mr. Arrowsmith, who says — "The noun substantive, *perseverance*, discernment, is as common a word as any of the like length in the English language."



within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face ;<sup>3</sup> and, all this done, spurn her home to her father ; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage ; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe : out, sword, and to a sore purpose ! Fortune, put them into my hand ! This is the very description of their meeting-place ; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

## SCENE II. Before the Cave.

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

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

We'll come to you after hunting.

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

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

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

*Imo.* So sick I am not, — yet I am not well ;  
But not so citizen a wanton, as  
To seem to die, ere sick : So, please you leave me ;  
Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom  
Is breach of all.<sup>1</sup> I am ill ; but your being by me

<sup>3</sup> Warburton thought we should read, "before her face." Malone says, that Shakespeare may have intentionally given this absurd and brutal language to Cloten. The Clown in *The Winter's Tale* says, — "If thou'lt see a thing to talk of after thou art dead."

<sup>1</sup> Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted ; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.

Cannot amend me : society is no comfort  
 To one not sociable. I am not very sick,  
 Since I can reason of it : pray you, trust me here ;  
 I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,  
 Stealing so poorly.

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

*Bel.* What ! how ? how ?

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

*Bel.* [*Aside.*] O, noble strain !  
 O, worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !  
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :  
 Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace  
 I am not their father ; yet who this should be,  
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me. —  
 'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

*Arv.* Brother, farewell

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health. — So please you, sir

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

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court :  
 Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !  
 'Th' imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,  
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
 I am sick still ; heart-sick : — Pisanio,  
 I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Gui.* I could not stir him

He said he was gentle,<sup>2</sup> but unfortunate ;  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

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

*Bel.* To th' field, to th' field ! —  
We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

*Arv.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife.

*Imo.* Well, or ill,  
I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And shalt be ever. [*Exit* IMO.]  
This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had  
Good ancestors.

*Arv.* How angel-like he sings !

*Gui.* But his neat cookery ! He cut our roots in  
characters ;  
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter.<sup>3</sup>

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

*Gui.* I do note,

<sup>2</sup> " I could not move him to tell his story." *Gentle* is of a gentle race or rank, well born.

<sup>3</sup> It is well known that a certain " strong-minded woman " has fallen into something of a merry mocking humour at the praise bestowed on Imogen's " neat cookery." Her superfine sensibilities, it would seem, were shocked that a princess and heroine of tragedy should be charged with so vulgar an accomplishment. Alas, that a strong mind should have been so educated by literary studies out of sympathy and fellowship with nature ! There is not a finer stroke in the whole delineation ; nor, we will venture, is there a line of poetry in the English language that shows a more exquisite skill to touch the springs of natural feeling. II.

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.<sup>4</sup>

*Arv.* Grow, patience!

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root with the increasing vine!<sup>6</sup>

*Bel.* It is great morning.<sup>6</sup> Come; away!—Who's  
there?

*Enter CLOTEN.*

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

*Bel.* Those runagates!

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

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

*Clo.* Soft! What are you

That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

*Gui.* A thing

<sup>4</sup> *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. We have the word again in *The Tempest*: "The strong bas'd promontory have I made shake, and by the *spurs* pluck'd up the pine and cedar."

<sup>6</sup> We have here an expression of precisely the same sort as one now, against propriety, growing into use; namely, "differing *with* another," instead of "differing *from* another." In our time, of course the proper language would be,— "Let the elder *twine* his root *with* the vine;" or,— "Let the elder *untwine* his root *from* the vine;" just as it is proper to say,— "I *agree with* you;" or,— "I *differ from* you." The passage in the text has drunk up a deal of editorial ink, and been made the darker for it. H.

<sup>6</sup> That is, broad day. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. sc. 3 note 1

More slavish did I ne'er, than answering  
 "A slave," without a knock.<sup>7</sup>

*Clo.* Thou art a robber,  
 A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief!

*Gui.* To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have  
 not I

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

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

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
 Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,  
 Which, as it seems, make thee.<sup>8</sup>

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

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

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

*Gui.* What's thy name?

*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
 I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,  
 'Twould move me sooner.

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

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

*Clo.* Art not afeard?

<sup>7</sup> That is, answering one who called me a slave. ■.

<sup>8</sup> For a similar expression, see Act iii. sc. 4, note 4. ■.

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

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clo.*

Die the death.

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

*Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* No company's abroad.

*Arv.* None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell : long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour

Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his : I am absolute  
'Twas very Cloten.

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

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors ; for defect of judgment  
Is oft the cure of fear.<sup>9</sup> But see, thy brother !

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S Head.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool ; an empty purse,  
There was no money in't : not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none ;

<sup>9</sup> The old copy reads, "Is oft the *cause* of fear ;" but this cannot be right : Belarius is assigning a reason for Cloten's foolhardy desperation, not accounting for his cowardice. The emendation adopted is Hanmer's.

Yet, I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect what; <sup>10</sup> cut off one Cloten's  
head;

Son to the queen, after his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,  
With his own single hand he'd take us in,<sup>11</sup>  
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they  
grow,  
And set them on Lud's town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

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

*Bel.* No single soul

Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. Though his hu-  
mour<sup>12</sup>

Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,  
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps.  
It may be heard at court that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stronger head; the which he hear  
ing

<sup>10</sup> I know perfectly what I have done. See Act iii. sc. 1, note 6. Belarius uses *absolute* in the same way, a little before. H.

<sup>11</sup> That is, conquer, subdue us.

<sup>12</sup> The old copy reads, "his honour." The emendation is Theobald's.

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

*Arv.* Let ordinance  
 Come as the gods foresay it : howsoc'er,  
 My brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no mind  
 To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness  
 Did make my way long forth.<sup>13</sup>

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

*Bel.* I fear 'twill be reveng'd.  
 Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't ! though  
 valour  
 Becomes thee well enough.

*Arv.* Would I had done't,  
 So the revenge alone pursued me ! — Polydore,  
 I love thee brotherly, but envy much,  
 Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would re-  
 venges,  
 That possible strength might meet,<sup>14</sup> would seek us  
 through,  
 And put us to our answer.

*Bel.* Well, 'tis done.  
 We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger

<sup>13</sup> That is, "made my walk forth from the cave tedious."

<sup>14</sup> Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within the possibility of resistance.



Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock :  
 You and Fidele play the cooks ; I'll stay  
 Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
 To dinner presently.

*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele !  
 I'll willingly to him : to gain his colour,  
 I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,<sup>15</sup>  
 And praise myself for charity. [*Exit*

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

*Re-enter* GUIDERIUS.

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

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

<sup>15</sup> "To restore the colour into his cheeks, I would let out the blood of a whole parish of such fellows as Cloten." A *parish* is a common phrase for a great number.

*Gui.* Is he at home ?

*Bel.* He went hence even now

*Gui.* What does he mean ? since death of my  
dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?  
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,<sup>16</sup>  
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.  
Is Cadwal mad ?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in his  
Arms.*

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

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

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

*Bel.* O, melancholy !  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare<sup>17</sup>

<sup>16</sup> *Toys are trifles.*

<sup>17</sup> A *crare*, variously spelt *craer*, *craier*, *crâye*, is a small ship. The original has *care*. *Crare* was suggested by Sympson in a note on the following from The Captain of Fletcher : " Let him venture in some decayed *crare* of his own." The word is thus defined in Carpenter's Latin Supplement : "*Craiera*, — Navis species, adde navis piratica, nostris etiam *Craier*." So, in Hackluyt's Voyages : " Your barke or *craer* made here for the river of Volga and the Caspian sea is very litle, of the burthen of 30 tonnes at the most." And in North's Plutarch : " Timoleon gave them all the aid he could ; sending them corn from Catania in the fisher boats and small *craiers*, which got into the castle many times."

Might easiliest harbour in? — Thou blessed thing!  
 Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;  
     but I,<sup>18</sup>

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy. —  
 How found you him?

*Arv.*                                     Stark, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
 Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right  
     cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.*                                     Where?

*Arv.*   O'the floor;

His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put  
 My clouted brogues<sup>19</sup> from off my feet, whose rude-  
     ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

*Gui.*   Why, he but sleeps

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
 With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
 And worms will not come to thee.<sup>20</sup>

*Arv.*   With fairest flowers,

<sup>18</sup> We should read, "but *ah!*" *Ay* is always printed for *ah!* in the first folio, and other books of the time. Hence, perhaps, *I*, which was used for *ay*, crept into the text.

<sup>19</sup> "Clouted brogues" are coarse wooden shoes, strengthened with *clout* or *hob-nails*. In some parts of England thin plates of iron, called *clouts*, are fixed to the shoes of rustics.

<sup>20</sup> Properly, we should read either *thy* instead of *his*, or *him* instead of *thee*. For a like instance of change of person, see Act iii. sc. 3, note 7. — John Webster's *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, printed in 1612, has a very noble passage which may have been suggested by this in the text:

"Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin  
 To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet  
 Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl  
 Beat not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf  
 Scents not thy carriou: — pity winds thy corse,  
 While horror waits on princes!"

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack  
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor  
 The azur'd harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor  
 The leaf of eglantine, who, not to slander,  
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would  
 With charitable bill (O bill ! sore-shaming  
 Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie  
 Without a monument) bring thee all this ;<sup>21</sup>  
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
 To winter-ground thy corse.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>21</sup> The old writers often sweeten their lines with the tender reverences here ascribed to the *red-breast*. The beautiful superstition is thus spoken of in Johnson's *Cornucopia*, 1596 : "The robin red breast, if he finds a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse ; and some thinke that if the body should remain unburied he would cover the whole body also." John Webster has the following choice lines, begotten of it ; being part of the dirge sung by Cornelia for young Marcello, in the play quoted in the preceding note :

" Call for the robin red-breast and the wren,  
 Since o'er shady grove they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men."

Drayton, also, has it, evidently in imitation of Shakespeare :

" Covering with *moss* the dead's unclosed eye,  
 The red-breast teacheth *charity*."

But perhaps the most touching use of it is in the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood*, which is too well known to need quoting here. Mr. Dyce cites the following from Chapman's *Tears of Peace*, 1609, which will be new to most readers :

" And then did all the horrid wood appeare,  
 Where mortall dangers more than leaves did growe ;  
 In which wee could not one free steppe bestowe,  
 For treading on some murtherd Passenger,  
 Who thither was by witchcraft forc't to erre ;  
 Whose face the bird bid, that loves Humans best,  
 That bath the bugle eyes and Rosie Breast,  
 And is the yellow Autumns Nightingall."

H.

<sup>22</sup> There has been, and is, a good deal of doubt as to the cor

*Gui.* Pr'ythee, have done ;  
 And do not pay in wench-like words with that  
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
 And not protract with admiration what  
 Is now due debt. — To th' grave.

*Arv.* Say, where shall's lay him ?

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground,  
 As once our mother ; use like note and words,  
 Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

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

*Arv.* We'll speak it, then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less ; for  
 Cloten  
 Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;  
 And, though he came our enemy, remember,  
 He was paid for that : Though mean and mighty,  
 rotting  
 Together, have one dust ; yet reverence  
 (That angel of the world) doth make distinction  
 Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely ;  
 And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
 Yet bury him as a prince.

rectness of *winter-ground* in this place ; and several good conjectural emendations have been offered, such as *winter-gown*, by Warburton ; *winter-guard*, by Collier's second folio ; and, which is best of all, *winter-green*, by Verplanck. None of them, however, seems to carry quite enough of certainty to warrant any change in the text. The best defence that we have seen of *winter-ground* is Singer's ; who thinks it " may have been the technical phrase for protecting a tender plant from the inclemency of winter, as practised by gardeners, by covering it with some light material."

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,  
When neither are alive.

*Arr.* If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say our song the whilst. — Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th'  
east ;

My father hath a reason for't.

*Arr.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on, then, and remove him.

*Arr.* So ; — begin

### SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o'the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arr.* Fear no more the frown o'the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke :  
Care no more to clothe and eat ;  
To thee the reed is as the oak :  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash,

*Arr.* Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone ;<sup>23</sup>

*Gui.* Fear not slander, censure rash ;

*Arr.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :

*Both.* All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee,<sup>24</sup> and come to dust.

<sup>23</sup> *Thunder-stone* was a common word for *thunder-bolt*. H.

<sup>24</sup> To "consign to thee" is to "seal the same contract with thee ;" that is, add their names to thine upon the register of death

*Gui.* No exorciser harm thee ! <sup>25</sup>

*Arv.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee !

*Gui.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee !

*Arv.* Nothing ill come near thee !

*Both.* Quiet consummation have ; <sup>26</sup>

And renowned be thy grave !

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.*

*Gui.* We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

*Bel.* Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more :

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon their faces. <sup>27</sup> —

<sup>25</sup> It has already been observed that *exorciser* anciently signified a person who could raise spirits, not one who lays them. See *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v. sc. 3, note 24.

<sup>26</sup> Probably the best comment on this is furnished by the closing prayer in the Church Burial Service: "That we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect *consummation* and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory." Mr. Richard Grant White, in his clever book entitled *Shakespeare's Scholar*, handles these verses rather unceremoniously, calling them "stiff, formal, artificial rhymes, worthy only of a verse-crazed cit affecting the pastorals." And he adds,—"The lines are the production of some clumsy prentice of the Muse." Of course we cannot, even if we had the wit, stay now to criticise either the verses or the critic. Still, we have to confess that, possibly more from long association than from judgment, the lines *feel* to us very much at home where they are, seem to relish of the soil in which they are represented as growing, and fall in so accordantly with the spirit of the persons and the occasion, that we can discover no savour of "affecting the pastorals" in them. We venture to hope that Mr. White, in his next edition, will put more of light and less of smoke into this handful of critical eruption.

H.

<sup>27</sup> Malone observes, that "Shakespeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed." It is one of the Poet's lapses of thought, and will countenance the passage remarked upon in Act iv. sc. 1 note 3.

You were as flowers, now wither'd ; even so  
 These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—  
 Come on, away ; apart upon our knees.  
 The ground that gave them first has them again ;  
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BEL. GUI. and ARV.]

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

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

'Ods pittikins !<sup>28</sup> — can it be six miles yet ?

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

But, soft ! no bedfellow.—O, gods and goddesses !  
 [*Seeing the Body.*]

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

I tremble still with fear : but if there be  
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !  
 The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is  
 Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.  
 A headless man !—The garments of Posthumus !  
 I know the shape of 's leg : this is his hand ;  
 His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;  
 The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face<sup>29</sup>—

<sup>28</sup> This diminutive adjuration is derived from *God's pity*, by the addition of *kin*. In this manner we have also *'Od's bodikins*

<sup>29</sup> "*Jovial face*" is a face like Jove. The epithet is frequent



Murder in heaven! — How? — 'Tis gone. — Pisanio,  
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
 Conspir'd with that irregulous devil,<sup>30</sup> Cloten,  
 Hast here cut off my lord. — To write and read,  
 Be henceforth treacherous! — Damn'd Pisanio  
 Hath with his forged letters, — damn'd Pisanio —  
 From this most bravest vessel of the world  
 Struck the main-top! — O, Posthumus! alas,  
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's  
 that?

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

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-  
 nant!

The drug he gave me, which he said was precious  
 And cordial to me, have I not found it  
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:  
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O! —  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
 That we the horrider may seem to those  
 Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!

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

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,

is so used in the old dramatic writers; thus, in Heywood's *Silver Age*: "Alcides here will stand to plague you all with his high *Jovial* hand."

<sup>30</sup> *Irregulous* must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule. The word has not hitherto been met with elsewhere; but in Reinold's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, we have "*irregulated* lust."

<sup>31</sup> This is another of the Poet's lapses, unless we attribute the error to the old printers, and read, "*thy head on.*"

After your will, have cross'd the sea ; attending  
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships,  
 They are in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome ?

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

*Luc.* When expect you them ?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o'the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness  
 Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present num-  
 bers

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

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a  
 vision,<sup>32</sup>

(I fast and pray'd for their intelligence,) thus :  
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
 From the spungy south to this part of the west,  
 There vanish'd in the sunbeams ; which portends  
 (Unless my sins abuse my divination)  
 Success to th' Roman host.

*Luc.* Dream often so,  
 And never false. — Soft, ho ! what trunk is here,  
 Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that sometime  
 It was a worthy building. — How ! a page ! —  
 Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead, rather ;  
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed

<sup>32</sup> It was no common dream, but sent from the *very gods*, or the gods themselves. *Fast* for *fasted*, as we have in another place of this play *lift* for *lifted*. In King John we have *heat* for *heuted*, *waft* for *wafsted*. Similar phraseology will be found in the Bible.

With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead. —  
Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He is alive, my lord.

*Luc.* He'll then instruct us of this body. — Young  
one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,  
'They crave to be demanded. Who is this,  
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,  
That, otherwise than noble nature did,<sup>33</sup>  
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest  
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
What art thou?

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

*Luc.* 'Lack, good youth!  
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than  
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

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

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

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,

<sup>33</sup> Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature did it?

No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the  
    gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes<sup>34</sup> can dig: and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd  
    his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;  
And, leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth;  
And rather father thee, than master thee.— My  
    friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partizans  
A grave: Come, arm him.<sup>35</sup>— Boy, he is preferr'd  
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:  
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.*

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

A fever with the absence of her son;

<sup>34</sup> Meaning her fingers.

<sup>35</sup> That is, "take him up in your arms." So in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*: "*Arm your prize, I know you will not lose her.*" The prize was Emilia.

A madness, of which her life's in danger. — Heavens,

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

*Pis.*

Sir, my life is yours,

I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,  
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your  
highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

*1 Lord.*

Good my liege,

The day that she was missing he was here:  
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,  
There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will,<sup>1</sup> no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* [*To PISANIO.*] The time is troublesome  
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy  
Does yet depend.<sup>2</sup>

*1 Lord.*

So please your majesty,

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

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps we should read, "he'll no doubt be found." But this omission of the personal pronoun was by no means uncommon in Shakespeare's age.

<sup>2</sup> "My suspicion is yet undetermined." We now say, the *cause is depending*.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son and queen!  
I am amaz'd with matter.<sup>3</sup>

*I Lord.* Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of:<sup>4</sup> come more, for more you're  
ready:  
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,  
That long to move.

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

*Pis.* I heard no letter<sup>5</sup> from my master, since  
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings; neither know I  
What is betid to Cloten; but remain  
Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work.  
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be  
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,  
Even to the note o'the king, or I'll fall in them.  
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:  
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.  
[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV. Before the Cave.

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

<sup>3</sup> That is, confounded by a variety of business.

<sup>4</sup> "Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us."

<sup>5</sup> Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, "I've had no letter." But perhaps "no letter" is here used to signify "no tidings."

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

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
Have we in hiding us ? this way the Romans  
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us  
For barbarous and unnatural revolts<sup>1</sup>  
During their use, and slay us after.

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

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

*Arv.* It is not likely,  
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd fires,<sup>2</sup> have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O ! I am known  
Of many in the army ; many years,  
'Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore  
him  
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king  
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,

<sup>1</sup> That is, *revolters*. So in King John : "Lead me to the *revolts* of England here."

<sup>2</sup> That is, the *fires* in the several quarters of the Roman army ; their beacon or watch-fires. — In the preceding line the old copies have *their* instead of *the*.

The certainty of this hard life ;<sup>3</sup> aye hopeless  
 To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,  
 But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and  
 The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Gui.* Than be so,  
 Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :  
 I and my brother are not known ; yourself,  
 So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,<sup>4</sup>  
 Cannot be question'd.

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

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

*Arv.* So say I : Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I, since on your lives you set  
 So slight a valuation, should reserve  
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys ·  
 If in your country wars you chance to die,  
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :

<sup>3</sup> That is, the *certain consequence* of this hard life.

<sup>4</sup> That is, *in addition* thereto. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act i. sc. 1, note 3. — *O'ergrown* has reference to Belarius' *white beard* spoken of by Posthumus in Act v. sc. 2.



Lead, lead. — [*Aside.*] The time seems long; their  
 blood thinks scorn,  
 Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. A Field between the British and  
 Roman Camps.

*Enter* POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I  
 wish'd

'Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
 If each of you would take this course, how many  
 Must murder wives much better than themselves,  
 For wrying<sup>1</sup> but a little? — O, Pisanio!  
 Every good servant does not all commands:  
 No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods! if you  
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
 Had liv'd to put on this:<sup>2</sup> so had you sav'd  
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,  
 alack!

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,  
 To have them fall no more: you some permit

<sup>1</sup> This word was quite common in the Poet's time. In *The Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. sc. 5, we have "*wry-neck'd life.*" So, in Berner's *Froissart*: "The fyrste that came was Henry erle of Lancastre with the *wrye* necke, called Torte colle." And in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "That from the right line of virtue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts." H.

<sup>2</sup> To *put on* is to incite, instigate.

To second ill with ill, each elder worse ;  
 And make them dreaded to the doer's thrift.<sup>3</sup>  
 But Imogen is your own : do your best wills,  
 And make me bless'd to obey ! — I am brought hither  
 Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight  
 Against my lady's kingdom : 'tis enough  
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace !  
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,  
 Hear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me  
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
 As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight  
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll die  
 For thee, O Imogen ! even for whom my life  
 Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,  
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know

That is, permit some to keep growing worse and worse, till at length their excess of guilt and the horror or infamy consequent thereon whip them into repentance. The old copies read, — “ And make them dread it to the doer's *thrift* ; ” which editorial ingenuity has tormented itself a great deal to explain, but without success. Mr. Collier's second folio changes *elder* into *later*, and *them* into *men* ; which leaves us quite in the dark how to dispose of *it*, or where to look for its antecedent. The substitution of *later* for *elder* does indeed give the right sense, but seems unnecessary ; for, though the *later* deed is in fact the *younger*, it is not unlikely that the Poet may have meant to call the deed of an elder *man* an elder *deed* : which were no greater breach of literal propriety than the common way of calling the past “ the *olden* time,” while in fact time was then younger than it is now. We adopt, though not, we confess, without some hesitation, *dreaded* and *shrift* from Mr. Singer ; who proposes, also, to change “ each *elder worse* ” into “ each *alder-worst*,” that is, “ each as bad as it can be ; ” which, it seems to us, gives a wrong sense. How easy were such misprints as *it* for *ed* and *th* for *sh*, is too obvious to need insisting on. *Shrift* is an old word, not yet out of use, for *confession*. With these changes, the sense is clear and apt, and exactly in Shakespeare's style of moral reflection. It is well known that “ secret men of blood ” have sometimes voluntarily *confessed* their crimes, and got themselves hanged, in order to quench the fires of remorse. II.

More valour in me, than my habits show.  
 Gods, put the strength o'the Leonati in me  
 To shame the guise o'the world, I will begia  
 'The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. The Same.

*Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; at the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
 Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
 The princess of this country, and the air on't  
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,<sup>1</sup>  
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me  
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne  
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

*The Battle continues: the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

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

<sup>1</sup> *Carl* or *churl* is a clown or countryman, and is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman.

*Gui. Arv.*

Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons; they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
As war were hood-wink'd.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

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

### SCENE III. Another Part of the Field.

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

*Lord.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

*Post.* I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

*Lord.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost.  
But that the heavens fought. The king himself  
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,  
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
Through a strait lane; the enemy, full-hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was  
damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living  
To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.* Where was this lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd  
with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd  
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for 's country: athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run  
The country base,<sup>1</sup> than to commit such slaughter;  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)  
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,  
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:  
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand!  
Or we are Romans, and will give you that  
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,  
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!"—These  
three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,  
(For three performers are the file, when all  
The rest do nothing,) with this word, "stand, stand!"  
Accommodated by the place, more charming<sup>2</sup>  
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd  
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks:

<sup>1</sup> A country game called *prison-bars*; vulgarly, *prison-base*. See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i. sc. 2, note 8. — In this passage the Poet evidently availed himself of an incident of Scottish history, which he found in *Holinshed*: "There was, near the place of the battle, a long lane, fenced on both sides with ditches and walls made of turf, through the which the Scots that fled were beaten down by the enemies on heaps. Here Hay, with his sons, supposing they might best stay the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them back whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor foe, but down they went all such as came within their reach; wherewith divers hardy personages cried unto their fellows to return back unto the battle." H.

<sup>2</sup> That is, acting like magic upon *others*, charming others into bravery by their own act. To *charm* was continually used for to *enchant*. See Act i. sc. 4, note 3. H.

Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd  
coward

But by example, (O, a sin in war,  
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began  
A stop i'the chaser, a retire ; anon,  
A rout, confusion thick : forthwith they fly  
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves,  
The strides they victors made.<sup>3</sup> And now our cow  
ards

(Like fragments in hard voyages) became  
The life o'the need : having found the back-door  
open

Of th' unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound !  
Some, slain before ; some, dying ; some, their friends  
O'erborne i'the former wave : ten, chas'd by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :  
'Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown  
'The mortal bugs<sup>4</sup> o'the field.

*Lord.*

This was strange chance :

A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys !

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it : you are made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,

Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,

And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :

“ Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.”

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.

*Post.*

'Lack ! to what end ?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend ;

<sup>3</sup> That is, they fly slaves, the way where they made the strides  
as victors. H.

<sup>4</sup> That is, terrors, bugbears. See 3 Henry VI., Act v. sc. 2  
note 1.

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,  
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too  
You have put me into rhyme.

*Lord.* Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*

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

To be i'the field, and ask what news, of me!  
To-day, how many would have given their honours  
To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,  
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,<sup>5</sup>  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,  
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly mon  
ster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find  
him;

For, being now a favourer to the Briton,<sup>6</sup>  
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again  
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Here made by th' Romans; great the answer be  
Britons must take: for me, my ransom's death:

<sup>5</sup> *Charms* were supposed to render men invulnerable in battle. So, in Chapman's Homer, Iliad, Book iv.: "Turne head, ye well-rode peeres of Troy, feed not the Grecians pride; they are not *charm'd* against your points of steele." And Macbeth, in Act v. sc. 7, when he comes to the last mortal encounter with Macduff, says to him, referring to the Weird incantations,— "Let fall thy blade on *vulnerable* crests; I bear a *charmed* life." H.

<sup>6</sup> That is, "*he, Death*, being now a favourer to the Briton, I will be a Briton no longer; I have resumed the part I came in; turned Roman again, in which character I shall find him." Sir Thomas Hanmer, and other editors after him, supposing Posthumus to be speaking of himself, and not of Death, in this line, changed *Briton* into *Roman*. H.

On either side I come to spend my breath ;  
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken.  
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
That gave th' affront<sup>7</sup> with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported ;  
But none of them can be found. — Stand ! who is  
there ?

*Post.* A Roman ;  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; a dog .  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his  
service

As if he were of note : bring him to th' king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended ; BELARIUS, GUIDERI-  
US, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives.*

*The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE,  
who delivers him over to a Jailer ; after which, all  
go out.*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Silly is simple or rustic.

<sup>8</sup> That is, the encounter.

<sup>9</sup> This stage-direction of course presents us with a piece of what the Poet elsewhere calls "inexplicable dumb show." We are at loss to conceive what business such a thing should have here, unless it were to tickle the eyes of the groundlings ; and could heartily wish it away, and to be assured that it was foisted in by the players. Mr. Collier says, — "It was not unusual on our old stage to begin a scene with a dumb show, as scene 2 of this Act ; but it was by no means common to terminate a scene this way."



## SCENE IV. A Prison.

*Enter* POSTHUMUS, *and Two Jailers.*

*1 Jail.* You shall not now be stolen; you have locks upon you:

So, graze, as you find pasture.<sup>1</sup>

*2 Jail.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Jailers.*]

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty. Yet am I better Than one that's sick o'the gout; since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By th' sure physician, death; who is the key T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry? So children temporal fathers do appease; Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent? I cannot do it better than in gyves, Desir'd, more than constrain'd:<sup>2</sup> to satisfy,

<sup>1</sup> The Jailer alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture.

<sup>2</sup> That is, "gyves more desir'd by me than I am constrain'd to wear them." The change of subject between *desir'd* and *constrain'd* makes the passage obscure. So, in the next sentence, we have another of those elliptical expressions so frequent in this play, where brevity is gained at the cost of perspicuity. Several explanations have been given, none of which is altogether satisfactory. Posthumus is representing his conscience as fettered or imprisoned by guilt, and penitence as the key that is to free it: to purchase this freedom, he is willing to repent, even to the laying down of his life. *Part* seems to be used in the sense of *price* or *condition*. So that the meaning may perhaps be rendered something thus: "For satisfaction of justice, or as a ransom from these bonds of guilt, take no more than my all, my life, if this be the main price or chief condition of my freedom." Of course he is supplicating the gods and begging that mercy may remit what-

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
 No stricter render of me, than my all  
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,  
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
 On their abatement : that's not my desire.  
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though  
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :  
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp,  
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :<sup>3</sup>  
 You rather, mine, being yours ; and so, great  
                   powers,  
 If you will take this audit, take this life,  
 And cancel these cold bonds.<sup>4</sup> O Imogen !  
 I'll speak to thee in silence.                   [*He sleeps.*]

*Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior ; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them. Then, after other Music, follow the Two young LEONATI, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

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

soever is due over and above his life, which is all he can pay : though this be not a sufficient ransom, yet if it be the *main part* of it, he prays them to be content with it, and not exact the rest.

H.

<sup>3</sup> That is, " men do not take every stamp or piece by weight ; some pieces, though too light, they accept, in order to make up the number required : still more, then, so accept mine, great powers, since all the pieces I have are of your own coinage." H.

<sup>4</sup> So in *Macbeth* : " *Cancel* and tear to pieces that great bond that keeps me pale." There is an equivocal between the legal instrument and bonds of steel.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
Whose face I never saw ?

I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd  
Attending Nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report  
Thou orphans' father art)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart.

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

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

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

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

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy ;  
And to become the geck and scorn\*  
O'the other's villany ?

\* *Geck* is an old word for *fool*, or one made a jest and mock  
ery. See *Twelfth Night*, Act v. sc. 1, note 16.

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

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

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

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

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

**2 Bro.** Help, Jupiter ! or we appeal,  
 And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle : he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

**Jup.** No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
 Offend our hearing : hush ! — How dare you ghosts  
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,  
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?  
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ! and rest  
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers  
 Be not with mortal accidents opprest ;  
 No care of yours it is ; you know 'tis ours.  
 Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted.<sup>6</sup> Be content ;  
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :  
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.  
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
 Our temple was he married. — Rise, and fade ! —  
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
 And happier much by his affliction made.  
 This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein  
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;  
 And so, away : no further with your din  
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine. —  
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascends

*Sici.* He came in thunder ; his celestial breath  
 Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle  
 Stoop'd, as to foot us :<sup>7</sup> his ascension is  
 More sweet than our bless'd fields. His royal bird  
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy<sup>8</sup> his beak,  
 As when his god is pleas'd.

*All.* Thanks, Jupiter !

*Sici.* The marble pavement closes ; he is enter'd  
 His radiant roof. — Away ! and, to be blest,  
 Let us with care perform his great behest.<sup>9</sup>

[Ghosts vanish.

<sup>6</sup> That is, the more *delightful*, or the more *delighted* in, the longer it is delayed. For this use of *delighted*, see *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. sc. I, note 20. H.

<sup>7</sup> That is, to grasp us in his pounces. The word is thus used by Herbert :

“ And till they *foot* and clutch their prey.”

<sup>8</sup> In ancient language the *cleys* or *clees* of a bird or beast are the same with *claws* in modern speech. To *claw* their beaks is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

<sup>9</sup> It is difficult to believe that Shakespeare was at any time the author of this interlude ; impossible, that he was so, when his powers were in any thing such strength as they show in the rest of the play. The more common opinion is, that the interlude was foisted in by the players, in order to catch the interest of vulgar wonder. That such things were sometimes done, is indeed beyond question. It may also be observed that, if the whole apparition, together with what follows down to the re-entrance of the jailers, be omitted, there will appear no gap in the play, unless in the al

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

A father to me ; and thou hast created

A mother and two brothers. But, (O scorn !)

Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born ;

And so I am awake. — Poor wretches, that depend

On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;

Wake, and find nothing. — But, alas ! I swerve :

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,

And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,

That have this golden chance, and know not why.

What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare  
one !

Be not, as is our fangled<sup>10</sup> world, a garment

Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,

As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself un-  
known, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a  
piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar  
shall be lopp'd branches, which, being dead many years,

lowing of Posthumus some space for sleep ; the origin of the tablet  
being, for aught we can see, as well explained without the appa-  
rition as with it. Still we incline to the opinion that the matter  
was worked in by the Poet from an older drama either written by  
himself in his youth, or found among the stock-copies of the thea-  
tre. For, though the tablet be as well accounted for without the  
apparition as with it, in what Posthumus afterwards says of it,  
yet the former is itself as absurd as any thing in the latter, and  
as much below the style of the rest of the play. Nevertheless,  
the contents of the tablet are so worked into the dialogue as to  
make the tablet itself an inseparable item of the drama. The  
most likely conclusion, then, seems to be, that the Poet either re-  
tained the matter from some early production of his pen, or else  
found it already in popular favour on the stage, and so worked it  
in with his own " noble stuff," for purposes too obvious to need  
remarking upon. H.

<sup>10</sup> That is, *trifling*. Hence *new-fangled*, still in use for new  
toys or trifles.

shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and fresh ly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue, and brain not ; either both, or nothing :  
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it ; which  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Jailers.*

*Jail.* Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather ; ready long ago.

*Jail.* Hanging is the word, sir : if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

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

*Jail.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir : but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills ; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ;<sup>11</sup> purse and brain both empty : the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. O ! of this contradiction you shall now be quit. — O, the charity of a penny cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true debtor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. — Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

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

<sup>11</sup> *Paid here means subdued or overcome by the liquor*

*Jail.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

*Jail.* Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump<sup>12</sup> the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

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

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Post.* Thou bring'st good news:—I am call'd to be made free.

*Jail.* I'll be hang'd, then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead.

*[Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]*

*Jail.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and æget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>12</sup> That is, hazard. See Coriolanus, Act iii. sc. 1, note 13.

<sup>12</sup> *Prone* here signifies *ready, prompt*. Thus also in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, translated by Sir Arthur Gorges: "Thessalian ferie



Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves  
 desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be  
 some of them too, that die against their wills: so  
 should I, if I were one. I would we were all of  
 one mind, and one mind good: O, there were deso-  
 lation of jailers and gallowses! I speak against my  
 present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. CYMBELINE'S Tent.

*Enter* CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,  
 PISANIO, *Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods have  
 made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,  
 That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,  
 Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast  
 Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:  
 He shall be happy that can find him, if  
 Our grace can make him so.

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

*Cym.* No tidings of him?

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

*Cym.* To my grief, I am  
 The heir of his reward; which I will add  
 To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

steeds, for use of war so *prone* and fit." And in Wilfride Holme's  
 poem, entitled *The Fall and Evil Success of Rebellion, 1537*:  
 "With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorous"

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

*Bel.*

Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:  
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

*Cym.*

Bow your knees.—

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

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.*

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

*Cor.*

Hail, great king!

To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

*Cym.*

Whom worse than a physician

Would this report become? But I consider,  
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

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

*Cym.*

Pr'ythee, say.

*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you  
only

Affected greatness got by you, not you.  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhorr'd your person.

<sup>1</sup> So in Macbeth: "The *business* of this man looks out of him

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

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to  
love<sup>2</sup>

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

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

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess she  
had

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

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women ?

*Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes  
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been  
vicious,  
To have mistrusted her : yet, O, my daughter '

<sup>2</sup> To bear in hand is to lead along by false promises or professions. See Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 5, note 6 H.

That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all! —

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute : that  
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made  
suit,  
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaugh  
ter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :  
So, think of your estate.

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

Our prisoners with the sword. But, since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :  
Augustus lives to think on't : And so much  
For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
I will entreat : My boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransom'd : never master had  
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
So tender over his occasions, true,  
So feat,<sup>3</sup> so nurse-like. Let his virtue join  
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high  
ness

Cannot deny : he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir  
And spare no blood beside.

<sup>3</sup> *Feat* is ready, dexterous.

*Cym.*

I have surely seen him

His favour<sup>4</sup> is familiar to me. —

Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
 And art mine own. — I know not why nor where-  
 fore

To say, live, boy :<sup>5</sup> ne'er thank thy master ; live :  
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
 Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;  
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
 The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.*

I humbly thank your highness.

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

*Imo.*

No, no ; alack !

There's other work in hand. — I see a thing  
 Bitter to me as death. — Your life, good master,  
 Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.*

The boy disdains me,

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

*Cym.*

What would'st thou, boy ?

I love thee more and more : think more and more  
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?  
 speak ;

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

*Imo.* He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,

Than I to your highness ; who, being born your  
 vassal,

Am something nearer.

*Cym.*

Wherefore ey'st him so ?

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

<sup>4</sup> Countenance.

<sup>5</sup> " I know not what should induce me to say, live, boy." The word *nor* was inserted by Rowe.

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

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Cym.* Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart

*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

*Arv.* One sand another  
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad,  
Who died, and was Fidele. — What think you?

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

*Bel.* Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not:  
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

*Gui.* But we saw him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent; let's see further.

*Pis.* [Aside.] It is my mistress!  
S'nce she is living, let the time run on,  
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Cym.* How! me?

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that  
which

Torments me to conceal. By villainy  
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;  
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may  
grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd  
'Twi'x't sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my  
lord?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

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

*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? Renew thy  
strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,  
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd  
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, would  
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least  
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthu-  
mus,

(What should I say? he was too good to be  
Where ill men were, and was the best of all  
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming  
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature;<sup>6</sup> for condition,

<sup>6</sup> *Feature* is here used with reference to the whole person, and  
in the sense of *proportion*. See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,  
Act ii. sc. 4 note 5. — *Shrine* is *statue*. *Pight* is an old form of

A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for ; besides, that hook of wiving,  
Fairness which strikes the eye ; —

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

*Iach.* All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. — This Post  
humus  
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one  
That had a royal lover) took his hint ;  
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein  
He was as calm as virtue,) he began  
His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being  
made,  
And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description  
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to th' purpose

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity — there it begins.  
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,  
And she alone were cold : whereat, I, wretch,  
Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him  
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore  
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring  
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,  
No lesser of her honour confident  
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;

*pitched or fixed.* *Straight-pight* probably means *fixed or standing erect*. *Postures* has reference to the statues of Venus and Minerva ; whose postures or attitudes outgo the brief or variable attitudes of nature. The Poet here shows a knowledge of the inmost essence of art ; that its office is to surpass nature by idealizing nature's forms, concentrating the life and spirit of many changing forms into one permanent form, and so making up for the lack of variety by heightening the one. H.



And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
 Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it  
 Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain  
 Post I in this design: well may you, sir,  
 Remember me at court, where I was taught  
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd  
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;  
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  
 That I return'd with simular proof enough  
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
 By wounding his belief in her renown  
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes  
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,  
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks  
 Of secret on her person, that he could not  
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—  
 Methinks, I see him now,—

*Post.* [*Coming forward.*] Ay, so thou dost,  
 Italian fiend!—Ah me! most credulous fool,  
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
 'To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poisor,  
 Some upright justicer!<sup>7</sup> Thou, king, send out  
 For torturers ingenious: it is I  
 That all th' abhorred things o'the earth amend,  
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,

<sup>7</sup> This fine old word has been but poorly replaced by *justice*. So, in Bishop Hall's *Contemplation* on "Christ's Procession to the Temple:" "With what fear and astonishment did the repining offenders look upon so unexpected a *Justicer*, while their conscience lashed them more than those cords, and the terror of that meek Chastiser more affrighted them than His blows." H.

That kill'd thy daughter : — villain-like, I lie ;  
 'That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't : — the temple  
 Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself.<sup>8</sup>  
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me ; set  
 The dogs o'the street to bay me : every villain  
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus ; and  
 Be villainy less than 'twas ! — O Imogen !  
 My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,  
 Imogen, Imogen !

*Imo.* Peace, my lord ! hear, hear ! —

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful  
 page,

There lie thy part. [*Striking her : she falls.*]

*Pis.* O, gentlemen, help !

Mine, and your mistress ! — O, my lord Posthumus !  
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. — Help, help ! —  
 Mine honour'd lady !

*Cym.* Does the world go round ?

*Post.* How come these staggers on me ?

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress !

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

*Pis.* How fares my mistress ?

*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight !

Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !  
 Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of Imogen :

*Pis.* Lady,

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

*Cym.* New matter still ?

<sup>8</sup> Not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.

*Imo.* It poison'd me.

*Cor.* O gods!

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

*Cym.* What's this, Cornelius?

*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me  
To temper poisons for her; still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge only  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs  
Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life;<sup>9</sup> but, in short time,  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions. — Have you ta'en of it?

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

*Bel.* My boys, there was our error.

*Gui.* This is, sure, Fidele.

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from  
you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now  
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

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

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

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

<sup>9</sup> *Cease* was not unfrequently used thus as a transitive verb  
See Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. sc. 9, note J. H

*Bcl.* [*To GUI. and ARV.*] Though you did love  
this youth, I blame ye not ;

You had a motive for't.

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

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

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

*Pis.* My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and  
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death. By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket, which directed him  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
My lady's honour : what became of him,  
I further know not.

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

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

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

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me  
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me

With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
 If it could roar so to me : I cut off's head ;  
 And am right glad he is not standing here  
 To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I am sorry for thee .

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
 Endure our law. Thou art dead.

*Imo.* That headless man  
 I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender,  
 And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king.  
 This man is better than the man he slew,  
 As well descended as thyself ; and hath  
 More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens  
 Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone ;

[*To the Guard.*

They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old soldier,  
 Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
 By tasting of our wrath ?<sup>10</sup> How of descent  
 As good as we ?

*Arv.* In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.

*Bel.* We will die all three,  
 But I will prove that two on 's are as good  
 As I have given out him. — My sons, I must,  
 For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
 Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.* Your danger's ours.

*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it, then, by leave .

<sup>10</sup> The consequence is taken for the whole action ; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee to taste.*

Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd  
Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* He it is, that hath  
Assum'd this age :<sup>11</sup> indeed, a banish'd man ;  
I know not how, a traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence :  
The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;  
And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have receiv'd it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my sons ?

*Bel.* I am too blunt and saucy ; here's my knee  
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;  
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine :  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How! my issue ?

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :  
Your pleasure was my mere offence,<sup>12</sup> my punish-  
ment  
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes  
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years

<sup>11</sup> Referring to the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.

<sup>12</sup> The old copy reads "neere offence;" the emendation is by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Belarius means, "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only."

Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I  
 Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as  
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
 Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;  
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,  
 For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty  
 Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,  
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.—  
 The benediction of these covering heavens  
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
 To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st.  
 The service that you three have done is more  
 Unlike than this thou tell'st.<sup>13</sup> I lost my children  
 If these be they, I know not how to wish  
 A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd awhile.—  
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
 Most worthy prince, as yours is true Guiderius;  
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,  
 Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd  
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand  
 Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,  
 I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had  
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:  
 It was a mark of wonder.

<sup>13</sup> "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The king reasons very justly.

*Bel.* This is he,  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O! what am I  
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother  
Rejoic'd deliverance more. — Bless'd may you be,<sup>14</sup>  
That after this strange starting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now! — O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord;  
I have got two worlds by't. — O, my gentle brothers!  
Have we thus met? O! never say hereafter,  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When you were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet

*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd;  
Continued so, until we thought he died.

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O, rare instinct!  
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridg-  
ment<sup>15</sup>

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. — Where, how liv'd  
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?

<sup>14</sup> The original has *pray* instead of *may*. Mr. Collier restores *pray*, and explains it, — “I pray that you may be blessed.” Of course the meaning is the same with *may*; but the reading, *pray* seems as unlikely as the misprint was easy. H.

<sup>15</sup> *Fierce* seems to be here used in the sense of *excessive* or *extreme*. So, in *Timon of Athens*, we have “*fierce wretchedness*”; and in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, “*fierce credulity*.” H.



Why fled you from the court and whither? These,  
 And your three motives to the battle,<sup>16</sup> with  
 I know not how much more, should be demanded;  
 And all the other by-dependencies,  
 From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,  
 Will serve our long interrogatories.<sup>17</sup> See,  
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;  
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
 On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting  
 Each object with a joy: the counterchange  
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—  
 [To BELARIUS.] Thou art my brother: so we'll hold  
 thee ever.

*Imo.* You are my father too; and did relieve me,  
 To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd  
 Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,  
 For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.* My good master,  
 I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you!

*Cym.* The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,  
 He would have well become this place, and grac'd  
 The thankings of a king.

*Post.* I am, sir,  
 The soldier that did company these three  
 In poor beseeching: 'twas a fitment for  
 The purpose I then follow'd. — That I was he,

<sup>16</sup> "Your three motives" means "the motives of you three." So in *Romeo and Juliet*, "both our remedies" means "the remedy for us both."

<sup>17</sup> Such was the form often used; of course, for *interrogatories*. It occurs once in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. sc 3 and twice in *The Merchant of Venice*, near the close. H.

Speak, Iachimo : I had you down, and might  
Have made you finish.

*Iach.* [*Kneeling.*] I am down again :  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you  
Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,  
That ever swore her faith.

*Post.* Kneel not to me :  
The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;  
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,  
And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd.  
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law :  
Pardon's the word to all.

*Arv.* You help us, sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;  
Joy'd are we, that you are.

*Post.* Your servant, princes. — Good my lord of  
Rome,  
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,  
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows<sup>16</sup>  
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found  
This label on my bosom ; whose containing  
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no collection<sup>19</sup> of it : let him show  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus !

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

<sup>16</sup> *Spritely shows* are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances.

<sup>19</sup> A *collection* is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So, in *Hamlet* : " Her speech is nothing, yet the unshaped use of it doth move the hearers to *collection*." — *Whose containing* means the *contents of which*.

*Luc.*

Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.<sup>20</sup>

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[*To CYMBELINE.*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*

We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,

Is thy most constant wife; who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about

With this most tender air.

*Cym.*

This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,  
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,  
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.*

Well,

My peace we will begin.<sup>21</sup> — And, Caius Lucius,

<sup>20</sup> Coleridge remarks upon this strange "label" as follows "It is not easy to conjecture why Shakespeare should have introduced this ludicrous scroll, which answers no one purpose, either propulsive or explicatory, unless as a joke on etymology." Collier thinks "it is very possible that the scroll and the vision were parts of an older play." Our agreement with him herein has been already declared.

<sup>21</sup> It should apparently be, "By peace we will begin." The

Although the victor we submit to Cæsar,  
 And to the Roman empire ; promising  
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;  
 Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her and hers,)  
 Have laid most heavy hand.<sup>22</sup>

*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do tune  
 The harmony of this peace. The vision  
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke  
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
 Is full accomplish'd : for the Roman eagle,  
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun  
 So vanish'd ; which foreshow'd our princely eagle,  
 Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
 Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.* Laud we the gods  
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
 From our bless'd altars ! Publish we this peace  
 To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let  
 A Roman and a British ensign wave  
 Friendly together : so through Lud's town march ;  
 And in the temple of great Jupiter  
 Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts. —  
 Set on there. — Never was a war did cease,  
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace  
[*Exeunt.*

Soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain "peace and plenty." To which Cymbeline replies, "We will begin *with peace* to fulfil the prophecy."

<sup>22</sup> That is, have laid most heavy hand *on*. Many such elliptical passages are found in Shakespeare.

## INTRODUCTION

TO

### THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS, as it is called in the folio of 1623, is extant in two editions, published during Shakespeare's life, and bearing date 1600 and 1611. Of the first of these only two copies are now known, one of which, as Mr. Collier informs us, is in the collection of Lord Francis Egerton, the other in the Signet Library at Edinburgh, and but lately discovered. The first edition is a quarto pamphlet of forty leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "The most lamentable Roman Tragedy of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been played by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlain their Servants. At London, Printed by J. R. for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North door of Paul's, at the sign of the Gun. 1600." The only considerable change in the title-page of 1611 has reference to the acting of the play, merely saying, — "As it hath sundry times been played by the King's Majesty's Servants;" which, as we have repeatedly seen, was the same company that was known as the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, till the accession of James I., in 1603.

Though no earlier edition than 1600 is now known to exist, it is altogether probable the play was printed in 1594, as Langbaine, in his Account of the English Dramatic Poets, published in 1691, speaks of an edition of that date. That there were copies of such an edition known to Langbaine, only ninety-seven years after, and now lost, might very well be, seeing only two copies of the edition of 1600 have survived till our time. Besides, his statement is confirmed by an entry at the Stationers' to John Danter, February 6 1594, of "a book entitled a noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus."

In the folio of 1623, Titus Andronicus stands the third in the division of Tragedies, and is printed with a fair text, having the acts duly marked, but not the scenes. The folio copy has one

scene, not in the earlier copies, the second in Act iii. otherwise it appears to have been reprinted from the edition of 1611. Whether the scene in question were omitted in the earlier copies, or added in the later, we have no means of ascertaining.

As to the date of the composition, our most important testimony is furnished by the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, which was written in 1614: "He that will swear, *Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these *five-and-twenty or thirty years*. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well: such a one the author knows where to find him." Taking the shortest period here spoken of, twenty-five years, we are thrown back to the year 1589, as the time when the play was first on the boards. Shakespeare was then twenty-five years old; and from the internal evidence of the play we should conclude it to have been written when he certainly was not past that age. That Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* was the one referred to by Jonson, may be reasonably inferred, from the known fact of its great and long-continued popularity on the stage, and as there was no other play with that title, that we know of, having sufficient foothold in the popular favour to make his reference anywise appropriate.

But it has been much questioned whether *Titus Andronicus* were written by Shakespeare. This question seems to have been started by Ravenscroft, who, having altered and of course *improved* the play, revived it on the stage about the time of the Popish Plot, in 1678. In the Prologue then supplied, Ravenscroft speaks as follows:

"To-day the Poet does not fear your rage;  
Shakespeare, by him reviv'd, now treads the stage:  
Under his sacred laurels he sits down,  
Safe from the blast of any critic's frown."

Ravenscroft published his *Titus Andronicus* in 1687, but suppressed the Prologue of 1678; and gave a preface, stating, among other things, how he had "been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that the play was not originally 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 characters:" but Fhadwell intimates that Ravenscroft got up this story with a view to exalt his own merit in having altered it.

Howbeit, a large number of critics and editors, from Theobald to Singer, agree in the opinion that the play was not written by Shakespeare; though Theobald and one or two others think he added "a few fine touches" to it. Their judgment in the matter is thus pronounced by Johnson: "All the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from

them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience, yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part of it, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing." The latest critic of much weight who pronounces the same way, is Hallam. "Titus Andronicus," says he, "is now, by common consent, denied to be, in any sense, a production of Shakespeare; and very few passages, I should think not one, resemble his manner."

These are pretty strong declarations, but there are two facts which they do not tell us how to get along with. One is, that Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, so often quoted by us, names Titus Andronicus as one of Shakespeare's tragedies. The passage may be found quoted at length in our Introduction to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Meres seems to have been fully competent for the work which he undertook to do. It is highly probable that he was personally acquainted with Shakespeare, perhaps his personal friend, as he speaks of "his sugared Sonnets among his private friends," though these were not printed till 1609, eleven years after the mentioning of them in his *Palladis Tamia*. All his other statements of fact respecting the Poet are admitted as true. There was not the least occasion for his assigning this play to Shakespeare, were it not so.

The second is, that Titus Andronicus was included by Heminge and Condell in their collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, in 1623. The editors were the Poet's old friends and fellow-actors: his connection with them was so close and intimate, that he mentioned them in his Will: "To my Fellows, John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, xxvi. s. viii. d. apiece, to buy them Rings." They had therefore every possible opportunity for knowing what plays were written by Shakespeare, and no conceivable motive for printing any as his that were not so; since, had they done such a thing, there could not but be men living, able to expose them.

Now, we will by no means affirm that there might not be qualities of style and workmanship sufficient to overbear such facts as these: but we have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that no inference grounded on the qualities of the play in question can be strong enough to outface them. Inferior it is, undoubtedly, in workmanship and style, to most of the other plays received as Shakespeare's; yet it differs not more in these respects from *The Comedy of Errors*, for example, than this does from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*; nay, it hardly differs more from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, than this does from *The Tempest* and *The*

Winter's Tale. Its comparative smoothness and regularity of versification, its frequency and occasional awkwardness of classical allusion, and its unartistic redundancy of blood and horror, are no more than were to be expected in the first efforts of the Poet's apprenticeship, when he could not but be ignorant of his powers, and would have to try what he could do with such elements of strength as lay around him in the theatrical antecedents of his time, before he could find, and in order to find, the strength that was in himself.

Accordingly, the play bears a close resemblance to the best specimens of dramatic production known on the English stage at the time we suppose it to have been written; and it resembles them in their best qualities. Marlowe, whose Tamburlaine was acted before 1587, had just unfettered the English drama from the shackles of rhyme, and touched its versification with the first beginnings of freedom and variety. As if to square the account for this advance upon the dramatic taste and culture of the time, he trained his verse to a stately and high-resounding march, and often made it puff well nigh to the cracking of its cheeks with rhetorical grandiloquence and smoke. The theatrical audiences then to be had would hardly bestow much applause on any tragedies but what gave them to "sup full of horrors;" and Marlowe was apt enough, without the stimulus of any such motives, to provide them banquetts of that sort. To distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtle courses of tragic terror, was a point of art which he did not live to reach, and probably could not have reached if he had lived. To discover these hidden courses required the far clearer and keener vision of Shakespeare; nor does it stand to reason that even he or any other man could have discovered them, without first practising in the ways already opened and approved. Of course, as experience gradually developed his native strengths, and at the same time taught him what they were sufficient for, he would naturally throw aside, one after another, the strengths of custom, of example, and public taste; since these would grow to be felt as incumbrances, as he grew able to do better without them.

And this would naturally be the case much more in his efforts at tragedy than at comedy. For the elements of comedy, besides being more light and wieldy in themselves, had been playing freely about his boyhood, and mingling in his earliest observations of human life and character: so that here he would be apt to cast himself more quickly and unreservedly upon nature as he had been used to meet and converse with her. Tragedy, on the other hand, must in reason have been to him a much more artificial thing; and he would needs require both a larger measure and a stronger faculty of observation and experience, before he could find the elements of it in nature, and become able to digest and modulate them into the many-toned, yet severe and nicely-bal-



anced harmony of dramatic art. Is it not clear, then, that in proportion as he lacked the power to seize and wield the natural elements of tragedy in his first efforts that way, he would be governed by what stood before him, and the adventitious helps and influences of the time be prominently reproduced in his work? Therefore it is, we doubt not, that his earlier comedies are so much more Shakespearian in style and spirit and characterisation, than his tragedies of the same period. For can it be questioned, that such a man so circumstanced would sooner *find himself*, and sooner make others find him, in comedy than in tragedy?

Our own opinion, therefore, runs entirely with those of the later editors, Knight, Collier, and Verplanck, that *Titus Andronicus* is *substantially* Shakespeare's work. Whether he be responsible for the whole of it, is another question, — one, we think, impossible to determine, and not easy even to make up an opinion upon. It has, to our mind, no such inequalities of style and execution as are found in *Pericles* and *Timon of Athens*. Inferior as it is in comparison with the Poet's later tragedies, its course seems tolerably sustained: at least, we do not discover that it anywhere either falls greatly below or rises greatly above itself. There is indeed a certain overwrought lustihood and incontinence of wickedness in *Tamora* and the *Moor*, which have no parallel or counterpart in the other characters; but this is nothing to the purpose. The play, therefore, nowise compels the supposal of more than one hand in the writing; and this is pretty much all we can say about it.

The play seems to be without any foundation in authentic history. How or whence the story originated, has not been revealed to us, unless in the play itself. The scene of the incidents seems to be nowhere, the time, nowhen. The classical allusions, though numerous enough, are but such as might have been supplied by the "small Latin and less Greek," accorded to Shakespeare by the greatest scholarship of the time. The sentiments and customs of ages and nations far asunder in time and space, Pagan gods and Popish observances, are jumbled together in "most admired confusion;" and indeed the matter generally seems to have been patched up at random from what the author had learned in books, instead of being a coherent projection from what he had seen or felt of the living nature within and around him. There may have been an older play on the subject, from which the Poet derived more or less of the plot and incidents; though none such has come down to us. Remains but to add that there is an old ballad on the same subject, which was entered at the Stationers by John Danter at the same time with the play, and may be seen (for it is doubtless the same) in *Percy's Reliques*: but which of them was written first, we have no means of deciding, save that, as *Percy* remarks, "the ballad differs from the play in several particulars which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an invertive tragedian."

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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**SATURNINUS**, Son to the late Emperor of Rome ; afterwards declared Emperor.

**BASSIANUS**, his Brother ; in love with Lavinia.

**TITUS ANDRONICUS**, Roman General against the Goths.

**MARCUS ANDRONICUS**, his Brother, Tribune of the People.

**LUCIUS**,

**QUINTUS**,

**MARTIUS**,

**MUTIUS**,

Young **LUCIUS**, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

**PUBLIUS**, Son to Marcus the Tribune.

**ÆMILIUS**, a noble Roman.

**ALARBUS**,

**CHIRON**,

**DEMETRIUS**,

**AARON**, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Messenger, and Clown.

Goths, and Romans.

**TAMORA**, Queen of the Goths.

**LAVINIA**, Daughter to Titus Andronicus

A Nurse, and a Black Child.

**Kinsmen of Titus**, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

**SCENE**, Rome ; and the Country near it.

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol.

*The Tomb of the ANDRONICI appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers on the other 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<sup>1</sup> 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<sup>2</sup> 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;  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,

<sup>1</sup> That is, my title to the succession.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning his claims as his father's oldest son.

To justice, conscience, and nobility ;<sup>3</sup>  
 But let desert in pure election shine ;  
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the Crown.

*Mar.* Princes, that strive by factions and by  
 friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,  
 Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand  
 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<sup>4</sup> home  
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;  
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 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,  
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore, —

<sup>3</sup> The old copies have *continence* instead of *conscience*. The change is taken from Mr. Collier's second folio, as agreeing better both with the sense and the measure.

<sup>4</sup> Summoned.

That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;  
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<sup>s</sup>  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,  
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,

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,  
As I am confident and kind to thee. —  
Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt  
with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*

To *affy*, as here used, is to *trust* or have *confidence*. Ben Jonson has it in the same sense. Thus, also, in Bishop Jewell's Defence : " If it be so presumptuous a matter to put *affiance* in the merites of Christe, what is it then to put *affiance* in our owne merites ? "

## SCENE II. The Same.

*Enter a Captain, and Others.*

*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.

*Sound Drums and Trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS; after them Two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, 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 discharg'd her freight,  
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,<sup>1</sup>  
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!

<sup>1</sup> Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

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 sheath 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 went,  
 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<sup>2</sup> prison of their bones ;  
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.<sup>3</sup>

*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,  
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;

<sup>2</sup> So the quartos ; the folio, *earthly*.

H.

<sup>3</sup> It was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to solicit the rites of funeral.

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.

*Tit.* Patient<sup>4</sup> 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,

T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

*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 consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and*  
MUTIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety!

*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 look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,

The selfsame 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,

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

<sup>4</sup> This verb is used by other old dramatic writers. Thus in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592: "Patient yourself; we cannot help it now."



*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 ;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges ;<sup>b</sup> here are no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

*Enter* LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

*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 ;  
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, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd  
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart ! —

<sup>b</sup> So the quarto of 1611, and the folio ; the quarto of 600 has  
drugs.

Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!<sup>6</sup>

*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and *Others*.

*Mar.* Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

*Mar.* 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,  
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,<sup>7</sup>  
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed. —  
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,  
This palliament<sup>8</sup> 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<sup>9</sup> this robe, and trouble you ?

<sup>6</sup> To "outlive an eternal date" is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

<sup>7</sup> The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced happy before his death.

<sup>8</sup> A robe.

<sup>9</sup> To *don* is to *do on*, that is, *put on*. — In the next line, the old copies have *proclamations* instead of *acclamations* ; also, third line

Be chosen with acclamations to-day ;  
 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.

*Mar.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?

*Tit.* Patience ! prince Saturnine.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right. —

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not  
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor. —  
 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  
 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 ?

*Trib.* To gratify the good Andronicus,  
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 ! ”

*Mar.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor ;  
And say, — “ Long live our emperor Saturnine ! ”

[*A long Flourish.*]

*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :  
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my emperess,  
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 :  
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.

*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 com'st 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,  
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths. —  
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

*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.

*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 resolv'd, withal,  
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show*]

*Mar.* *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :  
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* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, 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!  
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Kills* MUTIUS.]

*Mut.* Help, Lucius, help!

*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 promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

*Sat.* No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,  
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of the stock:  
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,<sup>10</sup>  
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

<sup>10</sup> A *stale* here signifies a *stalking-horse*. To make a *stale* of any one seems to have meant to make him an object of mockery. See 3 Henry VI., Act iii. sc. 3, note 14.

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  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle<sup>11</sup> 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, —

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee emperess of Rome.

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 espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here, in sight of Heaven, to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,

She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. — Lords, accompany

<sup>11</sup> To *ruffle* was to be tumultuous and turbulent. Thus Baret: 'A trouble or *ruffling* in the common weale: *procella*.'

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.

[*Exit SATURNINUS, and his Followers ; TAM  
ORA, and her Sons ; AARON and Goths.*

*Tit.* I am not bid<sup>12</sup> to wait upon this bride.  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

*Mar.* 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,  
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,  
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.

*Mar.* 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 accom-  
pany.

*Tit.* And shall ! What villain was it spoke that  
word ?

*Quin.* He that would vouch it in any place but  
here.

<sup>12</sup> That is, *invited*.



*Tit.* What! would you bury him in my despite?

*Mar.* 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:<sup>13</sup> let us withdraw.

*Quin.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.

*Mar.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

*Mar.* Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

*Mar.* 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  
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 dismal'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

<sup>13</sup> This is much the same sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*, a genuine English idiom. A similar expression occurs in the Yorkshire Tragedy: "She'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again."

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with  
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

*All.* No man shed tears for noble Mutius;  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Mar.* My lord, — to step out of these dreary  
dumps,<sup>14</sup> —

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd 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.

*Florentine.* *Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, at-  
tended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and  
AARON: at the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and  
Others.*

*Sat.* So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:<sup>15</sup>  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

*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.

<sup>14</sup> *Dump* was primarily used for a strain of melancholy music, and so applied to other acts of mourning. The folio has "*sudden dumps*;" probably a misprint for *sullen*. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. sc. 2, note 7.

H.

<sup>15</sup> To *play a prize* was a technical term in the ancient fencing schools.

*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 mov'd to wrath,  
 To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.  
 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 lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
 Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;  
 Aid 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 fore-  
 fend,

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,  
 Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

[*Aside to SAT.*] My lord, be rul'd 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,<sup>16</sup>  
 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,  
 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.  
 [*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperor, — come, An  
 dronicus, —

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
 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 :  
 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 reconcil'd 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. —  
 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,

<sup>16</sup> So the quarto of 1500, that of 1611 and the folio have *us*  
 instead of *you*.

That what we did was mildly, as we might,  
Tendering our sister's honour, and our own.

*Mar.* 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 ;  
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,  
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends. —  
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.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

## SCENE I. Rome. Before the Palace

*Enter AARON.*<sup>1</sup>

*Aar.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
 Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
 Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;  
 Advanc'd 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 will doth earthly honour wait,  
 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,  
 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 emperess.  
 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?

<sup>1</sup> In the quarto of 1600 the stage direction is, *Sound trumpets manet Moore.* In the quarto of 1611 the direction is, *Manet Aaron* and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act. — JOHNSON

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.*

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;  
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost overween in all ;  
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.  
'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.

*Aur.* Clubs, clubs !<sup>2</sup> these lovers will not keep  
the peace.

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,  
Gave you a dancing-rapier<sup>3</sup> by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?  
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.

*Dem.* Ay, boy ; grow ye so brave ? [*They draw*

*Aar.* 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 ;

<sup>2</sup> This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened. See King Henry VIII., Act v. sc. 3, note II.

<sup>3</sup> A light kind of sword was worn by gentlemen when dancing, in the reign of Elizabeth. So Greene, in his Quip for an Upstart Courtier : " One of them carry'ng his cutting sword of choller, the other his dancing-rapier of delight."

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 sheath'd  
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,  
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

*Chi.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,  
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy  
tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

*Aar.* Away, I say!  
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.

*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  
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.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Chiron appears to mean, that, had he a thousand lives, such



*Aar.* To achieve her! — How?

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange!  
 She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
 She is a woman, therefore may be won;<sup>5</sup>  
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.  
 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:<sup>6</sup>  
 Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
 Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aar.* [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

*Dem.* Then, why should he despair, that knows  
 to court it  
 With words, fair looks, and liberality?  
 What! hast thou not 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 serv'd.

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* Would you had hit it too;  
 Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.  
 Why, hark ye, hark ye, — And are you such fools,  
 To square for this?<sup>7</sup> Would it offend you, then,  
 That both should speed?

was his love for Lavinia, he would propose to venture them all to achieve her.

<sup>5</sup> These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the First Part of King Henry VI.:

“She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;  
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.”

<sup>6</sup> There is a Scottish proverb, “Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps.” This line is also a northern proverb, “It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf.”

<sup>7</sup> To square we have several times had in the sense of to quarrel. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act i. sc. 1, note 12. ■

*Chi.* Faith, not me.

*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  
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<sup>8</sup> for rape and villainy.  
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,<sup>9</sup>  
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,  
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;  
And she shall file our engines with advice,<sup>10</sup>  
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:<sup>11</sup>  
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;

<sup>8</sup> By nature.

<sup>9</sup> Sacred here signifies accursed; a Latinism.

<sup>10</sup> The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by giving smoothness, facilitates the motion of the parts of an engine or piece of machinery.

<sup>11</sup> So the quarto of 1600; that of 1611 and the folio have 'of ears.'

'There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns :

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

*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.*<sup>12</sup> [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.<sup>1</sup> A Forest near Rome.

Horns, and Cry of Hounds heard.

*Enter* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,

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 tend the emperor's person carefully :

I have been troubled in my sleep this night,

But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

[Horns wind a Peal.

<sup>12</sup> These scraps of Latin are taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies.

<sup>1</sup> The division of this play into acts, which was first made in the folio of 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action and here the second act ought to have begun. — JOHNSON.

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.*

*Tit.* 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 lords,  
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.

*Sat.* Come on, then ; horse and chariots let us  
have,

And to our sport. — Madam, now shall ye see  
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

*Mar.* I have dogs, my lord,  
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 desert Part of the Forest.

*Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.*

*Aar.* He that had wit would think that I had  
none,

I'o bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit<sup>1</sup> it.  
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,

<sup>1</sup> That is, *possess*. See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. sc. 2, note 8.

Know that this gold must coin a stratagem ;  
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
 A very excellent piece of villainy :  
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,  
[Hides the Gold.
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter TAMORA.*

*Tam.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou  
 sad,

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-tun'd horns,  
 As if a double hunt were heard at once —  
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise .  
 And — after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,  
 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 melod'ious  
 birds,  
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song  
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

*Aar.* Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
 Saturn is dominator over mine.

<sup>2</sup> This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it.

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.  
 Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,  
 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<sup>3</sup> of our hopeful booty,  
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

*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.* Whom have we here ? Rome's royal em-  
 peress,  
 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 !

<sup>3</sup> That is, a part.

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 emperess,  
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;  
 And to be doubted, that your Moor and you  
 Are singled forth to try experiments.  
 Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!  
 '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 sequester'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,  
 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.<sup>b</sup>

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this?

<sup>a</sup> *Swarth* is *dusky*. The Moor is called *Cimmerian*, from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

<sup>b</sup> He had yet been married but one night. The true reading may be "made *her*," that is, Tamora.

*Enter* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?  
 These two have 'tic'd 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.  
 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,  
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,<sup>6</sup>  
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
 As any mortal body, hearing it,  
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.<sup>7</sup>  
 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  
 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.

<sup>6</sup> *Urchins* were *hedgehogs*. The word was also used for an evil spirit or fairy. See *The Tempest*, Act i. sc. 2, note 31.

H.

<sup>7</sup> This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression occur in *Romeo and Juliet*.



*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*

*Lav.* Ay, come, Semiramis!—nay, barbarous Tamora;

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

*Tam.* Give me thy poinard! you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her: 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.

*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,

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 :  
 Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity.

[To CHIRON

*Chi.* What ! would'st thou have me prove myself  
 a bastard ?

*Lav.* 'Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark •  
 Yet I have heard, O, could I find it now !  
 The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure  
 To have his princely paws par'd 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.

*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 lov'd 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 :  
 Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou, then ? fond woman, let  
 me go.\*

\* *Fond* is *foolish* ; often so used

*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.

*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 : [*Dragging her off.*]

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt all but Tamora.*]

*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 deflower.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV. The Same.

*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 : wer't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the Pit*

*Quin.* What ! art thou fallen ? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,  
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?

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 AARON.*

*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

*Quin.* I am surprised with an uncouth fear ;  
A chilling sweat o'erruns 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

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,<sup>1</sup>  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O brother ! help me with thy fainting hand, —  
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.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mar.* 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.*]

<sup>1</sup> Old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in *The Gesta Romanorum* : " He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle that lighted all the house " And Drayton in *The Muse's Elysium* :

" Is that admired mighty stone,  
The carbuncle that's named ;  
Which from it such a flaming light  
And radiancy ejecteth,  
That in the very darkest night  
The eye to it directeth."

*Enter SATURNINUS and 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 ;  
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.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS and LUCIUS.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord, the king ?

*Sat.* Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing  
grief.

*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,  
[*Giving a Letter*

The complot of this timeless<sup>2</sup> tragedy ;  
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

*Sat.* [*Reads.*] " An if we miss to meet him hand  
somerly, —

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean, —

<sup>2</sup> That is, untimely. So in King Richard II. : "The bloody  
face of his *timeless* end."

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.  
 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.  
[*Showing it.*

*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 devis'd  
 Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*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 accused sons,  
 Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them, —

*Sat.* If it be prov'd! 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

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 severally.]*

### SCENE V. The Same.

*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.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so ;  
 And, 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 my-  
 self.

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the  
 cord. *[Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON]*

*Enter MARCUS.*

*Mar.* Who's 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!<sup>1</sup>

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?—

Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,  
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,  
Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,  
And, lest thou should'st 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,—

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 conceal'd, 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:

A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

<sup>1</sup> If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking

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.  
 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?  
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:  
 O could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, 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 :  
 For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write<sup>1</sup>

[*Throwing himself on the Ground.*

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.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*

O earth ! I will befriend thee more with rain,  
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,<sup>2</sup>  
 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.

*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 :  
 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

<sup>1</sup> The old copies, until the second folio, have *these* but once in this line. Malone, to fill up the measure, inserted *good before tribunes*. H.

<sup>2</sup> The old copies read, "two ancient *ruins*" The emendation is by Sir T. Hamner.

They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,  
 They would not pity me ; yet plead I must,  
 And bootless unto them.<sup>3</sup>

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. [*Rising*.  
 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 :

A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;  
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.  
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their death ;  
 For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd  
 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.

*Mar.* Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep,

<sup>3</sup> In this and the three preceding lines, our reading is that of the quarto of 1600. The quarto of 1611 omits the third line in the speech, and in the fourth changes *and* into *all*. The folio reads thus :

“ Why tis no matter man, if they did heare  
 They would not marke me : oh if they did heare  
 They would not pittie me.”

Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break :

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

*Mar.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ah me! this object kills me.

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her. —

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?

What fool hath added water to the sea ?

Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy ?

My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,

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 nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,

And they have serv'd 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.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

*Mar.* O! that delightful engine of her thoughts,<sup>4</sup>  
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 ?

*Mar.* O! thus I found her, straying in the park,

<sup>4</sup> This expression is found in the Poet's *Venus and Adonis* :  
"Once more the engine of her thoughts began."

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,  
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

*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;  
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 madd'd 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:  
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:  
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.

*Mar.* 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;  
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, like 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?  
 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.

*Mar.* Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry  
 thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot  
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
 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!<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools.

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
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 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.

*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended  
Rome,  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? \*  
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.

*Mar.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By Heaven, it shall not go

\* It appears from Grose on Ancient Armour, that a *castle* was a kind of *close helmet*, probably so named from *casquetel*, old French.



*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,  
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Mar.* 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.

*Mar.* But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both.  
Lend me thine hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so : —

[*Aside.*] But I'll deceive you in unother sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*He cuts off TITUS's Hand.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

*Tit.* Now, stay your strife : what shall be, is  
despatch'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 purchas'd at an easy price ;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*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 villainy  
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. — What! wilt thou kneel with me ?

[*To LAVINIA*

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.

*Mar.* 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.

*Mar.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
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.

*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.

[*Exit.*

*Mar.* 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 !

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*

*Mar.* Alas, poor heart ! that kiss is comfortless,  
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

*Mar.* 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 :  
 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 !

*Mar.* 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 ;  
 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 ;  
 And in this hand the other will I bear :  
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these aims ;<sup>7</sup>  
 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 woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !  
 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 'tfore 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

<sup>7</sup> Both the quartos read *arms*, instead of *aims*. The folio has *things*. We have repeatedly found *arms* misprinted for *aims*.

Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.

SCENE II.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> our tenfold grief  
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;  
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
 Then thus I thump it down. —

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,  
[To LAVINIA.

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,

<sup>1</sup> This scene is wanting in the quarto copies of 1600 and 1611 but found in the folio of 1623.

<sup>2</sup> This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser :

“ Great pleasure mix'd with pitiful regard,  
 That goodly king and queen did *passionate*.”

May run into that sink, and, soaking in,  
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

*Mar.* Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to  
lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now! has sorrow made thee dote al-  
ready?

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.—

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 sorrows, mash'd upon her cheeks.—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect

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.

*Mar.* Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

**Ti** Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away. —

[**MARCUS** strikes the Dish with a Knife.

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

**Mar.** At that that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.

**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.

**Mar.** Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

**Tit.** But how, if that fly had a father and mother?<sup>3</sup>  
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.

**Mar.** 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.  
Ah, sirrah! —

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,

<sup>3</sup> Steevens conjectures that the words *and mother* should be omitted. Ritson proposes to read the line thus:

“But how, if that fly had a father, *brother*?”

But that between us we can kill a fly,  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor

*Mar.* Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on  
him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

*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. —

Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

**SCENE I.** The Same. Before **TITUS'S** House.

*Enter* **TITUS** and **MARCUS**. *Then enter* young **LUCIUS**, **LAVINIA** running after him.

*Boy.* 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.

*Mar.* Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

*Mar.* 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 :

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.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus ?

*Boy.* 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 through 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.

*Mar.* Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the Books which LUCIUS  
had 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. —  
What book ?<sup>1</sup>

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence<sup>2</sup> thus ?

*Mar.* 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 ?

<sup>1</sup> These two words are found only in the folio

H

<sup>2</sup> Succession.

*Boy.* Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis* :  
My mother gave't me.

*Mar.* For love of her that's gone  
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

*Tit.* Soft ! so busily she turns the leaves !<sup>3</sup>  
Help 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.

*Mar.* See, brother, see ! note how she quotes  
the leaves.

*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,  
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
Forc'd 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.

*Mar.* O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies !

*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 ?

*Mar.* 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 :

<sup>3</sup> So in all the old copies. Divers modern editions change *so*  
into *see*, *horr.* H.

<sup>4</sup> To quote is to observe.

This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,  
 This after me. [*He writes his Name with his Staff  
 and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.*

I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd 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 you read, my lord, what she hath writ ?  
*Stuprum — Chiron — Demetrius.*

*Mar.* What, what !— the lustful sons of Tamora  
 Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

*Tit.* *Magne Dominator poli,*<sup>5</sup>

*Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?*

*Mar.* 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 exclaims.  
 My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;  
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;  
 And swear with me, — as with the woeful feere,<sup>6</sup>  
 And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
 Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape, —  
 That we will prosecute, by good advice,

<sup>5</sup> *Magne Regnator Deum*, &c., is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's Tragedy.

<sup>6</sup> *Feere* signifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *husband*, as in the old romance of Sir Eglamour of Artoys :

“ Christabelc, your daughter free,  
 When shal she have a *feere* ? ”

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

*Tit.* 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;  
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:  
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,  
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.  
You re a young huntsman, Marcus: let it alone;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad<sup>7</sup> 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?

*Boy.* 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.

*Mar.* Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft  
For this ungrateful country done the like.

*Boy.* 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  
Shall 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?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-  
sire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.  
Lavinia, come. — Marcus, look to my house:  
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 *Boy.*]

<sup>7</sup> *A gad*, in Anglo-Saxon, signified *the point of a spear*. It is here used for a similar pointed instrument.

*Mar.* O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,  
 And not relent, or not compassion him?  
 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 AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one Door; at another Door, 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 grand father.

*Boy.* 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,<sup>1</sup> lovely Lucius! What's the news?

*Boy.* [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,  
 For villains mark'd with rape. [*To them.*] May it please you,  
 My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me  
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

<sup>1</sup> That is, *grand merci*; great thanks.

To gratify your honourable youth,  
 The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say :  
 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 Boy and Attendant.*]

*Dem.* What's here ? A scroll, and written round  
 about ?

Let's see :

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,  
 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 fond jest ! the old man hath found their  
 guilt ;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,  
 That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick :  
 But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.  
 But let her rest in her unrest awhile. —

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a hap-  
 py 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 ?

*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.* Pray to the devils; the gods have given us  
over. [*Flourish.*

*Dem.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish  
thus?

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor 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.—  
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom?

*Nur.* I mean, she's brought to bed.

*Aar.* Well, God  
Give her good rest! What hath He sent her?

*Nur.* A devil

*Aar.* Why, then she's 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.

*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!  
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

*Chi.* It shall not live.

*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 despatch 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,  
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,  
That touches this my first-born son and heir!  
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,<sup>2</sup>  
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

<sup>2</sup> A giant, the son of *Titan* and *Terra*.



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-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!  
 Coal black is better than another hue,  
 In that it scorns to bear another hue;  
 For all the water in the ocean  
 Can never turn a 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,  
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Dem.* By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

*Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foul escape.<sup>3</sup>

*Nur.* The emperor, in his rage, will doom her  
 death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignomy.<sup>4</sup>

*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 fram'd of another leer.<sup>5</sup>  
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,  
 As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."  
 He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed  
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;  
 And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

<sup>3</sup> That is, this foul *illegitimate child*. So in King John: "No  
 scape of Nature."

<sup>4</sup> That is, ignominy.

<sup>5</sup> Complexion. See As You Like It, Act 7. sc. 1, note 4.

He is enfranchised and come to light :  
 Nay, he's 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 :  
 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 on the Ground*

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his ?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords : when we all 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 ?

*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.<sup>6</sup>  
 Go to the empress ; tell her, this I said. —

[*Stabbing her : She screams.*

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.  
 And now be it known to you my full intent.  
 Not far, one *Muliteus* lives,<sup>7</sup> my countryman ;

<sup>6</sup> This proverb is introduced in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii.

<sup>7</sup> The word *lives*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Rowe. Steevens thinks *Muliteus* a corruption for *Muly lives*.

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;  
 His child is like to her, fair as you are :  
 Go pack<sup>8</sup> with him, and give the mother gold,  
 And tell them both the circumstance of all ;  
 And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,  
 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, that I have given her  
                   physic,                    [*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.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse*

*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,  
 And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up  
 To be a warrior, and command a camp.                   [*Exit*

<sup>8</sup> To *pack* is to contrive insidiously.

## SCENE III. The Same. A Public Place.

*Enter* TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the ends of them; with him MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, 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.

Sir, 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 ;

'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. —

Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd :

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Mar.* 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 t' attend him carefully ;

And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Mar.* 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 heaven, or somewhere else,  
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-bon'd men, fran'd of the Cyclop's size,  
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;  
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can  
bear:

And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,  
To send down justice for to wreak<sup>1</sup> our wrongs.  
Come, to this gear.<sup>2</sup> You are a good archer, Mar-  
cus. [*He gives them the Arrows.*]

*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,<sup>3</sup> not to Saturnine;

<sup>1</sup> Revenge.

<sup>2</sup> *Gear* is any matter, business.

<sup>3</sup> *Caius* appears to have been one of the kinsmen of Titus  
Publius and Caius are again mentioned, Act v. sc. 2.

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.

*Mar.* 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 !<sup>4</sup>

Good boy, in Virgo's lap : give it Pallas.

*Mar.* My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon :  
 Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

*Tit.* Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?  
 See, see ! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

*Mar.* This was the sport, my lord : when Publius  
 shot,

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 your lordship  
 joy.

*Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.*

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.  
 Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?  
 Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

*Clo.* Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he  
 hath taken them down again, for the man must not  
 be hang'd 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.

<sup>4</sup> *Well said* was often used in the sense of *well done*.

*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 heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs,<sup>5</sup> to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

*Mar.* 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 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, 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 ;

<sup>5</sup> The Clown means to say, *plebeian tribune* ; that is, tribune of the people. Hanmer supposes that he means *tribunus plebs*.

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.—  
 And when thou hast given it to the emperor,  
 Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clo.* God be with you, sir; I will.

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let's go.—Publius, follow  
 me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. The Same. Before the Palace.

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS  
 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 of Rome thus overborne,  
 Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent  
 Of equal<sup>1</sup> justice, us'd in such contempt?  
 My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,  
 However these disturbers of our peace  
 Buzz 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:  
 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?

<sup>1</sup> Equal.



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.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his  
heart ;  
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<sup>2</sup> with all :  
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick ;  
My life-blood on't. If Aaron now be wise,  
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. —

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow ! would'st thou speak with  
us ?

*Clo.* Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clo.* 'Tis he. — God, and St. Stephen, give you good den. I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*SAT. reads the Letter.*]

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clo.* How much money must I have ?

<sup>2</sup> Flatter.

*Tam.* Come, sirrah ; you must be hang'd.

*Clo.* Hang'd ! By'r lady, then I have brought up  
a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs !  
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy ?  
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.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

What news with thee, Æmilius ?

*Æmil.* Arm, arm, my lords ! 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  
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 overheard them say,  
When I have walked like a private man,  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their em-  
peror.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,  
And will revolt from me to succour him.

*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:<sup>3</sup>  
Even so may'st 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,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;  
Whenas 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 ÆMIL.*] Go thou before, be our ambassador;  
Say, that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,  
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 ÆMILIUS*

<sup>3</sup> That is, *stop* their melody.

*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.  
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. Plains near Rome.

*Enter LUCIUS, and 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,<sup>1</sup>  
 Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great An  
 dronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;  
 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 flower'd fields, —  
 And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

<sup>1</sup> *Scath is harm.*

*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.*

*2 Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I  
stray'd,

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, und half thy dam !  
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :  
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.”  
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
Surpris'd him suddenly ; and brought him hither,  
To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O, worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,  
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :  
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;<sup>2</sup>  
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust. —

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the proverb, “ A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye.”

Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey  
 'This growing image of thy ficnd-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.—  
 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 is brought, which AARON is obliged  
 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; and, if it please me which thou  
 speak'st,  
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

*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,  
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies  
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:<sup>2</sup>  
 And this shall all be buried in 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

<sup>2</sup> That is, performed in a manner exciting commiseration.

*Luc.* Whom should I swear by? thou believ'st  
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,<sup>4</sup>  
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;  
To that I'll urge him. Therefore, thou shalt vow  
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
'That thou ador'st 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 em  
press.

*Luc.* O, most insatiate, luxurious woman!

*Aar.* Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity.  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.  
'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

*Luc.* O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trim  
ming?

*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.

<sup>4</sup> Referring to the *bauble*, which was a part of the official furniture of a professed fool. See *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv sc. 5, note 3. H.

That coddling<sup>6</sup> spirit had they from their mother,  
 As sure a card as ever won the set :  
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,  
 As true a dog as ever fought at head.<sup>6</sup> —  
 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 ?  
 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 swoounded<sup>7</sup> almost at my pleasing tale,  
 And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

*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.

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 :

<sup>6</sup> That love of *bed-sports*. A *cod* is a pillow, from the Anglo-Saxon. The word is yet used in the north for a pillow or cushion.

<sup>6</sup> An allusion to bull-dogs ; whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front.

<sup>7</sup> The verb to *swoound*, which we now write *swoon*, was anciently in common use.



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 ;  
Set deadly enmity between two friends ;  
Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;  
Set fire on barns and haystacks 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."  
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 !

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no  
more.

*Enter a Goth.*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.

*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.

*I 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, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, 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 deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,  
 See here, in bloody lines I have set down,  
 And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* Titus, I 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 would'st talk with me.

*Tit.* I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :  
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson 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 th' infernal kingdom,

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.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,  
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

*Tam.* I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo ! by thy side where Rape and Murder stand ;

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 wagoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globe.

Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,

To hale thy vengeful wagon 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 wagon-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.

*Tit.* Are they thy ministers? what are they  
 call'd?

*Tam.* Rape 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.

[*Erit* TITUS, *from above.*]

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy :  
 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.

*Enter* TITUS.

*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 ?

*Tam.* What would'st 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 reveng'd 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. —  
 Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap,  
 To find another that is like to thee,  
 Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher. —  
 Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court  
 There is a queen, attended by a Moor :  
 Well may'st 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.

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 ?

*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.

*Mar.* 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 them.*] What say you, boys ? will  
 you abide with him,  
 Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,  
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?  
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,  
 And tarry with him, till I turn again.

*Tit.* [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they sup-  
 pose me mad ;

And wil' o'er-reach 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.—  
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

*Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.*

*Pub.* What's 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 de-  
ceiv'd;

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,

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS. — PUBLIUS, &c. 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 ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she  
bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.*

*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 !

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 forc'd.

What would you say, if I should let you speak ?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

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 bason, 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<sup>1</sup> I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.<sup>2</sup>

This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;

For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,

<sup>1</sup> A *coffin* is the term for the crust of a raised pie.

<sup>2</sup> That is, her own produce. The earth's increase is the *produce* of the earth. "Then shall the earth bring forth her *increase*." Psalm lxxvii. 6. So in *The Tempest*, Act iv. sc. 1 : "Earth's *increase* and foison plenty."



And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.  
And now prepare your throats. — Lavinia, come,  
  [*He cuts their Throats*  
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 bak'd.  
Come, come, be every one officious  
To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove  
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.  
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,  
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.  
  [*Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies*

## SCENE III.

The Same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.

*Enter* LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and* Goths, *with* AARON,  
*Prisoner.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,  
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

*1 Goth.* And ours, with thine,<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> And our *content* runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—  
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.*  
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,  
Senators, and Others.*

*Sat.* What! hath the firmament more suns than  
one?

*Luc.* What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

*Mar.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break<sup>2</sup> the  
parle:

These quarrels must be quietly debated.  
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 attir'd, Andronicus?

<sup>2</sup> That is, begin the parley. We yet say, he *breaks his mind*.

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your highness and your empress.

*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 enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord !

*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 ;

[*He 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 woeful as Virginius was ;  
And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage ; — and it is now done.

*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 :

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  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*

*Sat.* Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing 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. The  
People in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LU-  
CIUS, and their Partisans ascend the Steps  
before TITUS's House.*

*Mar.* You sad-fac'd 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  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body.

*Sen.* Lest Rome herself be baue unto herself ;  
And she, whom mighty kingdoms courtesy 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,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse  
To lovesick Dido's sad attending ear,  
The story of that baleful burning night,

When subtle Greeks surpris'd 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,  
 And break my very utterance, even i'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 was that ravished our sister :  
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;  
 Our father's tears despis'd ; and basely cozen'd<sup>3</sup>  
 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 op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend .  
 And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,  
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;  
 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,

<sup>3</sup> That is, " and he basely cozen'd."

Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me !  
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves

*Mar.* Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child  
 [*Pointing to the Child in the Arms of an At-*  
*tendant.*]

Of this was Tamora delivered ;  
 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, Ro-  
 mans ?

Have we done aught amiss ? Show us wherein,  
 And, from the place where you behold us now,  
 The poor remainder of Andronici  
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,<sup>4</sup>  
 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.

*Mar.* Lucius, all hail ! Rome's royal emperor.—

LUCIUS, &c., *descend.*

[*To an Attend.*] Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful  
 house,  
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,

<sup>4</sup> That is, *we* the poor remainder, &c, will cast us down.

To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life. —

Lucius, all hail ! Rome's gracious governor.<sup>5</sup>

*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,<sup>6</sup> —

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,

[*Kisses* **TITUS.**

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son !

*Mar.* 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

To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well ;

Many a time he danc'd 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,

<sup>5</sup> Modern editions generally assign this and the first line of the speech to the assembled Romans. All the old copies make the two lines a part of Marcus' speech. Of course it is to be understood that the people present signify their assent. Moreover, Marcus is Tribune, and so speaks the people's voice, as their organ.

<sup>6</sup> This is the only instance known of *aim* so used. To suit the word to the action, we should read, "give me *room* awhile," as Lucius says, just after. "stand all aloof." *Aim* has by some been thought a misprint for *room*. The meaning, however, may be, "let me take my own course," or "let me follow my own heart."

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.

*Boy.* 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.

*Enter Attendants, with AARON.*

*I Rom.* 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 :  
 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.

*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 mournful 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.  
See justice done to 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 ruinate. [ *Exeunt*



## INTRODUCTION

TO

### PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

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“THE late and much admired Play, called **PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE**. With the true relation of the whole History, Adventures, and Fortunes of the said Prince; as also the no less strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of his Daughter Marina. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Majesty's Servants, at the Globe on the Bank-side. By **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sun in Paternoster-row, &c., 1609.”

Such is the title-page of the earliest known edition of *Pericles*, which was a quarto pamphlet of thirty-five leaves. The play was also reissued in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635; but was not included in any collection of the Poet's dramas, till the folio of 1664.

There can be little doubt that the first issue of *Pericles* was unauthorised; and from the broken and disordered state of the text it seems not improbable that the copy may have been made up, in part at least, from short-hand reports taken at the theatre. The play, along with *Antony and Cleopatra*, was entered at the Stationers by Edward Blount, on the 20th of May, 1608, as “The Book of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*.” Whether the issue of 1609 had any connection with this entry, and, if so, why it was “imprinted” for Gosson instead of Blount, are matters not likely to be ascertained. Blount may have transferred his interest to Gosson, or the latter may have managed to get a copy in advance of the former. As the play was vastly popular on the stage, this of course would render the company the more unwilling to let it be printed, and at the same time render publishers the more eager to get hold of it. Mr. Collier has discovered that different copies of the first issue vary considerably in the text; which shows that corrections were made while the matter was going through the press. It seems not unlikely, too, from this circumstance, that the work was done with some haste, and perhaps alterations made as they

were gathered from the lips of the actors while the printing was going on.

Touching the authorship of *Pericles*, there is room for a good deal of discussion. That Shakespeare did enough in the play to warrant the assigning of it to him, we have no doubt. Even if there were no external evidence to the point, his mighty hand is too manifest in some parts, to admit of any question on this score. And it is very considerable, that where his workmanship is most apparent, it is clearly the workmanship of the master, not of the apprentice. And here it is to be noted, that the play was regarded as *new* in 1608. We have already seen that in the title-page of the first edition it was called "the *late* and much admired play." A novel, also, of which more presently, expressly founded on the play, and published in 1608, speaks of it as "*lately* presented;" and it is spoken of as "a *new* play" in a poetical tract called *Pimlico* or *Run Red-cap*, printed in 1609. That the play could not *all* have been written by Shakespeare at or about that time, is evident enough. But whether the whole of it were written then, Shakespeare working at it conjointly with another person; or whether it were an old play by some other hand, then repaired and brought upon the stage by Shakespeare; or whether it were a juvenile effort of his, at that time revised by him, and enriched in some parts with the effluence of his full-blown genius;—these are questions about which there have been and will most likely continue to be various opinions.

Our own opinion, so far as we have any, runs strongly, we confess, to the latter alternative; though much the greater number of critics and editors have taken to one of the others. But their judgment, in this as in several other like cases, seems not a little disqualified by the circumstance of its having mainly proceeded on what we regard as utterly false grounds. For, in effect, they do not allow the Poet ever to have been a boy in the drama: the principle of nearly all their reasoning on such points is, that he was indeed a man of wonderful genius, but of little judgment; and that both his genius and his art were nearly or quite full-grown as soon as born. As we hold his judgment to have been at least equal to his genius; as we fully believe that there was, after all, a good deal of human nature in him, and that he grew and ripened up, faster, indeed, and higher than others, but yet by the usual methods of practice and experience; of course our conclusion in this and other like cases is something different from theirs. And, to bring the whole of this play within the probable range of Shakespeare's workmanship, nothing seems wanting but the simple admission that, beginning we know not how feebly and unskilfully, he had to go through some exercise of the "prentice hand" in order to attain the master's hand. With this understanding, and making, withal, due allowance for the way in which the first edition appears to have been got up, we can discover

nothing in the play below the boyhood of such a man as Shakespeare; though it certainly has many things not above the manhood of several who were contemporary with him.

Nor are we without some pretty good evidence that *Pericles* was in fact among the Poet's earliest performances. Dryden, in his Prologue to Charles Davenant's *Circe*, written in 1675, which was less than sixty years after Shakespeare's death, has the following:

"Shakespeare's own Muse his *Pericles* first bore;  
The Prince of Tyre was elder than his Moor."

Dryden was at this time in his forty-fourth year, and had been a writer for the stage twelve years. He was an intimate friend of Sir William Davenant, whose last work was an alteration of *The Tempest* executed in conjunction with Dryden. Sir William was the sometime reputed son of Shakespeare, born in 1606, and a writer for the stage as early as 1626. The rest of the argument for the competency of Dryden's testimony is thus stated by Knight: "Of the original actors in Shakespeare's plays, Dryden himself might have known, when he was a young man, John Lowin, who kept the Three-Pigeons Inn at Brentford, and died very old, a little before the Restoration; and Joseph Taylor, who died in 1653, although, according to the tradition of the stage, he was old enough to have played Hamlet under Shakespeare's immediate instruction; and Richard Robinson, who served in the army of Charles I., and has an historical importance through having been shot to death by Harrison, after he had laid down his arms. It is impossible to doubt, then, that Dryden was a competent reporter of the traditions of the stage. We can picture the young poet, naturally anxious to approach as closely to Shakespeare as possible, taking a cheerful cup with poor Lowin in his humble inn, and listening to the old man's recital of the recollections of his youth amidst those scenes from which he was banished by the violence of civil war and the fury of Puritanical intolerance."

Another point of no little weight has reference to Sidney's *Arcadia*. Sir Philip Sidney died in 1586, and his *Arcadia* was published in 1590, under the care of his sister, the celebrated Countess of Pembroke. But even before publication, the *Arcadia* had become largely known in manuscript, and a great favourite wherever known. Soon afterwards, it grew to be the most popular book of the age. Shakespeare, from his early social and poetical connections after establishing himself in London, could not have been either ignorant or incurious respecting a treasure of romance so much distinguished. That he had some acquaintance, either by reading or hearing, with its contents, before it came from the press, is, to say the least, highly probable. And it is certain that *Pericles* was written when the author's mind was fresh and warm from

the hearing or the reading of that then literary wonder. We sub-join the argument on this point as given by Steevens :

“It is remarkable that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney’s worthies on the stage, and, when his subordinate heroes were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus his companion, Argalus and Parthenia, Phalaotus and Eudora, Andromana, &c., furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney had once such popularity that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that Shakespeare designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*, however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter into the place of the former. This conjecture will amount almost to certainty, if we diligently compare *Pericles* with the *Pyrocles* of the *Arcadia*. The same romantic, versatile, and sensitive disposition is ascribed to both characters, and several of the incidents pertaining to the latter are found mingled with the adventures of the former personage; while, throughout the play, the obligations of its author to various other parts of the romance may be frequently and distinctly traced, not only in the assumption of an image or a sentiment, but in the adoption of the very words of his once popular predecessor; proving incontestably the Poet’s familiarity with the *Arcadia* to have been very considerable.”

To which we have but to add, that the names *Pyrocles* and *Pericles* are so nearly the same in sound, that the slight change may be well enough accounted for by supposing the Poet’s acquaintance with the *Arcadia* to have been made by the ear, not by the eye; and that the resemblances between the play and the romance are such as would naturally result from a vivid recollection of the contents of the latter, rather than from a present study of them or reference to them. Allowing, then, the play to have been originally written as early at least as 1590, and some parts of it rewritten in 1608, this will sufficiently account for the great diversity of style, without supposing more than one hand in the composition, and at the same time account for its being regarded as a new play at the latter date.

But we have not yet fully given the external evidence for assigning *Pericles* to Shakespeare. We lay no stress, here, on the appearance of his name in the title-page of the first edition; as several other plays were in like manner fathered upon him, such as *The Life of Sir John Oldcastle* and the *London Prodigal*, which it is all but certain he had no hand in writing. In the case of *Pericles*, however, there seems to have been a constant and

unquestioned tradition, inferring that it was rightly published as his. In *The Times Displayed*, a poem published in 1646, and dedicated by S. Shepherd to the Earl of Pembroke, occurs the following :

“ See him whose tragic scenes Euripides  
Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may  
Compare great Shakespeare : Aristophanes  
Never like him his fancy could display :  
Witness The Prince of Tyre, his Pericles.”

And six years later, J. Tatham, in some lines prefixed to *Richard Brome's Jovial Crew*, compliments himself at Shakespeare's expense, thus :

“ But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was  
Founder'd in his Pericles, and must not pass.”

All which, together with the lines before quoted from Dryden, the title-pages of the five quarto issues, and the including of it in the folio of 1664, is external evidence amply sufficient to offset the non-appearance of the play in the folio of 1623 ; while the still stronger evidence furnished by the play itself quite precludes any doubt being made as to the authorship from that circumstance. Still the question arises, why *Pericles* alone of Shakespeare's plays should not have been included in that collection. This, we apprehend may be sufficiently accounted for in that the copy-right was already vested in another party, while the great and long-continued popularity of the play made it for his interest to retain the exclusive control of it. However, on this point, we may as well give the statement of Mr. Collier ; which we the rather do, that it differs in some respects from our own judgment as already expressed.

“ An opinion,” says he, “ has long prevailed, and we have no doubt it is well founded, that two hands are to be traced in the composition of *Pericles*. The larger part of the first three acts were in all probability the work of an inferior dramatist : to these Shakespeare added comparatively little ; but he found it necessary, as the story advanced and the interest increased, to insert more of his own composition. His hand begins to be distinctly seen in the third act, and afterwards we feel persuaded that we could extract nearly every line that was not dictated by his great intellect. We apprehend that Shakespeare found a drama on the story in possession of one of the companies performing in London, and that, in accordance with the ordinary practice of the time, he made additions to and improvements in it, and procured it to be represented at the Globe theatre. Who might be the author of the original piece, it would be vain to conjecture. Although we have no decisive proof that Shakespeare ever worked in immediate concert with any of his contemporaries, it was the

custom with nearly all the dramatists of his day, and it is not impossible that such was the case with *Pericles*.

"The circumstance that it was a joint production may partly account for the non-appearance of *Pericles* in the folio of 1623. Ben Jonson, when printing the volume of his works, in 1616, excluded for this reason *The Case is Altered*, and *Eastward Ho!* in the composition of which he had been engaged with others, and when the player-editors of the folio of 1623 were collecting their materials, they perhaps omitted *Pericles* because some living author might have an interest in it. Of course we only advance this point as a mere speculation; and the fact that the publishers of the folio of 1623 could not purchase the right of the bookseller, who had then the property in *Pericles*, may have been the real cause of its non-insertion."

The story on which *Pericles* is founded is very ancient, and is met with in a great variety of forms. It occurs in that old storehouse of popular fiction the *Gesta Romanorum*, and its antiquity is shown by the existence of an Anglo-Saxon version which was printed not many years since under the care of Mr. Thorpe. It is said that Latin manuscripts of it are in existence, dating as far back as the tenth century. The story was accessible to Shakespeare in at least two forms. One of these was a prose translation from the *Gesta Romanorum* by Lawrence Twine, first printed in 1576, and republished in 1607, with the following title: "The Pattern of Painful Adventures: Containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable History of the strange accidents that befel unto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter." The other of these forms was the version of old John Gower, who rendered it into English verse, and made it a part of his *Confessio Amantis*, with the title "Appollinus, the Prince of Tyre." Gower, it scarce need be said, lived at the same time with Chaucer, and well deserves to be remembered and studied as one of the masters of English poetry in that age. His *Confessio Amantis* was first printed by Caxton in 1483. In Shakespeare's day it was very popular; but in later times the author has been well-nigh lost sight of in the outshining brightness of his great contemporary. In the story of Prince Appollinus, Gower avowedly took his incidents from a metrical version in the *Pantheon*, or *Universal Chronicle of Godfrey of Viterbo*, which was made in the latter part of the twelfth century. The fact of the story being so well-known and so popular in Gower's poem was of course the reason why he was made to serve as Chorus in the play. Mr. Collier seems to think that the incidents of *Pericles* were rather borrowed from Twine's version of the story than from Gower's. That this could not have been the case is evident from the fact, that wherever the names of the persons vary in the two versions the play follows Gower: moreover, there are a few expressions in the play which, as our notes will show, must have



been taken directly from the poem. Beyond this, the play indicates no borrowing from either source except the naked story; nor even here does it follow Twine's version in any point where this varies from Gower's.

There is one more old performance to be briefly noticed in this connection. This is the novel mentioned above, which was originally published with a title-page reading thus: "The Painful Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet John Gower. At London: Printed by T. P. for Nat. Butter. 1608." The novel was evidently made up partly from Twine's version of the story, and partly from notes taken of the play as performed on the stage. The great popularity of the drama, and the impossibility of getting any copy of it for the press, most likely induced Nathaniel Butter to employ some person at the theatre for that purpose. The novel, as may be seen by several extracts given in our notes, is of considerable value in helping to clear up some points in the text of the play. And the greater length and completeness of some of the speeches, as there given, strongly favours the belief, which is otherwise very probable, that the drama has reached us in a mutilated and imperfect state. The novel was but recently brought to light; and for our knowledge of it we are indebted to a tract printed in 1839, and entitled "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works."

Respecting the dramatic merits of Pericles there is not much to be said. It is emphatically, not to say exclusively, a play of incidents, with but little of clear and pointed characterisation. It has indeed a goodly number of superb strains of poetry; but these for the most part are introduced in such a way as to render it evident that the germs of them were not in the original conception of the characters: they strike us rather as choice pearls held together mechanically by a string, than as the organic adornings of nature, growing forth from an innate virtue, and so cohering in a common centre or principle of life.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED

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ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.  
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.  
HELICANUS, } Lords of Tyre.  
ESCANES, }  
SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.  
CLEON, Governor of Tharsus.  
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.  
CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.  
THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch.  
PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.  
LEONINE, Servant to Dionyza.  
A Marshal.  
A Pandar, and his Wife.  
BOULT, their Servant.  
GOWER, as Chorus.

The Daughter of Antiochus.  
DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon.  
THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.  
MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa  
LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina.  
DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various Countries.\*

\* To show in how many regions the scene is dispersed, it may be observed that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre* a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tharsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the *Ægean* sea; *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

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## ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*

Before the Palace of Antioch

*Gow.* To sing a song that old was sung,<sup>1</sup>  
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves, and holy ales ;<sup>2</sup>  
And lords and ladies in their lives  
Have read it for restoratives :  
The purpose<sup>3</sup> is to make men glorious ;  
*Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.*  
If you, born in these latter times  
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that to hear an old man sing  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,

<sup>1</sup> *Old* here means *anciently* or *of old*.

H.

<sup>2</sup> All the old copies have "holy days." The change, required by the rhyme, was made by Farmer. Of course, *holy ales* were *Church ales*. See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii. sc. 5, note 2.

H.

<sup>3</sup> The old copies have *purchase*, which may be right, as the word was not unfrequently used in the sense of *gain* or *profit*. The change was made by Steevens, and is generally received. The text of this play is so full of corruptions that it is not easy to say where emendation must stop.

H

I life would wish, and that I might  
 Waste it for you, like taper-light. —  
 This Antioch, then : Antiochus the Great  
 Built up this city for his chiefest seat,  
 The fairest in all Syria ;  
 I tell you what mine authors say.  
 This king unto him took a feere,<sup>4</sup>  
 Who died and left a female heir,  
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,<sup>5</sup>  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace ;  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke.  
 Bad child, worse father ; to entice his own  
 To evil, should be done by none.  
 By custom, what they did begin,  
 Was with long use account no sin.<sup>6</sup>  
 The beauty of this sinful dame  
 Made many princes thither frame,<sup>7</sup>  
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow :  
 Which to prevent, he made a law  
 To keep her still, and men in awe,  
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not, lost his life :  
 So, for her many a wight did die,  
 As yond' grim looks do testify.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Wife* : the word signifies a *mate* or *companion*.

<sup>5</sup> That is, completely beautiful.

<sup>6</sup> *Account* for *accounted* ; we have several instances of a similar use. — In the preceding line the old copies read, '*But custom.*'

H.

<sup>7</sup> That is, *shape* or *direct* their course thither.

<sup>8</sup> Referring to the heads of the unsuccessful suitors set up over the palace gate, which is supposed to be in the sight of the audience. So in Gower's poem :

“ And thus ther were many dede,  
 Here hedes stoundyng on the gate,  
 Tille atte laste, longe and late,

What now ensues, to th' judgment of your eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify.<sup>9</sup> [*Exit.*]

## SCENE I.

Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and *Attendants.*

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre,<sup>1</sup> you have at large  
receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

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

*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence;<sup>2</sup>  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

*Enter the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.

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

For lakke of answer in the wise,  
The remenaunt, that weren wise,  
Escheweden to make assaie."

H.

<sup>9</sup> *Who* in this line is for *which*, referring to *eye* or "judgment of your eye."  
H.

<sup>1</sup> It does not appear that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand *prince regnant*. In the *Gesta Romanorum* Apollonius is *king of Tyre*; in Twine's translation he is repeatedly called *prince of Tyrus*, as he is in Gower.

<sup>2</sup> The words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus. The leading thought may have been taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, book ii.: "*The senate-house of the planets was at no time to set for the decreeing of perfection in a man.*"

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!<sup>3</sup>

Her face, the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.<sup>4</sup>

Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, —

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

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,<sup>5</sup>  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard.  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
Yond' sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance  
pale,  
That without covering, save yond' field of stars,  
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,  
For going<sup>6</sup> on death's net, whom none resist.

<sup>3</sup> "The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue that gives renown to men."

<sup>4</sup> By "her mild companion" is meant "the companion of her mildness."

<sup>5</sup> *Hesperides* is here taken for the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. sc. 3. note 16.

<sup>6</sup> That is, for fear of going, or lest you should go. Dr. Per-

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
 My frail mortality to know itself,  
 And by those fearful objects to prepare  
 This body, like to them, to what I must :<sup>7</sup>  
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
 Who tells us life's but breath ; to trust it, error.  
 I'll make my will, then ; and as sick men do,  
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,  
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;  
 So, I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
 And all good men, as every prince should do :  
 My riches to the earth from whence they came,  
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter*

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

*Ant.* Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then ;  
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
 As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all 'say'd yet may'st thou prove prosperous !

Of all 'say'd yet I wish thee happiness !<sup>8</sup>

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,  
 Nor ask advice of any other thought  
 But faithfulness, and courage.<sup>9</sup>

cy proposed to read, "*in death's net*;" but *on* and *in* were anciently used the one for the other.

<sup>7</sup> That is, "to prepare this body for that state to which I must come."

<sup>8</sup> In both these lines, the quarto of 1609 has, "Of all say'd yet;" the other old copies have *said*. Dr. Percy suggested that the meaning was, "of all *essay'd* yet;" which is evidently right. Modern editions generally, following Malone, read, "*In all save that*."  
 H.

<sup>9</sup> These words are in the novel founded on the play: "*Pericles armed with these noble armours, faithfulness and courage*." The text shows the author's reading in Sidney's *Arcadia*, the third

## THE RIDDLE.

I am no viper, yet I feed  
 On mother's flesh, which did me breed ;  
 I sought a husband, in which labour,  
 I found that kindness in a father :  
 He's father, son, and husband mild,  
 I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
 How they may be, and yet in two,  
 As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last :<sup>10</sup> but, O you powers !  
 That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,  
 Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?  
 Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,  
 Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :  
 But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt ;  
 For he's no man on whom perfections wait,<sup>11</sup>  
 That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
 You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;  
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,  
 Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to  
 hearken ;  
 But, being play'd upon before your time,  
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.  
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not,<sup>12</sup> upon thy life,  
 For that's an article within our law,

book of which has the following: "*Asking advice of no other thought but faithfulness and courage, he presently lighted from his own horse.*" H.

<sup>10</sup> That is, the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it.

<sup>11</sup> That is, he is no perfect or honest man, that knowing &c.

<sup>12</sup> This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves.



As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:  
Either expound now. or receive your sentence

*Per.* Great king,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;  
'Twould braid<sup>13</sup> yourself too near for me to tell it.  
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;  
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:  
To stop the air would hurt them.<sup>14</sup> The blind mole  
casts

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

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die  
for't.<sup>15</sup>

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;  
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?  
It is enough you know; and it is fit,

<sup>13</sup> *Braid* is commonly printed *'braid*, as if it were put for *upbraid*. To *braid* was used by itself, with the same sense as to *upbraid*. Thus in Sir Thomas More's Works: "He bringeth to the matter neither any substaunciall learning, nor yet anye prooffe of reason or natural wytte, but onely a rashe, maliciouse, franticke *braide*." H.

<sup>14</sup> "The man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them."

<sup>15</sup> "*Copp'd hills*" are hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a sugar-loaf. Thus in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519; "Sometime men wear *copped* caps like a sugar loaf." So Baret: "To make *copped*, or sharpe at top; *cacumino*." — The mole is called *poor worm* as a term of commiseration. In *The Tempest*, Prospero, speaking to Miranda, says, "*Poor worm*, thou art infected." The mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks which betray his course to the mole-catcher.

What being more known grows worse, to smother it.  
 All love the womb that their first beings bred;  
 Then, give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he  
 has found the meaning;

But I will gloze with him.— Young prince of Tyre,  
 Though by the tenour of our strict edict,  
 Your exposition misinterpreting,  
 We might proceed to cancel of your days;  
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.  
 Forty days longer we do respite you;  
 If by which time our secret be undone,  
 This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:  
 And until then your entertain shall be,  
 As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANT., Daughter, and Attend.*]

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin!

When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
 If it be true that I interpret false,  
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad  
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;  
 Where<sup>16</sup> now you're both a father and a son,  
 By your untimely claspings with your child,  
 (Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father,)  
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;  
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun<sup>17</sup> no course to keep them from the light.

<sup>16</sup> *Where* has here the power of *whereas*.

<sup>17</sup> The old copies read *shew*. The emendation is Malone's

One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;  
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit*

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for the which  
 we mean  
 To have his head.  
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
 Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin  
 In such a loathed manner :  
 And therefore instantly this prince must die ;  
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
 Who attends us there ?

*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* Doth your highness call ?

*Ant.* Thaliard,

You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes  
 Her private actions to your secrecy ;<sup>18</sup>  
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold ;  
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him :  
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

*Thal.*

My lord,

'Tis done.

The expression here is elliptical : " For wisdom sees *that* those men *who* do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course to keep them from being known."

<sup>18</sup> *Partake* was sometimes used thus in the sense of *impart*. So in *The Winter's Tale*, Act v. sc. 3 : " Go together, you precious winners : your exultation *partake* to every one." H.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ant.* Enough. —

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

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

*Ant.* As thou

Wilt live, fly after ; and as an arrow, shot  
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,  
Unless thou say prince Pericles is dead.

*Thal.* My lord, if I

Can get him once within my pistol's length,  
I'll make him sure : so, farewell to your highness.

[*Exit.*

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

## SCENE II. Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.*

*Per.* Let none disturb us. — Why should this  
change of thoughts,

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,  
Be my so us'd a guest, as not an hour<sup>1</sup>  
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have this line thus : " *By me* so us'd a guest, as not an hour." Modern editions retain *By me*, and change *as* into *is*, thus : " *By me* so us'd a guest *is*, not an hour," &c. The old copies also disjoin the first part of the sentence, " Why should this change of thoughts," from what follows ; thus beginning a new sentence at " The sad companion." Steevens, not understanding the text, altered the first part of the sentence to, " Why this *change* of thoughts ?" Every thing like difficulty or obscurity is removed by simply transposing *y* and *e*, and pointing the text so as to make " The sad companion " in apposition with " change of thoughts." H.

(The tomb where grief should sleep) can breed me  
quiet ?

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

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here ;  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

'Then, it is thus : the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by misdread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care ;

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

And so with me : — the great Antiochus

('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he's so great, can make his will his act)

Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;  
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,<sup>2</sup>

If he suspect I may dishonour him :

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

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,  
And with th' ostent of war will look so huge,<sup>3</sup>  
Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;

Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,  
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence :

Which care of them, not pity of myself,

(Who am<sup>4</sup> no more but as the tops of trees,

<sup>2</sup> *Him* was supplied by Rowe for the sake of the metre.

<sup>3</sup> Old copies : " And with the *stint* of war will look so huge." The emendation, suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is confirmed by the following passage in Dekker's *Entertainment to King James I.*, 1604 : " And why you bear alone *th' ostent of warre.*" Again in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Batrachomomachia* : " Both heralds bearing *the ostents of war.*"

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads, " Who *once* no more." The emendation is by Steevens.

Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend  
them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
And punish that before, that he would punish.

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

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

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

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.  
When Signior Sooth,<sup>6</sup> here, does proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook  
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,  
thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

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

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

They have their nourishment?

<sup>b</sup> Instead of *blast*, the old copies repeat *spark*. Mason proposed *blast*; others have proposed *wind* and *breath*. H.

<sup>6</sup> A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*: "And his pond fished by his next neighbour, by *Sir Smile*."

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

*Hel.* [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;  
Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.*                                   Rise, pr'ythee, rise;  
Sit down; thou art no flatterer:  
I thank thee for it; and Heaven forbid  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults  
  hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
What would'st thou have me do?

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

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,  
That ministers a potion unto me,  
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,  
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate,  
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.<sup>7</sup>  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
The rest (hark, in thine ear) as black as incest:  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth;<sup>8</sup> but thou know'st  
  this,

<sup>7</sup> "From whence I might propagate an issue *that are arms,*" &c. Steevens reads: "*Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.*"

<sup>8</sup> To smooth is to *sooth, coax, or flatter.* Thus in King Richard III.: "Smile in men's faces, *smooth,* deceive, and cog." So in Titus Andronicus: "Yield to his humour, *smooth,* and speak him fair." The verb to *smooth* is frequently used in this sense by our elder writers; for instance by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583: "If you will learn to deride, scoffe, mock, and flowt. to flatter and *smooth,*" &c.

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.  
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled  
 Under the covering of a careful night,  
 Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,  
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:  
 And should he doubt it,<sup>9</sup> (as no doubt he doth,)  
 That I should open to the listening air  
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid-ope,  
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him  
 When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,  
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:  
 Which love to all, of which thyself art one,  
 Who now reprov'st me for it,—

*Hel.*

Alas, sir!

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from  
 my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts  
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;  
 And, finding little comfort to relieve them,  
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me  
 leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
 Who, either by public war or private treason,  
 Will take away your life.

<sup>9</sup> The quarto of 1609 reads, "And should he *doot*;" from which the reading of the text has been formed. "Should he *be in doubt* that I shall keep his secret, (as no doubt he is,) why, to 'lop that doubt,' he will strive to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me first as the author of some supposed injury to himself"



Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,  
 Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.  
 Your rule direct to any; if to me,  
 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

*Hel.* We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,  
 From whence we had our being and our birth.

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

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,  
 And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
 The care I had and have of subjects' good,  
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;  
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:  
 But in our orbs<sup>10</sup> we'll live so round and safe,  
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,<sup>11</sup>  
 Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. Tyre.

An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.

*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.  
 Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I  
 am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—  
 Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had  
 good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he  
 would of the king, desired he might know none of

<sup>10</sup> That is, in our different spheres or *orbits*

<sup>11</sup> Overcome.

his secrets :<sup>1</sup> now do I see he had some reason for it ; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush ! here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, further to question me of your king's departure. His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

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

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

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

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not) took some displeasure at him : at least he judg'd so ; and, doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd, to show his sorrow he'd correct himself ; so, puts himself unto the shipman's toil, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would ; but since he's gone, the king it sure must please ; he scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.<sup>2</sup> — I'll present myself. — Peace to the lords of Tyre !

<sup>1</sup> Who this wise fellow was may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's *Souldiers Wishe to Briton's Welfare or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604 : " I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who being demaunded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answer to the king — That your majesty would never impart unto me *any of your secrets.*"

<sup>2</sup> The old copies read thus :

" But since he's gone *the king's seas* must please  
He scap'd the land, to perish *at the sea.*"

The emendation is by Dr. Percy

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles ;

But, since my landing, I have understood

Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels :

My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it,

Commended to our master, not to us :

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, —

As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Ereunt*

#### SCENE IV. Tharsus.

A Room in the Governor's House.

*Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, and *Attendants.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,

And by relating tales of others' griefs,

See if 'twill teach us to forget our own ?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench  
it ;

For who digs hills because they do aspire,

Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.

O, my distressed lord ! even such our griefs ;

Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,<sup>1</sup>

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

*Cle.* O, Dionyza !

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,

The old copies have *mischiefs* instead of *mistful*. The alteration was made by Steevens, who thus explains the passage : "Withdrawn as we now are from the scene we describe, our sorrows are simply felt, and appear indistinct, as through a *mist*." Malone reads, "*unseen* with mischief's eyes." That is, "*unseen* by those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes and add to them by their triumph over us."

Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish ?  
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes  
 Into the air ; our eyes do weep, till lungs<sup>2</sup>  
 Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ;  
 That if heaven slumber,<sup>3</sup> while their creatures want,  
 They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
 And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

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

*Cle.* This Tharsus, o'er which I have the govern-  
 ment,

A city, on whom Plenty held full hand,  
 For riches strew'd herself even in the streets ;  
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the  
 clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at ;  
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Like one another's glass to trim them by :  
 Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,  
 And not so much to feed on, as delight ;  
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* O ! 'tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what Heaven can do ! By this our  
 change,

These mouths, whom but of late earth, sea, and air  
 Were all too little to content and please,  
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
 As houses are defil'd for want of use,

<sup>2</sup> The old copies repeat *tongues* here. Steevens substituted *lungs*. H. n

<sup>3</sup> So in the old copies. Modern editions generally substitute *the gods for heaven*, to have something in the plural for *their* to agree with. No change is needed, *heaven* being used as a collective noun. n.

<sup>4</sup> To *jet* is to strut, to walk proudly.

They are now starv'd for want of exercise :  
 Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,<sup>5</sup>  
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :  
 Those mothers who, to nouse<sup>6</sup> up their babes,  
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life :  
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;  
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall  
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
 Is not this true ?

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

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

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor ?

*Cle.* Here.

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

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbouring  
 shore,  
 A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

<sup>5</sup> The old reading is, "who not yet too *savers* younger." The emendation was proposed by Mason. Steevens remarks that Shakespeare computes time by the same number of summers in *Romeo and Juliet*: "Let *two* more *summers* wither in their pride."

<sup>6</sup> Steevens thought that this word should be *nursle*; but the examples are numerous enough in our old writers to show that the text is right. So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. vi. 23

"Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,  
 He *noused* up in life and maners wilde."

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor ;  
And so in ours : Some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat us down, the which are down already ;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas<sup>7</sup> no glory's got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,<sup>8</sup>  
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need we fear ?

The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.  
Go, tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

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

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;<sup>9</sup>  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.*

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

<sup>7</sup> *Whereas* is here used for *where* ; as in a foregoing scene we have *where* for *whereas*. Such interchanges were common. — *Me* in the preceding line may be a misprint for *men*. H.

<sup>8</sup> That is, like him *who is* untutor'd to repeat. The old copies have *hymnes*. H

<sup>9</sup> That is, if he *rest* or *stand* on peace

Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
 But to relieve them of their heavy load :  
 And these our ships, you happily may think  
 Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff'd within,  
 With bloody veins,<sup>10</sup> expecting overthrow,  
 Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,  
 And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

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

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

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
 The curse of Heaven and men succeed their evils !  
 Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen)  
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

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

## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

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

<sup>10</sup> That is, are like the Trojan horse, which was stuff'd with bloody veins. Some modern editions change *was stuff'd* into *war-stuff'd*, and *veins* into *views*. H.

Prove awful both in deed and word.<sup>1</sup>  
 Be quiet, then, as men should be,  
 Till he hath pass'd necessity.  
 I'll show you those in trouble's reign,  
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
 The good in conversation  
 (To whom I give my benizon)  
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can;<sup>2</sup>  
 And, to remember what he does,  
 Build his statue to make him glorious:<sup>3</sup>  
 But tidings to the contrary  
 Are brought your eyes; what need speak I ?

*Dumb Show.*

*Enter at one Door PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter at another Door a Gentleman with a Letter to PERICLES: PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c., severally.*

*Gow.* Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,  
 Not to eat honey like a drone,  
 From others' labours; forthy he strives  
 To killen bad, keep good alive,

<sup>1</sup> *Awful* is full of awe, that is, reverent. The force of *you have seen* is continued over a better prince. H.

<sup>2</sup> That is, the good prince (on whom I bestow my blessing) is still at Tharsus, where every man pays as much respect to all he can speak, as if it were holy writ. *Conversation* is *conduct*, or *behaviour*, as in the Bible. H

<sup>3</sup> This circumstance is found in the *Confessio Amantis* :

“That thei for ever in remembrance  
 Made a figure in resemblance  
 Of hym, and in comonne place  
 Thei set it upp; so that his face  
 Miht every maner man byholde;  
 It was of latonn over gylte.”



And, to fulfil his prince' desire,  
 Sends word of all<sup>4</sup> that haps in Tyre ;  
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
 And hid intent, to murder him ;  
 And that in Tharsus was not best  
 Longer for him to make his rest.  
 He, knowing so, put forth to seas,  
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;  
 For now the wind begins to blow ;  
 Thunder above, and deeps below,  
 Make such unquiet, that the ship,  
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split ;  
 And he, good prince, having all lost,  
 By waves from coast to coast is tost.  
 All perishen of man, of pelf,  
 Ne aught escapen but himself ;  
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad :  
 And here he comes. What shall be next,  
 Pardon old Gower ; this 'longs the text.<sup>5</sup> [*Exit*

### SCENE I. Pentapolis.

An open Place by the Sea-Side.

*Enter* PERICLES, *wet*.

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!  
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
 Is but a substance that must yield to you \*

<sup>4</sup> Old copies: "Sav'd one of all." The emendation is Steevens'. In the first line of the speech the old copies misprint *that* instead of *hath*. H.

<sup>5</sup> "Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues; it belongs to the text, not to his province as 'chorus.'"

And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
 Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath  
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :  
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;  
 And having thrown him from your watery grave,  
 Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

*Enter Three Fishermen.*

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch !<sup>1</sup>

2 *Fish.* Ho ! come, and bring away the nets.

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

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come away,  
 or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.<sup>2</sup>

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

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls ! it griev'd my heart to  
 hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help  
 them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help our-  
 selves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when  
 I saw the porpus, how he bounc'd and tumbled ?  
 They say, they are half fish, half flesh : a plague on  
 them ! they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd.<sup>3</sup>  
 Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why as men do a-land : the great ones  
 eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich mi-

<sup>1</sup> The old copies read, "What, to *pelche*." The emendation was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who remarks, that *Pilch* is a *leathern coat*.

<sup>2</sup> This expression, which is equivalent to *with a mischief*, or *with a vengeance*, is of very frequent occurrence in old writers.

<sup>3</sup> Sailors have observed, that the playing of porpoises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.

ers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

*Per.* A pretty moral.

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

2 *Fish.* Why, man ?

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

*Per.* Simonides ?

3 *Fish.* —we would purge the land of these Irones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* How from the finny subject of the sea  
These fishers tell th' infirmities of men ;<sup>4</sup>  
And from their watery empire re-collect  
All that may men approve, or men detect ! . . .  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest ! good fellow, what's that ? if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar ; and nobody look after it.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> The old copies have *fenny* instead of *finny*. The change was made by Steevens, and is confirmed by the novel founded on the play : " Prince Pericles wondering that from the *finny* subjects of the sea, these poor country-people learned the infirmities of men."

H.

<sup>5</sup> We give this speech just as it stands in the old copies. The only way to get any sense out of it, is by supposing that the fisherman takes *honest* as an epithet meant to be descriptive of the *day*. So that the sense appears to be something thus : " If the day be according to your ideas of what is honest, you must search out of the calendar for it ; and may nobody look after such a kind

*Per.* Ye may see, the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

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

*Per.* A man, whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon,<sup>6</sup> entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that néver us'd to beg.

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

*2 Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

*Per.* I never practis'd it.

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

*Per.* What I have been I have forgot to know, But what I am want teaches me to think on; A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

*1 Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now, gods forbid it! I

of an honest day." The *lucky* and *unlucky* days were marked in the old calendars; and Farmer thinks there may be an allusion in the text to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero. Steevens supposes something to have been lost, and supplies the deficiency thus:

"*Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen:  
*The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation.*

"*2 Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it." H.

<sup>6</sup> Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia*, book v.: "In such a shadow mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, *like tenis bals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers.*"

have a gown here : come, put it on ; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and, moreo'er, puddings and flap-jacks,<sup>7</sup> and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

*2 Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

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

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipp'd, then ?

*2 Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all ! for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. *[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*

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

*1 Fish.* Hark you, sir ; do you know where you are ?

*Per.* Not well.

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

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

*1 Fish.* Ay, sir ; and he deserves to be so call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

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

*1 Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey : and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow

<sup>7</sup> *Flap-jacks* are *pancakes*. Thus in Taylor's *Jack a Lent* : "Until at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the form of a *flap-jack*, which, in our translation, is call'd a *pancake*." The word is still used continually in New England. ¶

is her birth-day ; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to joust and tourney for her love.

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

1 *Fish.* O, sir ! things must be as they may ; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for.<sup>8</sup> His wife's soul —

*Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.*

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help ! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law ; 'twill hardly come out. Ha ! bots on't,<sup>9</sup> 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

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

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all crosses  
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself ;  
And, though it was mine own,<sup>10</sup> part of mine heritage,  
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,  
With this strict charge, even as he left his life, —  
“Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield  
'Twixt me and death ;” and pointed to this  
brace,<sup>11</sup> —  
“For that it sav'd me, keep it ; in like necessity,  
The which the gods protect thee from ! it may defend  
thee.”

<sup>8</sup> “ Things must be as they are appointed to be ; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt.” The old reading connects “ His wife's soul ” with what precedes, but no sense can be made of it. It is therefore commonly taken as the beginning of a new sentence which is interrupted. H.

<sup>9</sup> This comic execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent. The *bots* is a disease in horses produced by worms.

<sup>10</sup> That is, and *I thank you*, though it was mine own.

<sup>11</sup> The *brace* is the armour for the arm.

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

1 *Fish*. What mean you, sir?

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

For it was sometime target to a king;  
 I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,  
 And for his sake I wish the having of it;  
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,  
 Where with't I may appear a gentleman:  
 And if that ever my low fortunes better,  
 I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

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

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

1 *Fish*. Why, do ye take it; and the gods give  
 thee good on't!

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we  
 that made up this garment through the rough seams  
 of the waters there are certain condolences, cer-  
 tain 'vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remem-  
 ber from whence you had it.

*Per*. Believe it, I will.

By your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;  
 And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,  
 This jewel holds his bidding on my arm:<sup>12</sup>

<sup>12</sup> The old copies have *building* instead of *biding*. Of *biding* Mr. Dyce says, — "It is a most wanton and unnecessary change: 'his *building* on my arm' is 'his *fixture* on my arm.'" Still we cannot but think the editors generally are right in the change. In the line before, the old reading is *rupture* instead of *rapture*. The latter word was proposed by Sewel; and the novel founded on the play tells how Pericles got to land "with a jewel, whom all the *raptures* of the sea could not bereave from his arm." *Rap-  
 ture* is used for any *violent seizure*. H

Unto thy value will I mount myself  
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread. —  
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
 Of a pair of bases.<sup>13</sup>

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

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

## SCENE II. The Same.

A Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near  
 it, for the reception of the King, Princess,  
 Lords, Ladies, &c.

*Enter* SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Lords, and Attendants*.

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

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege ;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim*. Return them,<sup>1</sup> we are ready ; and our  
 daughter,

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

[*Exit a Lord*.

*Thai*. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
 My commendations great, whose merit's less.

<sup>13</sup> *Bases* is thus explained by Nares : " A kind of embroidered  
 mantle which hung down from about the middle to about the knees  
 or lower, worn by knights on horseback." So, in Massinger's  
*Picture* : " It appears, your petticoat serves for *bases* to this war-  
 rior "

<sup>1</sup> That is, return them notice that we are ready.



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

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

*Enter a Knight : he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.*

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

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun ;  
The word,<sup>2</sup> *Lux tua vita mihi.*

*Sim.* He loves you well, that holds his life of you.  
[*The second Knight passes.*

Who is the second that presents himself ?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady :  
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulzura que per fuerza.*<sup>3</sup> [*The third Knight passes.*

*Sim.* And what's the third ?

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

[*The fourth Knight passes.*

*Sim.* What is the fourth ?

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

<sup>2</sup> That is, the *mot* or *motto*.

<sup>3</sup> That is, more by sweetness than by force.

*Sim.* Which shows that beauty hath his power  
and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes*

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

[*The sixth Knight passes.*

*Sim.* And what's the sixth and last, the which  
the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger; but his pres-  
ent is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top:  
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

*Sim.* A pretty moral:

From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his out-  
ward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;  
For, by his rusty outside, he appears  
To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the  
lance.

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

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

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.<sup>4</sup>

But stay, the knights are coming: we'll withdraw  
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, "The mean knight."*

<sup>4</sup> That is, that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit. Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.

## SCENE III. The Same.

A Hall of State. — A Banquet prepared.

*Enter* SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,  
Since every worth in show commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :  
You are princes, and my guests.

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

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

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

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

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Simon  
ides.

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

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

*Marshal.* Sir, yond's your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

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

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

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*Sim.*

Sit, sir; sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
 These cates resist me,<sup>1</sup> he not thought upon.

*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen  
 Of marriage, all the viands that I eat  
 Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat!  
 Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but a country gentleman:  
 He has done no more than other knights have done  
 Broken a staff, or so; so, let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

*Per.* Yond' king's to me like to my father's pic-  
 ture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;  
 Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
 And he the sun, for them to reverence.  
 None that beheld him, but like lesser lights  
 Did vail<sup>2</sup> their crowns to his supremacy;  
 Where<sup>3</sup> now his son's a glow-worm in the night,  
 The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;  
 Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;  
 For he's their parent, and he is their grave,  
 And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

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

*1 Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal pres-  
 ence?

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

<sup>1</sup> That is, these delicacies go against my stomach.

<sup>2</sup> Lower.

<sup>3</sup> *Where* is here again used for *whereas*

*Knights.*

We thank your grace

*Sim.* Yet pause awhile ;

Yond' knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa ?

*Thai.*

What is it

To me, my father ?

*Sim.*

O, attend, my daughter !

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honour them ; and princes, not doing so,  
Are like to guats, which make a sound, but, kill'd,  
Are wonder'd at.<sup>4</sup> Therefore,  
To make his entrance<sup>5</sup> more sweet, here say,  
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

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

*Sim.* How !

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

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

*Sim.* And, further, tell him, we desire to know  
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

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

*Per.* I thank him.

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

<sup>4</sup> When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised.

<sup>5</sup> By his *entrance* appears to be meant his present *trance*, the *reverie* in which he is sitting.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd. Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too: And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre Are excellent in making ladies trip, And that their measures are as excellent.

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

*Sim.* O! that's as much, as you would be denied  
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

\* As you are accoutred, prepared for combat.

Of your fair courtesy. — Unclasp, unclasp ;  
 Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well,  
 [To PER.] But you the best. — Pages and lights,  
 to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings ! — Yours,  
 sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

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

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

For that's the mark I know you level at :

Therefore each one betake him to his rest ;

To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. Tyre.

A Room in the Governor's House.

*Enter* HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

*Hel.* No, Escanes ; know this of me, —  
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free :  
 For which the most high gods, not minding longer  
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
 Due to this heinous capital offence,  
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
 When he was seated, and his daughter with him,  
 In a chariot of inestimable value,  
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up  
 Those bodies, even to loathing ; for they so stunk,  
 That all those eyes ador'd them<sup>1</sup> ere their fall,  
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Esca.* 'Twas very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but just ; for though

<sup>1</sup> That is, *which* ador'd them.

This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*Esca.* 'Tis very true.

*Enter Three Lords.*

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

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

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.

2 *Lord.* Follow me, then. — Lord Helicane, a  
word.

*Hel.* With me? and welcome. — Happy day, my  
lords.

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

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

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble Hel-  
icane;

But, if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.  
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;  
And be resolv'd,<sup>2</sup> he lives to govern us,  
Or, dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's indeed the strongest in  
our censure:<sup>3</sup>

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

<sup>2</sup> Satisfied.

<sup>3</sup> That is, the most probable in our opinion. *Censure* was fre-  
quently used for *judgment, opinion*.



*All.* Live, noble Helicane !

*Hel.* For honour's cause,<sup>4</sup> forbear your suffrages :  
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.  
'Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,<sup>5</sup>  
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.  
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
'To forbear the absence of your king ;  
If in which time expir'd he not return,  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search, like nobles, like noble subjects,  
And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;  
Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

*I Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not  
yield :

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

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

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt*

## SCENE V.

Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter : the Knights  
meet him.*

*I Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

<sup>4</sup> The old reading is, "Try honour's cause." The correction is by Mr. Dyce. H.

<sup>5</sup> The old copies read : "Take I your wish, I leap into the seas." Steevens contends for the old reading ; that it is merely figurative. and means, "I embark too hastily on an expedition in which ease is disproportioned to labour."

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

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

Her reason to herself is only known,

Which yet from her by no means can I get.

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

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

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

'This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,

And on her virgin honour will not break it.

*3 Knight.* Though loth to bid farewell, we take  
our leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

*Sim.* So,

'They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's  
letter.

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

'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine,

I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice,

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!

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

For your sweet music this last night: I do

Protest, my ears were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

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

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

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

*Sim.* Let me ask one thing.

What do you think of my daughter, sir ?

*Per.* As of a most virtuous princess.

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

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

*Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;  
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,  
And she'll your scholar be : therefore look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

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

*Per.* [*Aside.*] What's here ? —

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life.

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

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

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

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor !

*Sim.* Ay, traitor.

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

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

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent.  
I came unto your court for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state ;  
 And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
 This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.*

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
 Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
 Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
 To any syllable that made love to you !

*Thai.* Why, sir, if you had,  
 Who takes offence at that would make me glad ?

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

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

[*To her.*] I'll tame you ; I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent,  
 Bestow your love and your affections  
 Upon a stranger ?— [*Aside.*] who, for aught I  
 know,

May be (nor can I think the contrary)

As great in blood as I myself.—

Therefore, hear you, mistress ; either frame  
 Your will to mine ; and you, sir, hear you,  
 Either be rul'd by me ; or I will make you—  
 Man and wife.—Nay, come ; your hands,  
 And lips must seal it too ;

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy ;  
 And for further grief, — God give you joy !

What ! are you both pleas'd ?

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

*Per.* Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> So the quarto of 1619 ; the other old copies have *my* instead of *or*.

*Sim.* What ! are you both agreed ?

*Both.* Yes, if't please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth mē so well, I'll see you wed ;  
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt*

## ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;  
No din but snores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.  
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole ;  
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,  
E'er the blither for their drouth.<sup>1</sup>  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded. — Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;<sup>2</sup>  
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

*Dumb Show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with  
Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and*

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have *Are*, an easy misprint for *E'er* ; which is evidently required by the sense. Some editors change *Are* into *As*. H.

<sup>2</sup> *Eche* is an old form of *eke*, found in Gower and Chaucer. Of course the meaning is, *eke out*. H.

*gives PERICLES a Letter: PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former.<sup>3</sup> Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA: SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her Father and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c., retire.*

*Gow.* By many a dearn and painful perch,<sup>4</sup>  
 Of Pericles the careful search  
 By the four opposing coignes,  
 Which the world together joins,  
 Is made, with all due diligence,  
 That horse, and sail, and high expense,  
 Can stand the quest.<sup>5</sup> At last from Tyre  
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire)  
 To the court of king Simonides  
 Are letters brought; the tenour these:  
 Antiochus and his daughter dead:  
 The men of Tyrus on the head  
 Of Helicanus would set on  
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
 The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;<sup>6</sup>  
 Says to them, if king Pericles  
 Come not home in twice six moons,  
 He, obedient to their dooms,  
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,

<sup>3</sup> The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

<sup>4</sup> *Dearn* signifies *lonely, solitary*. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. "The careful search of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch, — by the four opposing coignes which join the world together, — with all due diligence."

<sup>5</sup> That is, *help*, befriend, or assist the search.

<sup>6</sup> That is, to *suppress*: opprimere.

Y-ravished the regions round,  
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,  
 "Our heir apparent is a king!  
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"  
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:  
 His queen, with child, makes her desire  
 (Which who shall cross?) along to go;  
 Omit we all their dole and woe:  
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood  
 Varies again: the grizzled north  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That, as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives.  
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-neighbor!<sup>7</sup>  
 Does fall in travail with her fear:  
 And what ensues in this self storm,<sup>8</sup>  
 Shall for itself itself perform.  
 I will relate; action may  
 Conveniently the rest convey,  
 Which might not what by me is told.  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage the ship,<sup>9</sup> upon whose deck  
 The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

<sup>7</sup> An exclamation equivalent to *well-a-day*.

<sup>8</sup> That is, *same* or *selfsame* storm. Divers modern editions change *self* into *fell*. H.

<sup>9</sup> It is clear from these lines that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship.

## SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.*

*Per.* Thou God of this great vast,<sup>1</sup> rebuke these surges,

Which wash both heaven and hell ; and Thou, that hast

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep ! O, still  
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders ! duly quench  
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes ! — O ! how, Lychorida,

How does my queen ? — Thou storm, venomously<sup>2</sup>  
Wilt thou spit all thyself ? — The seaman's whistle  
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
Unheard. — Lychorida ! — Lucina, O !  
Divinest patroness and midwife, gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails ! — Now, Lychorida ! —

*Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.*

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had conceit,<sup>3</sup> would die as I  
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

*Per.* How ! how, Lychorida !

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir ; do not assist the storm  
Here's all that is left living of your queen,

<sup>1</sup> It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath. — “ This great vast ” is “ this wide expanse.” See *The Tempest*, Act i. sc. 2, note 32.

<sup>2</sup> Maliciously.

<sup>3</sup> That is, if it had *thought*.



A little daughter : for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts  
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Vie honour with you.<sup>4</sup>

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

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more boisterous birth had never babe :  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions !<sup>5</sup>  
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcome to this world,  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb :<sup>6</sup> even at the first,  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,<sup>7</sup>  
With all thou canst find here. — Now, the good  
    gods  
Throw their best eyes upon it!

*Enter Two Sailors.*

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

<sup>4</sup> That is, "*contend* with you in honour." The old copies read, "*Use* honour with you."

<sup>5</sup> *Conditions* are *qualities*, dispositions of mind.

<sup>6</sup> A part of this most Shakespearian passage is found in the novel made out of this play. The words in Italic will show that one of the Poet's most characteristic expressions has been lost out of the text: "*Poor inch of nature!* quoth he, thou art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever princess' babe was; and hast as chiding a nativity, as fire, air, earth, and water can afford thee."

H.

<sup>7</sup> That is, thou hast already lost more by the death of thy mother, than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is here used for *conveyance* into life.

*Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;<sup>8</sup>  
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

*1 Sail.* Slack the bowlines<sup>9</sup> there; thou wilt not,  
wilt thou? — Blow and split thyself.

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

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

*Per.* That's your superstition.

*1 Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still  
hath been observ'd, and we are strong in custom.<sup>10</sup>  
Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard  
straight.

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

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: th' unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps,<sup>11</sup> the belching whale

<sup>8</sup> A *flaw* is a stormy gust of wind. See *Coriolanus*, Act v. sc. 3, note 6.

<sup>9</sup> *Bowlines* are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable: they are slackened when it is high.

<sup>10</sup> The old copies read, "strong in *easterne*." The emendation is Mr. Boswell's.

<sup>11</sup> The old copies read: "*The aye remaining lamps*." The emendation is Malone's. The propriety of it will be evident if we recur to the author's leading thought, which is founded on the customs observed in the pomp of ancient sepulture. Within old monuments perpetual lamps were supposed to be lighted up.

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
 Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida!  
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,  
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
 Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe  
 Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say  
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit Lychorida.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,  
 caulk'd and bitumed ready.

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

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner, alter thy course for  
 Tyre.<sup>12</sup> When canst thou reach it?

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

*Per.* O, make for Tharsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it  
 At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:  
 I'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. Ephesus.

A Room in CERIMON'S House.

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

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?

<sup>12</sup> Change thy course, which is now for Tyre, and go to Tharsus.

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men :  
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

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

Till now I ne'er endur'd.

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

[*To PHILEMON.*

[*Exeunt PHILEM., Serv., and the Rest.*

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen.

Why do you stir so early ?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook, as the earth did quake ;  
The very principals<sup>1</sup> did seem to rend,  
And all to-topple. Pure surprise and fear  
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* This is the cause we trouble you so  
early ;

"Tis not our husbandry.<sup>2</sup>

*Cer.* O ! you say well.

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

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.  
It is most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

<sup>1</sup> The *principals* are the strongest timbers in a building.

<sup>2</sup> *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence.

Cer.

I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning<sup>3</sup> were endowments greater  
 Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs  
 May the two latter darken and expend ;  
 But immortality attends the former,  
 Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever  
 Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
 By turning o'er authorities, I have  
 (Together with my practice) made familiar  
 To me and to my aid the blest infusions  
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;  
 And I can speak of the disturbances  
 That nature works, and of her cures ; which give me  
 A more content in course of true delight  
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,  
 To please the fool and death.<sup>4</sup>

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd  
 forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
 Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :  
 And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but  
 even

Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon  
 Such strong renown as time shall never —

<sup>3</sup> *Cunning* was often used for *wisdom* or knowledge. H.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Steevens had seen an old Flemish print in which *Death* was exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) was standing behind and grinning at the process. The Dance of Death appears to have been anciently a popular exhibition. A venerable and aged clergyman informed Mr. Steevens that he had once been a spectator of it. The dance consisted of *Death's* contrivances to surprise the *Merry Andrew*, and of the *Merry Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered ; his finale being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley.

*Enter Two Servants with a Chest.*

*Serv.* So ; lift there.

*Cer.* What is that ?

*Serv.* Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest :

'Tis of some wreck.

*Cer.* Set it down ; let's look upon't

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

*Cer.* Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight :

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us

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

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

Did the sea cast it up ?

*Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As toss'd it upon shore.

*Cer.* Come, wrench it open.

Soft, soft ! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

*2 Gent.* A delicate odour.

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

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

*1 Gent.* Most strange !

*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state ; balm'd and en-  
treasur'd

With full bags of spices ! A passport too !

Apollo, perfect me i'the characters !

*[Unfolds a Scroll]*

*[Reads.]* Here I give to understand,

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying ;

She was the daughter of a king :

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity !

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night  
2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

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

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

Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The overpressed spirits. I have heard  
Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead,  
Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—  
The rough and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.

The vial once more;—how thou stirr'st, thou  
block!—

The music there!—I pray you, give her air.  
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes a warm  
Breath out of her: she hath not been entranc'd  
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow  
Into life's flower again!

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

*Cer.* She is alive! behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;  
The diamonds of a most praised water  
Appear, to make the world twice rich. **Live,**

And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be ! *[She moves.*

*Thai.*

O, dear Diana !

Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world is  
this ?<sup>b</sup>

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange ?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.*

Hush, gentle neighbours !

Lend me your hands ; to the next chamber bear her  
Get linen : now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come ;  
And Æsculapius guide us !

*[Exeunt carrying THAISA away.*

### SCENE III.

Tharsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and  
MARINA.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone :  
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness ; the gods  
Make up the rest upon you !

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

<sup>b</sup> This is from the *Confessio Amantis* :

“ And first hir eyen up she caste,  
And when she more of strength caught,  
Her armes both forth she straughte ;  
Held up hir houde and pitconslic  
She spake, and said, *Where am I ?  
Where is my lorde ? What worlde is this ?*”



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

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

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

*Per.* I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,  
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ill in't.<sup>1</sup> So I take my leave.  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

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

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have *will* instead of *ill*. The correction is by Mr. Dyce.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cle.* We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the shore ;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam. — O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears !

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter. — Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. Ephesus.

A Room in CERIMON'S House.

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer ; which are  
At your command. Know you the character ?

*Thai.* It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Even on my yearning time ;<sup>1</sup> but whether there  
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,  
I cannot rightly say. But since king Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date expire.

<sup>1</sup> The quartos read *learning*, the folio, *eaning*, instead of *yearning*. *Yearn* is used for the inward uneasiness that precedes labour. To *ean* is to bring forth young, but applied more particularly to sheep. Either word, therefore, suits the text well enough

Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter* GOWER.

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire :  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters ; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place<sup>1</sup>  
Of general wonder. But, alack !  
That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even ripe for marriage rite :<sup>2</sup> this maid  
Hight Philoten ; and it is said

<sup>1</sup> The old copies read, " Which makes *hie* both the *art* and *place*." The emendation is by Steevens. We still use the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense. *Place* here signifies *residence*.

<sup>2</sup> The old copies have *sight*, which some editors have changed to *fight*. *Rite* is undoubtedly *right*. U.

For certain in our story, she  
 Would ever with Marina be :  
 Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk <sup>3</sup>  
 With fingers long, small, white as milk ;  
 Or when she would with sharp needle wound <sup>4</sup>  
 The cambric, which she made more sound  
 By hurting it ; or when to th' lute  
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
 That still records with moan ; <sup>5</sup> or when  
 She would with rich and constant pen  
 Vail <sup>6</sup> to her mistress Dian ; still  
 This Philoten contends in skill  
 With absolute <sup>7</sup> Marina : so  
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
 All praises, which are paid as debts,  
 And not as given. This so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks,  
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good Marina, that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead ;  
 And cursed Dionyza hath

<sup>3</sup> Sleided silk is unwrought silk, prepared for weaving by passing it through the weaver's sley or reed-comb.

<sup>4</sup> *Needle* was often used as a monosyllable. Here and elsewhere, divers editors, not understanding this, have substituted *weld*. See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act iii. sc. 2, note 16.

H.

<sup>5</sup> To *record* anciently signified to *sing*. See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v. sc. 4, note 1.

<sup>6</sup> *Vail* is probably a misprint. Steevens suggests that we should read *Hail*. Malone proposes to substitute *Wail*.

<sup>7</sup> That is, highly accomplished, perfect. So in *Green's Tu Quoque* : "From an *absolute* and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover."

The pregnant instrument of wrath  
 Prest for this blow.<sup>6</sup> Th' unborn event  
 I do commend to your content :  
 Only I carry winged time  
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;  
 Which never could I so convey,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way. —  
 Dionyza doth appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE I. Tharsus.

An open Place near the Sea-shore.

*Enter* DIONYZA and LEONINE.

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

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

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

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

Here

She comes weeping for her old nurse's death.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou art resolv'd ?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd.

<sup>6</sup> *Pregnant* here means *apt, quick*. — *Prest* is *ready*.

<sup>1</sup> The old reading is, "her *only* mistress's death." The emen-  
 dation is by Dr. Percy.

*Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.*

*Mar.* No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,<sup>2</sup>  
To strew thy grave with flowers: the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,  
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Whirring<sup>3</sup> me from my friends.

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

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have  
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's<sup>4</sup> chang'd  
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;  
Give me your flowers. Ere the sea mar it,<sup>5</sup>  
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there.  
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come,  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

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

*Dion.* Come, come;  
I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign heart. We every day  
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find  
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;

<sup>2</sup> *Weed* is garment or dress. *Grave*, in the next line, is found only in the folio of 1664. The quartos have *green*. H.

<sup>3</sup> Thus the earliest copy. The second quarto, and all subsequent impressions, read, "*Hurrying* me from my friends." *Whirring* or *whirring* had formerly the same meaning; a bird that flies with a quick motion is still said to *whirr* away.

<sup>4</sup> Countenance, look.

<sup>5</sup> That is, ere the sea by the coming in of the tide mar your walk.

Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken  
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you ;  
 Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve<sup>6</sup>  
 That excellent complexion, which did steal  
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;  
 I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go ;

But yet I have no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 'tis good for you. —  
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least :  
 Remember what I have said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.  
 Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood :  
 What ! I must have a care of you.

*Mar.* Thanks, sweet madam. —

[*Exit* DIONYZA.

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

*Leon.* South-west.

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

*Leon.* Was't so ?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
 But cried, " Good seamen ! " to the sailors, galling  
 His kingly hands with hauling ropes ;  
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
 That almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this ?

*Mar.* When I was born :

Never were waves nor wind more violent ;  
 And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
 A canvass-climber.<sup>7</sup> " Ha ! " says one, " wilt out ? "  
 And with a dropping industry they skip

<sup>6</sup> *Reserve* has here the force of *preserve*.

<sup>7</sup> That is, a *sailor*, one who climbs the mast to furl or unfurl the canvass or sails.

From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* Come, say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

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

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

*Leon.* My commission

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

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:  
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:  
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,

And will despatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEONINE runs away*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!



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

[*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.*

SCENE II. The Same.

*Enter LEONINE.*

*Leon.* These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes ;<sup>2</sup>

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

[*Exit*

SCENE III. Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

*Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Boul't.

*Boul't.* Sir.

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

Old copies read, "*roguing* thieves."

<sup>2</sup> The Spanish armada perhaps furnished this name. Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake on the 22d of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play was not written, we may conclude, till after that period. The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate was probably relished by the audience in those days. There is a particular account of this Valdes in Robert Greene's Spanish Masquerado, 1589. He was then prisoner in England.

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

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.

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

*Boult.* Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.<sup>1</sup> But shall I search the market?

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

*Pand.* Thou say'st true; they're too unwhole some o'conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

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

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

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

*Pand.* O! our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger:<sup>2</sup> therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd.<sup>3</sup> Besides, the sore terms we stand

<sup>1</sup> That is, brought them up as far as to eleven years of age and then brought them down again. H.

<sup>2</sup> That is, is not equal to it.

<sup>3</sup> A *hatch* is a half door, sometimes placed within a street door preventing access further than the entry of a house. When the

upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

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

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

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

*Boulton.* Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

*1 Pirate.* O, sir! we doubt it not.

*Boulton.* Master, I have gone thorough<sup>4</sup> for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boulton, has she any qualities?

*Boulton.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refus'd.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boulton?

*Boulton.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

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

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

top of a *hatch* was guarded by a row of spikes no person could reach over and undo its fastening, which was always withinside, and near its bottom. Secured within such a barrier, Mrs. Overdone could parley with her customers, refuse admittance to the shabby visitor, bargain with the rich gallant, defy the beadle, or keep the constable at bay. From having been her usual defence, the *hatch* became the unequivocal denotement of her trade; for though the *hatch with a flat top* was a constant attendant on butteries in great families, the *hatch with spikes on it* was peculiar to houses of ill fame, and Mr. Steevens was informed that the bagnios of Dublin were not long since so defended.

<sup>4</sup> That is bid a high price for her.

*Bawd.* Boulton, take you the marks of her ; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity ; and cry, " He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boulton.* Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULTON.*]

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

(Not enough barbarous) had not o'erboard

Thrown me, to seek my mother !

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one ?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

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

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

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

*Mar.* The more my fault,<sup>5</sup>  
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

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

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well ; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What ! do you stop your ears ?

*Mar.* Are you a woman ?

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

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

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling : I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a

<sup>5</sup> *Fault* was sometimes used for *misfortune*. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Act i. sc. 1, note 11.

young foolish sapling, and must be bow'd as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. — Boult's return'd.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

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

*Boult.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn her picture with my voice.

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

*Boult.* 'Faith, they listen'd to me, as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description.

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

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers<sup>6</sup> i'the hams?

*Bawd.* Who? Monsieur Veroles?

*Boult.* Ay; he offer'd to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd.* Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> To *cower* is to sink or crouch down.

<sup>7</sup> The allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil*, *crowns of the sun*. The meaning of the passage is merely this, That the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his money there.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.<sup>8</sup>

*Bawd.* Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.<sup>9</sup>

*Mar.* I understand you not.

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

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

*Boult.* 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint, —

*Bawd.* Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so?

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

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be chang'd yet.

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature fram'd this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

<sup>8</sup> If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin.

<sup>9</sup> That is an absolute, a certain profit.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,<sup>10</sup> as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclin'd. I'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

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

#### SCENE IV.

*Tharsus.* A Room in CLEON'S House.

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

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

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

*Dion.* I think

You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,  
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady!

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o'the earth,

I'the justice of compare! O, villain Leonine!

Whom thou hast poison'd too.

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness

<sup>10</sup> Thunder is supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so render them more easy to take in stormy weather Marston alludes to this in his Satires:

“They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare  
Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare  
Their slimy beds.”

Becoming well thy fact :<sup>1</sup> what canst thou say,  
When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,  
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.  
She died at night ; I'll say so. Who can cross it ?  
Unless you play the pious innocent,<sup>2</sup>  
And for an honest attribute, cry out,  
"She died by foul play."

*Cle.* O, go to ! Well, well ;  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods  
Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those, that think  
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow  
From honourable courses.

*Dion.* Be it so, then ;  
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,  
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.  
She did disdain my child,<sup>3</sup> and stood between

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have *face*. Mr. Dyce proposes *fact*, which was often thus used for deed. So in the old legal phrase, "taken in the *fact*." H.

<sup>2</sup> The old reading is "*impious* innocent." Monck Mason conjectured it should be *pious*, and his conjecture is sustained by the novel founded on the play ; where Dionyza says to Cleon, — "If such a *pious innocent* as yourself do not reveal it unto him." *Innocent* was, as it still is, a common term for an *idiot*. Here it means *simpleton*. H.

<sup>3</sup> The old copies read, "She did *disdain* my child." But Marina was not of a *disdainful* temper. Her excellence indeed *eclipsed* the meaner qualities of her companion, that is, in the language of the Poet, *distained* them. The verb is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of *to eclipse*, to throw into the shade.



Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,  
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face;  
 Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,  
 Not worth the time of day.<sup>4</sup> It pierc'd me thorough;  
 And though you call my course unnatural,  
 You not your child well loving, yet I find,  
 It greets me<sup>5</sup> as an enterprise of kindness,  
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it

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

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

*Dion.* You are like one, that superstitiously  
 Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;<sup>6</sup>  
 But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues  
 make short;  
 Sail seas in cockles; have, and wish but for't;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> That is, a coarse wench, not worth a good-morrow. For *malkin*, see *Coriolanus*, Act ii. sc. I, note 18. H.

<sup>5</sup> "It greets me" appears to mean it *salutes* me, or is grateful to me.

<sup>6</sup> This passage appears to mean, "You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies."

<sup>7</sup> That is, we but wish a wide change of place, and we have it

Making (to take your imagination)  
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.  
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
 To use one language, in each several clime  
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you  
 To learn of me, who stand i'the gaps to teach you,  
 The stages of our story. Pericles  
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,<sup>8</sup>  
 Attended on by many a lord and knight,  
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,  
 Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.<sup>9</sup>  
 Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought  
 This king to Tharsus (think this pilot-thought,<sup>10</sup>  
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on)  
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.<sup>11</sup>

— In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. sc. 3, Petruchio, speaking of the cap that has been made for Katharine, says, — “Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell.” — *Making* is the same as in the sea-phrase still in use, “*making* so many knots an hour.” — To *take* the imagination answers exactly to the present phrase, “to *take* one's fancy.”

H.

<sup>8</sup> That is, *going athwart* the seas. So in *King Henry V.* i  
 ‘Heave him away upon your winged thoughts *athwart the seas.*’

H.

<sup>9</sup> The old reading has this and the three foregoing lines very strangely confused, thus :

“Old Helicanus goes along behind  
 Is left to govern it, you bear in mind.  
 Old Escanes whom Helicanus late  
 Advanc'd in time to great and his estate.”

The present arrangement of the text was made by Steevens  
 This instance well illustrates the state of the old copies. H.

<sup>10</sup> “Let your imagination steer with him, be his pilot, and, by accompanying him in his voyage, *think this pilot-thought.*”

<sup>11</sup> Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there

Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ;  
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

*Dumb Show.*

*Enter, at one door, PERICLES, with his Train ; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA ; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.*

*Gow.* See, how belief may suffer by foul show !  
'This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;  
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-  
shower'd,  
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears  
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;  
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,<sup>12</sup>  
And yet he rides it out. Now, please you, wit<sup>13</sup>  
The epitaph is for Marina writ  
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads.*] The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,  
Who wither'd in her spring of year :  
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,  
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.  
Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,  
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the earth :<sup>14</sup> —

<sup>12</sup> His mortal vessel is the same that Cleopatra calls her mortal house ; that is, his body. H

<sup>13</sup> Wit, for understand, or know. Thus in Gower :

“ In which the lorde hath to him writte,  
That he would understande and witte.” H.

<sup>14</sup> The Poet ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element ; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :  
 Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint <sup>a</sup>)  
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villainy,  
 So well as soft and tender flattery.  
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
 And bear his courses to be ordered  
 By lady Fortune ; while our scenes display  
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,  
 In her unholy service. Patience, then,  
 And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

### SCENE V. Mitylene.

A Street before the Brothel.

*Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.*

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

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

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there ! did  
 you ever dream of such a thing ?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more baw-  
 dy-houses. Shall we go hear the vestals sing ?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous ;  
 but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

child of Thetis on the heavens ; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes  
 raging battery against the shores. — MASON.

<sup>a</sup> That is, never cease.

## SCENE VI. The Same.

## A Room in the Brothel.

*Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter LYSIMACHUS.*

*Lys.* How now! How a dozen of virginities?<sup>1</sup>

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to-bless<sup>2</sup> your honour!

<sup>1</sup> This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different kind of commodity: "How a score of ewes now?"

<sup>2</sup> The use of *to* in composition with verbs is very common in Gower and Chaucer. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. sc. 4, note 7.

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

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

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

*Lys.* If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou would'st say.

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

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

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

*Lys.* What, pr'ythee?

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

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

*Enter* MARINA.

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk; — never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

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

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

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* [*Aside to* MARINA.] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

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

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

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

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

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

*Lys.* Have you done ?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not pac'd<sup>3</sup> yet ; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.*

*Lys.* Go thy ways.<sup>4</sup>—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade ?

*Mar.* What trade, sir ?

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

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

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

*Mar.* Ever since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to it so young ? Were you a gamester<sup>5</sup> at five, or at seven ?

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

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

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of

<sup>3</sup> A term from the equestrian art ; but still in familiar language applied to persons chiefly in a bad sense with its compound *thorough-paced*.

<sup>4</sup> These words form the conclusion of the Bawd's speech in the quarto of 1609. The words are wanting in the other old copies.

K.

<sup>5</sup> That is, a *wanton*.

such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

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

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

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

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.<sup>6</sup>

*Lys.* How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.<sup>7</sup>

*Mar.* For me,  
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune

<sup>6</sup> The novel founded on the play gives the following as Marina's speech on this occasion; which is in such a strain that we cannot but regret there is not more of it in the text: "If, as you say, my lord, you are the governor, let not your authority, which should teach you to rule others, be the means to make you misgovern yourself. If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth bastard: if it were thrown upon you by opinion, make good that opinion which was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your justice, who hath power over all, to undo any? If you take from me mine honour, you are like him that makes a gap into forbidden ground, after whom many enter, and you are guilty of all their evils. My life is yet unspotted, my chastity unstain'd in thought: then, if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of Heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sin's intemperance, you do kill your own honour, abuse your own justice, and impoverish me." H.

<sup>7</sup> Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly: "Proceed with your fine moral discourse."



Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,  
 Diseases have been sold dearer than physic, —  
 That the gods  
 Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
 Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
 That flies i'the purer air !

*Lys.*

I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well ; ne'er dream'd  
 thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
 Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for  
 thee :

Persever still in that clear way thou goest,  
 And the gods strengthen thee !

*Mar.* The gods preserve you !

*Lys.*

For me, be you thoughten

That I come with no ill intent ; for to me  
 The very doors and windows savour vilely.

Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and  
 I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—  
 Hold, here's more gold for thee. —

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,

That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou hear'st  
 from me,

It shall be for thy good.

*Enter BOULT.*

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

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

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.]

*Boult.* How's this ? We must take another course  
 with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not  
 worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the

cope,<sup>8</sup> shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me ?

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

*Re-enter Bawd.*

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

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

*Bawd.* O, abominable !

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

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

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

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away ; use her at thy pleasure : crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.<sup>9</sup>

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

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods !

*Bawd.* She conjures : away with her. Would she had never come within my doors ! — Marry,

<sup>8</sup> That is, under the *cope* or *canopy* of heaven.

<sup>9</sup> Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny. A skilful workman, who had discovered the art of *making glass malleable*, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative ; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of womankind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!<sup>10</sup>

[*Exit.*

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

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

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

*Mar.* Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

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

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master; or rather, my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change: Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel<sup>11</sup> That hither comes inquiring for his Tib; To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear Is liable; thy food is such As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

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

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman: Any of these ways are yet better than this;

<sup>10</sup> Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

<sup>11</sup> A *coystrel* is a low mean person. See *Twelfth Night*, Act 2, sc. 3, note 3. *Tib* was a common name for a *strumpet*.

For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,  
 Would own a name too dear.<sup>12</sup> That the gods  
 Would safely deliver me from this place!

Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,  
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
 With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;  
 And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will  
 Yield many scholars.

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

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

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

*Mar.* But, amongst honest women?

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

## ACT V.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances  
 Into an honest house, our story says.

<sup>12</sup> That is, a baboon would think his tribe dishonoured by such a profession.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
 As goddess-like to her admired 'ays :  
 Deep clerks she dumbs,<sup>1</sup> and with her needle com-  
 poses

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,  
 That even her art sisters the natural roses ;  
 Her inkle,<sup>2</sup> silk, twin with the rubied cherry :  
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
 Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain  
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place ;  
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
 Where we left him on the sea, tumbled and toss'd ;  
 And, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd  
 Here where his daughter dwells : and on this coast  
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd<sup>3</sup>  
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep : from whence  
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense ;  
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.  
 In your supposing once more put your sight ;  
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark :  
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might,<sup>4</sup>  
 Shall be discover'd ; please you, sit, and hark.

[Exit.

<sup>1</sup> We have the verb to *dumb* again in Antony and Cleopatra :  
 "That what I would have spoke was beastly *dumb* by him."

<sup>2</sup> *Inkle* is a species of *tape* ; but here it seems to mean a par-  
 ticular kind of *silk thread* or *worsted* used in embroidery.

<sup>3</sup> Steevens thinks that we should read, "The city's *hiv'd*," that  
 is, the citizens are collected like bees in a hive. We have the verb  
 in *The Merchant of Venice* : "Drones *hive* not with me."

<sup>4</sup> Where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited  
 and more should be shown, if our stage would permit.

## SCENE I.

On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

*Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge: to them HELICANUS.*

*T. Sail.* [*To the M. Sail.*] Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

O, here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

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

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

*I Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

*Hel.* Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray  
you,

To greet them fairly. [*Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.*]

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.*

*T. Sail.* Sir,

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

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

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

*Lys.* You wish me well.

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

*Hel.* First, what is your place?

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

*Hel.* Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance,  
But to prorogue<sup>1</sup> his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hel.* It would be too tedious to repeat;

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

*Lys.* May we not see him, then?

*Hel.* You may,

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

*Lys.* Yet, let me obtain my wish.

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

Till the disaster, that one mortal night<sup>2</sup>  
Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!  
Hail, royal sir!

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

I *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst  
wager,

Would win some words of him.

<sup>1</sup> To lengthen or prolong his grief. *Prorogued* is used in *Re-  
meo and Juliet* for *delayed*:

"My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death *prorogued* wanting of thy love."

<sup>2</sup> *Mortal* is here used for *deadly, destructive*.

*Lys.*

'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony  
 And other choice attractions, would allure,  
 And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which now are midway stopp'd :  
 She is all happy as the fair'st of all,  
 And with her fellow-maids is now upon  
 The leafy shelter that abuts against  
 The island's side.<sup>4</sup> [*He whispers one of the Lords.*  
 — *Exit Lord, in the Barge.*

*Hel.* Sure, all's effectless ; yet nothing we'll omit,  
 That bears recovery's name.  
 But, since your kindness we have stretch'd thus far,  
 Let us beseech you,  
 That for our gold we may provision have,  
 Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
 But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir ! a courtesy,  
 Which if we should deny, the most just God  
 For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
 And so afflict our province.<sup>5</sup> — Yet once more  
 Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
 Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir ; I will recount it to you ; —  
 But see, I am prevented.

*Enter Lord, MARINA, and a Young Lady*

*Lys.* O ! here is

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads, "*defended parts.*" Malone made the alteration, explaining it, "*his ears, which are to be assailed by Marina's melodious voice.*" Steevens would read, "*deafen'd ports,*" meaning *the oppilated doors of hearing.*

<sup>4</sup> "Upon a leafy shelter" appears to mean "Upon a spot which is sheltered."

<sup>5</sup> The old copies have *inflict* instead of *afflict*. Mr. Dyce says "*inflict* is merely one of the hundred gross misprints which vitiate the text of this drama."



The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is't not a goodly presence?

*Hel.* She's a gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such a one, that were I well assur'd  
she came

Of gentle kind and noble stock, I'd wish  
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.—  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided none but I and my companion  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her  
And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MARINA sings.*

\* Marina's song is not given in any old copy of the play. In the novel founded on the play, she is made to sing as follows:

" Amongst the harlots foul I walk,  
Yet harlot none am I:  
The rose, among the thorns it grows,  
And is not hurt thereby.

" The thief that stole me, sure I think,  
Is slain before this time.  
A bawd me bought, yet am I not  
Defil'd by fleshly crime.

" Were nothing pleasanter to me  
Than parents mine to know:  
I am the issue of a king;  
My blood from kings doth flow.

" I hope that God will mend my state,  
And send a better day.  
Leave off your tears, pluck up your heart,  
And banish care away.

*Lys.* Mark'd he your music ?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir ! my lord, lend ear.—

*Per.* Hum ! ha !

*Mar.* I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,

But have been gaz'd on like a comet : she speaks

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief

Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my state,

My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings ;

But time hath rooted out my parentage,

And to the world and awkward casualties<sup>7</sup>

Bound me in servitude. — I will desist ;

But there is something glows upon my cheek,

And whispers in mine ear, “ Go not till he speak.”

*Per.* My fortunes — parentage — good parentage —

To equal mine ! — was it not thus ? what say you ?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,

You would not do me violence.<sup>8</sup>

“ Show gladness in your countenance,  
Cast up your cheerful eyes :  
That God remains, that once of nought  
Created earth and skies.”

H.

<sup>7</sup> *Awkward* is here used in its primitive sense of *wrong* or *perverse*. So in Udal's translation of Matthew, chap. v. : “ They with *aukewarde* judgement put the chiefe poynt of godliness in outward thynges.” And again : “ O blynde guydes, whiche, being of an *aukward* religion, do streyne out a gnat, and swallowe up a camell.” See, also, 2 King Henry VI., Act iii. sc. 2, note 5.

H.

<sup>8</sup> This refers, apparently, to something not found in any printed copy of the play. And afterwards, Pericles says to Marina,—

*Per.*

I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me. —

You are like something that — What countrywo-  
man ?

Here of these shores ?

*Mar.*

No, nor of any shores .

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver  
weeping.My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been : my queen's square  
brows ;

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;

As silver-voic'd ; her eyes as jewel-like,

And cas'd as richly ; in pace another Juno ;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them  
hungry,

“ Didst thou not say, *when I did push thee back*, thou cam'st from good descending ? ” Probably a good deal of the play, as written by the Poet, never got into print : the broken and disordered state of the text shows that such is the case. In the *Confessio Amantis*, and in the *Painful Adventures*, the discovery of Marina is not made till Pericles has broken forth into violence against her person. Thus, in the former :

Bot as a madde man, atte laste  
His hed wepyug away he cast,  
And half in wrath he bade here go .  
Bot yit she wolde nouht do so ;  
And in the derke forth she goth  
Til she hym towchith, and he wroth,  
And after hire with his honde  
He smote : and thus whan she hym fonde  
Diseasyd, courtesly she seide,  
Avoy, my lorde, I am a mayde ;  
And if ye wiste what I am,  
And owte of what lynage I cam,  
Ye wolde not be so salvage.”

The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the deck  
You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred?  
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe?<sup>9</sup>

*Mar.* Should I tell my history,  
'Twould seem like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Pr'ythee speak:  
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st  
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee,  
And make my senses credit thy relation,  
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?  
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,  
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou can'st  
From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st  
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,  
If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing  
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story;  
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look

<sup>9</sup> That is, possess. The meaning is,—These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by being in your possession: they acquire additional grace from their owner.

Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling  
 Extremity out of act.<sup>10</sup> What were thy friends ?  
 How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most kind  
 virgin ?

Recount, I do beseech thee : come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* O, I am mock'd !

And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
 'To make the world laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir,  
 Or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient.

Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
 To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name

Was given me by one that had some power,  
 My father, and a king.

*Per.* How ! a king's daughter ?

And call'd Marina ?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me ;

But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
 I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood ?

Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy  
 Motion ?<sup>11</sup> — Well ; speak on. Where were you  
 born ?

And wherefore call'd Marina ?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina,

For I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea ! what mother ?

<sup>10</sup> *Extremity* for the *extreme*, the *utmost pitch* of suffering. —  
 The lines in this part of the scene are brimful of Shakespeare.

<sup>11</sup> A *motion* was a *puppet* used in popular exhibitions. See  
 The *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii. sc. 1, note 6.

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the very minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O, stop there a little!  
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.—  
[*Aside.*] My daughter's buried.— Well:—where  
were you bred?  
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did  
give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:  
How came you in these parts? where were you  
bred?

*Mar.* The king my father did in Tharsus leave me,  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It  
may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
If good king Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my gracious lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.*

I know not; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,  
Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She would never tell  
Her parentage ; being demanded that,  
She would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus ! strike me, honour'd sir ;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O ! come  
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget ;  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
And found at sea again ! — O Helicanus !  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud  
As thunder threatens us : this is Marina. —  
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,  
What is your title ?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now  
My drown'd queen's name, (as in the rest you said  
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) the heir of king-  
doms,  
And another life to Pericles thy father.<sup>12</sup>

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter, than  
To say my mother's name was Thaisa ?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,  
The minute I began.

*Per.* Now, blessing on thee ! rise ; thou art my  
child. —

<sup>12</sup> The old copies have *like* instead of *life*. Such a misprint were apt enough to be made, and it is not easy to get any sense out of *like* ■

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus ;  
 She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,  
 By savage Cleon : she shall tell thee all ;  
 When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,  
 She is thy very princess. — Who is this ?

*Hel.* Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,  
 Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
 Did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you.

Give me my robes : I am wild in my beholding.  
 O heavens, bless my girl ! But hark ! what mu-  
 sic ? —

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
 O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
 How sure you are my daughter. — But what music ?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None ?

The music of the spheres ! list, my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him : give him way

*Per.* Rarest sounds ! Do ye not hear ?

*Lys.* Music ? My lord, I hear —

*Per.* Most heavenly music :

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber  
 Hangs upon mine eyes : let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

*Lys.* A pillow for his head. —

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERI-  
 CLES is closed.*]

So leave him all. — Well, my companion-friends,  
 If this but answer to my just belief,  
 I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,  
 and Lady.]



## SCENE II. The Same.

PERICLES *on the Deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him as in a Vision.*

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the life.<sup>1</sup>

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;

Do it, and happy; <sup>2</sup> by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*]

*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,<sup>3</sup>

I will obey thee! — Helicanus!

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

*Hel.* Sir.

*Per.* My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first: toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; <sup>4</sup> eftsoons I'll tell thee why. —

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,

And give you gold for such provision

As our intents will need?

In the old copies we have here *like for life* again.

<sup>1</sup> That is, "do it, and *thou liv'st* happy." Modern editions generally, print, "*Do't*, and *be* happy." H.

<sup>2</sup> That is, regent of the silver moon. In the language of alchemy, which was well understood when this play was written. *Luna* or *Diana* means *silver*, as *Sol* does *gold*.

<sup>4</sup> That is, "our *swollen* sails."

*Lys.* Sir,  
With all my heart; and when you come ashore,  
I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt*

*Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at  
Ephesus.*

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then dumb.  
This, as my last boon, give me,  
(For such kindness must relieve me,)  
That you aptly will suppose  
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
The regent made in Mitylin,  
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,  
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd  
To fair Marina; but in no wise  
Till he<sup>5</sup> had done his sacrifice,  
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
The interim, pray you, all confound.<sup>6</sup>  
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
At Ephesus, the temple see,  
Our king, and all his company.  
That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancy's thankful boon.<sup>7</sup> [*Exit.*

<sup>5</sup> That is, Pericles.

<sup>6</sup> *Confound* here signifies to consume.

<sup>7</sup> The old copies have "thankful doom." *Thankful* seems to be here used in the sense of *deserving thanks*. Such interchanges of the *subject* and the *object* were common. H.

## SCENE III.

The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus: THAISA standing near the Altar, as High Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

*Per.* Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed,  
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess!  
Wears yet thy silver livery.<sup>1</sup> She at Tharsus  
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years  
He sought to murder, but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favour!<sup>2</sup> —  
You are — you are — O, royal Pericles! —  
[*She faints.*]

*Per.* What means the woman? she dies: help,  
gentlemen!

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

<sup>1</sup> That is, her white robes of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.

<sup>2</sup> *Favour*, of course, is *countenance*, looks

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no.

I threw her overboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain.

*Cer.* Look to the lady. — O, she's but o'erjoy'd!  
Early in blustering morn this lady was  
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd  
her

Here in Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my  
house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is recover'd.

*Thai.* O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity

Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,

But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord!

Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,

Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,

A birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, suppos'd dead, and  
drown'd.

*Per.* Immortal Dian!

*Thai.* Now I know you better.—

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,

The king my father gave you such a ring.

[Shows a Ring.]

*Per.* This, this: no more, you gods! your pres-  
ent kindness

Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,

That on the touching of her lips I may

Melt, and no more be seen. O, come! be buried

A second time within these arms.

*Mar* My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to* THAISA.]

*Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,  
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Bless'd, and mine own.

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly  
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

*Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus, then.

*Per.* Still confirmation!

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found,

How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man

Through whom the gods have shown their power;  
that can

From first to last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen re-lives?

*Cer.* I will, my lord:

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her

How she came plac'd here in the temple;

No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer  
 My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,  
 This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,  
 Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,  
 This ornament,  
 Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;  
 And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
 To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit:  
 Sir, my father's dead.

*Per.* Heavens make a star of him!<sup>3</sup> Yet there,  
 my queen,  
 We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
 Will in that kingdom spend our following days:  
 Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.  
 Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
 To hear the rest untold. — Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* In Antiochus and his daughter, you have  
 heard  
 Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
 In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen  
 (Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)  
 Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
 Led on by Heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.  
 In Helicanus may you well descry  
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:  
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
 The worth that learned charity aye wears.  
 For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame

<sup>3</sup> This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honours and immortality on men, by placing them among the stars.

Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;

That him and his they in his palace burn.

The gods for murder seemed so content

To punish them ; although not done, but meant.

So on your patience evermore attending,

New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending

[*Exit* GOWER.]





## INTRODUCTION

TO

## THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR.

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THE earliest notice that has reached us of **THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR** is an entry at the Stationers' by Nathaniel Butter and John Busby, dated November 26th, 1607: "A book called **Mr. William Shakespeare's History of King Lear**, as it was played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesty's Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side." This ascertains the play to have been acted on the 26th of December, 1606. Three editions of the tragedy were also published in 1608, one of which, a quarto pamphlet of forty-one leaves, has a title-page reading as follows: "**MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the unfortunate life of Edgar, son and heir to the Earl of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon St. Stephen's night in Christmas Holidays, by his Majesty's Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side. London: Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Pied Bull, near St. Austin's Gate. 1608.**"

The title-pages of the other two quarto impressions vary from this only in omitting the publisher's address. As regards the text, the differences of the three quartos, though sometimes important, are seldom more than verbal. Mr. Collier, who seems to have examined them with great care, informs us that those without the publisher's address are more accurate than the other; and he thinks that the one with the address was issued first. All three of them, however, are printed in a very slovenly manner, and furnish divers specimens of most edifying typographical disorder.

As a note-worthy circumstance, we must mention that in the title-pages of the quartos the author's name is made very conspicuous, being placed at the top, and set forth in larger type than

any thing else in the page. And the name, "Mr. William Shakespeare," is given with like prominence again at the head of the page on which the play begins. This was probably meant to distinguish the drama from another on the same subject, and to make the purchaser sure that he was getting the genuine work of Shakespeare: it also argues that the publisher found his interest, and perhaps his pride, in having that name prominent on his wares. Mr. Collier mentions it as a peculiarity not found in any other production that he recollects of that period.

There can be little doubt, if any, that the quarto issues of *King Lear* were unauthorised. The extreme badness of the printing would naturally infer that the publisher had not access to any competent proof-reader. Moreover, none of the other authentic quartos was published by Butter. It is pretty certain, also, as we have before had occasion to observe, that at that time and for several years previous great care was used by the company to keep the Poet's dramas out of print. How Butter got possession of the copy is beyond our means of knowing, and it were vain to conjecture. The fact of three issues in one year shows that the play was highly popular; and this would of course increase the interest both of the publisher to get a copy, and of the company to keep it from him.

After 1608, there was no edition of *King Lear*, that we know of, till the folio of 1623, where it makes the ninth in the division of Tragedies, is printed with a fair degree of clearness and accuracy, and has the acts and scenes regularly marked throughout. The folio was evidently made up from manuscript, and not from any of the earlier issues; as it has a few passages that are not in the quartos. On the other hand, the play as there given is considerably abridged, and the omissions are such as to infer that they were made with a view to shorten the time of performance. As showing how much we are indebted to the quartos for the play as it now stands, we may mention that the whole of the third scene in Act iv. is wanting in the folio; which scene, though not directly helping forward the action of the play, is one of the finest for reading in the whole compass of the Poet's dramas. Several other passages, of great excellence in themselves, and some of considerable length, are also wanting in the folio. The quartos have, in all, upwards of 220 lines that are not in the later edition; while, on the other hand, the folio has about 50 lines that are wanting in the quartos. Like other modern editors, we take the folio as the standard text; and all the variations from this will be pointed out in our notes.

We have seen that *King Lear* was performed at Court on the 26th of December, 1606. Doubtless it had become favourably known on the public stage before it was called for at Whitehall. On the other side, divers names and allusions used in setting forth the assumed madness of Edgar were taken from *Harsnet's*

**Declaration of Popish Impostures**, which was published in 1603. Thus much is all the information we have as to the time when the play was written. So that the Poet must have been not far from his fortieth year when this stupendous production came from his hand.

We have already spoken of another drama on the subject of **King Lear**. This was entered at the Stationers' as early as May 14th, 1594, and again on the 8th of May, 1605, and published the latter year by Simon Stafford and John Wright, with the following title: "The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella. As it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted." Malone and some others think the publication of this play was owing to the successful course which Shakespeare's drama was at that time running on the stage. It seems nowise improbable that such may have been the case. Whether there was any earlier edition of the old play, is unknown: it is quite likely, at all events, that Shakespeare was acquainted with it; though the resemblances are such as need infer no knowledge of it but what might have been gained by seeing it on the stage. Probably he took from that source some hints for the part of Kent. Perhaps it should be remarked that his most judicious departures from the history, such as the madness of Lear and the death of Lear and Cordelia at the close, were entirely original with him; the older play adhering, in these points, to the story as told by the chroniclers.

Campbell the poet has worked out a very pleasant comparison of the two dramas, which we probably cannot do better than subjoin. "The elder tragedy," says he, "is simple and touching. There is one entire scene in it, — the meeting of Cordelia with her father, in a lonely forest, — which, with Shakespeare's Lear in my memory and heart, I could scarcely read with dry eyes. The Lear antecedent to our Poet's Lear is a pleasing tragedy; yet the former, though it precedes the latter, is not its prototype, and its mild merits only show us the wide expanse of difference between respectable talent and commanding inspiration. The two Lears have nothing in common but their aged weakness, their general goodness of heart, their royal rank, and their misfortunes. The ante-Shakespearian Lear is a patient, simple old man; who bears his sorrows very meekly, till Cordelia arrives with her husband the King of France, and his victorious army, and restores her father to the throne of Britain. Shakespeare's Lear presents the most awful picture that was ever conceived of the weakness of senility, contrasted with the strength of despair. In the old play, Lear has a friend Perillus, who moves our interest, though not so deeply as Kent. But, independently of Shakespeare's having created a new Lear, he has sublimated the old tragedy into a new one, by an entire originality in the spiritual portraiture of its personages."

The story of King Lear and his three daughters is one of those old legends with which Mediæval Romance peopled "the dark backward and abysm of time," where fact and fancy appear all of the same colour and texture. Milton, discoursing of ante-historical Britain, finely compares the gradual emerging of authentic history from the shadows of fable and legend, to the course of one who, "having set out on his way by night, and travelled through a region of smooth or idle dreams, arrives on the confines, where day-light and truth meet him with a clear dawn, representing to his view, though ut a far distance, true colours and shapes." In Shakespeare's day, the legendary tale which forms the main plot of this drama was largely interwoven with the popular literature of Europe. It is met with in various forms and under various names, as in that old repository of popular fiction, the *Gesta Romanorum*, in the Romance of *Perceforest*, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, in Camden's *Remains*, and in Warner's *Albion's England*. The oldest extant version of the tale in connection with British history is in Geofrey of Monmouth, a Welch monk of the twelfth century, who translated it from the ancient British tongue into Latin. From thence it was abridged by the Poet's favourite old chronicler, Holinshed. This abridgment is copied at length in the editions of Knight and Verplanck: for variety's sake, we subjoin the legend mostly in the words of Milton, as given in his *History of England*.

Lear, the son of Bladud, became ruler over the Britons in the year of the world 3105, at which time Joas reigned in Judea. Lear was a prince of noble demeanour, governed laudably, and had three daughters, but no son. At last, failing through age, he determines to bestow his daughters in marriage, and to divide his kingdom among them. But first, to try which of them loved him best, he resolves to ask them solemnly in order; and which should profess largest, her to believe. Gonorill the eldest, apprehending too well her father's weakness, makes answer, invoking Heaven, "That she loved him above her soul." "Therefore," quoth the old man, "since thou so honourest my declining age, to thee and the husband whom thou shalt choose I give the third part of my realm." So fair a speeding for a few words soon uttered was to Regan, the second, ample instruction what to say. She, on the same demand, spares no protesting; and the gods must witness, "That she loved him above all creatures:" so she receives an equal reward with her sister. But Cordella the youngest, though hitherto best loved, and now having before her eyes the rich hire of a little easy soothing, and the loss likely to betide plain dealing, yet moves not from the solid purpose of a sincere and virtuous answer. "Father," saith she, "my love towards you is as my duty bids: what should a father seek, what can a child promise more?" When the old man, sorry to hear this, and wishing her to recall those words, persisted asking; with a loyal sadness

at her father's infirmity, but something harsh, and rather glancing at her sisters than speaking her own mind, she made answer, "Look, how much you have, so much is your value, and so much I love you." "Then hear thou," quoth Lear, now all in passion, "what thy ingratitude hath gained thee: because thou hast not revered thy aged father equal to thy sisters, part of my kingdom, or what else is mine, reckon to have none." And, without delay, he gives his other daughters in marriage, Gonorill to Maglanus, Duke of Albania, Regan to Henninus, Duke of Cornwall; with them in present half his kingdom; the rest to follow at his death.

Meanwhile, fame was not sparing to divulge the wisdom and other graces of Cordella, insomuch that Aganippus, a great king in Gaul, seeks her to wife; and, nothing altered at the loss of her dowry, receives her gladly in such manner as she was sent him. After this, King Lear, more and more drooping with years, became an easy prey to his daughters and their husbands; who now, by daily encroachment, had seized the whole kingdom into their hands; and the old king is put to sojourn with his eldest daughter attended only by threescore knights. But they, in a short while grudged at as too numerous and disorderly for continual guests, are reduced to thirty. Not brooking that affront, the old king betakes him to his second daughter; but there also, discord soon arising between the servants of differing masters in one family, five only are suffered to attend him. Then back he returns to the other, hoping that she could not but have more pity on his gray hairs; but she now refuses to admit him, unless he be content with one only of his followers. At last the remembrance of Cordella comes to his thoughts; and now, acknowledging how true her words had been, he takes his journey into France.

Now might be seen a difference between the silent affection of some children and the talkative obsequiousness of others, while the hope of inheritance overacts them, and on the tongue's end enlarges their duty. Cordella, out of mere love, at the message only of her father in distress pours forth true filial tears. And, not enduring that her own or any other eye should see him in such forlorn condition as his messenger declared, she appoints one of her servants first to convey him privately to some good sea-town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, and furnish him with such attendance and state as beseemed his dignity; that then, as from his first landing, he might send word of his arrival to her husband. Which done, Cordella, with her husband and all the barony of his realm, who then first had news of his passing the sea, go out to meet him; and, after all honourable and joyful entertainment, Aganippus surrenders him, during his abode there, the power of his whole kingdom; permitting his wife to go with an army, and set her father upon his throne. Wherein her piety so prospered, that she vanquished her impious sisters and their

husbands ; and Lear again three years obtained the crown. To whom, dying, Cordella, with all regal solemnities, gave burial ; and then, as right heir succeeding, ruled the land five years in peace ; until her two sisters' sons, not bearing that a kingdom should be governed by a woman, make war against her, depose her, and imprison her ; of which impatient, and now long unexercised to suffer, she there, as is related, killed herself.

In the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the same incidents are narrated in full, under the title, "How Queen Cordila in despair slew herself, the year before Christ 800." The Queen is here represented as telling the story of her own life, in a poem of forty-nine stanzas, each stanza consisting of seven lines. The poem was written by John Higgins, and originally set forth with a dedication dated December 7th, 1586. The workmanship has considerable merit ; but there is no sign that Shakespeare made any particular use of it, though he was most likely well acquainted with it. The *Mirror for Magistrates* is a collection of poems and legends, begun in Mary's reign by Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and continued from time to time by different hands. It was a work of very great popularity, and went through various editions before 1610. There was little need of saying so much about the thing here, but that it shows how widely the story was known when Shakespeare invested it with such tragic glory. We have but to add, that the main circumstances of the tale are briefly told by Spenser, in *The Faerie Queene*, Book ii., Canto 10, stanzas 27-32, which made its appearance in 1590. It was from Spenser that Shakespeare borrowed the softening of *Cordella* or *Cordila* into *Cordelia*.

The subordinate plot of Gloster and his sons was probably taken from an episodical chapter in Sidney's *Arcadia*, entitled "The pitiful State and Story of the Paphlagonian unkind King, and his kind Son ; first related by the son, then by the blind father." Here Pyrocles, the hero of the *Arcadia*, and his companion, Musidorus, are represented as travelling together in Galatia, when, being overtaken by a furious tempest, they were driven to take shelter in a hollow rock. Staying there till the violence of the storm was passed, they overheard two men holding a strange disputation, which made them step out, yet so as to see, without being seen. There they saw an aged man, and a young, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten ; the old man blind, the young man leading him ; yet through those miseries in both appeared a kind of nobleness not suitable to that affliction. But the first words they heard were these of the old man : "Well, Leonatus, since I cannot persuade thee to lead me to that which should end my grief and thy trouble, let me now intreat thee to leave me. Fear not ; my misery cannot be greater than it is, and nothing doth become me but misery : fear not the danger of my blind steps ; I cannot fall worse than I am." He answered,—"Dear father, do not take away from me the only remnant of my hap-

piness : while I have power to do you service, I am not wholly miserable."

These speeches, and some others to like purpose, moved the princes to go out unto them, and ask the younger what they were. "Sirs," answered he, "I see well you are strangers, that you know not our misery, so well here known. Indeed, our state is such, that, though nothing is so needful to us as pity, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us than to make ourselves so known as may stir pity. This old man whom I lead was lately rightful prince of this country of Paphlagonia ; by the hardhearted ungratefulness of a son of his, deprived not only of his kingdom, but of his sight, the riches which nature grants to the poorest creatures. Whereby, and by other unnatural dealings, he hath been driven to such grief, that even now he would have had me lead him to the top of this rock, thence to cast himself headlong to death ; and so would have made me, who received life from him, to be the worker of his destruction. But, noble gentlemen, if either of you have a father, and feel what dutiful affection is engrafted in a son's heart, let me intreat you to convey this afflicted prince to some place of rest and security."

Before they could answer him, his father began to speak : "Ah, my son ! how evil an historian are you, to leave out the chief knot of all the discourse, my wickedness. And if thou doest it to spare my ears, assure thyself thou dost mistake me. I take witness of that sun which you see, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts as the publishing of my shame. Therefore, know you, gentlemen, that what my son hath said is true. But this is also true : that, having had in lawful marriage this son, and so enjoyed men's expectations of him, till he was grown to justify their expectations, I was carried by a bastard son of mine, first to dislike, then to hate, lastly to do my best to destroy this son. If I should tell you what ways he used to bring me to it, I should trouble you with as much hypocrisy, fraud, malice, ambition, and envy, as in any living person could be harboured : but, methinks, the accusing his trains might in some manner excuse my fault, which I loathe to do. The conclusion is, that I gave order to some servants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as myself, to lead him out into a forest, and there to kill him.

"But those thieves spared his life, letting him go to learn to live poorly ; which he did, giving himself to be a private soldier in a country hereby. But, as he was ready to be advanced for some noble service, he heard news of me ; who, drunk in my affection to that unlawful son, suffered myself so to be governed by him, that, ere I was aware, I had left myself nothing but the name of a king. Soon growing weary of this, he threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes ; and then let me go, full of wretchedness, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltiness. And as he came to the crown by unjust means, as unjustly he keeps it, by force

of strange soldiers in citadels, the nests of tyranny ; disarming all his countrymen, that no man durst show so much clarity as to lend a hand to guide my dark steps ; till this son of mine, forgetting my wrongs, not recking danger, and neglecting the way he was in of doing himself good, came hither to do this kind office, to my unspeakable grief : for well I know, he that now reigneth will not let slip any advantage to make him away, whose just title may one day shake the seat of a never-secure tyranny. And for this cause I craved of him to lead me to the top of this rock, meaning, I must confess, to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am ; but he, finding what I purposed, only therein, since he was born, showed himself disobedient to me. And now, gentlemen, you have the true story, which, I pray you, publish to the world, that my mischievous proceedings may be the glory of his filial piety, the only reward now left for so great a merit."

The story then goes on to relate how Plexirtus, the wicked son, presently came with a troop of horse to kill his brother ; where upon Pyrocles and Musidorus, joining with Leonatus, beat back the assailants, killing several of them. Other allies soon coming in on both sides, there follows a war between the two parties, which ends in the overthrow of Plexirtus, and the crowning of Leonatus by his blind father ; in which very act the old man expires.

The reader now has before him, we believe, a sufficient view of all the known sources which furnished any hints or materials for this great tragedy ; unless we should add, that there is an old ballad on the subject, entitled "A lamentable Song of the Death of King Lear and his three Daughters," and reprinted in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The ballad, however, was probably of a later date than the play, and partly founded upon it.

There has been a good deal of impertinent criticism spent upon the circumstance, that in the details and costume of this play the Poet did not hold himself to the date of the legend which he adopted as the main plot. That date, as we have seen, was some 800 years before Christ ; yet the play abounds in manners, sentiments, and allusions of a much later time. Malone is scandalized, that while the old chroniclers have dated Lear's reign from the year of the world 3105, yet Edgar speaks of Nero, who was not born till 800 or 900 years after. The painstaking Mr. Douce, also, is in dire distress at the Poet's blunders in substituting the manners of England under the Tudors for those of the ancient Britons. Now, to make these points, or such as these, any ground of impeachment, is to mistake totally the nature and design of the work. For the play is not, nor was it meant to be, in any proper sense of the term a history : it is a tragedy altogether, and nothing else ; and as such it is as free of local and chronological conditions and circumscriptions, as human nature itself. Whatsoever of historical or legendary matter there is in it, neither forms nor



guides the structure or movement of the piece; but is used in strict and entire subservience to the general ends of tragic representation. Of course, therefore, it does not fall within the lines of any jurisdiction for settling dates: it is amenable to no laws but the laws of art, any more than if it were entirely of the Poet's own creation: its true whereabouts is in the reader's mind; and the only proper question is, whether it keeps to the laws of this whereabouts; in which reference it will probably stand the severest inquisitions that criticism has strength to prosecute.

On this point, Mr. Verplanck has given us, under the head of *Costume*, one of the choicest pieces of criticism that we have met with; part of which we subjoin. After referring to the various uses which the story was made to serve, "in poem, ballad, and many ruder ways," he goes on as follows:

"Thus Lear and his 'three daughters fair' belong to the domain of old romance and popular tradition. They have nothing to do with the state of manners or arts in England, in any particular year of the world. They belong to that unreal but 'most potently believed' history, whose heroes were the household names of Europe,—St. George and his brother champions, King Arthur and Charlemagne, Don Bellianis, Roland, and his brother Paladins, and many others, for part of whom time has done, among those 'who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake,' what the burning of Don Quixote's library was meant to do for the knight.

"Now, who, that is at all familiar with this long train of imaginary history, does not know that it had its own customs and costume, as well defined as the heathen mythology or Roman history? All the personages wore the arms and habiliments and obeyed the ceremonial of Mediæval chivalry, very probably because these several tales were put into legendary or poetic form in those days; but whatever was the reason, it was in that garb alone that they formed the popular literature of Europe in Shakespeare's time. It was a costume well fitted for poetical purposes, familiar in its details to the popular understanding, yet so far beyond the habitual associations of readers, as to have some tinge of antiquity, while it was eminently brilliant and picturesque.

"To have deviated from this conventional costume of fiction, half-believed as history, for the sake of stripping off old Lear's civilized 'lendings,' and bringing him to the unsophisticated state of a painted Pictish king, would have shocked the sense of probability in an audience of Elizabeth's reign, as perhaps it would even now. The positive objective truth of his history would appear far less probable than the received truth of poetry and romance, of the nursery and the stage. Accordingly, Shakespeare painted Lear and his times in the attire in which they were most familiar to the imagination of his audience; just as Racine did in respect to the half-fabulous personages of Grecian antiquity

when he reproduced them on the French stage; and, of the two, probably the English bard was the nearest to historical truth.

“Such is our theory, in support of which we throw down our critical glove, daring any champion to meet us on some wider field than our present limits can afford. The advantages of this theory are so obvious and manifold, that it certainly deserves to be true, if not so in fact. To the reader it clears away all anxiety about petty criticisms or anachronisms, and ‘such small deer, while it presents the drama to his imagination in the most picturesque and poetical attire of which it is susceptible. The artist, too, may luxuriate at pleasure in his decorations, whether for the stage or the canvass, selecting all that he judges most appropriate to the feeling of his scene, from the treasures of the arts of the middle ages, and the pomp and splendour of chivalry, without having before his eyes the dread of some critical antiquary to reprimand him for encasing his knights in plate-armour, or erecting Lear’s throne in a hall of Norman architecture, a thousand years or more before either Norman arch or plate-armour had been heard of in England.”

This we regard as an ample vindication of the play not only from the criticisms cited, but from whatsoever others of the like sort have been or can be urged. It throws the whole subject, we think, on just the right ground; leaving to the drama all the freedom and variety that belong to the Gothic architecture, where the only absolute law is, that the parts shall all meet in one concert, and stand in mutual intelligence; and the more the structure is diversified in form, aspect, purpose, and expression, the grander and more elevating is the harmony resulting from the combination. It is clearly in the scope and spirit of this great principle of Gothic art, that King Lear was conceived and worked out. Herein, to be sure, it is like other of the Poet’s dramas; only, it seems to us, more so than any of the rest. There is almost no end to the riches here drawn together: on attempting to reckon over the parts and particulars severally, one is amazed to find what varied wealth of poetry, character, passion, pathos, and high philosophy, is accumulated in the work. Yet there is a place for every thing, and every thing is in its place, at once fitting it and filling it: there is nothing but what makes good its right to be where and as it is; nothing but what seems perfectly in keeping and at home with all the rest: so that the accumulation is not more vast and varied in form and matter, than it is united and harmonious in itself. We have spoken of a primary and a secondary plot in the drama; and we may add, that either of these has scope enough for a great tragedy by itself: yet, be it observed, the two plots are so woven together in organic reciprocity and interdependence, as to be hardly distinguishable, and not at all separable; we can scarce think of them apart, or perceive when one goes out, and the other comes in.

Accordingly, of all Shakespeare's dramas, this, on the whole, is the one which, whether we regard the qualities of the work or the difficulties of the subject, best illustrates to our mind the measure of his genius; his masterpiece in that style or order of composition which he, we will not say created, but certainly carried so much higher than any one else, as to make it his peculiar province. The play, indeed, stands as our ideal of what the spirit and principle of Gothic art are capable of in the form of dramatic representation; in a word, the highest specimen of what has been aptly called the Gothic drama, that literature has to show. Shelley, in his *Defence of Poetry*, has a passage, referring to the Fool of this play, which ought not to be omitted here. "The modern practice," says he, "of blending comedy with tragedy, though liable to great abuse, is undoubtedly an extension of the dramatic circle; but the comedy should be, as in *King Lear*, universal, ideal, and sublime. It is, perhaps, the intervention of this, which determines the balance in favour of *King Lear* against the *Œdipus Tyrannus* or the *Agamemnon*; unless the intense power of the choral poetry should be considered as restoring the equilibrium. *King Lear*, if it can sustain that comparison, may be judged the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world."

The style and versification of *King Lear* do not differ from those of other plays written at or about the same period; save that here they seem attracted, as by imperceptible currents of sympathy, into a freedom and variety of movement answerable to the structure of the piece. There seems, in this case, no possible tone of mind or feeling, but that the Poet has a congenial form of imagery to body it forth, and a congenial pitch of rhythm and harmony to give it voice. Certainly, in none of his plays do we more feel the presence and power of that wonderful diction, not to say language, which he gradually wrought out and built up for himself, as the fitting and necessary organ of his thought. English literature has nothing else like it; and whatsoever else it has, seems tame, stiff, and mechanical, in the comparison. Nor is there any of the Poet's dramas wherein we have, in larger measure, the sentiments of the individual, as they are kindled by special circumstances and exigences, forthwith expanding into general truth, and so lifting the whole into the clear day-light of a wise and thoughtful humanity. It is by this process that the Poet so plays upon the passions, as, through them, to instruct the reason; while at the same time the passion so fills the mind, that the instruction steals in unobserved, and therefore yields no food for conceit.

Touching the improbability, often censured, of certain incidents in this tragedy, it seems needful that somewhat be said. Improbable enough, we grant, some of the incidents are. But these no-wise touch the substantial truth of the drama: the Poet but uses them as the occasion for what he has to develope of the inner

life of nature and man. Besides, he did not invent them. They stood dressed in many attractive shapes before him, inviting his hand. And his use of them is amply justified in that they were matters of common and familiar tradition, and as such already domesticated in the popular mind and faith of the time. We stay not to specify them here, as this will be done better in our notes.

As to the *alleged* improbabilities of character, this is another and a much graver question. The play, it must be confessed, sets forth an extreme diversity of moral complexion, but especially a boldness and lustiness of crime, such as cannot but seem unnatural, if tried by the rule, or even by the exceptions, of what we are used to see of nature. Measuring, indeed, the capabilities of man by the standard of our own observations, we shall find all the higher representations of art, and even many well-attested things of history, too much for belief. But this is not the way to deal with such things; our business is, to be taught by them as they are, and not to crush them down to the measures of what we already know. And so we should bear in mind, that the scene of this play is laid in a period of time when the innate peculiarities of men were much less subjected than in our day to the stamp of a common impression. For the influences under which we live cannot but generate more uniformity of character; thus making us apt to regard as monstrous that rankness of growth, those great crimes and great virtues, which are recorded of earlier times, and which furnish the material of deep tragedy. For the process of civilisation, if it do not kill out the aptitudes for heroic crime, at least involves a constant discipline of prudence, that keeps them in a more decorous reserve. But suppose the pressure of conventional motives and restraints to be wanting, and it will not then appear so very incredible that there should be just such spontaneous outcomings of wicked impulse, just such redundant transpirations of original sin, as are here displayed. Accordingly, while we are amid the Poet's scenes, and subject to his power, he seems to enlarge our knowledge of nature, not to contradict it; but when we fall back and go to comparing his shows with our experiences, he seems rather to have beguiled us with illusions, than edified us with truth. All which, we suspect, is more our fault than his. And that criticism is best, which is born rather of what he makes us, than of what we are without him.

In speaking of the several characters of the play, we scarce know where to begin. Much has been written upon them, and the best critics seem to have been so raised and kindled by the theme as to surpass themselves. The persons of the drama are variously divisible into groups, according as we regard their domestic or their moral affinities. We prefer to consider them as grouped upon the latter principle. And as the main action of the piece is shaped by the prevailing energy of evil, we will begin with those from whom that energy springs.

There is no accounting for the conduct of Goneril and Regan but by supposing them possessed with a very instinct and original impulse of malignity. The main points of their action, as we have seen, were taken from the old story. Character, in the proper sense of the term, they have none in the legend; and the Poet but invested them with characters suitable to the part they were believed to have acted.

Whatever of soul these beings possess, is all in the head: they have no heart to guide or inspire their understanding; and but enough of understanding to seize occasions and frame excuses for their heartlessness. Without affection, they are also without shame; there being barely so much of human blood in their veins, as may serve to quicken the brain, without sending a blush to the cheek. Their hypocrisy acts as the instinctive cunning of selfishness; with a sort of hell-inspired tact they feel their way to a fit occasion, but drop the mask as soon as their ends are reached. There is a smooth, glib rhetoric in their professions of love, unwarmed with the least grace of real feeling, and a certain wiry virulence and intrepidity of thought in their after-speaking, that is almost terrific. No touch of nature finds a response in their bosoms; no atmosphere of comfort can abide their presence: we feel that they have somewhat within that turns the milk of humanity into venom, which all the wounds they can inflict are but opportunities for casting.

The subordinate plot of the drama serves the purpose of relieving the improbability of their conduct towards their father. Some, indeed, have censured this plot as an embarrassment to the main one; forgetting, perhaps, that to raise and sustain the feelings at any great height, there must be some breadth of basis. A degree of evil, which, if seen altogether alone, would strike us as superhuman, makes a very different impression, when it has the support of proper sympathies and associations. This effect is in a good measure secured by Edmund's independent concurrence with Goneril and Regan in wickedness. It looks as if some malignant planet had set the elements of evil astir in several hearts at the same time; so that "unnaturalness between the child and the parent" were become, sure enough, the order of the day.

Besides, the agreement of the sister-fiends in filial ingratitude might seem, of itself, to argue some sisterly attachment between them. So that, to bring out their character truly, it had to be shown, that the same principle which united them against their father would, on the turning of occasion, divide them against each other. Hence the necessity of bringing them forward in relations adapted to set them at strife. In Edmund, accordingly, they find a character wicked enough, and energetic enough in his wickedness, to interest their feelings; and because they are both alike interested in him, therefore they will cut their way to him through each other's life. Be it observed, too, that their passion for Ed-

mund grows out of his treachery to his father ; as though from such similarity of action they inferred a congeniality of mind. For even to have hated each other from love of any one but a villain, and because of his villainy, had seemed a degree of virtue

Having said so much, perhaps we need not add, that the action of Goneril and Regan seems to us the most incredible thing in the play. Nor are we quite able to shake off the feeling, that before the heart could get so thoroughly ossified the head must cease to operate. On the whole, we find it not easy to think of Goneril and Regan otherwise than as instruments of the plot ; not so much ungrateful persons as personifications of ingratitude. And it is considerable that they both appear of nearly the same mind and metal ; are so much alike in character, that we can scarce distinguish them as individuals.

For the union of wit and wickedness, Edmund stands next to Richard and Iago. His strong and nimble intellect, his manifest courage, his energy of character, and his noble, manly person and presence, prepare us on our first acquaintance to expect from him not only great undertakings, but great success in them. But while his personal advantages naturally generate pride, his disgraces of fortune are such as, from pride, to generate guilt. The circumstances of our first meeting with him, the matter and manner of Gloster's conversation about him and to him, sufficiently explain his conduct ; while the subsequent outleakings of his mind in soliloquy let us into his secret springs of action. With a mixture of guilt, shame, and waggery, his father, before his face, and in the presence of one whose respect he craves, makes him and his birth the subject of gross and wanton discourse ; confesses himself ashamed yet compelled to acknowledge him ; avows the design of keeping him from home, as if to avoid the shame of his presence ; and makes comparisons between him and "another son some year elder than this," such as could hardly fail at once to wound his pride, to stimulate his ambition, and awaken his enmity. Thus the kindly influences of human relationship and household ties are turned to their contraries. He sees himself the victim of a disgrace for which he is not to blame ; which he can never hope to outgrow ; which no degree of personal worth can ever efface ; and from which he sees no escape but in the pomp and circumstance of worldly power.

Nor is this all. Whatever aptitudes he may have to filial piety are thwarted by his father's open impiety towards his mother. Nay, even his duty to her seems to cancel his obligations of love to him ; the religious awe with which we naturally contemplate the mystery of our coming hither, and the mysterious union of those who brought us hither, is kept out of mind by his father's levity respecting his birth and her who bore him. Thus the very beginnings of religion are stifled in him by the impossibility of

severing his parents : there is no sanctity about the origin and agents of his being, to inspire him with awe : as they have no religion towards each other, so he can have none towards them. He can only despise them for being his parents ; and the consciousness, that he is himself a living monument of their shame, tends but to pervert and poison the felicities of his nature.

Moreover, by his residence and education abroad, he is cut off from the fatherly counsels and kindnesses which might else cause him to forget the disgraces entailed upon him. His shame of birth, however, nowise represses his pride of blood : on the contrary, it furnishes the conditions wherein such pride, though the natural auxiliary of many virtues, is most apt to fester into crime. For while his shame begets scorn of family ties, his pride passes into greediness of family possessions : the passion for hereditary honours is unrestrained by domestic attachments ; no love of Edgar's person comes in to keep down a lust for his distinctions ; and he is led to envy as a rival the brother whom he would else respect as a superior.

Always thinking, too, of his dishonour, he is ever on the lookout for signs that others are thinking of it ; and the jealousy thus engendered construes every show of respect into an effort of courtesy ; — a thing which inflames his ambition while chafing his pride. The corroding suspicion, that others are perhaps secretly scorning his noble descent while outwardly acknowledging it, leads him to find or fancy in them a disposition to indemnify themselves for his personal superiority out of his social debasement. The stings of reproach, being personally unmerited, are resented as wrongs ; and with the plea of injustice he can easily reconcile his mind to the most wicked schemes. Aware of Edgar's virtues, still he has no relentings, but shrugs his shoulders, and laughs off all compunctions with an "I must," as if justice to himself were a sufficient excuse for his criminal purposes.

With "the plague of custom" and "the curiosity of nations" Edmund has no compact : he did not consent to them, and therefore is not bound by them. He came into the world in spite of them ; and may he not thrive in the world by outwitting them ? Perhaps he owes his gifts to a breach of them : may he not, then, use his gifts to circumvent them ? Since his dimensions are so well compact, his mind so generous, and his shape so true, he prefers nature as she has made him to nature as she has placed him ; and freely employs the wit she has given, to compass the wealth she has withheld. Thus our philosopher appeals from convention to nature, and, as usually happens in such cases, takes only so much of nature as will serve his turn. For convention is itself a part of nature ; it being just as natural that men should grow up together in communities, as that they should grow up severally as individuals. But the same principle which prompts the appeal orders the tribunal. Nor does nature in such cases

ever contradict, or debate, or try conclusions with men; but needs assent to their propositions, and lets them have their own way, as knowing that "the very devils cannot plague them better."

Nevertheless, there is not in Edmund, as in Iago, any spontaneous or purposeless wickedness. Nay, he does not so much commit crimes, as devise accidents, and then commit his cause to them; not so much makes war on morality, as bows and smiles and shifts her off out of the way, that his wit may have free course. He deceives others without scruple indeed, but then he does not consider them bound to trust him; and tries to avail himself of their credulity or criminality without becoming responsible for it. True, he is a pretty bold experimenter, but that is because he has nothing to lose if he fails, and much to gain if he succeeds. Nor does he attempt to disguise from himself, or gloss over, or any-wise palliate his designs; but boldly confronts and stares them in the face, as though assured of sufficient external grounds to justify or excuse them.

Edmund's strength and acuteness of intellect, unsubjected as they are to the moral and religious sentiments, of course exempt him from the superstitions that prevail about him. He has an eye to discern the error of such things, but no sense for the greater truth they involve. For such superstitions are but the natural suggestions of the religious instincts unenlightened by Revelation. So that he who would not be superstitious without Revelation, would probably be irreligious with it; and that there is more of truth in superstition than in irreligion, is implied in the very fact of religious instincts. It is merely the atheism of the heart that makes Edmund so discerning of error in what he does not like; in which case the subtleties of the understanding lead to the rankest unwisdom.

As a portraiture of individual character Lear himself holds, to our mind, much the same pre-eminence over all others, which we accord to the tragedy as a dramatic composition. Less complex and varied, perhaps, than Hamlet, the character is, however, much more remote from the common feelings and experiences of human life. Few of us arrive at the age, fewer have the capacity, and fewer still are ever in a condition to feel what Lear feels, do what he does, and suffer what he suffers. The delineation impresses us, beyond any other, with the truth of what some one has said of Shakespeare, — that if he had been the author of the human heart, it seems hardly possible he should have better understood what was in it, and how it was made.

From our first interview with Lear, it becomes manifest that, with his body tottering beneath the weight of years and cares of state, his mind is sliding into that second childhood which is content to play with the shadows of things past, as the first is, with the shadows of things that are to be. The opening of the play informs us that the division of the kingdom has been already re-



solved upon, the terms of the division arranged, and the several portions allotted. The trial of professions, therefore, is clearly but a trick of the king's, designed, perhaps, to surprise his children into expressions which filial modesty would else forbid. Not that Lear distrusts his daughters; but he has a morbid hungering after the outward tokens of affection; is not satisfied to know the heart beats for him, but craves to feel and count over its beatings. And he naturally looks for the strongest professions where he feels the deepest attachment. And the same doting fondness that suggested the device makes him angry at its defeat; while its success with the first two heightens his irritation at its failure with the third. Balked of his hope, and that too where he is at once the most confident and the most desirous of success, he naturally enough flies off in a transport of rage. Still it is not so much a doubt of Cordelia's love, as a dotage of his trick, that frets and chafes him; for the device is evidently a *pet* with him.

And there appears something of obstinacy and sullenness in Cordelia's answer, as if she would resent the old man's credulity to her sisters' lies by refusing to tell him the truth. But the fact is, she cannot, if she wills, talk much about what she is, and what she intends. For there is a virgin delicacy in genuine and deep feeling, that causes it to keep in the background of the life; to be heard rather in its effects than in direct and open declarations; and the more it is ashamed to be seen, the more it *blushes* into sight. Such is the beautiful instinct of true feeling to embody itself sweetly and silently in deeds, lest, from showing itself in words, it should turn to matter of vanity or pride. It is not strange, therefore, that Cordelia should make it her part to "love and be silent." And perhaps it is as little strange that Lear, impetuous by nature, irritable through age, and self-willed from habit, on the uptoe of anticipation, and in the full tide of successful experiment, should be surprised by her answer into a tempest of passion. Of course his anger at the failure is proportioned to his confidence of success; and in the disorder of his thoughts he forgets the thousand little acts that have insensibly wrought in him to love her most, and to expect most love from her. In all which the old king, enamoured of his trick, and vexed at its defeat, is like a peevish fretful child who, if prevented from kissing his nurse, falls to striking her.

Men sometimes take a secret pleasure in the mere exercise of the will without or against reason, as if they could make that right or true which is not so in itself. For such a course has to their feelings the effect of ascertaining and augmenting their power. The very shame, too, of doing wrong sometimes hurries men into a barring of themselves off from retreat. Such appears to be the case with Lear in his treatment of Cordelia. In the first place, he *will* do the thing, because he knows it to be wrong; and then the uneasy sense of a wrong done prompts him to bind the act

with an oath ; that is, because he ought not to have driven the nail, therefore he *clinches* it. It is clear from what follows, especially from his shrinking soreness of mind as shown when the Fool's grief at the loss of Cordelia is spoken of, that he cannot suppress the feeling that he has done her wrong.

But the great thing in the delineation of Lear, is the effect and progress of his passion in redeveloping his faculties. For the character seems designed in part to illustrate the power of passion to reawaken and raise the faculties from the tomb wherein age hath inurned them. In Lear, accordingly, we have, as it were, a handful of tumult embosomed in a sea, gradually overspreading, and pervading, and fearfully convulsing the entire mass. Coming before us at first full of paternal love and of faith in filial piety, his noble mind, freed from the cares of state and settled into repose, seems about to run through the vale of age so deep and smooth and still as to leave us unadmonished of its flowing. The possibility of filial desertion appears never to have entered his thoughts ; for so absolute is his trust, that he can scarce admit the evidence of sight against his cherished expectations. Bereft, as he thinks, of one, he clings the closer to the rest, assuring himself that they will spare no pains to make up the loss. Cast off and struck on the heart by another, he flies with still greater confidence to the third. Though proofs that she, too, has fallen off are multiplied upon him, still he cannot give her up, cannot be provoked to curse her ; he *will* not see, will not own to himself the fact of her revolt.

When, however, the truth is forced home, and he can no longer evade or shuffle off the conclusion, the effect is indeed awful. So long as his heart had something to lay hold of, and cling to, and rest upon, his mind was the abode of order and peace. But now that his feelings are rendered objectless, torn from their accustomed holdings, and thrown back upon themselves, there springs up a wild chaos of the brain, a whirling tumult and anarchy of the thoughts, which, until imagination has time to work, chokes his utterance. The crushing of his aged spirit brings to light its hidden depths and buried riches. Thus his terrible energy of thought and speech, as soon as imagination rallies to his aid, proceeds naturally from the struggle of his feelings, — a struggle that seems to wrench his whole being into dislocation, convulsing and upturning his soul from the bottom.

In the transition of his mind from its first stillness and repose to its subsequent tempest and storm ; in the hurried revulsions and alternations of feeling, — the fast-rooted faith in filial virtue, the keen sensibility to filial ingratitude, the mighty hunger of the heart, thrice repelled, yet ever strengthened by repulse ; and in the turning up of sentiments and faculties deeply imbedded beneath the incrustations of time and place ; — in all this we have a retrospect of the aged sufferer's whole life ; the abridged history of a mind

that has passed through many successive stages, each putting off the form, yet retaining and perfecting the grace of those that preceded.

As to the representation here given of madness, we would not willingly trust ourselves to undertake to describe it. Nor need we. The elder Kean's revelations of art (for such they may well be called) were before our day. But they were witnessed by a countryman of ours, who has put on record good evidence that his eye and tongue were equal to the greatest things that even that great artist could do. We refer to Mr. Richard H. Dana's noble paper on Kean's acting, — a paper that may be regarded as settling the question whether criticism be capable of rising into an art. We subjoin that portion of it which relates to the point in hand :

“ It has been said that Lear is a study for one who would make himself acquainted with the workings of an insane mind. And it is hardly less true, that the acting of Kean was an embodying of these workings. His eye, when his senses are fast forsaking him, giving an inquiring look at what he saw, as if all before him was undergoing a strange and bewildering change which confused his brain; the wandering, lost motions of his hands, which seemed feeling for something familiar to them, on which they might take hold and be assured of a safe reality; the under monotone of his voice, as if he was questioning his own being, and what surrounded him; the continuous, but slight, oscillating motion of the body; — all these expressed, with fearful truth, the bewildered state of a mind fast unsettling, and making vain and weak efforts to find its way back to its wonted reason. There was a childish, feeble gladness in the eye, and a half-pit eous smile about the mouth, at times, which one could scarce look upon without tears. As the derangement increased upon him, his eye lost its notice of objects about him, wandering over things as if he saw them not, and fastening upon the creatures of his crazed brain. The helpless and delighted fondness with which he clings to Edgar, as an insane brother, is another instance of the justness of Kean's conceptions. Nor does he lose the air of insanity even in the fine moralising parts, and where he inveighs against the corruptions of the world. There is a madness even in his reason.”

Mrs. Jameson aptly says of Cordelia, that “ every thing in her lies beyond our view, and affects us in such a manner that we rather feel than perceive it.” And it is very remarkable that, though but little seen or heard, yet the whole play seems full of her. All that she utters is, forty-three lines in Act i., twenty-four in the fourth and thirty-seven in the seventh scene of Act iv., and five in Act v. Yet we had read the play occasionally for several years, before we could fully realise but she was among the principal speakers; and even now, on taking up the play, we can scarce

persuade ourselves but that the time of reading is to be spent chiefly with her.

It is in this remoteness, we take it, this gift of presence without appearance, that the secret of her power mainly consists. Her character has no foreground; nothing outstanding, or that touches us in a definable way: she is all perspective, self-withdrawn; so that she comes to us rather by inspiration than by vision. Even when before us, we rather feel than see her: so much "more is meant than meets the eye," that what is shown is in a manner lost sight of in what is suggested. Thus she affects us through deeper and finer susceptibilities than consciousness can grasp; as if she at once used, and developed in us, higher organs of communication than sense; or as if her presence acted in some mysterious way on our very life, so that when it works in us most we perceive it least.

Thus what was stated before respecting her affection is true of her character generally. For she has the same deep, quiet reserve of thought as of feeling, so that her mind becomes conspicuous by its retiringness, and wins the attention by shrinking from it. Though she nowhere says any thing indicating much intelligence, yet she always strikes us somehow as very intelligent, and even the more so, that her intelligence does not appear. And indeed what she knows is so bound up with her affections, that she cannot draw it off into expression by itself; it is held in perfect solution, as it were, with all the other elements of her nature, and nowhere falls down in a sediment, so as to be producible in a separate state. She has a deeper and truer knowledge of her sisters, than any one else about them; but she knows them rather by heart than by head; and so can *feel* and *act*, but not *articulate*, a prophecy of what they will do. Ask her, indeed, what she thinks on any subject, and she will answer, that she thinks, — nay, she cannot *tell*, she can only *show* you what she thinks: for her thinking involuntarily shapes itself into life, not into speech; and she uses the proper language of her mind, when, bending over her "child-chang'd father," she invokes restoration to "hang its medicine on her lips," or, kneeling beside him, intreats him to "hold his hands in benediction o'er her."

All which shows a peculiar fitness in Cordelia for the part she was designed to act; which was, to exemplify the workings of filial piety, as Lear exemplifies those of paternal love. To embody this sentiment, the whole character, in all its movements and aspects, is made essentially religious. For filial piety is religion acting under the sacredest relation of human life. And religion, we know or ought to know, is a life, and not a language; and life is the simultaneous and concurrent action of *all* the elements of our being. Which is illustrated to perfection in Cordelia; who, be it observed, never thinks of her piety at all, because her piety prompts her to think only of her father. And so she can

reveal her good thoughts only by veiling them in good deeds, as the spirit is veiled and revealed in the body; nay, has to be so veiled, in order to be revealed; for, if the veil be torn off, the spirit is no longer there.

Therefore it is, that Cordelia affects us so deeply and constantly without our being able to perceive how or why. Hence, also, the impression of reserve that runs through her character; for where the whole moves equally and at once, the parts are not distinctly seen, and so seem held in reserve. And she affects those about her in the same insensible way as she affects us; that is, she keeps their thoughts and feelings busy, by keeping what she thinks and feels hidden beneath what she does: an influence goes forth from her by stealth, and stealthily creeps into them;—an influence which does not appear, and yet is irresistible, and is therefore irresistible because it does not appear; and which becomes an undercurrent in their minds, circulates in their blood, as it were, and enriches their life with a beauty which seems their own, and yet is not their own: so that she steals upon us through them, and we think of her the more, because they, without suspecting it, remind us of her.

Accordingly, her father loves her most, yet knows not why; has no assignable reasons for his feeling, and therefore cannot reason it down. Having cast her off from his bounty, but not out of his heart, he grows full of unrest, as if there were some secret power about her which he cannot be without, though he did not dream of its existence while she was with him. And “since her going into France the Fool has much pined away;” as though her presence were necessary to his health; so that he sickens upon the loss of her, yet he suspects not wherefore, and knows but that she was by and his spirits were nimble, she is gone and his spirits are drooping.

Such is the influence of a right-minded and right-mannered woman on those about her: she does not know it, they do not know it; her influence is all the better and stronger, that neither of them knows it: she begins to lose it when she goes about to use it and make them sensible of it: with noiseless step it glides into them unnoticed and unsuspected, but disturbs and repels them as soon as it seeks to make itself heard. For, indeed, her power lies not in what she values herself upon, and voluntarily brings forward, and makes use of, but in something far deeper and diviner than all this, which she knows not of and cannot help.

Finally, we know of nothing with which to compare Cordelia, nothing to illustrate her character by. An impersonation of the holiness of womanhood, herself alone is her own parallel; and all the objects that lend beauty when used to illustrate other things, seem dumb or ineloquent of meaning beside her. Superior, perhaps, to all the rest of Shakespeare's women in beauty of character, she is nevertheless inferior to none of them as a liv-

ing and breathing reality. We see her only in the relation of daughter, and hardly see her even there; yet we know what she is or would be in every relation of life, just as well as if we had seen her in them all. "Formed for all sympathies, moved by all tenderness, prompt for all duty, prepared for all suffering," we seem almost to hear her sighs, and see her tears, and feel her breath, as she hangs like a ministering spirit over her reviving father: the vision sinks sweetly and silently into the heart, and, in its reality to our feelings, abides with us more as a remembrance than an imagination, instructing and inspiring us as that of a friend whom we had known and loved in our youth.

It is an interesting feature of this representation, that Lear's faith in filial piety is justified by the event, though not his judgment as to the persons in whom it was to be found. Wiser in heart than in understanding, he mistook the object, but was right in the feeling. In his pride of sovereignty, he thought to command the affection of his children, and to purchase the dues of gratitude by his bounty to them; but he is at last indebted to the unbought grace of nature for that comfort which he would fain owe to himself; what he seeks, and even more than he seeks, comes as the free return of a love which thrives in spite of him, and which no harshness or injustice of his could extinguish. Thus the confirmation of his faith grows by the ruin of his pride. Such is the frequent lesson of human life. For the fall has hardly more defaced the beauty of human character, than it has marred our perception of what remains; and not the least punishment of our own vices is, that they take from us the power to discern the virtue of others.

There is a strange assemblage of qualities in the Fool, and a strange effect arising from their union and position, which we are not a little at loss to describe. It seems hardly possible that Lear's character should be properly developed without him: indeed he serves as a common gauge and exponent of all the characters about him, — the mirror in which their finest and deepest lineaments are reflected. Though a privileged person, with the largest opportunity of seeing and the largest liberty of speaking, he every where turns his privileges into charities, making the immunities of the clown subservient to the noblest sympathies of the man. He is therefore by no means a mere harlequinian appendage of the scene, but moves in vital intercourse with the character and passion of the drama. He makes his folly the vehicle of truths which the king will bear in no other shape, while his affectionate tenderness sanctifies all his nonsense. His being heralded to us by the announcement of his pining away at the banishment of Cordelia, sends a consecration before him: that his life feeds on her presence, hallows every thing about him. Lear manifestly loves him, partly for his own sake, and partly for hers; for we feel a delicate, scarce-discernible play of sympathy between them

on Cordelia's account ; the more so, perhaps, that neither of them makes any clear allusion to her ; their very reserve concerning her indicating that their hearts are too full to speak.

We know not, therefore, how to describe the Fool otherwise than as the soul of pathos in a sort of comic masquerade ; one in whom fun and frolic are sublimed and idealised into tragic beauty ; with the garments of mourning showing through and softened by the law of playfulness. His "labouring to outjest Lear's heart-struck injuries" shows that his wits are set a-dancing by grief ; that his jests bubble up from the depths of a heart struggling with pity and sorrow, as foam enwreaths the face of deeply troubled waters. So have we seen the lip quiver and the cheek dimple into a smile, to relieve the eye of a burden it was reeling under, yet ashamed to let fall. There is all along a shrinking, velvet-footed delicacy of step in the Fool's antics, as if awed by the holiness of the ground ; and he seems bringing diversion to the thoughts, that he may the better steal a sense of woe into the heart. It is hard to tell whether the inspired antics, that sparkle from the surface of his mind, be in more impressive contrast with the dark tragic scenes into which they are thrown like rockets into a midnight tempest, or with the undercurrent of deep tragic thoughtfulness out of which they falteringly issue and play.

If the best grace and happiness of life consist in a forgetting of self and a living for others, Kent and Edgar are those of Shakespeare's men whom one should most wish to resemble. Strikingly similar in virtues and situation, these two persons are, notwithstanding, widely different in character. Brothers in magnanimity and in misfortune ; equally invincible in fidelity, the one to his King, the other to his father ; both driven to disguise themselves, and in their disguise both serving where they stand condemned ; — Kent, too generous to control himself, is always quick, fiery, and impetuous ; Edgar, controlling himself even because of his generosity, is always calm, collected, and deliberate. Yet it is difficult which of them to prefer. For, if Edgar be the more judicious and prudent, Kent is the more unselfish, of the two : the former disguising himself for his own safety, and then turning his disguise into an opportunity of service ; the latter disguising himself merely *in order* to serve, and then perilling his life in the same course whereby the other seeks to preserve it. Nor is Edgar so lost to himself and absorbed in others but that he can and does survive them ; whereas Kent's life is so bound up with others, that their death plucks him after. Nevertheless it is hard saying whether one would rather be the subject or the author of Edgar's tale, — "Whilst I was big in clamour," &c.

In Kent and Oswald we have one of those effective contrasts with which the Poet often deepens the harmony of his greater efforts. As the former is the soul of goodness clothed in the assembled nobilities of manhood ; so the latter is the very ex

tract and embodiment of meanness ; two men, than whom "no contraries hold more antipathy." To call the steward wicked, were a misuse of the term : he is absolutely beneath serious censure ; one of those convenient packhorses whereon guilt often rides to its ends. Except the task of smoothing the way for the passions of a wicked mistress, there were no employment base enough for him. None but a reptile like him could ever have got hatched into notice in such an atmosphere as Goneril's society ; were he any thing else, there could not be sympathy enough between them to admit the relation of superior and subaltern.

The surpassing power of this drama is most felt in the third and fourth acts, especially those parts where Lear appears. The fierce warring of the elements around the old King, as if mad with enmity against him, while he seeks shelter in their strife from the tempest in his mind ; his preternatural illumination of mind when tottering on the verge of insanity ; his gradual settling into that unnatural calmness which is far more appalling than any agitation, because it marks the pause between order gone and anarchy about to begin ; the scattering out of the mind's jewels in the mad revel of his unbound and dishevelled faculties, until he finally sinks, broken-hearted and broken-witted, into the sleep of utter prostration ;— all this, joined to the incessant groanings and howlings of the storm ; the wild, inspired babblings of the Fool ; the desperate fidelity of Kent, outstripping the malice of the elements with his ministries of love ; the bedlamitish jargon of Edgar, whose feigned madness, striking in with Lear's real madness, takes away just enough of its horror, and borrows just enough of its dignity, to keep either from becoming insupportable ;— the whole at last dying away into the soft, sweet, solemn discourse of Cordelia, as though the storm had faltered into music at her coming ; and winding up with the revival of Lear, his faculties touched into order and peace by the voice of filial sympathy ;— in all this we have a masterpiece of art, of which every reader's feelings must confess the power, though perhaps no analysis can fathom the secret.

It would hardly do to leave the subject without referring to the improvement which this mighty drama has suffered at the hands of one Nahum Tate, for the purpose, as would seem, of dwarfing and dementing it down to the capacity of some theatrical showman. Nor need we deem it so very strange that the Tatified Lear should have gotten and kept possession of the stage, considering how many there are in our day, who prefer some modern berhyming of the Psalms to the Psalms as God and David wrote them. A part of Tate's work lay in rectifying the catastrophe, so as to make Lear and Cordelia come off triumphant, thus rewarding their virtue with worldly success. The cutting out of the precious Fool, and the turning of Cordelia into a lovesick hypocrite, who feigns indifference to her father in order to cheat



and enrage him, that so he may abandon her to a forbidden match with Edgar, completes this execrable piece of profanation. Tate improve Lear! Set a tailor at work, rather, to improve Niagara!

For the rest that we would say on this point and some others, we will substitute Lamb's immortal criticism on the tragedy with reference to the capacities of the stage. "The Lear of Shakespeare," says he, "cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery, by which they mimic the storm he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate Milton's Satan on a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weaknesses, the impotence of rage: while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear, — we are in his mind; we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of his daughters and storms: in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting itself, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old?' What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony; it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the show-men of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending! — as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation, — why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station, — as if, at his years and with his experience, any thing was left but to die."

## PERSONS REPRESENTED

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LEAR, King of Britain.

KING of FRANCE.

DUKE of BURGUNDY.

DUKE of CORNWALL.

DUKE of ALBANY.

EARL of KENT.

EARL of GLOSTER.

EDGAR, Son to Gloster.

EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.

CURAN, a Courtier.

An old Man, Tenant to Gloster

A Physician.

A Fool.

OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

A Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }  
REGAN, } Daughters to Lear.  
CORDELIA, }

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers  
and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

181/2  
—  
Luria

# THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I. A Room of State in LEAR'S Palace.

*Enter* KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

*Kent.* I THOUGHT the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

*Glo.* It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Moiety* is used by Shakespeare for any part or portion. Sc Hotspur calls his third of the kingdom a *moiety*. — *Curiosity* is scrupulous exactness. — The folio has *qualities* instead of *equalities*. — Johnson thinks "there is something of obscurity or inaccuracy" in the opening of the play. Coleridge remarks upon it as follows: "It was not without forethought, nor is it without its due significance, that the division of Lear's kingdom is in the first six lines of the play stated as a thing already determined in all its particulars, previously to the trial of professions, as the relative rewards of which the daughters were to be made to consider their several portions. The strange, yet by no means unnatural, mixture of selfishness, sensibility, and habit of feeling derived from, and fostered by, the particular rank and usages of the individual; the intense desire of being intensely beloved, — selfish, and yet characteristic of the selfishness of a loving and kindly nature alone; the self-supportless leaning for all pleasure on another's breast; the craving after sympathy with a prodigal disinterestedness, frustrated by its own ostentation, and the mode and nature of its claims; the anxiety, the distrust, the jealousy, which more or less accompany all selfish affections, and are amongst the surest con

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord ?

*Glo.* His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother could, whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault ?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.<sup>2</sup>

*Glo.* But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account : though this knave came somewhat saucily into<sup>3</sup> the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair ; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. — Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My lord of Kent : remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better.

tradistinctions of mere fondness from true love, and which originate Lear's eager wish to enjoy his daughters' violent professions, whilst the inveterate habits of sovereignty convert the wish into claim and positive right, and an incomppliance with it into crime and treason ; — these facts, these passions, these moral verities, on which the whole tragedy is founded, are all prepared for, and will to the retrospect be found implied, in these first four or five lines of the play. They let us know that the trial is but a trick ; and that the grossness of the old king's rage is in part the natural result of a silly trick suddenly and most unexpectedly baffled and disappointed." H.

<sup>2</sup> *Proper* is comely, handsome.

<sup>3</sup> The folio has *to* instead of *into*. M.

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deserving.

*Glo.* He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. — The king is coming. [*Sennet within.*]

*Enter* LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

*Lear.* Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

*Glo.* I shall, my liege.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

*Lear.* Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.<sup>5</sup>

Give me the map there. — Know, that we have divided

In three our kingdom ; and 'tis our fast intent  
To shake all cares and business from our age,  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
Unburden'd crawl toward death. — Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
We have this hour a constant will to publish<sup>6</sup>  
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife  
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,  
And here are to be answer'd. — Tell me, my daughters,

<sup>4</sup> For *liege* the folio has *lord*.

H.

<sup>5</sup> That is, "we have already made known our desire of parting the kingdom ; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition." This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue. — JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Constant will* means a *firm, determined will* ; the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The lines from *while we* to *prevented now* are omitted in the quartos.

(Since now we will divest us both of rule,<sup>7</sup>  
 Interest of territory, cares of state,)
   
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most ?
   
That we our largest bounty may extend
   
Where nature doth with merit challenge.<sup>8</sup> — Gon-
   
eril,
   
Our eldest-born, speak first.

*Gon.* Sir,

I love you more than words can wield the matter ;
   
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty ;
   
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;
   
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour .
   
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found ;
   
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;
   
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.<sup>9</sup>

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia do ? — Love,  
 and be silent.

*Lear.* Of all these bounds, even from this line to  
 this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,  
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
 We make thee lady : to thine and Albany's issue  
 Be this perpetual. — What says our second daugh-  
 ter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall ? Speak.<sup>10</sup>

*Reg.* I am made of that self metal as my sister,  
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
 I find she names my very deed of love ;

This line and the next are not in the quartos.

<sup>7</sup> So in the folio ; in the quartos, — “ Where merit most doth  
 challenge it.” H.

<sup>9</sup> Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits,  
 and cannot say it is *so much*. — In the next line the quartos have  
*do* instead of *speak*. H.

<sup>10</sup> *Speak* is wanting in the folio. Probably the omission was  
 accidental, the word being necessary to the measure. M.

Only she comes too short, that I profess<sup>11</sup>  
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses ;  
 And find, I am alone felicitate  
 In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [*Aside.*] Then, poor Cordelia !  
 And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love's  
 More richer than my tongue.<sup>12</sup>

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,  
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;  
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,<sup>13</sup>  
 Than that conferr'd on Goneril. — Now, our joy,  
 Although our last, not least ;<sup>14</sup> to whose young love  
 The vines of France and milk of Burgundy  
 Strive to be interest'd ;<sup>15</sup> what can you say, to draw  
 A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

<sup>11</sup> That is, she comes short of me *in this*, that I profess, &c — In the next line but one the folio misprints *professes* instead of *possesses*. — *Square of sense* probably means *whole complement of the senses*. The expression is odd, and something awkward. Mr. Collier's celebrated second folio changes *square* to *sphere* ; which may be better language, but gives the sense no clearer. Singer proposes to read, "most *spacious sphere*." *Spacious*, without *sphere*, is a very plausible change, but not so necessary or so helpful to the sense as to warrant its adoption. H.

<sup>12</sup> So in the quartos : the folio has *ponderous* instead of *richer*

H.

<sup>13</sup> *Validity* is several times used to signify *worth*, *value*, by Shakespeare. See *Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 1, note 4.

<sup>14</sup> The folio has "*and least*" instead of "*not least*." In the quartos the passage stands thus :

"Although the last, not least in our dear love,  
 What can you say to win a third, more opulent  
 Than your sisters ?"

H.

<sup>15</sup> To *interest* and to *interesse* are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but two distinct words, though of the same import ; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *interessé*. We have *interest'd* in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* : "Our sacred laws and just authority are *interest'd* therein."

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing ?

*Cor.* Nothing.<sup>16</sup>

*Lear.* Nothing will come of nothing : speak again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty  
According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech a  
little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I  
Return those duties back as are right fit ;  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you all ? Haply, when I shall wed,  
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall  
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :  
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all.<sup>17</sup>

*Lear.* But goes thy heart with this ?

*Cor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender ?

<sup>16</sup> This *nothing* is wanting in the quartos. — Coleridge remarks upon Cordelia's answer thus : " There is something of disgust at the ruthless hypocrisy of her sisters, and some little faulty admixture of pride and sullenness in Cordelia's ' Nothing ; ' and her tone is well contrived, indeed, to lessen the glaring absurdity of Lear's conduct, but yet answers the yet more important purpose of forcing away the attention from the nursery-tale, the moment it has served its end, that of supplying the canvass for the picture. This is also materially furthered by Kent's opposition, which displays Lear's moral incapability of resigning the sovereign power in the very act of disposing of it." H.

<sup>17</sup> This hemistich, so necessary to the sense, is wanting in the folio. — In the next line the quartos have a different order, thus ' But goes this with thy heart ? ' H.



*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so : thy truth, then, be thy dower ;  
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;  
 By all the operations of the orbs,  
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;  
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
 Propinquity and property of blood,  
 And as a stranger to my heart and me  
 Hold thee, from this,<sup>18</sup> for ever. The barbarous  
 Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation<sup>19</sup> messes  
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
 As thou my sometime daughter.

*Kent.* Good my liege, —

*Lear.* Peace, Kent !

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.  
 I loved her most, and thought to set my rest  
 On her kind nursery. — [*To CORDELIA.*] Hence,  
 and avoid my sight ! —

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
 Her father's heart from her ! — Call France. —  
 Who stirs ? —

Call Burgundy. — Cornwall, and Albany,  
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third :  
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.  
 I do invest you jointly with my power,  
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
 That troop with majesty. — Ourselves, by monthly  
 course,

With reservation of a hundred knights.  
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode

<sup>18</sup> That is, from this time.

<sup>19</sup> His children.

Make with you by due turns. Only, we still retain  
The name, and all th' additions<sup>20</sup> to a king ;  
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,  
Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm,  
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*

*Kent.*

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,  
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
As my great patron thought on in my prayers, —

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from the  
shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade  
The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly,  
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old  
man ?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,  
When power to flattery bows ? To plainness hon-  
our's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom ;<sup>21</sup>  
And in thy best consideration check

This hideous rashness : answer my life my judg-  
ment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least ;  
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound  
Reverbs no hollowness.<sup>22</sup>

*Lear.*

Kent, on thy life, no more.

*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn

<sup>20</sup> All the titles belonging to a king. — The folio has *turn* for *turns*, *shall* for *still*, and *addition* for *additions*. Misprints, probably. H.

<sup>21</sup> The folio reads, “*reserve thy state ;*” and has *falls* instead of *stoops*. The meaning of *answer my life my judgment* is, let my life be answerable for my judgment, or *I will stake my life on my opinion*.

<sup>22</sup> *Reverbs* is perhaps a word of the Poet's own, meaning the same as *reverberates*. The folio has *sounds reverb*

To wage against thine enemies,<sup>23</sup> nor fear to lose it,  
Thy safety being the motive.

*Lear.* Out of my sight!

*Kent.* See better, Lear; and let me still remain  
The true blank of thine eye.<sup>24</sup>

*Lear.* Now, by Apollo, —

*Kent.* Now, by Apollo, king  
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* [*Grasping his Sword.*] O, vassal! mis-  
creant!

*Alb. Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.

*Kent.* Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;  
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

*Lear.* Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!  
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,  
(Which we durst never yet,) and with strain'd pride  
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,  
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)  
Our potency made good, take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee, for provision  
To shield thee from diseases of the world;<sup>25</sup>

<sup>23</sup> That is, I never regarded my life as my own, but merely as a thing which was entrusted to me as a pawn or pledge, to be employed in waging war against your enemies. "To wage," says Bullokar, "to undertake, or give security for performance of any thing."

<sup>24</sup> The blank is the mark at which men shoot. "See better," says Kent, "and let me be the mark to direct your sight, that you err not." In Lear's next speech but one, the quartos have *recreant* instead of *miscreant*. Also in Kent's next speech but one, *Do* is from the quartos. H.

<sup>25</sup> Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *disasters*. By the *dis-eases* of the world are the *uneasinesses, inconveniences, and slighter*

And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back  
 Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,  
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
 The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,  
 This shall not be revok'd.

*Kent.* Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt  
 appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. —  
 [*To CORDELIA.*] The gods to their dear shelter take  
 thee, maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said! —

[*To REG. and GON.*] And your large speeches may  
 your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of love. —

Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;  
 He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*]

*Re-ent'rc* GLOSTER; *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and  
*Attendants.*

*Glo.* Here's France and Burgundy, my noble  
 lord.

*Lear.* My lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with this king  
 Hath rivall'd for our daughter: What, in the least,  
 Will you require in present dower with her,  
 Or cease your quest of love?<sup>26</sup>

*Bur.* Most royal majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,  
 Nor will you tender less.

*Lear.* Right noble Burgundy,

*troubles or distresses* of the world. The provision that Kent could  
 make in five days might in some measure guard against such *dis-*  
*cases* of the world, but could not shield him from its *disasters*.

<sup>26</sup> A *quest* is a *seeking* or *pursuit*: the expedition in which a  
 knight was engaged is often so named in the *Faerie Queene*.

When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;  
 But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands :  
 If aught within that little seeming substance,  
 Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,  
 And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
 She's there, and she is yours.

*Bur.* I know no answer.

*Lear.* Will you, with those infirmities she owes,  
 Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,  
 Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our  
 oath,  
 Take her, or leave her ?

*Bur.* Pardon me, royal sir ;  
 Election makes not up on such conditions.

*Lear.* Then, leave her, sir ; for, by the power that  
 made me,  
 I tell you all her wealth. — [*To FRANCE.*] For you,  
 great king,

I would not from your love make such a stray,  
 To match you where I hate : therefore, beseech you  
 T' avert your liking a more worthier way,  
 Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd  
 Almost t' acknowledge hers.

*France.* This is most strange,  
 That she, who even but now was your best object,  
 The argument of your praise, balm of your age,  
 The best, the dearest,<sup>27</sup> should in this trice of time  
 Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
 So many folds of favour ! Sure, her offence  
 Must be of such unnatural degree,  
 That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection  
 Fall into taint :<sup>28</sup> which to believe of her,

<sup>27</sup> So in the folio ; in the quartos, " *Most best, most dearest.*"

H.

<sup>28</sup> Her offence must be monstrous, or the former affection

Must be a faith that reason, without miracle,  
Could never plant in me.

*Cor.* I yet beseech your majesty;  
(If for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well in-  
tend,  
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known  
It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness,<sup>29</sup>  
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour ;  
But even for want of that, for which I am richer ;  
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,  
Hath lost me in your liking.

*Lear.* Better thou  
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me  
better.

*France.* Is it but this ? a tardiness in nature,  
Which often leaves the history unspoke,  
That it intends to do ? — My lord of Burgundy,  
What say you to the lady ? Love's not love,  
When it is mingled with respects,<sup>30</sup> that stand  
Aloof from th' entire point. Will you have her ?  
She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.* Royal Lear,<sup>31</sup>  
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,

which you professed for her must *fall into taint* ; that is, become the subject of reproach. *Taint* is here only an abbreviation of *attaint*.

<sup>29</sup> The old copies read. "no vicious blot, *murther*, or foulness." It seems unaccountable that the Poet should have used *murder* so evidently out of place. The change is from Mr. Collier's second folio. Mr. Singer pronounces it "a good conjecture on a probable misprint." H.

<sup>30</sup> That is, with prudential considerations. The folio has *re-gards*.

<sup>31</sup> So in the quartos ; the folio, "Royal *king*."

H.

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

*Lear.* Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

*Bur.* I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,  
That you must lose a husband.

*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy!  
Since that respects of fortune are his love,<sup>32</sup>  
I shall not be his wife.

*France.* Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being  
poor,  
Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st  
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,  
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy  
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:  
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;  
for we  
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again:—therefore be gone,  
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—  
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN  
WALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and *Attendants.*]

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Cor.* Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes

<sup>32</sup> So the quartos read; the folio — "Since that *respect and fortunes* are his love" H.

Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;  
 And, like a sister, am most loth to call  
 Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father :  
 To your professed<sup>33</sup> bosoms I commit him ;  
 But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,  
 I would prefer him to a better place.  
 So, farewell to you both.

*Gon.* Prescribe not us our duty.

*Reg.*

Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you  
 At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,  
 And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plaited cunning  
 hides ;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.<sup>34</sup>  
 Well may you prosper !

*France.*

Come, my fair Cordelia

[*Exeunt* FRANCE and CORDELIA.]

*Gon.* Sister, it is not a little I have to say of  
 what most nearly appertains to us both. I think  
 our father will hence to-night.

*Reg.* That's most certain, and with you ; next  
 month with us.

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is ;  
 the observation we have made of it hath not been  
 little : he always lov'd our sister most ; and with  
 what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, ap-  
 pears too grossly.

*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age ; yet he hath  
 ever but slenderly known himself.

<sup>33</sup> We have here *professed* for *professing*. It has been else-  
 where observed that Shakespeare often uses one participle for  
 another.

<sup>34</sup> The folio reads, badly, "at last *with* shame derides." Knight, however, retains the folio reading.—To *plait*, or to *plight*, as the word is sometimes spelt, is to *fold*, to *complicate*



*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-ingrafted condition,<sup>35</sup> but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

*Gon.* There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. 'Pray you, let us hit together:<sup>36</sup> if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

*Reg.* We shall further think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i'the heat.<sup>37</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>35</sup> That is, *temper*; *qualities* of mind confirmed by long habit.

<sup>36</sup> The folio misprints *sit* for *hit*. To *hit* together, is to *strike* both at the same time. The reading, *hit*, is confirmed by the next speech but one. Knight, with a perverseness not unusual to him, retains *sit*.

H.

<sup>37</sup> Referring to the phrase, "Strike while the iron's hot."—The main incident of this scene is commented on by Coleridge thus: "Lear is the only serious performance of Shakespeare, the interest and situations of which are derived from the assumption of a gross improbability. But observe the matchless judgment of our Shakespeare. First, improbable as the conduct of Lear is in the first scene, yet it was an old story rooted in the popular faith, — a thing taken for granted already, and consequently without any of the effects of improbability. Secondly, it is the mere canvass for the characters and passions, — a mere occasion for, — and not perpetually recurring as the cause and *sine qua non* of, — the incidents and emotions. Let the first scene of this play have been lost, and let it only be understood that a fond father had been duped by hypocritical professions of love and duty on the part of two daughters to disinherit the third, previously, and deservedly, more dear to him; and all the rest of the tragedy would retain its interest undiminished, and be perfectly intelligible. The accidental is nowhere the groundwork of the passion, but that which is catholic, which in all ages has been, and ever will be, close and native to the heart of man, — parental anguish from filial ingratitude, the genuineness of worth, though confined in bluntness, and the execrable vileness of a smooth iniquity"

H.

SCENE II. A Hall in GLOSTER'S Castle.

*Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, nature, art my goddess ;<sup>1</sup> to thy law  
 My services are bound. Wherefore should I  
 Stand in the plague of custom, and permit  
 The curiosity of nations to deprive me,<sup>2</sup>  
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines  
 Lag of a brother ? Why bastard ? wherefore base ?  
 When my dimensions are as well compact,  
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
 As honest madam's issue ? Why brand they us  
 With base ? with baseness ? bastardy ? base, base ?  
 Who in the lusty stealth of nature take  
 More composition and fierce quality,  
 Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed  
 Go to th' creating a whole tribe of fops,  
 Got 'tween asleep and wake ?— Well, then,  
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land :  
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,  
 As to th' legitimate : Fine word, — legitimate !  
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,  
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base

<sup>1</sup> In this speech of Edmund you see, as soon as a man cannot reconcile himself to reason, how his conscience flies off by way of appeal to nature, who is sure upon such occasions never to find fault ; and also how shame sharpens a predisposition in the heart to evil. For it is a profound moral, that shame will naturally generate guilt ; the oppressed will be vindictive, like Shylock ; and in the anguish of undeserved ignominy the delusion secretly springs up, of getting over the moral quality of an action by fixing the mind on the mere physical act alone.—COLERIDGE.

H.

<sup>2</sup> The *nicety* of civil institutions, their *strictness* and *scrupulousity*. See sc. 1, note 1. To *deprive* is equivalent to *disinherit*. *Ex hæredo* is rendered by this word in the old dictionaries ; and Holinshed speaks of the lieue of Henry before *deprived*.

Shall top the legitimate.<sup>3</sup> I grow ; I prosper :—  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards !

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus ! And France in choler parted !

And the king gone to-night ! subscrib'd his power !  
Confin'd to exhibition !<sup>4</sup> All this done

Upon the gad !<sup>5</sup> — Edmund, how now ! what news ?

*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the Letter.*

*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter ?

*Edm.* I know no news, my lord.

*Glo.* What paper were you reading ?

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

*Glo.* No ? What needed, then, that terrible despatch of it into your pocket ? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see : come ; if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

*Edm.* I beseech you, sir, pardon me : it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'erread ; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

*Glo.* Give me the letter, sir.

<sup>3</sup> The folio prints, "shall to' th' legitimate;" the quartos, "shall tooth' legitimate." The ingenious and happy emendation of the text is by Edwards. To *top* is to rise above, to surpass. So in *Coriolanus*, Act ii. sc. 1 : "And *topping* all others in boasting." H.

<sup>4</sup> To *subscribe* is to yield, to surrender. The folio has *prescrib'd*. — *Exhibition* is an allowance, a stipend. See *Cymbeline*, Act i. sc. 7, note 12.

<sup>5</sup> That is, *in haste*, equivalent to *upon the spur*. A *gad* was a sharp pointed piece of steel, used as a spur to urge cattle forward, whence *goaded*. Mr. Nares suggests that to *gad* and *gadding* originate from being on the spur to go about.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain or give it  
The contents, as in part I understand them, are to  
blame.

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he  
wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

*Glo.* [*Reads.*] This policy, and reverence of age, makes  
the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our for-  
tunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin  
to find an idle and fond<sup>6</sup> bondage in the oppression of  
aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it  
is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speak more.  
If our father would sleep till I wak'd him, you should en-  
joy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your  
brother,

EDGAR.

Humph—Conspiracy!—“Sleep till I wak'd him,  
you should enjoy half his revenue.”—My son  
Edgar!—Had he a hand to write this? a heart and  
brain to breed it in?—When came this to you?  
Who brought it?

*Edm.* It was not brought me, my lord; there's  
the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the case-  
ment of my closet.

*Glo.* You know the character to be your bro-  
ther's?

*Edm.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst  
swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would  
fain think it were not.

*Glo.* It is his.

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his  
heart is not in the contents.

*Glo.* Hath he never heretofore sounded you in  
this business?

That is, *weak* and *foolish*.

*Edm.* Never, my lord : but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declin'd, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

*Glo.* O villain, villain ! — His very opinion in the letter ! — Abhorred villain ! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain ! worse than brutish ! — Go, sirrah, seek him ; I'll apprehend him. — Abominable villain ! — Where is he ?

*Edm.* I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course ; where,<sup>7</sup> if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.<sup>8</sup>

*Glo.* Think you so ?

*Edm.* If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction ; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

*Glo.* He cannot be such a monster.

*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.<sup>9</sup>

*Glo.* To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him ! — Heaven and earth ! — Edmund, seek him out ; wind me into him, I pray you : frame

<sup>7</sup> *Where for whereas.*

<sup>8</sup> *Pretence* was often used in the sense of *intention* or *purpose*.  
H.

<sup>9</sup> This speech and the beginning of the next, as far as to *earth*.  
are wanting in the folio.  
H

the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.<sup>10</sup>

*Edm.* I will seek him, sir, presently, convey<sup>11</sup> the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects: <sup>12</sup> love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves!<sup>13</sup> — Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully. — And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty! — 'Tis strange! [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors<sup>14</sup> by spheri-

<sup>10</sup> "I would give all that I am possessed of to be satisfied of the truth." Shakespeare frequently uses *resolved* for *satisfied*.

<sup>11</sup> To *convey* is to *conduct*, or *carry through*.

<sup>12</sup> That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.

<sup>13</sup> This sentence and the preceding are found only in the folio.  
H.

<sup>14</sup> *Treachers* is the reading of the folio, which is countenanced by the use of the word in many of our old dramas. Chaucer, in

cal predominance ; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforc'd obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting-on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star ! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major* ; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. — Tut ! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.<sup>15</sup> Edgar —

*Enter* EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy.<sup>16</sup> My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. — O, these eclipses do portend these divisions ! Fa, sol, la, mi.<sup>17</sup>

his *Romaunt of the Rose*, mentions "the false *treacher* ;" and Spenser many times uses the same epithet. The quartos all read *treacherers*.

<sup>15</sup> *Tut !* is not in the folio. — Warburton thinks that the dotages of judicial astrology were meant to be satirized in this speech. Coleridge remarks upon Edmund's philosophizing as follows : "Thus scorn and misanthropy are often the anticipations and monthpieces of wisdom in the detection of superstitions. Both individuals and nations may be free from such prejudices by being below them, as well as by rising above them." H.

<sup>16</sup> Perhaps this was intended to ridicule the awkward conclusions of the old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage. — In the folio, *Edgar — and*, at the beginning of this sentence, is wanting. The quartos also have *out* instead of *pat*. H.

<sup>17</sup> Shakespeare shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say *mi contra fa, est diabolus* : the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus* or sharp fourth, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form

*Edg.* How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

*Edm.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busy yourself with that?

*Edm.* I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily: as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts,<sup>18</sup> nuptial breaches, and I know not what.<sup>19</sup>

*Edg.* How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

*Edm.* Come, come; when saw you my father ast?

*Edg.* The night gone by.

*Edm.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Edm.* Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his

a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and offensive sounds *fa sol la mi*. — DR. BURNEY.

<sup>18</sup> So in all the old copies. Dr. Johnson suggested, plausibly that *cohorts* might be a misprint for *courts*. — The whole of this speech after *unhappily*, as also the next, and the words, *come, come*, in the one following, are wanting in the folio. H.

<sup>19</sup> It is easy to remark that in this speech Edmund, with the common craft of fortunetellers, mingles the past and the future and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture — JOHNSON.



presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure ; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*Edm.* That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower ; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go : there's my key. — If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

*Edg.* Arm'd, brother ?<sup>20</sup>

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best ; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you : I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly ; nothing like the image and horror of it. 'Pray you, away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon ?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business. —

[*Exit* EDGAR

A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy ! — I see the business. —  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit :  
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

<sup>20</sup> This speech and the whole of the preceding, except "That's my fear," are found only in the folio. In the next speech, after best the quartos add, "go arm'd." H.

## SCENE III.

A Room in ALBANY'S Palace.

*Enter GONERIL and the Steward.*<sup>1</sup>

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

*Stew.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night he wrongs me:<sup>2</sup> every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it.  
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us  
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,  
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—  
If you come slack of former services,  
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

[*Horns within.*]

*Stew.* He's coming, madam; I hear him.

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please,  
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,  
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,  
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The Steward," says Coleridge, "should be placed in exact antithesis to Kent, as the only character of utter irredeemable baseness in Shakespeare. Even in this the judgment and invention of the Poet are very observable: for what else could the willing tool of a Goneril be? Not a vice but this of baseness was left open to him." H.

<sup>2</sup> "By day and night!" was often used as a mild form of adoration, and is sometimes so printed here. Probably, in this case, it has reference merely to time. H.

<sup>3</sup> This line and the four following are not in the folio.

That still would manage those authorities,  
 That he hath given away! — Now, by my life,  
 Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd  
 With checks, as flatteries, — when they are seen  
 abus'd.<sup>4</sup>

Remember what I have said.

*Stew.*

Well, madam.

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder looks among  
 you :

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so.  
 I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,<sup>5</sup>  
 That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister,  
 To hold my very course. — Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV. A Hall in the Same.

*Enter KENT, disguised.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow,  
 That can my speech diffuse,<sup>1</sup> my good intent  
 May carry through itself to that full issue  
 For which I raz'd my likeness. — Now, banish'd  
 Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,  
 (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
 Shall find thee full of labours.

<sup>4</sup> "Old men are babes again, and must be accustomed to checks as well as flatteries, especially when the latter are seen to be abused by them."

<sup>5</sup> 'This line and "That I may speak," of the next, are not in the folio. H.

<sup>1</sup> To *diffuse* here means to *disguise*, to render *strange*, to *obscure*. We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which otherwise would have no apparent introduction.

*Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready.<sup>2</sup> [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

*Kent.* A man, sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little;<sup>3</sup> to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.<sup>4</sup>

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Whom would'st thou serve?

<sup>2</sup> In Lear old age is itself a character, its natural imperfections being increased by life-long habits of receiving prompt obedience. Any addition of individuality would have been unnecessary and painful; for the relations of others to him, of wondrous fidelity and of frightful ingratitude, alone sufficiently distinguish him. Thus Lear becomes the open and ample play-room of nature's passions. — COLERIDGE. H.

<sup>3</sup> To *converse* signifies properly to *keep company*, to have *commerce* with. His meaning is, that he chooses for his companions men who are not tattlers nor talebearers.

<sup>4</sup> It is not clear how Kent means to make the *eating no fish* a recommendatory quality, unless we suppose that it arose from the odium then cast upon the papists, who were the most strict observers of periodical fasts, which, though enjoined to the people under the government of Elizabeth, were not very strictly observed by them. Marston's Dutch Courtezan says, "I trust I am none of the wicked that *eat fish* a Fridays"

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow ?

*Kent.* No, sir ; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that ?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do ?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in ; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou ?

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing ; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing : I have years on my back forty-eight.

*Lear.* Follow me ; thou shalt serve me : if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. — Dinner, ho ! dinner ! — Where's my knave ? my fool ? Go you, and call my fool hither. —

*Enter the Steward.*

You, you, sirrah ! where's my daughter ?

*Stew.* So please you, — [*Exit.*

*Lear.* What says the fellow there ? Call the clotpoll back. — Where's my fool, ho ? — I think the world's asleep. — How now ! where's that mongrel ?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him ?

*Knight.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not !

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is ; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd

with that ceremonious affection as you were wont : there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha ! say'st thou so ?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken ; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness wrong'd.

*Lear.* Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late ; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness :<sup>5</sup> I will 'ook further into't. — But where's my fool ? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.<sup>6</sup>

*Lear.* No more of that ; I have noted it well. — Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. — Go you, and call hither my fool. —

*Re-enter the Steward.*

O, you sir, you ! come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir ?

*Stew.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* My lady's father ! my lord's knave : you whoreson dog ! you slave ! you cur !

<sup>5</sup> By *jealous curiosity* Lear appears to mean a *punctilious jealousy* resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity. A *very pretence* is an *absolute design*.

<sup>6</sup> The Fool is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh ; no forced condescension of Shakespeare's genius to the taste of his audience. Accordingly the Poet prepares for his introduction, which he never does with any of his common clowns and fools, by bringing him into living connection with the pathos of the play. He is as wonderful a creation as Caliban : his wild babblings and inspired idiocy articulate and gauge the horrors of the scene. —

*Stew.* I am none of these, my lord : I beseech your pardon.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal ?  
[*Striking him.*]

*Stew.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripp'd neither, you base foot-bal. player.  
[*Tripping up his Heels.*]

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow ; 'thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, sir, arise, away ! I'll teach you differences : away, away ! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry ; but away ! Go to : have you wisdom ? so.  
[*Pushes the Steward out.*]

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee : there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving him Money*]

*Enter the Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too : — Here's my coxcomb.<sup>7</sup>  
[*Giving KENT his Cap.*]

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave ! how dost thou ?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, fool ?

*Fool.* Why ? For taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb : Why, this fellow has banish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will : if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. — How now, nuncle !<sup>8</sup> Would, I had two coxcombs, and two daughters !

<sup>7</sup> Natural ideots and fools have, and still do arcustome themselves to weare in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat with a necke and heade of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon. — *Mirshew's Dictionary*, 1617.

<sup>8</sup> A familiar contraction of *mine uncle* It seems that the com-

*Lear.* Why, my boy ?

*Fool.* If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself : There's mine ; beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed, sirrah ; the whip.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog must to kennel : he must be whipp'd out, when the lady brach may stand by th' fire, and stink.<sup>9</sup>

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me !

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle :

Have more than thou showest,  
 Speak less than thou knowest,  
 Lend less than thou owest,<sup>10</sup>  
 Ride more than thou goest,  
 Learn more than thou trowest,<sup>11</sup>  
 Set less than thou throwest ;  
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
 And keep in-a-door,  
 And thou shalt have more  
 Than two tens to a score.

mon appellation of the old licensed fool to his superiors was *uncle*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, when Alinda assumes the character of a fool, she uses the same language. She meets Alphonso, and calls him *nuncle* ; to which he replies by calling her *naunt*. In the Southern States it is customary for a family, especially the younger members of it, to call an old and faithful servant, *uncle* or *aunt*, from a mixed feeling of respect for his character, attachment to his person, dependence on his service, and authority over his actions. H.

<sup>9</sup> *Brach* was a *mannerly* name for a *bitch*. So Hotspur in 1 Henry IV. says,—“ I had rather near lady my *brach* howl in Irish.”

<sup>10</sup> That is, do not lend all that thou hast : *owe* for *own*.

<sup>11</sup> To *trow* is to believe. The precept is admirable. *Set* in the next line means *stake*.



*Lear.* This is nothing, fool.<sup>13</sup>

*Fool.* Then, 'tis like the breath of an unfeed lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Fool.* [To KENT.] Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

*Lear.* A bitter fool!

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

*Lear.* No, lad; teach me.

*Fool.* That lord that counsel'd thee<sup>13</sup>

To give away thy land,  
Come place him here by me,  
Or do thou for him stand:<sup>14</sup>  
The sweet and bitter fool  
Will presently appear;  
The one in motley here,  
The other found out there.

*Lear.* Dost thou call me fool, boy?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, 'faith; lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too,<sup>15</sup> they will not let me have all

<sup>13</sup> The folio assigns this speech to Kent, the quartos to Lear. As the Fool's speech was addressed to Lear, there can be little doubt that the quartos are right. H.

<sup>13</sup> This line and what follows, down to "Nuncle, give me an egg," is wanting in the folio. H.

<sup>14</sup> Or is not in the old copies. It seems necessary alike to the sense and the measure. H.

<sup>15</sup> Instead of *ladies* the old copies have *lodes*, which Mr. Cow-

fool to myself; they'll be snatching. — Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool.* Why, after I have cut the egg i'the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i'the middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back over the dirt: thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

[*Sings.*] Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;<sup>16</sup>  
 For wise men are grown foppish;  
 And know not how their wits to wear,  
 Their manners are so apish.

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for, when thou gav'st them the rod, and putt'st down thine own breeches,

[*Sings.*] Then they for sudden joy did weep,  
 And I for sorrow sung,  
 That such a king should play bo-peep,  
 And go the fools among.<sup>17</sup>

lier, with admirable absurdity, retains, printing it *loads*, and placing the (:) after *too*. For the sense of the passage, nothing could be better than *ladies*; nothing worse than *loads*: it has no more fitness to the place than *abracadabra*. H.

<sup>16</sup> "There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place." In *Mother Bombie*, a Comedy, by Lyly, 1594, we find "I think gentlemen *had never less wit in a year*." It is remarkable that the quartos read "*less wit*," instead of "*less grace*," which is the reading of the folio.

<sup>17</sup> So in *The Rape of Lucrece*, by Thomas Heywood, 1608:

"When Tarquin first in court began,  
 And was approved king,

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie : I would fain learn to lie.

*Lear.* An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

*Fool.* I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are : they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying ; and sometimes I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool ; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle : thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'the middle. Here comes one o'the parings.

*Enter GONERIL.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter ! what makes that frontlet on ?

Methinks, you are too much of late i'the frown.<sup>18</sup>

*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning ; now thou art an O without a figure :<sup>19</sup> I am better than thou art now ; I am a fool, thou art nothing. — Yes, for sooth, I will hold my tongue ! [*To GON.*] so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.

'That's a sheal'd peascod.<sup>20</sup> [*Pointing to LEAR.*

*Some men for sodden joy gan weep,  
And I for sorrow sing."*

<sup>18</sup> The word *methinks* is wanting in the folio. — A *frontlet* or forehead cloth, was worn by ladies of old to prevent wrinkles. So in *Zepheria*, a collection of Sonnets, 1594 :

" But now, my sunne, it fits thou take thy set,  
And vayne thy face with *frownes* as with a *frontlet*."

<sup>19</sup> That is, a cipher.

<sup>20</sup> Now a mere husk that contains nothing. The robing of Richard II.'s effigy in Westminster Abbey is wrought with *peas rods open*, and the *peas out* ; perhaps an allusion to his being once

*Gon.* Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,  
 But other of your insolent retinue  
 Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth  
 In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,  
 I had thought, by making this well known unto you,  
 To have found a safe redress ; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,  
 That you protect this course, and put it on<sup>21</sup>  
 By your allowance ; which if you should, the fault  
 Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep ;  
 Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,  
 Might in their working do you that offence,  
 Which else were shame, that then necessity  
 Will call discreet proceeding.

*Fool.* For you trow, nuncle,  
 The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
 That it had its head bit off by its young.<sup>22</sup>

In full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title.

<sup>21</sup> That is, *promote it*, push it forward.

<sup>22</sup> "Shakespeare's fools," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts ; lively and sarcastic. Though they were licensed to say any thing, it was still necessary, to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air : we may suppose therefore that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into their mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakespeare often finishes this fool's speeches." In a very old drama, entitled "The Longer thou Livest the more Foole thou art," printed about 1580, we find the following stage direction : "Entreth Moros, counterfainting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, *singing the foote of many songs, as fools were wont.*" For some account how the cuckoo treats the hedge-sparrow, see 1 Henry IV., Act v. sc. 1, note 4.—As showing how little the pronoun *its* was used in the Poet's time, we may remark that the folio here reads "*it head*" and "*it young.*" See 2 Henry IV., Act i. sc. 2, note 16.

So, out went the candle, and we were left dark-  
ling.<sup>23</sup>

*Lear.* Are you our daughter ?

*Gen.* Come, sir ;

I would you would make use of that good wisdom  
Whereof I know you are fraught ; and put away  
These dispositions, which of late transform you .  
From what you rightly are.<sup>24</sup>

*Fool.* May not an ass know when the cart draws  
the horse ? Whoop, Jug ! I love thee.

*Lear.* Does any here know me ? — Why, this is  
not Lear : does Lear walk thus ? speak thus ?  
Where are his eyes ? Either his notion weakens,  
or his discernings are lethargied. — Sleeping, or  
waking ? — Ha ! sure 'tis not so. — Who is it that  
can tell me who I am ?<sup>25</sup>

*Fool.* Lear's shadow, —

*Lear.* I would learn that ; for, by the marks  
of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be  
false persuaded I had daughters.

*Fool.* — which they will make an obedient father.<sup>26</sup>

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman ?

<sup>23</sup> To be left *darkling*, is to be left *in the dark*. See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act ii. sc. 2. note 4. H.

<sup>24</sup> The words, "Come, sir," at the beginning of this speech, are found only in the quartos. H.

<sup>25</sup> This speech is greatly mutilated in the folio, being cast into very irregular verse, and reading thus : "Does any here know me ? This is not Lear : does Lear walk thus ? speak thus ? Where are his eyes ? Either his notion weakens, his discernings are lethargied. Ha ! Waking ? 'Tis not so. Who is it that can tell me who I am ?" Knight, with singular infelicity, follows this reading. H.

<sup>26</sup> This speech and the preceding are wanting altogether in the folio. Of course it must be understood, that in the speech beginning "I would learn that," Lear is continuing his former speech, and answering his own question, without heeding the Fool's interruption. So, again, in this speech the Fool continues his former one, which referring to *shadow*. H.

*Gon.* This admiration, sir, is much o'the savour<sup>27</sup>  
 Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you  
 To understand my purposes aright :  
 As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.  
 Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires ;  
 Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,  
 That this our court, infected with their manners,  
 Shows like a riotous inn : epicurism and lust  
 Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,  
 Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak  
 For instant remedy : be, then, desir'd  
 By her, that else will take the thing she begs,  
 A little to disquantity your train ;  
 And the remainder, that shall still depend,  
 To be such men as may besort your age,  
 Which know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils !—  
 Saddle my horses ; call my train together. —  
 Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee :  
 Yet have I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people ; and your disorder'd  
 rabble  
 Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents, — [*To ALB.*]  
 O, sir ! are you come ?<sup>28</sup>  
 Is it your will ? Speak, sir. — Prepare my horses. —  
 Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
 More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,  
 Than the sea-monster !<sup>29</sup>

<sup>27</sup> So in the folio ; but commonly given *farour*. — In the quarto this speech, also, begins with, "Come, sir." H.

<sup>28</sup> The latter part of this line, "O, sir ! are you come," is not in the folio. H.

<sup>29</sup> The *sea-monster* is the hippopotamus, the hieroglyphical

*Alb.* 'Pray, sir, be patient.

*Lear.* [*To GON.*] Detested kite! thou liest:  
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know;  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worships of their name. — O, most small fault!  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!  
Which, like an engine,<sup>30</sup> wrench'd my frame of na-  
ture

From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,  
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his Head*

And thy dear judgment out! — Go, go, my people

*Alb.* My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant  
Of what hath mov'd you.

*Lear.* It may be so, my lord. —

Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honour her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits

To laughter and contempt; that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child! — Away! away! [*Exit.*

symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his *Travels*, says  
"that he killeth his sire and ravisheth his own dam."

<sup>30</sup> By an *engine* the *rack* is here intended.

*Alb.* Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this ?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know the cause ;  
But let his disposition have that scope  
That dotage gives it.<sup>31</sup>

*Re-enter LEAR.*

*Lear.* What ! fifty of my followers, at a clap,  
Within a fortnight ?

*Alb.* What's the matter, sir ?

*Lear.* I'll tell thee. — [*To GONER.*] Life and death ! I am asham'd  
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus ;  
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,  
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs  
upon thee !

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse<sup>32</sup>  
Pierce every sense about thee ! — Old fond eyes,  
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out ;  
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,  
To temper clay. — Ha !

Let it be so : — I have another daughter,<sup>33</sup>  
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable :  
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,  
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think  
I have cast off for ever.<sup>34</sup>

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants*

<sup>31</sup> In the first line of this speech, the folio reads, "know more of it," instead of "know the cause." H.

<sup>32</sup> The *untented* woundings are the *rankling* or *never-healing wounds* inflicted by parental malediction. *Tents* are dressings inserted into wounds as a preparative to healing them.

<sup>33</sup> The quartos read, "yea ; is't come to this ? Yet have I left a daughter." H.

<sup>34</sup> The words, "thou shalt, I warrant thee," are added here in.



*Gon.* Do you mark that, my lord ?

*Alb.* I cannot be so partial, Goneril,  
To the great love I bear you, —

*Gon.* Pray you, content. — What, Oswald, ho ! —  
[*To the Fool.*] You, sir, more knave than fool, after  
your master.

*Fool.* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear ! tarry, and take  
the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,  
And such a daughter,  
Should sure to the slaughter,  
If my cap would buy a halter ;  
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit*

*Gon.* This man hath had good counsel. — A hun-  
dred knights !

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep  
At point a hundred knights !<sup>35</sup> yes, that on every  
dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,  
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,  
And hold our lives in mercy. — Oswald, I say ! —

*Alb.* Well, you may fear too far.

*Gon.* Safer than trust too far.

the quartos. — We must here quote from Coleridge's remarks on this scene : " The monster Goneril prepares what is necessary, while the character of Albany renders a still more maddening grievance possible, namely, Regan and Cornwall in perfect sympathy of monstrosity. Not a sentiment, not an image which can give pleasure on its own account, is admitted : whenever these creatures are introduced, and they are brought forward as little as possible, pure horror reigns throughout. In this scene and in all the early speeches of Lear, the one general sentiment of filial ingratitude prevails as the main spring of the feelings ; in this early stage the outward object causing the pressure on the mind, which is not yet sufficiently familiarized with the anguish for the imagination to work upon it."

H.

<sup>35</sup> *At point* probably means completely armed, and so ready at appointment on the slightest notice.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,  
 Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart ;  
 What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister ;  
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,  
 When I have show'd th' unfitness,<sup>36</sup> — How now,  
 Oswald !

*Enter the Steward.*

What ! have you writ that letter to my sister ?

*Stew.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse :

Inform her full of my particular fear ;  
 And thereto add such reasons of your own,  
 As may compact it more. Get you gone ;  
 And hasten your return. [*Exit Steward.*] — No, no,  
 my lord ;

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,  
 Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,  
 You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,<sup>37</sup>  
 Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell :  
 Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Gon.* Nay, then, —

*Alb.* Well, well ; the event.<sup>38</sup> [*Exeunt*

<sup>36</sup> The preceding part of this speech, and also the two preceding speeches are found only in the folio. II.

<sup>37</sup> In the folio, *at task*. The word *task* is frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in the sense of *tax*. So, in the common phrase of our time, "Taken to task."

<sup>38</sup> Observe the baffled endeavour of Goneril to act on the fears of Albany, and yet his passiveness, his *inertia* : he is not convinced, and yet he is afraid of looking into the thing. Such characters always yield to those who will take the trouble of governing them, or for them. Perhaps the influence of a princess, whose choice of him had royalized his state, may be some little excuse for Albany's weakness. — COLERIDGE. E.

## SCENE V. Court before the Same.

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and the Fool.*

*Lear.* Go you before to Gloster with these letters : acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.<sup>1</sup>

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

*Fool.* If a man's brains were in 's heels, were't not in danger of kibes ?

*Lear.* Ay, boy.

*Fool.* Then, I pr'ythee, be merry ; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Fool.* Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly ;<sup>2</sup> for, though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear.* What canst tell, boy ?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i'the middle on 's face ?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's

<sup>1</sup> The word *there* in this speech shows that when the king says, "Go you before to *Gloster*," he means the town of Gloster, which Shakespeare chose to make the residence of the Duke of Cornwall, to increase the probability of their setting out late from thence on a visit to the Earl of Gloster. The old English earls usually resided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his son-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the Earl of Gloster's castle.

<sup>2</sup> The Fool quibbles, using *kindly* in two senses ; as it means affectionately, and like the rest of her *kind*.

nose ; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong.<sup>3</sup>

*Fool.* Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

*Lear.* Why ?

*Fool.* Why. to put 's head in ; not to give it away to his daughters and leave his horns without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature. — So kind a father ! — Be my horses ready ?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight ?

*Fool.* Yes, indeed. Thou would'st make a good fool.

*Lear.* To take't again perforce !<sup>4</sup> — Monster ingratitude !

*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that ?

*Fool.* Thou should'st not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven !

Keep me in temper : I would not be mad !<sup>5</sup> —

<sup>3</sup> He is musing on Cordelia.

<sup>4</sup> Lear is meditating on what he has before threatened, namely, to "resume the shape which he has cast off." H.

<sup>5</sup> The mind's own anticipation of madness ! The deepest tragic notes are often struck by a half-sense of an impending blow. The Fool's conclusion of this Act by a grotesque prattling seems to indicate the dislocation of feeling that has begun and is to be continued. — COLERIDGE. H.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

How now! Are the horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy.

*Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.<sup>6</sup> [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. A Court in GLOSTER'S Castle.

*Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan!

*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him to-night.

*Edm.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not. You have heard of the

<sup>6</sup> Some good editors think this closing couplet to have been interpolated by the players. There is certainly strong reason for wishing this opinion to be true. Nor is it unlikely that such lines and phrases, technically called *tags*, and spoken on making an *exit*, were at first interpolated on the stage, and afterwards incorporated with the text in the prompter's book. It is with reference to this practice that Hamlet exhorts the players,—"Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." And the severity with which the custom is there reprov'd looks as if the Poet had himself suffered in that way. H.

news abroad? I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.<sup>1</sup>

*Edm.* Not I: pray you, what are they?

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do, then, in time. Fare you well,  
sir. [*Exit.*

*Edm.* The duke be here to-night? The better!  
best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business.  
My father hath set guard to take my brother;  
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,  
Which I must act. — Briefness, and fortune,  
work! —

Brother, a word; — descend: — brother, I say! —

*Enter EDGAR.*

My father watches. — O sir! fly this place;  
Intelligence is given where you are hid:  
You have now the good advantage of the night. —  
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?  
He's coming hither; now, i'the night, i'the haste,  
And Regan with him: have you nothing said  
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?<sup>2</sup>  
Advise yourself.<sup>3</sup>

*Edg.* I am sure on't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming: — Pardon me  
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:

<sup>1</sup> "Ear-kissing arguments" are arguments spoken with the speaker's lips close to the hearer's ear, as if kissing him. The quartos have *ear-bussing*. H.

<sup>2</sup> Have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the Duke of Albany?

<sup>3</sup> That is, consider, recollect yourself.

Draw ; seem to defend yourself : Now, quit you well.

Yield ; come before my father. — Light, ho, here ! — Fly, brother : — Torches ! torches ! — So, fare well. —

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion  
[*Wounds his Arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.<sup>4</sup> — Father ! Father ! Stop, stop ! No help ?

*Enter* GLOSTER, and *Servants with Torches.*

*Glo.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand auspicious mistress.<sup>5</sup>

*Glo.* But where is he ?

*Edm.* Look, sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, Edmund ?

*Edm.* Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could —

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho ! — Go after. — [*Exit Serv.* By no means, — what ?

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;

But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend ;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> These drunken feats are mentioned in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan* : " Have I not been drunk for your health, eat glasses, drunk wine, stabbed arms, and done all offices of protested gallantry for your sake ? "

<sup>5</sup> Gloster has already shown himself a believer in such astrological superstitions ; so that Edmund here takes hold of him by just the right handle. H.

<sup>6</sup> So the folio ; the quartos, " all their thunders bend." H.

Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond  
 The child was bound to th' father : — Sir, in fine,  
 Seeing how lothly opposite I stood  
 To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,  
 With his prepared sword he charges home  
 My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm :  
 But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,  
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter  
 Or whether gasted<sup>7</sup> by the noise I made,  
 Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.*

Let him fly far :

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;  
 And, found, despatch.<sup>8</sup> The noble duke my master  
 My worthy arch<sup>9</sup> and patron, comes to-night :  
 By his authority I will proclaim it,  
 That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,  
 Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;  
 He that conceals him, death.

*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech  
 I threaten'd to discover him.<sup>10</sup> He replied, —  
 "Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,  
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal  
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee  
 Make thy words faith'd ? No : what I should deny,  
 (As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce

<sup>7</sup> That is, *aghasted, frightened*. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at Several Weapons* : "Either the sight of the lady has gasted him, or else he's drunk."

<sup>8</sup> That is, "he being found, *despatch* is the word," meaning, of course, he shall be punished forthwith. H.

<sup>9</sup> That is, *chief*; a word now only used in composition, as *arch-angel, arch-duke, &c.* So in Heywood's *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody* : "Poole, that *arch* of truth and honesty."

<sup>10</sup> *Pight* is *pitched, fixed*; *curst* is an epithet applied to any bad quality in excess; as a malignant, quarrelsome, or scolding temper. H.



My very character,<sup>11</sup>) I'd turn it all  
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :  
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
 If they not thought the profits of my death  
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs<sup>12</sup>  
 To make thee seek it."

*Glo.* Strong and fasten'd villain !  
 Would he deny his letter ? — I never got him. —  
 Hark ! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he  
 comes. —

All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;  
 The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture  
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom  
 May have due note of him ; and of my land,  
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
 To make thee capable.<sup>13</sup>

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend ! since I came  
 hither,  
 (Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange  
 news.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,  
 Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord ?

*Glo.* O, madam ! my old heart is crack'd, it's  
 crack'd !

<sup>11</sup> That is, my hand-writing, my signature.

<sup>12</sup> The folio reads, "potential *spirits*." And in the next speech,  
 "O strange and fasten'd villain." — *Strong* is determined, resolute.  
 Our ancestors often used it in an ill sense ; as *strong* thief, *strong*  
 whore. Instead of the words, "I never got him," the folio merely  
 has, "said he ?" H.

<sup>13</sup> That is, capable of succeeding to his estate. By law, Ed-  
 mund was incapable of the inheritance. — The word *natural* is  
 here used with exquisite art in the double sense of *illegitimate* and  
 as opposed to *unnatural*, which latter epithet is implied upon Ed-  
 gar. H.

*Reg.* What! did my father's godson seek your life?

He whom my father named? your Edgar?<sup>14</sup>

*Glo.* O lady, lady! shame would have it hid.

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend upon my father?

*Glo.* I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.

*Edm.* Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

*Reg.* No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,  
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.<sup>15</sup>  
I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,  
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,  
I'll not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, Regan. —  
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father  
A child-like office.

*Edm.* 'Twas my duty, sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray his practice,<sup>16</sup> and receiv'd  
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Corn.* Is he pursued?

<sup>14</sup> There is a peculiar subtlety and intensity of virulent malice in these speeches of Regan. Coleridge justly observes that she makes "no reference to the guilt, but only to the accident, which she uses as an occasion for sneering at her father." And he adds, — "Regan is not, in fact, a greater monster than Goneril, but she has the power of casting more venom." H.

<sup>15</sup> Such is the folio reading. For "th' expense and waste," some modern editions substitute "the waste and spoil," which has no authority at all. *Expense* is used in the sense of *expending*. H.

<sup>16</sup> That is, he did *betray* or *reveal* his treacherous devices. So in the second book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "His heart fainted and gat a conceit, that with *bewraying* his *practice* he might obtain pardon." The quartos read *betray*

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord, he is.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more  
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,  
How in my strength you please. — For you, Ed-  
mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;  
You we first seize on.

*Edm.* I shall serve you, sir,  
Truly, however else.

*Glo.* For him I thank your grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit you, —

*Reg.* Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd  
night:

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,<sup>17</sup>  
Wherein we must have use of your advice.  
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
To answer from our home: <sup>18</sup> the several messengers  
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,  
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow  
Your needful counsel to our business,  
Which craves the instant use.

*Glo.* I serve you, madam.  
Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.]

<sup>17</sup> That is, of some *weight* or *moment*. The folio and one quar-  
to read *prize*.

<sup>18</sup> That is, not at home, but at some other place.

## SCENE II. Before GLOSTER'S Castle.

*Enter KENT and the Steward, severally.*

*Stew.* Good dawning<sup>1</sup> to thee, friend: art of the house?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Stew.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I'the mire.

*Stew.* Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Stew.* Why, then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfeld,<sup>2</sup> I would make thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Stew.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whore-son, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Dawning* is used again in *Cymbeline*, as a substantive, for *morning*. It is clear from various passages in this scene that the morning is just beginning to dawn.

<sup>2</sup> That is, *Lipsbury pound*. *Lipsbury pinfeld* may, perhaps, like *Lob's pound*, be a coined name; but with what allusion does not appear.

<sup>3</sup> *Addition* here means the schedule of titles given him. *Or*

*Stew.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

*Kent.* What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines: I'll make a sop o'the moonshine of you.<sup>4</sup> [*Drawing his Sword.*] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

*Stew.* Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father.<sup>5</sup> Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

the opprobrious epithets here strung together, it may be well to explain a few. "*Three-suited knave*" might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakespeare, one who had no greater change of raiment than *three suits* would furnish him with. So in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "Wert a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits* of apparel." A "*one-trunk-inheriting slave*" may be a term for a fellow, the whole of whose possessions were confined to one coffer, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath. A "*worsted-stocking knave*" is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England in the reign of Elizabeth were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even by those who had not above forty shillings a-year wages. In an old comedy, *The Hog hath Lost its Pearl*, 1614, it is said,—"Good parts are no more set by, than a good leg in a *woollen stocking*." "*Action-taking knave*" is a fellow who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault instead of resenting it like a man of courage.

<sup>4</sup> An equivoke is here intended, by an allusion to the old dish of *eggs in moonshine*, which was eggs broken and boiled in salad oil till the yolks became hard. It is equivalent to the phrases of modern times, "*I'll baste you,*" or "*beat you to a mummy.*"

<sup>5</sup> In Shakespeare's time *puppet* was often used merely as a term of contempt for a woman; who is here called *vanity* by way of antithesis to *royalty*.

*Stew.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave! stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike!<sup>6</sup> [*Beating him.*

*Stew.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, EDMUND, and *Servants.*

*Edm.* How now! What's the matter?

[*Parts them.*]

*Kent.* With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

*Glo.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives:

He dies, that strikes again. What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Stew.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee:<sup>8</sup> a tailor made thee.

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir:<sup>9</sup> a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

<sup>6</sup> *Neat slave* may mean you base cowherd, or, as Steevens suggests, you *finical* rascal, you assemblage of *foppery and poverty*.

<sup>7</sup> In the folio this stage-direction is misprinted as belonging to the text. In the quartos it is wanting altogether. H.

<sup>8</sup> To *disclaim in*, for *to disclaim* simply, was the phraseology of the Poet's age.

<sup>9</sup> The affirmative particle *Ay* is wanting in the folio. The sense seems to require it. In the next line but one, also, the folio has *years* instead of *hours*. H.

*Stew.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his gray beard, —

*Kent.* Thou whoreson zed!<sup>10</sup> thou unnecessary letter! — My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar,<sup>11</sup> and daub the wall of a jakes with him. — Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain

Which are too intrinse t'unloose;<sup>12</sup> smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Reneg,<sup>13</sup> affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

<sup>10</sup> *Zed* is here used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet: it is said to be an unnecessary letter, because its place may be supplied by S. Mulcaster says, "Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen. S is become its lieutenant-general."

<sup>11</sup> *Unbolted* is *unsifted*; and therefore signifies this coarse villain. *Unbolted mortar* is mortar made of unsifted lime; and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes.

<sup>12</sup> Perhaps *intrinse* was put by Shakespeare for *intrinsecate*, which he has used in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsecate* of life at once untie." *Smooth* was often used in the sense of *flatter*.

<sup>13</sup> To *reneege* is to *deny*. The folio has *revenge*. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, sc. 1, note 1. The *halcyon* is a bird called the kingfisher, which, when dried and hung up by a threa l. was sup-

With every gale and vary of their masters,  
 As knowing nought, like dogs, but following  
 A plague upon your epileptic visage!<sup>14</sup>  
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
 Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
 I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.<sup>15</sup>

*Corn.* What! art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glo.* How fell you out? say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy,  
 Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? What is  
 his fault?<sup>16</sup>

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.<sup>17</sup>

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, nor his,  
 nor hers.

posed to turn his bill to the point from whence the wind blows.  
 So in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"But how now stands the wind?  
 Into what corner peers my *halcyon's bill*?"

<sup>14</sup> That is, a visage distorted by grinning, as the next line shows. H.

<sup>15</sup> Warburton thinks this an allusion to some proverbial speech in the old romances of Arthur. Very likely such is the case. But the common explanation is, that Camelot is a place in Somersetshire, near which are large moors where great quantities of geese are bred. Drayton speaks of it in his *Poly-Olbion*, Song iii.:

"Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?  
 Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table round,  
 Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,  
 From whence all knightly deeds and brave achievements sprung."

Upon this passage the old illustrator of Drayton has the following: "By South-Cadbury is that Camelot; a hill of a mile compass at the top, four trenches circling it, and betwixt every of them an earthen wall; the contents of it, within, about twenty acres, full of ruins and relics of old buildings. Antique report makes this one of Arthur's places of his Round Table, as the Muse here sings." H.

<sup>16</sup> So the folio; the quartos, "What's his *offence*?" H

<sup>17</sup> That is, pleases me not.



*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain .  
I have seen better faces in my time,  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow,  
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect  
A saucy roughness ; and constrains the garb,  
Quite from his nature :<sup>18</sup> He cannot flatter, he !  
An honest mind and plain, — he must speak truth :  
An they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-  
ness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,  
Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.<sup>19</sup>

*Kent.* Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,  
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,<sup>20</sup>  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire  
On flickering Phœbus' front, —

*Corn.* What mean'st by this ?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you dis-  
commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer :  
he that beguil'd you in a plain accent was a plain

<sup>18</sup> Forces his *outside*, or his appearance, to something totally different from his natural disposition.

<sup>19</sup> *Silly* here means *simple, rustic* : often so used. — *Nicely* is *punctiliously*, with *over-strained nicety*. — Coleridge has a just remark upon this speech : “ In thus placing these profound general truths in the mouths of such men as Cornwall, Edmund, Iago, &c., Shakespeare at once gives them utterance, and yet shows how indefinite their application is.” We may add, that an inferior dramatist, instead of making his villains use any such vein of original and profound remark, would probably fill their mouths with something either shocking or absurd ; which is just what real villains, if they have any wit, never do. For it is not so much by using falsehood, as by abusing truth, that wickedness works. H.

<sup>20</sup> So the quartos : the folio has *great* instead of *grand*. H.

knave ; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.<sup>21</sup>

*Corn.* What was th' offence you gave him ?

*Stew.* I never gave him any.

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,  
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;  
When he, compact,<sup>22</sup> and flattering his displeasure,  
Tripp'd me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,  
And put upon him such a deal of man,  
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king  
For him attempting who was self-subdued ;  
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,  
Drew on me here again.<sup>23</sup>

*Kent.* None of these rogues and cowards,  
But Ajax is their fool.<sup>24</sup>

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks !—  
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,  
We'll teach you.

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn.  
Call not your stocks for me ; I serve the king,  
On whose employment I was sent to you :  
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice

<sup>21</sup> "Your displeasure" seems to be here used as a title of address ; like "your honour," or "your lordship." H.

<sup>22</sup> That is, acting in *concert* with him, or under a compact with him. The quartos have *conjunct*, with the same meaning. H.

<sup>23</sup> A soldier is said to *flesh* his sword the first time he draws blood with it. *Fleshment*, therefore, is here applied to the first act of service, which Kent, in his new capacity, had done for his master ; and at the same time, in a sarcastic sense, as though he esteemed it an heroic exploit to trip a man behind who was falling. By "him attempting who was self-subdued" the Steward means himself.

<sup>24</sup> That is, Ajax is a fool to them. "These rogues and cowards talk in such a boasting strain that, if we were to credit their account of themselves, Ajax would appear a person of no prowess when compared to them."

Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,  
You should not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.  
[*Stocks brought out.*]

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the selfsame colour  
Our sister speaks of. — Come, bring away the  
stocks.

*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so.  
His fault is much, and the good king his master  
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction  
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches,  
For pilferings and most common trespasses,  
Are punish'd with.<sup>25</sup> The king must take it ill,  
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more worse,  
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs. — Put in his legs.<sup>26</sup> —

[*KENT is put in the Stocks.*]

Come, my lord, away.

[*Exeunt all except GLOSTER and KENT.*]

*Glo.* I am sorry for thee, friend: 'tis the duke's  
pleasurè,  
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,

<sup>25</sup> These words and the four preceding lines are wanting in  
the folio

<sup>26</sup> This line is not in the folio

Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

Give you good morrow!

*Glo.* The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

*Kent.* Good king, that must approve the common saw!

Thou out of Heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun!<sup>27</sup>

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter! — Nothing, almost, sees miracles,

But misery: — I know 'tis from Cordelia;

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscured course; and shall find time

From this enormous state — seeking — to give

Losses their remedies.<sup>28</sup> — All weary and o'er watch'd,

<sup>27</sup> The *saw*, or proverb alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*:

“In your running from him to me, *ye runne*  
*Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne;*”

that is, from good to bad. Kent was thinking of the king being likely to receive a worse reception from Regan than that which he had already experienced from Goneril.

<sup>28</sup> The meaning of this passage, about which there has been much discussion, appears to be as follows: Kent addresses the sun, for whose rising he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. “I know,” says he, “*this letter which I hold in my hand is from Cordelia; who hath most fortunately been informed of my disgrace and wandering in disguise; and who, seeking it, shall find time out of this disordered, unnatural state of things, to give losses their remedies; to restore her father to his kingdom, herself to his love, and me to his favour*”

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.—

Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy  
wheel! [*He sleeps.*]

### SCENE III. A Part of the Heath.

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* I heard myself proclaim'd;  
And by the happy hollow of a tree  
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,  
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,  
I will preserve myself; and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape,  
That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth  
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,<sup>1</sup>  
And with presented nakedness outface  
The winds and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars,<sup>2</sup> who, with roaring voices,

<sup>1</sup> Hair thus knotted was supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night.

<sup>2</sup> What these were, may be partly gathered from a passage in Aubrey's manuscripts, as quoted by Ellis: "Before the civil warres I remember *Tom a Bedlams* went about begging. They had been such as had been in *Bedlam*, and come to some degree of sobernesse; and when they were licenced to goe out, they had on their left arme an armilla of tinne printed, of about three inches breadth, which was sodered on." Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms*, gives the following: "The *Bedlam* is in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side; but his cloathing is more fantastick and ridiculous; for, being a mad-man, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not; to make him seem a mad-man, or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissembling knave." *Is*

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms  
 Pins, wooden prieks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;  
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
 Poor pelting villages,<sup>3</sup> sleep-cotes and mills,  
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,  
 Enforce their charity. — Poor Turlygood!<sup>4</sup> poor  
 Tom !

That's something yet : Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

The Bell-Man of London, by Dekker, 1640, is another account of one of these characters, under the title of *Abraham Man*: "He swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and, coming near any body, cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these *Abraham-men* some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines; some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe; others are dogged, and so sullen both in looke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand."

<sup>3</sup> *Pelting* is *petty, paltry*. See King Richard II., Act ii. sc. I. note 8. H.

<sup>4</sup> Upon this name Douce makes a very interesting note as follows: "Warburton would read Turlupin, and Hanmer Turlurn; but there is a better reason for rejecting both these terms than for preferring either; namely, that Turlygood is the corrupted word in our language. The Turlupins were a fanatical sect that overran France, Italy, and Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They were first known by the names Beghards or Beghins, and brethren and sisters of the free spirit. Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction. The common people called them Turlupins; a name which, though it has excited much doubt and controversy, seems obviously connected with the wolfish howlings, which these people in all probability would make when influenced by their religious ravings. Their subsequent appellation of the fraternity of poor men might have been the cause why the wandering rogues called Bedlam beggars, and one of whom Edgar personates, as summed or obtained the title of Turlupins or Turlygoods, especially if their mode of asking alms was accompanied by the gesticulations of madmen. Turlupino and Turlurn are old Italian terms for a fool or madman; and the Flemings had a proverb, *as unfortunate as Turlupin and his children*." H.

## SCENE IV. Before GLOSTER's Castle.

*Enter LEAR, the Fool, and a Gentleman.*

*Lear.* 'Tis strange that they should so depart  
from home,

And not send back my messenger.

*Gent.* As I learn'd,

The night before there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove.

*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master!

*Lear.* Ha!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

*Kent.* No, my lord.

*Fool.* Ha, ha! look; he wears cruel<sup>1</sup> garters.  
Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the  
neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs:  
when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears  
wooden nether-stocks.<sup>2</sup>

*Lear.* What's he, that hath so much thy place  
mistook,

To set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both he and she;

Your son and daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No, I say.

*Kent.* I say, yea.

*Lear.* No, no; they would not.

*Kent.* Yes, they have.<sup>3</sup>

*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear, no.

<sup>1</sup> A quibble on *crewel*, that is, *worsted*.

The old word for stockings.

This and the preceding speeches are not in the folio; nor the next but one in the quartos.

*Kent.* By Juno, I swear, ay.

*Lear.* They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse than murder,

To do, upon respect,<sup>4</sup> such violent outrage.

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way

Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us.

*Kent.*

My lord, when at their home

I did commend your highness' letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd

My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth,

From Goneril his mistress, salutations;

Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,<sup>5</sup>

Which presently they read; on whose contents,

They summon'd up their meiny,<sup>6</sup> straight took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend

The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:

And, meeting here the other messenger,

Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine.

(Being the very fellow that of late

Display'd so saucily against your highness,)

Having more man than wit about me, drew:<sup>7</sup>

He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which here it suffers.

<sup>4</sup> That is, *deliberately*, or upon consideration. *Respect* is frequently used for *consideration* by Shakespeare.

<sup>5</sup> Goneril's messenger delivered letters, which they read notwithstanding Lear's messenger was yet kneeling unanswered.

<sup>6</sup> *Meiny*, signifying a *family, household, or retinue of servants*, is from the French *meinie*.

<sup>7</sup> The personal pronoun, which is found in the preceding line, is understood before the word *having*, or before *drew*. The same license is taken by Shakespeare in other places.



*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.<sup>8</sup>

Fathers that wear rags  
Do make their children blind;  
But fathers that bear bags  
Shall see their children kind.  
Fortune, that arrant whore,  
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours<sup>9</sup> for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

*Lear.* O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!<sup>10</sup>

*Hysterica passio!* down, thou climbing sorrow!  
Thy element's below.— Where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the earl, sir; here, within.

*Lear.* Follow me not: stay here. [Exit.

*Gent.* Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

<sup>8</sup> If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. This speech is not in the quartos.

<sup>9</sup> A quibble between *dolours* and *dollars*.

<sup>10</sup> Lear affects to pass off the swelling of his heart, ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *mother*, or *hysterica passio*, which, in the Poet's time, was not thought peculiar to women. It is probable that Shakespeare had this suggested to him by a passage in Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, which he may have consulted in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam with demoniacal gibberish. "Ma. Maynie had a spice of the *hysterica passio*, as seems, from his youth; he himself termes it the *moother*." It seems the priests persuaded him it was from the possession of the devil. "The disease I spake of was a spice of the *mother*, wherewith I had been troubled before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *mother* or no, I knowe not. A Scottish Doctor of Physick, then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *virtiginem capitatis*. It riseth of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painful collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."

*Kent.* None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train ?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i'the stocks for that question, thou 'dst well deserv'd it.

*Kent.* Why, fool ?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an ant,<sup>11</sup> to teach thee there's no labouring i'the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men ; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking.<sup>12</sup> Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it ; but the great one that goes up the hill,<sup>13</sup> let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again : I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry, the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly :

“Go to the ant, thou sluggard,” says Solomon ; “learn her ways, and be wise ; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the *summer*, and gathereth her food in harvest.” If, says the Fool, you had been schooled by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious insect, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived.

<sup>12</sup> All men, but blind men, though they follow their noses, are led by their eyes ; and this class of mankind, seeing the king ruined, have all deserted him : with respect to the blind, who have nothing but their noses to guide them, they also fly equally from a king whose fortunes are declining ; for of the noses of blind men there is not one in twenty but can smell him who, being “muddy'd in fortune's mood, smells somewhat strong of her displeasure.”

<sup>13</sup> So the quartos. The folio has *upward* instead of *up the hill*.

The knave turns fool that runs away,  
The fool no knave, perdy.<sup>14</sup>

*Kent.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i'the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They are sick!  
they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night?<sup>15</sup> Mere fetches,  
The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

*Glo.* My dear lord,  
You know the fiery quality of the duke;  
How unremoveable and fix'd he is  
In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—  
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,  
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them  
so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,  
man?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall; the  
dear father  
Would with his daughter speak; commands her  
service:<sup>16</sup>

<sup>14</sup> It is not easy to make any sense out of these last two lines, and perhaps it was not intended that any should be made out of them. Dr. Johnson proposed a slight transposition, which gives them a plenty of very shrewd sense, thus:

“The fool turns knave that runs away,  
The knave no fool, perdy.” H.

<sup>15</sup> The folio has “all the night” instead of “hard to-night.” H.

<sup>16</sup> The folio reads, badly, “commands, tends, service.” Knight retains this; we don't understand it. H.

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood! —  
Fiery? the fiery duke? — Tell the hot duke, that —  
No, but not yet; — may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,  
Whereto our health is bound; we are not our  
selves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind  
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man. — Death on my state! where-  
fore [Looking on KENT.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,  
That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.

Go, tell the duke and 's wife, I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,  
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,

Till it cry sleep to death.

*Glo.* I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

*Lear.* O me! my heart, my rising heart! — but,  
down.

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the  
eels,<sup>17</sup> when she put 'em i'the paste alive; she rapp'd

<sup>17</sup> Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, under the word *Cockney*, says, "It is sometimes taken for a child that is tenderly or wantonly brought up; or for one that has been brought up in some great town, and knows nothing of the country fashion. It is used also for a Londoner, or one born in or near the city; as we say, within the sound of Bow bell." The etymology, says Mr. Nares, seems most probable, which derives it from *cookery*. *Le pays de cocagne*, or *coquaine*, in old French, means a country of good cheer. *Cocagna*, in Italian, has the same meaning. Both might be derived from *coquina*. This famous country, if it could be found, is described as a region "where the hills were made of sugar-candy, and the loaves ran down the hills, crying, *Come eat me.*" Some lines in Camden's *Remaines* seem to make *cokenez*, a name for London as well as its inhabitants. This *Lubberland*

'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse butter'd his hay.

*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and *Servants*.

*Lear*. Good morrow to you both.

*Corn*. Hail to your grace!  
[*KENT is set at liberty*.

*Reg*. I am glad to see your highness.

*Lear*. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultress. — [*To KENT*.] O, are you free?

Some other time for that. — Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness like a vulture here. —

[*Points to his Heart*.

I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe, With how deprav'd a quality — O Regan!

*Reg*. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.<sup>18</sup>

as Florio calls it, seems to have been proverbial for the simplicity or gullibility of its inhabitants. A *cockney* and a *ninny-hammer*, or *simpleton*, were convertible terms. Thus Chaucer, in *The Reve's Tale*: "I shall be holden a *daffe* or a *cokeney*." It may be observed that *cockney* is only a diminutive of *cock*: a wanton child was so called as a less circumlocutory way of saying, *my little cock*, or *my bra-cock*. Dekker, in his *Newes from Hell*, 1568, says, "'Tis not our fault; but our mothers, our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cockneys*." In the passages cited from the *Tournament of Tottenham* and *Heywood* it literally means a *little cock*.

<sup>18</sup> This innocent passage has been worried and persecuted with a great deal of comment. The plain meaning of it is, — "You less know how to value Goneril's merit, than she knows how to be wanting in duty." H

*Lear.* Say, how is that ?

*Reg.* I cannot think my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance,  
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,  
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,  
As clears her from all blame.<sup>19</sup>

*Lear.* My curses on her !

*Reg.* O, sir ! you are old ;  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine : you should be rul'd, and led  
By some discretion, that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,  
That to our sister you do make return ;  
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.<sup>20</sup>

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness ?  
Do you but mark how this becomes the house :<sup>21</sup>  
“ Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;  
Age is unnecessary :<sup>22</sup> on my knees I beg,  
[*Kneeling.*  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.”

*Reg.* Good sir, no more : these are unsightly  
tricks.

Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* Never, Regan :

<sup>19</sup> This and the preceding speeches are found only in the folio.

H.

<sup>20</sup> Nothing is so heart-cutting as a cold unexpected defence or palliation of a cruelty passionately complained of, or so expressive of thorough hard-heartedness. And feel the excessive horror of Regan's "O, sir ! you are old ;" — and then her drawing from that universal object of reverence and indulgence the very reason of her frightful conclusion : "Say, you have wrong'd her." All Lear's faults increase our pity for him. We refuse to know them otherwise than as means of his sufferings, and aggravations of his daughters' ingratitude. — COLERIDGE.

H.

<sup>21</sup> That is, the order of families, duties of relation.

<sup>22</sup> *Unnecessary* is here used in the sense of *necessitous* in want of necessities and unable to procure them.

She hath abated me of half my train  
 Look'd black upon me ; struck me with her tongue,  
 Most serpent-like, upon the very heart. —  
 All the stor'd vengeances of Heaven fall  
 On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,  
 You taking airs, with lameness !

*Corn.*

Fie, sir, fie !

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding  
 flames.

Into her scorful eyes ! Infect her beauty,  
 You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,  
 To fall and blast her pride !<sup>23</sup>

*Reg.* O, the blest gods ! so will you wish on me,  
 When the rash mood is on.

*Lear.* No, Regan ; thou shalt never have my  
 curse :

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give<sup>24</sup>  
 Thee o'er to harshness : her eyes are fierce ; but  
 thine

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee  
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off' my train,  
 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,<sup>25</sup>

<sup>23</sup> The folio simply has "fall and blister" instead of "fall and blast her pride." *Fall* seems here to be used as an active verb, signifying to humble or pull down. "Ye fen-suck'd fogs, infect her beauty, so as to humble and destroy her pride."

<sup>24</sup> *Tender-hefted* is the reading of the folio ; the quartos read *tender-hested*. Editors have been somewhat in doubt which to prefer. The Poet uses *hests* in the sense of *behests* : he also has *hefts* in the sense of *heavings*, as in *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. sc. 1 : "He cracks his gorge, his sides, with violent *hefts*." Mr. Collier's second folio changes the text to *tender-hearted*, and the same change is made in a copy of the second folio owned by Mr. Singer. "*Tender-hearted nature*" does not *seem* right to us. We have no doubt that *tender-hefted* was the Poet's word, as it gives the sense of a nature breathing or sighing tenderly or with tenderness.

H.

<sup>25</sup> A *size* is a portion or allotment of food. The term *sizer* is

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt  
 Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;  
 Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,  
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good sir, to th' purpose.

*Lear.* Who put my man i'the stocks?

[*Trumpets within.*]

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

*Enter the Steward.*

*Reg.* I know't my sister's: this approves her  
 letter,

That she would soon be here.— Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride  
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—  
 Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

*Lear.* Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have  
 good hope  
 Thou didst not know on't.— Who comes here? O  
 heavens!

*Enter GONERIL.*

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
 Allow obedience,<sup>26</sup> if yourselves are old,  
 Make it your cause; send down, and take my  
 part!—

[*To GONERIL.*] Art not asham'd to look upon this  
 beard?—

O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?

still used at Cambridge for one of the lowest rank of students, living on a stated allowance.

<sup>26</sup> *To allow* is to approve, in old phraseology. Thus in Psalm xi.: "The Lord alloweth the righteous."



*Gon.* Why not by th' hand, sir? How have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,  
And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O sides! you are too tough:  
Will you yet hold? — How came my man i'the stocks?

*Corn.* I set him there, sir; but his own disorders  
Deserv'd much less advancement.

*Lear.* You! did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak, seem sc.<sup>27</sup>  
If, till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:  
I am now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o'the air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl, —  
Necessity's sharp pinch!<sup>28</sup> — Return with her?  
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took  
Our youngest-born, I could as well be brought  
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg  
To keep base life afoot. — Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter<sup>29</sup>  
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*]

*Gon.* At your choice, sir.

*Lear.* I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;  
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

<sup>27</sup> Since you are weak, be content to think yourself so.

<sup>28</sup> The words, "necessity's sharp pinch!" appear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched sort of existence he had described in the preceding lines.

<sup>29</sup> *Sumpter* is generally united with *horse* or *mule*, to signify one that carried provisions or other necessaries.

We'll no more meet, no more see one another.  
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;  
 Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,  
 Which I must needs call mine : thou art a boil,  
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,<sup>30</sup>  
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;  
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :  
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.  
 Mend, when thou canst ; be better at thy leisure :  
 I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,  
 I, and my hundred knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so :  
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
 For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister ;  
 For those that mingle reason with your passion  
 Must be content to think you old, and so —  
 But she knows what she does.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken ?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, sir. What ! fifty follow-  
 ers ?

Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?  
 Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger  
 Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one  
 house,

Should many people, under two commands,  
 Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almost impossible.

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, receive at  
 tendance  
 From those that she calls servants, or from mine ?

*Reg.* Why not, my lord ? If then they chanc'd  
 to slack you,  
 We could control them. If you will come to me,

<sup>30</sup> *Embossed* here means *swelling, protuberant*.

(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you  
To bring but five-and-twenty : to no more  
Will I give place or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all —

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.<sup>31</sup>

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;  
But kept a reservation to be follow'd  
With such a number. What ! must I come to you  
With five-and-twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

*Reg.* And speak 't again, my lord ; no more with  
me.

*Lear.* 'Those wicked creatures yet do look well-  
favour'd,

When others are more wicked : not being the worst,  
Stands in some rank of praise. — [*To GONER.*] I'll  
go with thee :

'Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,  
And thou art twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord :

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,  
To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you ?

<sup>31</sup> Observe what a compact wolfishness of heart is expressed in these few cold and steady words ! It is chiefly in this readiness of envenomed sarcasm that Regan is discriminated from Goneril : otherwise they seem almost too much like mere repetitions of each other to come fairly within the circle of nature, who never repeats herself. Yet their very agreement in temper and spirit only makes them the fitter for the work they do. For the sameness of treatment thence proceeding renders their course the more galling and unbearable, by causing it to appear the result of a set purpose, a conspiracy coolly formed and unrelentingly pursued. That they should lay on their father the blame of their own ingratitude, and stick their poisoned tongues into him under pretence of doing him good, is a further refinement of cruelty, not more natural to them than tormenting to him. On the whole, it is not easy to imagine how creatures could be framed more apt to drive mad any one who had set his heart on receiving any comfort or kindness from them.

*Reg.* What need one ?

*Lear.* O ! reason not the need ; our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous :<sup>32</sup>

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady :

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need, —

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks ! — No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both

That all the world shall — I will do such things, —

What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;

No, I'll not weep : — [*Storm heard at a distance.*

I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,<sup>33</sup>

Or e'er I'll weep. — O fool ! I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt LEAR, GLOS., KENT. and the Fool.*

*Corn.* Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

<sup>32</sup> Observe, that the tranquillity which follows the first stunning of the blow permits Lear to reason. — COLERIDGE. H.

<sup>33</sup> *Flaws* anciently signified *fragments*, as well as mere *cracks*. The word, as Bailey observes, was “ especially applied to the breaking off *shivers* or thin pieces from precious stones.”

*Reg.* This house is little : the old man and 's  
people  
Cannot be well bestow'd.

*Gon.* 'Tis his own blame ; hath put himself from  
rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,  
But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd.  
Where is my lord of Gloster ?

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth. —

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

He is return'd.

*Glo.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going ?<sup>34</sup>

*Glo.* He calls to horse ; but will I know not  
whither.

*Corn.* 'Tis best to give him way. He leads himself.

*Gon.* My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

*Glo.* Alack ! the night comes on, and the bleak  
winds

Do sorely ruffle ;<sup>35</sup> for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O sir ! to wilful men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors :  
He is attended with a desperate train ;  
And what they may incense him to, being apt  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

<sup>34</sup> This question, and the words, "He calls to horse," of *Gloster's* reply, are found only in the folio. H.

<sup>35</sup> Thus the folio. The quartos read, "Do sorely *russel*," that is, rusile. But *ruffle* is most probably the true reading. — The folio has "high winds" instead of "bleak winds." H.

*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord ; 'tis a wild night :

My Regan counsels well. Come out o'the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. A Heath.

A Storm heard, with Thunder and Lightning

*Enter* KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

*Kent.* Who's here, besides foul weather ?

*Gent.* One minded, like the weather, most un quietly.

*Kent.* I know you : Where's the king ?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful elements ;  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,<sup>1</sup>  
That things might change, or cease ;<sup>2</sup> tears his white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of ;  
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn  
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

<sup>1</sup> The *main* seems to signify here the *main land*, the continent. So in Bacon's Wars with Spain : " In 1589 we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain." This interpretation sets the two objects of Lear's desire in proper opposition to each other. He wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the water, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land.

All that follows of this speech is wanting in the folio. H

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear<sup>3</sup> would  
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool, who labours to outjest  
His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you,  
And dare upon the warrant of my note,<sup>4</sup>  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,  
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;  
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars<sup>5</sup>  
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;  
Which are to France the spies and speculators  
Intelligent of our state;<sup>6</sup> what hath been seen,

<sup>3</sup> That is, a bear whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.

<sup>4</sup> So in the folio; meaning, of course, my knowledge or observation of your character. The quartos read, "warrant of my art;" which some editors prefer, explaining it "my skill to find the mind's construction in the face." But it appears that Kent "knows his man," and therefore has no occasion to use the *art* or *skill* in question.

H.

<sup>5</sup> This and seven following lines are not in the quartos. The lines lower down, from "But, true it is," to the end of the speech, are not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former lines are read, and the latter omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakespeare's last copy: but in this speech the first is preferable; for in the folio the messenger is sent, he knows not why, nor whither.

<sup>6</sup> That is, "who seem the servants of Albany and Cornwall, but are really engaged in the service of France as spies, having knowledge of our state; of what hath been seen here," &c. The original has *speculations* instead of *speculators*. The change is confidently proposed by Mr. Singer, who found it written in his copy of the second folio. Of course, *speculator* is used in the sense of an *observer*, one who has "*speculation* in his eyes."

Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne  
 Against the old kind king ; or something deeper,  
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings.<sup>8</sup>  
 But, true it is, from France there comes a power  
 Into this scatter'd kingdom ; who already,  
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet<sup>9</sup>  
 In some of our best ports, and are at point  
 To show their open banner. — Now to you :  
 If on my credit you dare build so far  
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find  
 Some that will thank you, making just report  
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
 The king hath cause to plain.  
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,  
 And from some knowledge and assurance offer  
 This office to you.

*Gent.* I will talk further with you.

*Kent.*

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more  
 Than my out wall, open this purse, and take  
 What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,  
 (As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring,  
 And she will tell you who that fellow is<sup>10</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

<sup>8</sup> That is, whereof these things are but the trimmings or appendages ; not the thing itself, but only the circumstances or *furniture* of the thing. The word is commonly explained as meaning a *sample* or *specimen* ; which is contradicted by the use of *something deeper* ; for the things in question could not well be a *sample* of *something deeper* than themselves. Mr. Collier's second folio changes furnishings to *flourishings*. No change is needed.

H.

<sup>9</sup> That is, secret *footing*. One of the quartos has "secret *fee*." The passage, as already noted, is not in the folio.

H.

<sup>10</sup> The quartos have *your* instead of *that*. *Fellow* was often used for *companion*.

H.



That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm !  
I will go seek the king.

*Gent.* Give me your hand: Have you no more  
to say ?

*Kent.* Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet ;  
That, when we have found the king, (in which your  
pain

That way, I'll this,) he that first lights on him,  
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally*]

## SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

*Enter LEAR and the Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks ! rage !  
blow !

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout,  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the  
cocks !

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,<sup>1</sup>  
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking thun-  
der,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world !  
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once,<sup>2</sup>  
That make ingrateful man !

*Fool.* O nuncle ! court holy-water in a dry house

<sup>1</sup> Doing execution with the celerity of thought. *Vaunt couriers* originally meant the foremost scouts of an army.

<sup>2</sup> There is a parallel passage in *The Winter's Tale*: "Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together, and mar the *seeds* with in." See *Macbeth*, Act iv. sc. 1, note 6.

is better than this rain-water out o'door.<sup>3</sup> Good muncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness; I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription:<sup>4</sup> then, let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:— But yet I call you servile ministers, That will with two pernicious daughters join<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Court holy-water* is fair words and flattering speeches. "*Gonfiare alcuno*," says Florio, "to soothe or flatter one, to set one agogge, or with fair words bring him into a foole's paradise; to fill one with hopes, or *court holie-water*."

<sup>4</sup> That is, *submission*, obedience. See Act i. sc. 2, note 4.

<sup>5</sup> So the folio. The quartos read, *have join'd* instead of *will join*. The future is often used with the sense of the present.— These speeches of Lear amid the tempest contain, we think, the grandest exhibition of creative power to be met with. They seem spun out of the very nerves and sinews of the storm. It is the instinct of strong passion to lay hold of whatever objects and occurrences lie nearest at hand, and twist itself a language out of them, incorporating itself with their substance, and reproducing them charged with its own life. To Lear, accordingly, and to us in his presence, the storm becomes all expressive of filial ingratitude; seems spitting its fire, and spouting its water, and hurling its blasts against him. Thus the terrific energies and hostilities of external nature take all their meaning from his mind; and we think of them only as the willing agents or instruments of his daughters' malice, leagued in sympathy with them, and so taking their part in the controversy. In this power of imagination, thus seizing and crushing the embattled elements into its service, there is a sublimity almost too vast for the thoughts. Observe, too, how the thread of association between moral and material nature conducts Lear to the strain of half-insane, half-inspired moralizing in his next speech but one, closing with the pathetic exception of himself from the list of those to whom the tempest speaks as a preacher of repentance and "judgment to come." H.

Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

*Fool.* He that has a house to put 's head in has  
a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,  
Before the head has any,  
The head and he shall louse;—  
So beggars marry many.  
The man that makes his toe  
What he his heart should make,  
Shall of a corn cry woe,  
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman, but she made  
months in a glass.

*Enter KENT.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience;  
I will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece;<sup>6</sup>  
that's a wise man, and a fool.

*Kent.* Alas, sir! are you here? things that love  
night,

Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies  
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,<sup>7</sup>  
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot  
carry  
Th' affliction, nor the fear.

<sup>6</sup> Meaning the king and himself. The king's *grace* was the usual expression in Shakespeare's time: perhaps the latter phrase alludes to the saying of a contemporary wit, that there is *no discretion below the girdle*.

<sup>7</sup> To *gallow* is to *frighten*, to *scare*. In the corrupted form of *to gally* it is still in use in some parts of England.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
 That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,<sup>8</sup>  
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
 Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody  
 hand;  
 Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue,<sup>9</sup>  
 That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,  
 That under covert and convenient seeming  
 Hast practis'd on man's life: Close pent-up guilts,  
 Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
 These dreadful summoners grace.<sup>10</sup> I am a man  
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack, bare-headed  
 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest  
 Repose you there; while I to this hard house  
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;  
 Which even but now, demanding after you,  
 Denied me to come in) return, and force  
 Their scanted courtesy.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.—  
 Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?  
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fel-  
 low?

<sup>8</sup> *Pudder* is the word used in the folio; commonly changed in modern editions to *pother*, which is but another form of *pudder*. One of the quartos has *powther*; the others, *thundering*. H.

<sup>9</sup> So the folio; the quartos read, "simular *man* of virtue." Of course, *simular* (perhaps it should be *simulor* or *simuler*) means a *simulator*, one who puts on the show of what he is not, as a *dissimulator* is one who puts off the show of what he is. The addition of *man* hurts both the sense and the metre. H.

<sup>10</sup> *Continent* for that which *contains* or *encloses*. Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "Heart, once be stronger than thy *continent*." The quartos read, *concealed centers*.—*Summoners* are officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal

The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come, your  
hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry ye for thee.

*Fool.* [*Sings.*] He that has a little tiny wit—  
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain—  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
For the rain it raineth every day.<sup>11</sup>

*Lear.* True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to  
this hovel. [*Exeunt* LEAR and KENT.

*Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a courtesan  
—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;  
When brewers mar their malt with water;  
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;  
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;  
When every case in law is right;  
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;  
When slanders do not live in tongues,  
Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;  
When usurers tell their gold i'the field,  
And bawds and whores do churches build;—  
Then shall the realm of Albion  
Come to great confusion:  
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,  
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before  
his time.<sup>12</sup> [*Exit.*

<sup>11</sup> Part of the Clown's song at the end of *Twelfth Night*. Here the folio inserts *and* after *has* in the first line, and reads *Though* instead of *For* in the fourth. H.

<sup>12</sup> The whole of this speech is wanting in the quartos. Two lines of the Fool's "prophecy" are slightly varied from two lines

## SCENE III. A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

*Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

*Glo.* Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

*Edm.* Most savage, and unnatural!

*Glo.* Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken:—I have lock'd the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed:<sup>1</sup> we must incline to the king. I will seek him,<sup>2</sup> and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too. This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses; no less than all: The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*]

in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesy*, 1589, as there quoted from Chaucer's *Prophecy*, though really of an earlier date:

“Then shall the realm of Albion  
Be brought to great confusion.”

H.

<sup>1</sup> The quartos read, *landed*.

<sup>2</sup> So the quartos; the folio has “*look him*.”

H.

## SCENE IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

*Enter* LEAR, KENT, and the Fool.

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord,  
enter :

The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart ?

*Kent.* I had rather break mine own. Good my  
lord, enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much, that this conten-  
tious storm

Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear ;  
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,<sup>1</sup>  
Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the  
mind's free,

<sup>1</sup> So in two of the quartos ; in the other quarto and the folio, "*rcaring* sea."—We will here subjoin Coleridge's remarks on this scene : "O, what a world's convention of agonies is here ! All external nature in a storm, all moral nature convulsed,—the real madness of Lear, the feigned madness of Edgar, the babbling of the Fool, the desperate fidelity of Kent,—surely such a scene was never conceived before or since ! Take it but as a picture for the eye only, it is more terrific than any which a Michael Angelo, inspired by a Dante, could have conceived, and which none but a Michael Angelo could have executed. Or let it have been uttered to the blind, the howlings of nature would seem converted into the voice of conscious humanity. This scene ends with the first symptoms of positive derangement ; and the intervention of the fifth scene is particularly judicious ; the interruption allowing an interval for Lear to appear in full madness in the sixth scene."

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind  
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
 Save what beats there. — Filial ingratitude !  
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
 For lifting food to't ? — But I will punish home : —  
 No, I will weep no more. — In such a night  
 To shut me out ! — Pour on ; I will endure :<sup>2</sup> —  
 In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril ! —  
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave  
 all, —

O ! that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;  
 No more of that.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own  
 ease :

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
 On things would hurt me more. — But I'll go in :  
 [*To the Fool.*] In, boy ; go first. — You houseless  
 poverty,<sup>3</sup> —

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. —  
 [*The Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness,<sup>4</sup> defend you  
 From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en  
 Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;  
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;  
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,  
 And show the heavens more just.

<sup>2</sup> This line is not in the quartos.

<sup>3</sup> This line and the next are only in the folio.

<sup>4</sup> *Loop'd* and *window'd* is full of holes and apertures. The allusion is to loop-holes, such as are found in ancient castles, and designed for the admission of light, where windows would have been uncommodious.



*Edg.* [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!<sup>5</sup> [*The Fool runs out.*

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

*Kent.* Give me thy hand. — Who's there?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit! he says his name's poor Tom.

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i'the straw?

Come forth.

*Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.*

*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me! — Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. — Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.<sup>6</sup>

*Lear.* Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire;<sup>7</sup> that hath laid knives under his pillow

<sup>5</sup> This speech of Edgar's is not in the quartos. He gives the sign used by those who are sounding the depth at sea.

<sup>6</sup> The folio omits the word *cold*, both in this and the preceding lines. "Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee." occurs again in *The Taming of the Shrew*. See Induction, sc. 1, note 5. In the next speech, also, the folio reads, "*Didst* thou give all to thy daughters?" — Coleridge remarks upon the matter of this scene as follows: "Edgar's assumed madness serves the great purpose of taking off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of Lear, and further displays the profound difference between the two. In every attempt at representing madness throughout the whole range of dramatic literature, with the single exception of Lear, it is mere light-headedness, especially in Otway. In Edgar's ravings Shakespeare all the while lets you see a fixed purpose, a practical end in view; — in Lear's, there is only the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression."

H.

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction.

and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge;<sup>8</sup> made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. — Bless thy five wits!<sup>9</sup> Tom's a-cold. — O, do de, do de, do de.<sup>10</sup> — Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!<sup>11</sup> Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. — There could I have him now, — and there, — and there, — and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*

*Lear.* What!<sup>12</sup> have his daughters brought him to this pass? —

<sup>8</sup> So in Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures: "This examinant further saith, that one Alexander, an apothecary, having brought with him from London on a time a new halter and two blades of knives, did leave the same upon the gallery floor in her master's house. A great search was made in the house, to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither, till Ma. Mainy, in his next fit, said it was reported that the devil laid them in the gallery, that some of those that were possessed might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades." — Fiends were commonly represented as thus tempting the wretched to suicide. So in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:

"Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel  
Are laid before me, to despatch myself." H.

<sup>9</sup> The five senses were formerly called the *five wits*. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i. sc. 1, note 3. An apt illustration occurs in an ancient interlude entitled *The Worlde and the Chylde*, and reprinted in the last edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*:

"Forsoth, syr, herynge, seyng, and smellynge,  
The remenaunte tastyng, and felyng;  
These ben the v. wittes bodely." H.

<sup>10</sup> These syllables are probably meant to represent the chattering of one who shivers with cold. H.

<sup>11</sup> To *take* is to strike with malignant influence. So in Act ii. sc. 4, of this play: "Strike her young bones, you *taking* airs, with lameness!" See, also, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv sc. 4, note 2. H.

<sup>12</sup> *What!* is wanting in the folio. And in the next line the folio has *would'st* instead of *didst*. H.

Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give 'em  
all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had  
been all sham'd.

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous  
air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd  
nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. —

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.<sup>13</sup>

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill: —

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!<sup>14</sup>

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools and  
madmen.

*Edg.* Take heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy par-  
ents; keep thy word justly;<sup>15</sup> swear not; commit  
not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet-  
heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and mind;

<sup>13</sup> The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. The allusions to this fable are very numerous in old writers. See Hamlet, Act iv. sc. 5, note 24.

<sup>14</sup> In illustration of this, Mr. Halliwell has pointed out the following couplet in Ritson's Gammer Gurton's Garland:

“Pillycock, Pillycock sat on a hill;  
If he's not gone, he sits there still.”

He adds, that the meaning of *Pillicock* is found in manuscripts of as early a date as the thirteenth century. Cotgrave interprets “*Mon Turelureau, My PILLICOCK, my pretty knave.*” *Killico* is one of the devils mentioned in Harsnet's book. H.

<sup>15</sup> So the quartos; the folio, “keep thy word's justice.” H

that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap,<sup>16</sup> serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman out-paramour'd the Turk: false of heart, light of ear,<sup>17</sup> bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.<sup>18</sup> Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets,<sup>19</sup> thy pen from lenders'

<sup>16</sup> *Gloves* were anciently worn in the cap, either as the favour of a mistress, or as the memorial of a friend, or as a badge to be challenged. Thus, in the answer which Percy reports from Prince Henry, in King Richard II., Act v. sc. 3:

“ His answer was,—he would unto the stews,  
And from the commonest creature pluck a *glove*,  
And wear it as a favour; and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.”

H.

<sup>17</sup> *Light of ear* means “sinning with the ear;” that is, greedy or credulous of slanders and malicious reports.

H.

<sup>18</sup> “Then Ma. Mainy, by the instigation of the first of the seven [spirits], began to set his hands unto his side, *curled his hair*, and used such gestures as Ma. Edmunds [the exorcist] presently affirmed that that spirit was *Pride*. Herewith he began to curse and banne, saying, What a poxe do I here? I will stay no longer among a company of rascal priests, but go to the court, and brave it amongst my fellows, the noblemen there assembled.” — “Shortly after they [the seven spirits] were all cast forth, and in such manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil should depart in some certaine forme, representing either a beast or some other creature that had the resemblance of that sinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the spirit of *Pride* departed in the forme of a *peacock*; the spirit of *Sloth* in the likeness of an *asse*; the spirit of *Enrie* in the similitude of a *dog*, the spirit of *Gluttony* in the form of a *wolfe*; and the other devils had also in their departure their particular likenesses agreeable to their natures.” — *Harsnet's Declaration*.

<sup>19</sup> A *placket* is a covering for the breast. See *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 3, note 44.

H.

books, and defy the foul fiend. — Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says, suum, mun, ha no nonny: Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.<sup>20</sup> [*Storm still continues*

*Lear.* Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. — Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. — Ha! here's three on 's are sophisticated.<sup>21</sup> Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. — Off, off! you lendings: — Come; unbutton here. [*Tearing off his Clothes.*

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.<sup>22</sup> — Now, a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. — Look, here comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet:<sup>23</sup> he

<sup>20</sup> The quartos have *cease* instead of *sessa*, which the folio prints *sesey*. *Sessa* means *cease, be quiet*; so used by Sly in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 1, note 3. — In a very old ballad, written on some battle in France, occurs the following:

“Dolphin my boy, my boy, cease, let him trot by;  
It seemeth not that such a foe from me or you would fly.”

The ballad represents that the French King, unwilling to put the *Dauphin's* courage to trial, keeps objecting to the champions that appear, and repeats every time the first of the lines quoted; and at last has a dead body propped up against a tree, for him to try his valour upon.

H.

<sup>21</sup> Meaning, probably, himself, Kent, and the Fool; and they three are sophisticated out of nature in wearing clothes. Therefore, to become unsophisticated, he will off with his “lendings,” and be as Edgar is.

H.

<sup>22</sup> *Naughty* signifies *bad, unfit, improper*. This epithet, which, as it stands here, excites a smile, in the age of Shakespeare was employed on serious occasions.

<sup>23</sup> The name of this fiend, and most of the fiends mentioned by

begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; he gives the web and the pin,<sup>24</sup> squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip ; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

St. Withold footed thrice the wold ;  
 He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;  
     Bid her alight,  
     And her troth plight,  
 And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee !<sup>25</sup>

*Kent.* How fares your grace ?

Edgar were found in Bishop Harsnet's book, among those which the Jesuits, about the time of the Spanish invasion, pretended to cast out, for the purpose of making converts : "*Frateretto, Fliberdigibet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto*, were four devils of the round or morrice. These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse." Flebergibbe is used by Latimer for a sycophant. And Cotgrave explains Coquette by a *Flebergibet* or Titifill. It was an old tradition that spirits were relieved from confinement at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of the day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crowing. Hence, in *The Tempest*, they are said to "rejoice to hear the solemn curfew."

<sup>24</sup> The *pin* and *web* is a disease of the eyes resembling the cat aract in an imperfect stage.

<sup>25</sup> In the old copies *St. Withold* is contracted into *Swithold*, and *wold* is printed *old*. *Wold* is a plain open country, whether hilly or not ; formerly spelt *old*, *ould*, and *wold*, indifferently. In 2 Henry IV., Act iii. sc. 2, we are told of "Will Squele a *Cots-wold* man." Who *St. Withold* was, or was supposed to have been, is uncertain. *Nine-fold* is put for *nine foals*, to rhyme with *wold*. The *troth-plight* here referred to was meant as a charm against the *night-mare*.— There is some diversity of opinion as to the origin and meaning of *aroint*. See *Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 3, note 1. "*Aroint* thee, witch," seems there to have been used as a charm against witchcraft ; and the angry threatenings of the Witch at having it pronounced to her by the "rump-fed ronyon" looks as if she had been baffled by it. And we learn from *Wilbraham's Glossary of Cheshire words*, that "*rynt* thee" is used by milk-maids when the cows are supposed to be bewitched, and will not stand still. So that the more likely meaning seems to be *stand off* or *begone* ; something like the "get thee behind me, of Scripture.

*Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.*

*Lear.* What's he ?

*Kent.* Who's there ? What is't you seek ?

*Glo.* What are you there ? Your names ?

*Edg.* Poor Tom ; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water ;<sup>26</sup> that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets ; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog ; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool ; who is whipp'd from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd ;<sup>27</sup> who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear, —

But mice and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

<sup>26</sup> That is, and the water-newt.

<sup>27</sup> "From *tything* to *tything*" is from *parish* to *parish*. The severities inflicted on the wretched beings, one of whom Edgar is here personating, are set forth in Harrison's Description of England, published with Holinshed's Chronicle : "The rogue being apprehended, committed to prison, and tried at the next assizes, if he be convicted for a vagabond, he is then adjudged to be grievously whipped, and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron, as a manifestation of his wicked life, and due punishment received for the same. If he be taken the second time, he shall then be whipped again, bored likewise through the other ear, and set to service ; from whence if he depart before a year be expired, and happen afterwards to be attached, he is condemned to suffer pains of death as a felon, without benefit of clergy or sanctuary, as by the statute doth appear." And by an Act of Parliament in 1597, such a person was "to be stripped naked from the middle upwards, and to be whipped until his body was bloody, and to be sent from parish to parish, the next straight way to the place of his birth." — The couplet with which this sentence ends is founded on one in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, who was confined seven years in a dungeon :

"Rattes and myce and such smal dere  
Was his meate that seven yere."

Beware my follower. — Peace, Smulkin !<sup>28</sup> peace, thou fiend !

*Glo.* What ! hath your grace no better company ?

*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman :  
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.<sup>29</sup>

*Glo.* Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer  
T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands :  
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,  
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,  
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,  
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher. —  
What is the cause of thunder ?

*Kent.* Good my lord, take his offer ; go into the house.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same learned  
Theban. —

What is your study ?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

<sup>28</sup> So the name is spelt in the folio ; in the quartos, *Snulbug Smolkin* is the name of one of the spirits mentioned by Harsnet.  
H.

<sup>29</sup> So in Harsnet's Declaration : "*Maho* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams ; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend, called *Modu*." Again the said Richard Mainy deposes : " Furtnermore it is pretended, that there remaineth still in mee the prince of devils, whose name should be *Modu*." In the *Goblins*, by Sir John Suckling, a catch is introduced, which concludes with these two lines :

"The prince of darkness is a gentleman :  
*Mahu, Mahu* is his name."



*Lear.* Let me ask you one word in private.

*Kent.* Importune him once more to go, my lord,  
His wits begin t' unsettle.<sup>30</sup>

*Glo.* Canst thou blame him?  
His daughters seek his death.— Ah, that good  
Kent!—

He said it would be thus:— Poor banish'd man!—  
Thou say'st the king grows mad: I'll tell thee,  
friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,  
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,  
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,—  
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!  
I do beseech your grace,—

*Lear.* O, cry you mercy, sir!—  
Noble philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* In, fellow, there, into the hovel; keep thee  
warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*Lear.* With him:  
I will keep still with my philosopher.

<sup>30</sup> Lord Orford has the following in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*: "When Belvidera talks of *lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of Amber*, she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn of a head discomposed by misfortune is that of King Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate; we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet."

*Kent.* Good my lord, soothe him ; let him take the fellow.

*Glo.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian.

*Glo.* No words, no words : hush.

*Edg.* Child Rowland to the dark tower came,  
His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a British man.<sup>31</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

*Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

*Corn.* I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death ;

<sup>31</sup> In the second part of *Jack and the Giants*, which, if not older than the play, may have been compiled from something that was so, are the following, spoken by a giant :

“ Fee, faw, fun,  
I smell the blood of an Englishman :  
Be he alive, or be he dead,  
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.”

*Child Rowland*, it appears, was the youngest son of King Arthur Capell thinks a line has been lost, “ which spoke of some giant, the inhabitant of that tower, and the smeller-out of Child Rowland who comes to encounter him ;” and he proposes to fill up the passage thus :

“ Child Rowland to the dark tower came ;  
*The giant roar'd, and out he ran :*  
His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a British mau.”

but a provoking merit,<sup>1</sup> set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

*Corn.* Go with me to the duchess.

*Edm.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*Corn.* True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

*Edm.* [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — [*To him.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.<sup>2</sup> [*Exeunt*

## SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

*Enter* GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, *the* FOOL, and EDGAR.

*Glo.* Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits has given way

<sup>1</sup> Cornwall seems to mean the merit of Edmund; which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated Edgar to seek his father's death.

<sup>2</sup> So the quartos; the folio has *dear* instead of *dearer*. H.

to his impatience. — The gods reward your kindness !

[Exit GLOSTER.]

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.<sup>1</sup>

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman ?

*Lear.* A king, a king !

*Fool.* No : he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son ; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits Come whizzing in upon 'em : —

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.<sup>2</sup>

*Fool.* He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health,<sup>3</sup> a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

*Lear.* It shall be done ; I will arraign them straight. —

[To EDGAR.] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer ;<sup>4</sup> —

<sup>1</sup> Rabelais says that Nero was a fiddler in hell, and Trajan an angler. The history of Garagantua had appeared in English before 1575, being mentioned in Laneham's Letter from Killingworth, printed in that year. *Fools* were anciently termed *innocents*. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. sc. 3 : "The sheriff's fool — a dumb *innocent*, that could not say him nay."

<sup>2</sup> This speech, and all that follows, ending, "False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape," is wanting in the folio. H.

<sup>3</sup> So in all the old copies. Several commentators are very positive it should be "a horse's *heels*," there being an old proverb in Ray's Collection, — "Trust not a horse's heels, nor a dog's tooth." But men that way skilled know it is about as unsafe to trust in the soundness of a horse, as in the other things mentioned by the Fool. H.

<sup>4</sup> *Justicer* is the older and better word for what we now call a justice. See *Cymbeline*, Act v. sc. 5, note 7. The old copies have *justice* here ; but the change is warranted by "false *justicer*," a little after. H.

[*To the Fool.*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. — Now,  
you she foxes! —

*Edg.* Look, where he stands and glares! —  
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam? <sup>5</sup>

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me: —

*Fool.* Her boat hath a leak,  
And she must not speak  
Why she dares not come over to thee. <sup>6</sup>

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the  
voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's  
belly for two white herring. Croak not, black  
angel; I have no food for thee.

*Kent.* How do you, sir? Stand you not so  
amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first. — Bring in the evi-  
dence. —

[*To EDGAR.*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy  
place; —

[*To the Fool.*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

<sup>5</sup> When Edgar says, "Look, where he stands and glares!" he seems to be speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend. "Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?" is a question addressed to some visionary spectator, and may mean no more than "Do you want eyes when you should use them most, that you cannot see this spectre?"

<sup>6</sup> The *bound* here meant is evidently a brook or rivulet, as streams of all sorts are apt to be taken for *boundaries*. "A *Songe* betweene the Queene's Majestie and Englande," begins thus:

"Come over the bourn, Bessy,  
Come over the bourn, Bessy,  
Sweet Bessy, come over to me;  
And I shall thee take,  
And my dear lady make  
Before all that ever I see."

This was written by Birch in imitation of an older song; which older song may have furnished the stanza in the text. H.

Bench by his side. — [To KENT.] You are of the commission,

Sit you, too.

*Edg.* Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?

Thy sheep be in the corn ;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,<sup>7</sup>

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

*Pur!* the cat is gray.

*Lear.* Arraign her first ; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress : Is your name Goneril ?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool.

*Lear.* And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of. — Stop her there ! Arms, arms, sword, fire ! — Corruption in the place ! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape ?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits !

*Kent.* O pity ! — Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain ?

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see ! they bark at me.

<sup>7</sup> *Minikin* was anciently a term of endearment. Baret, in his *Alvearie*, interprets *feat* by "proper, well-fashioned, *minikin*, handsome."

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them. — Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,  
Tooth that poisons if it bite ;  
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,  
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym ;<sup>8</sup>  
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail ;  
Tom will make them weep and wail :  
For, with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. See, see !<sup>9</sup> Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns. — Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.<sup>10</sup>

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts ? — You, sir, [*To EDGAR.*] I entertain for one of my hundred ; only I do not like the fashion of your garments :

<sup>8</sup> A *lym* or *lyme* was a *blood-hound* ; sometimes also called a *limmer* or *leamer* ; from the *leam* or *leash*, in which he was held till he was let slip. In the old copies it is misprinted *Hym*.

<sup>9</sup> This is commonly printed *Sessa*. In the folio it is *sese* ; the quartos have nothing answering to it. *Sessa* may be right ; but we agree with Mr. Collier that it is “ more probably an exclamation by Edgar, directing attention to the supposed flight of the dogs.”

<sup>10</sup> A *horn* was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him, with whatever scraps of food they might give him. When, therefore, Edgar says *his horn is dry*, or *empty*, he merely means, in the language of the character he assumes, to supplicate that it may be filled with drink. So in a tract entitled “ *Coach and Sedan, pleasantly Disputing*,” 1636 : “ I have observed when a coach is appendant but two or three hundred pounds a yeere, marke it, the dogges are as leane as rakes ; you may tell all their ribbes lying by the fire ; and *Tom a Bedlam* may sooner eat *his horne* than get it filled with *small drinke*, and for his old almes of *bæcon* there is no hope in the world.”

you will say, they are Persian ;<sup>11</sup> but let them be chang'd.

*Kent.* Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise : draw the curtains. So, so, so : we'll go to supper i'the morning : so, so, so.

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.<sup>12</sup>

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Come hither, friend : Where is the king my master ?

*Kent.* Here, sir ; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

*Glo.* Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms ;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready ; lay him in't,

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

<sup>11</sup> The quartos have *attire* after *Persian* ; also *you* after *entertain*, in the second line above. We prefer the folio reading.

H.

<sup>12</sup> These words, found only in the folio, are the last we have from the precious Fool. They are probably meant as a characteristic notice that the poor dear fellow's heart is breaking. He has been pining away ever "since my young lady's going into France," and now a still deeper sorrow has fallen upon him : his beloved master's wits are all shattered in pieces, so that he has no longer any thing to live for ; he feels that he cannot survive to see the evening of the terrible day that has overtaken him ; and even this feeling must play out in a witticism. Well may Ulrici call his humour "the sublime of Comic."

H.



Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up ;  
 And follow me, that will to some provision  
 Give thee quick conduct.<sup>13</sup>

*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps :—  
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,  
 Which, if convenience will not allow,  
 Stand in hard cure. — [*To the Fool.*] Come, help to  
 bear thy master ;  
 Thou must not stay behind.

*Glo.* Come, come, away.  
 [*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool,*  
*bearing off the King.*]

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes,  
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.  
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i'the mind,  
 Leaving free things and happy shows behind ;  
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,  
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.  
 How light and portable my pain seems now,  
 When that which makes me bend makes the king  
 bow :  
 He childed, as I father'd ! — Tom, away !  
 Mark the high noises ;<sup>14</sup> and thyself bewray,  
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles  
 thee,  
 In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.  
 What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king !  
 Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

<sup>13</sup> The folio ends this scene here, merely adding, "Come come, away," to Gloster's speech. The rest of the scene is in all the quartos.

<sup>14</sup> The great events that are approaching.

## SCENE VII. A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and*  
*Servants.*

*Corn.* Post speedily to my lord your husband ;  
show him this letter : — the army of France is land-  
ed. — Seek out the traitor Gloster.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

*Reg.* Hang him instantly.

*Gon.* Pluck out his eyes.

*Corn.* Leave him to my displeasure. — Edmund,  
keep you our sister company : the revenges we are  
bound to take upon your traitorous father are not  
fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where  
you are going, to a most festinate preparation : we  
are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift  
and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister : —  
farewell, my lord of Gloster.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter the Steward.*

How now ! Where's the king ?

*Stew.* My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him  
hence :

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,  
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate ;  
Who with some other of the lord's dependants,  
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast  
To have well-armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress.

*Gon.* Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt* GONERIL, EDMUND, *and the Steward.*

<sup>1</sup> The quartos have *villain* instead of *traitor*. H.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning Edmund invested with his father's titles. The Stew-  
ard, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same  
title.

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell. — Go, seek the traitor  
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life  
Without the form of justice, yet our power  
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath,<sup>3</sup> which men  
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The  
traitor?

*Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.*

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky arms.<sup>4</sup>

*Glo.* What mean your graces? — Good my  
friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

*Corn.* Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

*Reg.* Hard, hard. — O, filthy traitor!

*Glo.* Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him. — Villain; thou  
shalt find — [*REGAN plucks his Beard.*]

*Glo.* By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done,  
To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor!

*Glo.* Naughtly lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,  
Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host:

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours<sup>5</sup>

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

<sup>3</sup> "Do a courtesy to our wrath," simply means *bend* to our wrath, as a courtesy is made by bending the body.

<sup>4</sup> That is, *dry, wither'd, husky* arms. This epithet was perhaps borrowed from Harsnet: "It would pose all the cunning exorcists that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morice gambols as Martha Bressier did."

<sup>5</sup> *Favours* means the same as *features*.

*Corn.* Come, sir, what letters had you late from France ?

*Reg.* Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom ?

*Reg.* To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king ?

Speak.

*Glo.* I have a letter guessingly set down,  
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,  
And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning.

*Reg.* And false.

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the king ?

*Glo.* To Dover.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover ? Wast thou not charg'd at peril —

*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover ? Let him answer that.

*Glo.* I am tied to th' stake, and I must stand the course.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover ?

*Glo.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails  
Pluck out his poor old eyes ; nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh rash boarish fangs.<sup>6</sup>  
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,  
And quench'd the stelled fires ; yet, poor old heart,  
He help the heavens to rain.  
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,  
Thou should'st have said, " Good porter, turn the  
key,"

<sup>6</sup> So the quartos : the folio has *stick* instead of *rash*. To *rash* is the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs. — In what follows, the quartos have "lor'd head" for "bare head" "lay'd up" for "buoy'd up," "steeled fires" for "stelled fires," *rage* for *rain*, and *dearn* for *stern*. H

All cruels else subscrib'd.<sup>7</sup> But I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

*Corn.* See't shalt thou never. — Fellows, hold the  
chair. —

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*Glo.* He, that will think to live till he be old,  
Give me some help! — O cruel! O ye gods!

*Reg.* One side will mock another; th' other too.

*Corn.* If you see vengeance, —

*Serv.* Hold your hand, my lord.

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you,

Than now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dog!

*Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

*Corn.* My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

*Serv.* Nay, then, come on, and take the chance  
of anger. [*Draws. CORNWALL is wounded.*]

*Reg.* Give me thy sword. — A peasant stand up  
thus!<sup>8</sup>

*Serv.* O, I am slain! — My lord, you have one  
eye left

To see some mischief on him. — O! [*Dies*]

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it. — Out, vile  
jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> That is, *yielded, submitted* to the necessity of the occasion.

<sup>8</sup> Modern editions until Knight's insert a stage-direction here, representing that Regan "*snatches a sword, comes behind him, and stabs him.*" There is no such thing in the old copies. Besides, it is contradicted in the second scene of the next act, where we are told that Cornwall, "*thereat enrag'd, flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead.*"

H.

<sup>9</sup> This scene, horrid enough at the best, is rendered much more so in modern editions until Knight's by the stage-directions which

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless. — Where's my son Edmund ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,  
To quit this horrid act.<sup>10</sup>

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain !  
Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he  
That made the overture of thy treasons to us ;<sup>11</sup>  
Who is too good to pity thee.

are unwarrantably thrust into it, representing every thing to be done in the full view of the audience. Coleridge says, — “ I will not disguise my conviction that, in this one point, the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic.” And again : “ What shall I say to this scene ? There is my reluctance to think Shakespeare wrong, and yet — ” Tieck argues that the tearing out of Gloster's eyes did not take place on the stage proper. We give the substance of his argument : “ Shakespeare, like all the dramatists of his age, often has two scenes at the same time. In Henry VIII. the nobles stand in the ante-chamber ; the curtain is withdrawn, and we are in the chamber of the king. We have here this advantage, that, by the pillars which divided this little central theatre from the proper stage, not only could a double group be presented, but it could be partly concealed ; and thus two scenes might be played, which would be wholly comprehended, though not every thing in the smaller frame was expressly seen. Thus Gloster sat, probably, concealed, and Cornwall, near him, was visible. Regan stood below, on the fore-stage, but close to Cornwall ; on the fore-stage also stood the servants. Cornwall tears out Gloster's eye with his hand ; but we do not directly see it ; for some of the servants who hold the chair stand around, and the curtain is but half-withdrawn. The expression used by Cornwall is figurative, and it is not meant he should actually tread on the eye. During the scornful speeches of Cornwall and Regan, one of the servants runs up to the upper stage, and wounds Cornwall. The groups are all in motion, and become more concealed ; and, while the attention is drawn to the bloody scene, Gloster loses his other eye. We hear his complainings, but see him no more : he goes off ; for this inner stage had also its place of *exit*. Cornwall and Regan come again upon the fore stage, and go off on the side. This I imagine to be the course of the action, and so the horrors of the scene become somewhat softened.”

<sup>10</sup> *Quit* was often used for *requite*.

<sup>11</sup> *Overture* here means an *opening*, a *discovery*.

*Glo.* O, my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.—  
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

*Reg.* Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him  
smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look  
you?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt.—Follow me,  
lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain:—throw this slave  
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:  
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;—Servants  
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,<sup>13</sup>  
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,  
And in the end meet the old course of death,  
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the  
Bedlam

To lead him where he would: his roguish madness  
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites  
of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, Heaven help  
him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

<sup>13</sup> This short dialogue is found only in the quartos.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. The Heath.

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,  
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd.<sup>1</sup> To be worst,  
 The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,  
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:  
 The lamentable change is from the best;  
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,  
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!  
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,  
 Owes nothing to thy blasts. — But who comes  
 here? —

*Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.*

My father, poorly led? — World, world, O world!  
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,  
 Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O, my good lord! I have been your  
 tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore  
 years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:  
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all;  
 Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir! you cannot see your way.<sup>2</sup>

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:  
 I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,

<sup>1</sup> It is better to be thus and *openly* contemned, than to be flattered and secretly contemned. — Part of this speech, beginning with "Welcome, then," and ending with "blasts," is not in the quartos. H.

<sup>2</sup> The words, "Alack, sir!" are omitted in the folio. H.



Our means secure us, and our mere defects  
 Prove our commodities. — Ah! dear son Edgar,  
 The food of thy abused father's wrath,  
 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
 I'd say I had eyes again!

*Old Man.* How now! Who's there!

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, "I am  
 at the worst?"

I am worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad Tom.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: the  
 worst is not,

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman, and beggar too.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg  
 I'the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,  
 Which made me think a man a worm: my son  
 Came then into my mind; and yet my mind  
 Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard  
 more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods;  
 They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] How should this be? —

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,  
 Angering itself and others. — Bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord

<sup>3</sup> All the old copies read "our means secure us." Pope made the change, explaining *mean* to be the middle state of life; which is often spoken of as the condition of greatest safety. The same sense may be given by *means secure*; but the language is equivocal. Collier's second folio changes *means* to *wants*. Singer's proposes *needs*. Either of these suits the context very well, but neither of them is necessary. H.

*Glo.* Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone.<sup>4</sup> If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,  
I'the way to Dover, do it for ancient love ;  
And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir ! he is mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead  
the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;  
Above the rest, be gone.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,  
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

*Glo.* Sirrah, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.— [*Aside.*] I cannot  
daub it<sup>5</sup> further.

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] And yet I must.— Bless thy sweet  
eyes, they bleed.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to Dover ?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-  
path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good  
wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul  
fiend!<sup>6</sup> Five fiends have been in poor Tom at  
once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince  
of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of mur-  
der; and Fibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing,  
who since possesses chambermaids and waitingwo-  
men.<sup>7</sup> So, bless thee, master!

<sup>4</sup> So the quartos. Instead of "Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone,"  
the folio has only "Get thee away." H.

<sup>5</sup> That is, *disguise* it.

<sup>6</sup> So the folio: the quartos read, "bless the good man from  
the foul fiend!" What follows of this speech is wanting in the  
folio. H.

<sup>7</sup> "If she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp.

*Glo.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues  
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,  
Makes thee the happier. — Heavens, deal so still!  
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,  
That slaves your ordinance,<sup>8</sup> that will not see  
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;  
So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough. — Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:  
Bring me but to the very brim of it,  
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,  
With something rich about me: from that place  
I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm:  
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. Before ALBANY'S Palace.

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; the Steward meeting them.*

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband  
Not met us on the way. — Now, where's your master?

*Stew.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.

to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnash her teeth, starte with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make antike faces, grinne, now and mop like an ape, then no doubt the young girls is owle-blasted, and possessed." — HARSNET.

<sup>8</sup> To *slave* an ordinance is to treat it as a slave, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it.

I told him of the army that was landed ;  
 He smiled at it : I told him you were coming ;  
 His answer was, "The worse : " of Gloster's treach-  
 ery,  
 And of the loyal service of his son,  
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,  
 And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out.  
 What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him ;  
 What like, offensive.

*Gon.* [*To EDMUND.*] Then shall you go no fur-  
 ther.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,  
 That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,  
 Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the  
 way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother ;  
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers :  
 I must change arms at home, and give the distaff  
 Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant  
 Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,  
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,  
 A mistress's command. Wear this ; spare speech ;  
 [*Giving a Favour.*]

Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,  
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.<sup>1</sup> —  
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death. [*Exit.*]

*Gon.* My most dear Gloster !

O, the difference of man, and man !  
 To thee a woman's services are due ;  
 My fool usurps my body.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the Steward being present) and that might appear only to him as a whisper.

<sup>2</sup> So the folio. One quarto has, "My foot usurps my head ;"

*Stew.* Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* ALBANY.

*Gon.* I have *lepen* worth the whistle.<sup>3</sup>

*Alb.* O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind  
Blows in your face.<sup>4</sup> — I fear your disposition :  
That nature which contemns its origin  
Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;<sup>5</sup>  
She that herself will sliver and disbranch  
From her material sap, perforce must wither,  
And come to deadly use.<sup>6</sup>

*Gon.* No more : the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile ;  
Filths savour but themselves. What have you  
done ?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?  
A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,<sup>7</sup>  
Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you mad-  
ded.

another, " My *fool* usurps my *bed* ;" the third, " My *foot* usurps my *body*." — In Goneril's speech to Edmund, the folio has " change names at home." H.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the proverb, " It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling."

<sup>4</sup> The rest of this speech and the two following speeches are not in the folio. H.

<sup>5</sup> The meaning, as Heath thinks, is, that that nature, which has reached such a pitch of unnaturalness as to contemn its origin, cannot be restrained within any certain bounds. Albany's reasoning is, that if she will take her father's life, whose life will she spare ? therefore he " fears her disposition." H.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the use that witches and enchanters are said to make of *withered branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the Poet to her plotting with Edmund against her husband's life. — WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> " *Head-lugg'd bear* " probably means a bear made savage by having his head *plucked* or *torn*. H.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?  
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited ?  
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,  
 It will come,  
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
 Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man !

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;  
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
 Thine honour from thy suffering ;<sup>8</sup> that not know'st,  
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd  
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy  
 drum ?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;  
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;  
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,  
 " Alack ! why does he so ? "

*Alb.* See thyself, devil !

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  
 So horrid as in woman :

*Gon.* O, vain fool !

*Alb.* Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing,<sup>9</sup> for  
 shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness  
 To let these hands obey my blood,<sup>10</sup>  
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear  
 Thy flesh and bones : — Howe'er thou art a fiend,  
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now !

<sup>8</sup> The rest of this speech is also wanting in the folio.

<sup>9</sup> The meaning appears to be, thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend ; thou that hast disguised nature by wickedness. Some would read, " chang'd and *self-converted* thing." — This speech and the next are not in the folio.

<sup>10</sup> My *blood* is my *passion*, my *inclination*.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alb.* What news ?

*Mess.* O, my good lord ! the duke of Cornwall's  
dead ;

Slain by his servant, going to put out  
The other eye of Gloster.

*Alb.* Gloster's eyes !

*Mess.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-  
morse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
'To his great master ; who, thereat enrag'd,  
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead ;  
But not without that harmful stroke, which since  
Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shows you are above,  
You justicers, that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can venge !—But, O, poor Gloster !  
Lost he his other eye ?

*Mess.* Both, both, my lord.—  
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer ;  
'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* [*Aside.*] One way I like this well ;<sup>11</sup>  
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life. Another way,  
The news is not so tart. — [*To the Mess.*] I'll read,  
and answer. [*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Where was his son, when they did take his  
eyes ?

*Mess.* Come with my lady hither.

<sup>11</sup> Goneril's plan was to poison her sister, to marry Edmund, to murder Albany, and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it ; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund.

*Alb.* He is not here  
*Mess.* No, my good lord ; I met him back again.  
*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness ?  
*Mess.* Ay, my good lord ; 'twas he inform'd against  
 him,

And quit the house on purpose that their punishment  
 Might have the freer course.

*Alb.* Gloster, I live  
 To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,  
 And to revenge thine eyes. — Come hither, friend:  
 Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. The French Camp near Dover.

*Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.*<sup>1</sup>

*Kent.* Why the king of France is so suddenly  
 gone back, know you the reason ?<sup>2</sup>

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the state,  
 Which since his coming-forth is thought of ; which  
 Imports to th' kingdom so much fear and danger,  
 That his personal return was most required,  
 And necessary.

*Kent.* Whom hath he left behind him general ?

<sup>1</sup> The gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. This whole scene is left out of the folio.

<sup>2</sup> The king of France being no longer a necessary personage, it was fit that some pretext for getting rid of him should be formed before the play was too near advanced towards a conclusion. It is difficult to say what use could have been made of him, had he appeared at the head of his own armament, and survived the murder of his queen. His conjugal concern on the occasion might have weakened the effect of Lear's paternal sorrow ; and being an object of respect as well as pity, he would naturally have divided the spectator's attention, and thereby diminished the consequence of Albany, Edgar, and Kent, whose exemplary virtues deserved to be ultimately placed in the most conspicuous point of view. — STEEVENS.



*Gent* The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

*Kent*. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

*Gent*. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down  
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen  
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be king o'er her.

*Kent*. O! then it mov'd her.

*Gent*. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove  
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears  
Were like:—a better way; those happy smilets,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Such is the reading of all the old copies. *Smilets* is of course a diminutive of *smiles*, probably coined by the Poet himself. Modern editions commonly change it to *smiles*.—The words, a *better way*, have caused a deal of annotation; and divers changes have been proposed, such as “a better day,” by Theobald; “a wetter May,” by Warburton; “a better May,” by Malone. We cordially adopt the explanation given by Mr. Boaden to Mr. Singer. It is as follows: “The difficulty has arisen from a general mistake as to the *simile* itself; and Shakespeare's own words here actually convey his perfect meaning, as indeed they commonly do. I understand that Cordelia's smiles and tears were *like* the conjunction of sunshine and rain, in a *better way or manner*. Now in what did this better way consist? Why, simply in the smiles seeming unconscious of the tears; whereas the sunshine has a *watery look* through the falling drops of rain:

‘Those happy smilets,  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd *not to know*  
What guests were in her eyes.’

That the point of comparison was neither a ‘better day,’ nor a ‘wetter May,’ is proved by the following passages, cited by Stevens and Malone: ‘Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine.’—*Sidney's Arcadia*. Again: ‘And with that she prettily *smiled*, which mingled with her tears, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleasure, or a delightful sorrow; but like when a few *April* drops are scattered by a gentle zephyrus among fine-coloured flowers.’ Again, in *A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels*, translated from the French by Henry Wotton, 1578

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
 What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,  
 As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.<sup>4</sup> — In brief, sor-  
 row

Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all  
 Could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?<sup>5</sup>

*Gent.* Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name  
 of "father"

antingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;  
 Cried, "Sisters! sisters! — Shame of ladies! sisters!  
 Kent! father! sisters! What! i'the storm? i'the  
 night?"

Let pity not be believed!"<sup>6</sup> — There she shook  
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
 And, clamour-moisten'd,<sup>7</sup> then away she started  
 To deal with grief alone.

*Kent.* It is the stars,  
 The stars above us, govern our conditions;<sup>8</sup>  
 Else one self mate and mate could not beget  
 Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

*Gent.* No.

'Who hath viewed in the spring time *raine and sunneshine in one moment*, might beholde the troubled countenance of the gentlewoman — with an eye now smyling, then bathed in teares.' I may just observe, as perhaps an illustration, that the *better way* of CHARITY is that the right hand should *not know* what the left hand giveth." H.

<sup>4</sup> Steevens would read *dropping*, but *as* must be understood to signify *as if*. A similar beautiful thought in Middleton's *Game of Chess* has caught the eye of Milton:

"The holy dew lies like a pearl  
 Dropt from the *opening eyelids of the morn*  
 Upon the bashful rose."

<sup>5</sup> That is, discourse, conversation.

<sup>6</sup> That is, let not pity be supposed to exist.

<sup>7</sup> That is, her outcries were accompanied with tears.

<sup>8</sup> *Conditions* are dispositions.

*Kent.* Was this before the king return'd?

*Gent.* No, since.

*Kent.* Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear is i'the town ;

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers  
What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

*Gent.* Why, good sir ?

*Kent.* A sovereign shame so elbows him : his own  
unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her  
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters, — these things sting  
His mind so venomously, that burning shame  
Detains him from Cordelia.

*Gent.* Alack, poor gentleman !

*Kent.* Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you  
heard not ?

*Gent.* 'Tis so, they are afoot.

*Kent.* Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,  
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause  
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile :  
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve  
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go  
Along with me. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV. The Same. A Tent.

*Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.*

*Cor.* Alack ! 'tis he : why, he was met even now  
As mad as the vex'd sea ; singing aloud ;  
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,  
With hoar-docks,<sup>1</sup> hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,

<sup>1</sup> So in wo of the quartos : the other has *hor-docks* ; the folio,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
 In our sustaining corn.<sup>2</sup> — A century send forth ;  
 Search every acre in the high grown field,  
 And bring him to our eye. (*Exit an Officer.*) —

What can man's wisdom,  
 In the restoring his bereaved sense ?  
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

*Phy.* There is means, madam.  
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
 The which he lacks : that to provoke in him,  
 Are many simples operative, whose power  
 Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.* All bless'd secrets,  
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
 Spring with my tears ! be aidant and remediate  
 In the good man's distress ! — Seek, seek for him ;  
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
 That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* News, madam :  
 The British powers are marching hitherward.

*Cor.* 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands  
 In expectation of them. — O, dear father !  
 It is thy business that I go about ;  
 Therefore great France  
 My mourning and important tears<sup>3</sup> hath pitied.  
 No blown ambition doth our arms incite,<sup>4</sup>

*hardokes.* The *hoar-dock* is the dock with whitish woolly leaves  
 Some editors read *harlocks* ; others, *charlocks* and *burdocks*.

H.

<sup>2</sup> "Our sustaining corn" probably is the corn that sustains us  
 that is, feeds us.

H.

<sup>3</sup> *Important* for *importunate*, as in other places of these plays  
 The folio reads *importun'd*.

<sup>4</sup> *Blown* here means *swelling, inflated*.

But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :  
 Soon may I hear and see him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

*Enter REGAN and the Steward.*

*Reg.* But are my brother's powers set forth ?

*Stew.* Ay, madam.

*Reg.* Himself in person there ?

*Stew.* Madam, with much ado :  
 Your sister is the better soldier.

*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at  
 home ?

*Stew.* No, madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to  
 him ?

*Stew.* I know not, lady.

*Reg.* Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.  
 It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,  
 To let him live : where he arrives he moves  
 All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,  
 In pity of his misery, to despatch  
 His nighted life ;<sup>1</sup> moreover, to descry  
 The strength o'the enemy.

*Stew.* I must needs after him, madam, with my  
 letter.

*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow : stay with  
 us ;

The ways are dangerous.

*Stew.* I may not, madam ;  
 My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

*Reg.* Why should she write to Edmund ? Might  
 not you

That is, his life made dark as night.

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,  
Something — I know not what: — I'll love thee  
much;

Let me unseal the letter.

*Stew.* Madam, I had rather —

*Reg.* I know your lady does not love her husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,  
She gave strange œiliads<sup>2</sup> and most speaking looks  
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

*Stew.* I, madam?

*Reg.* I speak in understanding: you are, I know't;

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:<sup>3</sup>

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;

And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than for your lady's: You may gather more.<sup>4</sup>

If you do find him, pray you, give him this;<sup>5</sup>

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her:

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

*Stew.* Would I could meet him, madam! I would  
show

What party I do follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well. [*Exeunt*

<sup>2</sup> Œillade, Fr., a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

<sup>3</sup> That is, take note or knowledge of this.

<sup>4</sup> You may infer more than I have directly told you.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps a ring, or some token.

## SCENE VI. The Country near Dover.

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a Peasant.*

*Glo.* When shall I come to th' top of that same hill ?

*Edg.* You do climb up it now : look, how we labour.

*Glo.* Methinks, the ground is even.

*Edg.* Horrible steep :

Hark ! do you hear the sea ?

*Glo.* No, truly.

*Edg.* Why, then your other senses grow imperfect  
By your eyes' anguish.

*Glo.* So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st  
In better phrase and matter, than thou didst.

*Edg.* You're much deceiv'd : in nothing am I  
chang'd,

But in my garments.

*Glo.* Methinks, you're better spoken.

*Edg.* Come on, sir ; here's the place : stand still.  
— How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !

The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles : half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire ;<sup>1</sup> dreadful trade !

In Shakespeare's time the cliffs of Dover, as the neighbouring parts of the coast are still, were celebrated for the production of this article. It is thus spoken of in Smith's History of Waterford, 1774 : " Samphire grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country. It is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air." It was made into a pickle and eaten as a relish ; which, we are told, is still done in some parts of England. This use of it is mentioned in Drayton's Poly-Olbios, Song xviii. 1

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.  
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
 Appear like mice ; and yond' tall anchoring bark,  
 Diminish'd to her cock ;<sup>2</sup> her cock, a buoy  
 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,  
 That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
 Cannot be heard so high.— I'll look no more ;  
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
 Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand:

*Edg.* Give me your hand.— You are now within  
 a foot

Of th' extreme verge : for all beneath the moon  
 Would I not leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse ; in it a jewel  
 Well worth a poor man's taking : fairies, and gods,  
 Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;  
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*

*Glo.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his despair,  
 Is done to cure it.

*Glo.* O, you mighty gods !

This world I do renounce, and in your sights  
 Shake patiently my great affliction off :

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him !—

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

“ Some, his ill-season'd mouth that wisely understood,  
 Rob Dover's neighbouring cleaves of sampyre, to excite  
 His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite.” H.

<sup>2</sup> That is, her *cock-boat*. Hence the term *cock-swain*.



*Edg.* Gone, sir :<sup>3</sup> farewell. —

[GLOSTER leaps, and falls along

And yet I know not how conceit may rob  
The treasury of life, when life itself  
Yields to the theft :<sup>4</sup> Had he been where he thought,  
By this, had thought been past. — Alive, or dead ?  
Ho, you sir ! friend ! — Hear you, sir ? — speak !  
Thus might he pass indeed ; — yet he revives. —  
What are you, sir ?

*Glo.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Hadst thou been ought but gossamer,<sup>5</sup>  
feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,  
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg : but thou dost  
breathe ;  
Hast heavy substance ; bleed'st not ; speak'st ; art  
sound.

Ten masts at each<sup>6</sup> make not the altitude,  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell :  
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

<sup>3</sup> That is, "*I am gone, sir.*" As commonly printed, the stage-direction, "*He leaps, and falls along,*" comes in before Edgar speaks, and then he is made to ask a question, whether Gloster is gone, thus : "*Gone, sir ? farewell.*" H.

<sup>4</sup> That is, when life is willing to be destroyed.

<sup>5</sup> "*The substance called gossamer is formed of the collected webs of flying spiders, and during calm weather in autumn sometimes fall in amazing quantities.*" — HOLT WHITE. Some think it the down of plants ; others the vapour arising from boggy or marshy ground in warm weather. The etymon of this word, which has puzzled the lexicographers, is said to be *summer goose* or *summer gauze*, hence "*gauze o'the summer,*" its well known name in the north.

<sup>6</sup> So read all the old copies, probably meaning, *drawn out* in length, or *added* one to another. Pope changed *at each* to *attacht* ; Johnson proposes *on end* ; Steevens would read *at reach*. The old reading, however, has been vindicated by going to the original of *each*, which is from the Anglo-Saxon *eacan*, to *add*, to *augment* or *lengthen*. *Eke*, sometimes spelt *eche* is from the same source

*Glo.* But have I fallen, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.<sup>7</sup>

Look up a-height; — the shrill-gorg'd lark so far  
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack! I have no eyes. —  
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,  
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,  
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm:  
Up: — So; — how is't? Feel you your legs? You  
stand.

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.  
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that  
Which parted from you?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought his eyes  
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,  
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea:<sup>8</sup>  
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,  
Think that the clearest gods, who make them  
honours  
Of men's impossibilities,<sup>9</sup> have preserv'd thee.

<sup>7</sup> That is, this chalky *boundary* of England.

<sup>8</sup> *Whelk'd* is marked with protuberances. The *whelk* is a small shellfish, so called, perhaps, because its shell is marked with convoluted protuberant ridges. — *Enridged* is from the quartos, the folio reading *enraged*. Of course the sea is *enridged* when blown into *waves*.  
H.

<sup>9</sup> *Men's impossibilities* are things that seem to men impossible — The incident of Gloster being made to believe himself ascending, and leaping from, the chalky cliff has always struck us as a very notable case of inherent improbability overcome in effect by opulence of description. Great as is the miracle of the eyeless old man's belief, it is authenticated to our *feelings*, though not to

*Glo.* I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear  
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,  
"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you speak  
of,

I took it for a man; often 'twould say,  
"The fiend, the fiend!" he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who  
comes here?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with Flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.<sup>10</sup>

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coining; I  
am the king himself.

*Edg.* O, thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect.—There's  
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow  
like a crow-keeper: "draw me a clothier's yard.—

our reason perhaps, by the array of vivid and truthful imagery that induces it. Thus does the Poet, when occasion bids, enhance the beauty of his representation so as to atone for its want of verisimilitude.

H.

<sup>10</sup> We have often seen that in the Poet's time *his* was constantly used where we should use *its*. *His* here evidently refers to *sense*. Edgar is speaking of Lear's fantastical dressing, and judges from this that he is not in his *safer sense*; that is, in his *senses*. This need not be said, but that some have thought *safer sense* to mean *eyesight*, *his* to refer to Gloster, and *master*, to Lear; the meaning thus being, that Lear's *eyesight* will never serve him so well as Gloster will be served by "free and patient thoughts."

H.

<sup>11</sup> A *crow-keeper* is one who keeps crows off the corn. Ascham, speaking of *awkward shooters*, says,— "Another cowereth down, and layeth out his buttockes as though he would *shoote at crows*." So in Drayton's *Idea* the Forty-eighth:

"Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,  
To some base rustick do thyself prefer;  
And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,  
Practice thy quiver and turn *crow-keeper*."

Look, look! a mouse! Peace, peace! — this piece of toasted cheese will do't. — There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. — Bring up the brown bills!<sup>12</sup> — O, well flown, bird! — i'the clout, i'the clout: hewgh! — Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril! — with a white beard! — They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay and no to every thing that I said ay and no to, was no good divinity.<sup>13</sup> When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to; they are not men o'their words: they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

<sup>12</sup> Battleaxes. Lear is here raving of *archery, falconry*, and a *battie*, jumbled together in quick transition. *Well flown, bird*, was the falconer's expression when the hawk was successful in her flight. The *clout* is the *white mark* at which archers aim. By *give the word*, the *watchword* in a camp is meant.

<sup>13</sup> This is commonly pointed thus: "To say ay and no to every thing that I said! — Ay and no too was no good divinity." There may be sense in the passage so arranged; but, if there be, we cannot find it. The folio gives it thus, precisely: "To say I, and no, to every thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good Divinity." The affirmative particle *ay* was uniformly printed *I*; and in the folio there are almost innumerable cases of *to* being printed *too*. As given in our text, both the grammar and the sense are perfect; as commonly given, there is at least great lameness in both.

I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?—  
Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery? No:  
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly  
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son  
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters  
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yond' simpering dame,  
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;  
That minces virtue,<sup>14</sup> and does shake the head  
To hear of pleasure's name:

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't  
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above;

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

Beneath is all the fiends': there's hell, there's dark-  
ness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,  
stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie! pah, pah!

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to  
sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand!

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

*Glo.* O, ruin'd piece of nature! This great world  
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost  
thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid;

<sup>14</sup> That is, puts on an outward affected seeming of virtue. Cotgrave explains *Mineux-se*, "*Faire la sadinette, to mince it, nicefie it, be very squeamish, backward, or coy.*"—The *fitchew* is the polecat. A *soiled horse* is a horse that has been fed with hay and corn during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried to him. This at once cleanses the animal and fills him with blood.

I'll not love. — Read thou this challenge : mark but the penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters suns, I could not see.<sup>15</sup>

*Edg.* I would not take this from report : it is, And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What ! with the case of eyes ?

*Lear.* O, ho ! are you there with me ? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse ? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light : yet you see how this world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What ! art mad ? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears : see how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear : Change places ; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief ? — Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar ?

*Glo.* Ay, sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur ? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority : a dog's obey'd in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand !

Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine own back ;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear ;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.<sup>16</sup> Plate sin with gold,

<sup>15</sup> So he folio : the quartos read, "I could not see *one*." H.

<sup>16</sup> What follows down to "accuser's lips" is not in the quartos. The folio has *Place sins* instead of *Plate sin*. Pope made the correction. "I'll able 'em," third line below, is, "I'll *sustain*, uphold them." H.

Aud the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;  
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.  
 None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll able 'em :  
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
 To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;  
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
 To see the things thou dost not. — Now, now, now,  
 now !

Pull off my boots : — harder, harder ; so.

*Edg.* O, matter and impertinency mix'd !  
 Reason in madness !

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my  
 eyes.

I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloster :  
 Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither :  
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
 We wawl and cry :<sup>17</sup> I will preach to thee : mark  
 me.

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day !

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry, that we are  
 come  
 To this great stage of fools. — 'Tis a good block. —  
 It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe  
 A troop of horse with felt :<sup>18</sup> I'll put 't in proof ;

<sup>17</sup> This may have been taken from Pliny, as translated by Holland : " Man alone, poor wretch, nature hath laid all naked upon the bare earth, even on his birthday to cry and wrangle presently from the very first hour that he is borne into this world."

<sup>18</sup> We learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of King Henry VIII*, that such a thing was actually done at the tournament held at Lisle in 1513 : the horses, to prevent their slipping on a black stone pavement, were shod with felt or flocks. So, too, in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1567 : " He attyreth himself for the purpose in a night-gowne girt to hym, with a payre of shoes of felle, leaste the noyse of his feete might discover his goinge." — We should understand, probably, that when Lear goes to preaching he takes off his hat and holds it in his hand, as preachers were wont to do in the Poet's time " This a good block ? " doubtless refers to the *shape or form*

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,  
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.<sup>19</sup>

*Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

*Gent.* O! here he is: lay hand upon him. — Sir  
Your most dear daughter —

*Lear.* No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even  
The natural fool of fortune. — Use me well;  
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon;  
I am cut to th' brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? All myself?  
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,<sup>20</sup>  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,  
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.<sup>21</sup>

*Gent.* Good sir, —

*Lear.* I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom  
What!

I will be jovial. Come, come; I am a king,  
My masters, know you that!

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

of the *hat*. As he is holding it in his hand, or perhaps moulding it into some new shape, the thought strikes him what the hat is made of, and he starts off upon the stratagem of shoeing a troop of horses with *felt*. This use of *block* is well illustrated by a passage in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609: "That cannot observe the tune of his hatband, nor know what fashioned *block* is most kin to his head; for in my opinion the brain cannot chuse his *felt well*." Likewise, in *Run and a Great Cast*:

"A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his *hat*;  
So much the fitter for his head by that." H.

<sup>19</sup> This was the cry formerly in the English army when an onset was made on the enemy.

<sup>20</sup> "A man of *salt*" is a man of *tears*.

<sup>21</sup> This line and "good sir" following are not in the folio.



*Lear.* Then there's life in't.<sup>22</sup> Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*

*Gent.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch; Past speaking of in a king! — Thou hast one daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir!

*Gent.* Sir, speed you! What's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

*Gent.* Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.* But, by your favour,

How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry  
Stands on the hourly thought.<sup>23</sup>

*Edg.* I thank you, sir: that's all.

*Gent.* Though that the queen on special cause is  
here,

Her army is mov'd on.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*

*Glo.* You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from  
me:

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again  
To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Glo.* Now, good sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's  
blows;

<sup>22</sup> The case is not yet desperate. In what follows, the folio has *Come* instead of *Nay*. H.

<sup>23</sup> The main body is expected to be descried every hour.

Whic, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,  
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand ;  
I'll lead you to some biding.

*Glo.* Hearty thanks ;  
The bounty and the benison of Heaven  
To boot, and boot !

*Enter the Steward.*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize ! Most happy !  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh  
To raise my fortunes. — Thou old unhappy traitor,  
Briefly thyself remember :<sup>24</sup> — the sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

*Glo.* Now let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to't. [*EDGAR opposes.*]

*Stew.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor ? Hence ;  
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Ch'll not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

*Stew.* Let go, slave, or thou diest.

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gait, and let  
poor volk pass. An ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out  
of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a  
vornight. Nay, come not near th' old man ; keep  
out, che vor'ye, or Ise try whether your costard or  
my ballow be the harder.<sup>25</sup> Ch'll be plain with you.

*Stew.* Out, dunghill !

<sup>24</sup> That is, quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and repent.

<sup>25</sup> That is, "keep out, I warn you, or I'll try whether your head or my cudgel be the harder." In the North of England, *ballow* is used for a pole. We have before had *costard* used for head.

*Edg.* Ch'll pick your eeth, zir : Come ; no matter vor your foins.<sup>26</sup>

[*They fight : EDGAR knocks him down*

*Stew.* Slave, thou hast slain me. — Villain, take my purse :

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body ;  
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,  
To Edmund earl of Gloster : seek him out  
Upon the British party.<sup>27</sup> — O, untimely death !

[*Dies*

*Edg.* I know thee well : a serviceable villain ;  
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,  
As badness would desire.

*Glo.* What ! is he dead ?

*Edg.* Sit you down, father ; rest you. —  
Let's see his pockets : these letters that he speaks of  
May be my friends. — He's dead : I am only sorry  
He had no other deathsman. — Let us see : —  
Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not :  
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts ;  
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off : if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror : then am I the prisoner, and his bed my jail ; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say)

affectionate Servant, GONERIL.

O, indistinguish'd space of woman's will!<sup>28</sup> —

<sup>26</sup> That is, thrusts. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii sc. 3, note 1. Edgar here speaks the Somersetshire dialect.

<sup>27</sup> So the quartos ; the folio, "*English party.*"

<sup>28</sup> Such is the reading of the folio. The meaning probably is, that woman's will has no distinguishable bounds, or no assignable

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ;  
 And the exchange, my brother !— Here, in the sands,  
 Thee I'll rake up,<sup>29</sup> the post unsanctified  
 Of murderous lechers ; and, in the mature time,  
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
 Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well,  
 That of thy death and business I can tell.<sup>30</sup>

*Glo.* The king is mad : how stiff is my vile sense  
 That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling<sup>31</sup>  
 Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were distract :  
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs ;  
 And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose  
 The knowledge of themselves. [*Drum afar off.*

*Edg.* Give me your hand :  
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.  
 Come, father ; I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII. A Tent in the French Camp.

*LEAR on a Bed, asleep ; a Physician, a Gentleman,  
 and Others attending.*

*Enter CORDELIA and KENT.*

*Cor.* O, thou good Kent ! how shall I live, and  
 work,

limits ; there is no telling what she will do, or where she will stop.  
 The quartos have *wit* instead of *will*. Mr. Collier finds great fault  
 with the old text, and thinks it should certainly be, "O, *unextin-*  
*guish'd blaze of woman's will!*" which is found in his second fo-  
 lio. Pshaw!

H.

<sup>29</sup> That is, "cover thee up." Singer says that in Staffordshire  
 to *rake* the fire is to cover it for the night. So 'tis in New Eng-  
 land.

H.

<sup>30</sup> Modern editions until Collier's insert a stage-direction here,  
 "Exit EDGAR, *dragging out the Body* ;" and another at the close  
 of Gloucester's speech, "Re-enter EDGAR." There is nothing of the  
 sort in the old copies ; nor should there be.

H.

<sup>31</sup> Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, interprets *ingenious* by *quick-con-*  
*ceived* ; that is, *acute*.

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,  
And every measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.  
All my reports go with the modest truth;  
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited:<sup>1</sup>  
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.  
I pr'ythee, put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon me, dear madam;  
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:<sup>2</sup>  
My boon I make it, that you know me not,  
Till time and I think meet.

*Cor.* Then be 't so, my good lord. — How does  
the king? [*To the Physician.*]

*Phys.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O, you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!  
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up  
Of this child-changed father!<sup>3</sup>

*Phys.* So please your majesty,  
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed  
I'the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

*Gent.* Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,  
We put fresh garments on him.

*Phys.* Be by, good madam, when we do awake  
him:  
I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* Very well. [*Music.*]

<sup>1</sup> That is, put on a better *suit* of clothes. — *Memories* are *memorials*.

<sup>2</sup> A *made* intent is an intent *formed*. We say in common language to *make* a design, and to *make* a resolution.

<sup>3</sup> That is, *changed by his children*. So *care-crazed*, *crazed by* are; *woe-wearied*, *wearied by woe*.

*Phys.* Please you, draw near. — Louder the music there.<sup>4</sup>

*Cor.* O, my dear father! Restoration, hang Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dear princess

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face To be expos'd against the warring winds? To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder? In the most terrible and nimble stroke Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!) With this thin helm?<sup>5</sup> Mine enemy's dog, Though he had bit me, should have stood that night Against my fire;<sup>6</sup> and wast thou fain, poor father, To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,

<sup>4</sup> This and the foregoing speech are not in the folio. Shake speare considered *soft music* as favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the Physician desires *louder* music to be played, for the purpose of waking him.

<sup>5</sup> That is, this thin *helmet* of "white flakes," or *gray hair*. The allusion is to the forlorn hope of an army, called in French *enfants Perdus*; who, among other desperate services, often engage in night-watches. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*: "I am set here like a *perdu*, to watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress." — This and the three foregoing lines are not in the folio. The folio also has "*jarring winds*." H.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Verplanck tells us that Jarvis, the American painter-artist, used often to quote this passage as accumulating in the shortest compass the greatest causes of dislike, to be overcome by good-natured pity. "It is not merely the personal enemy, for whom there might be human sympathy, that is admitted to the family fireside, but his dog, and that a dog that had inflicted his own share of personal injury, and that, too, upon a gentle being from whom it was not possible that he could have received any provocation." H.

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!  
 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once  
 Had not concluded all. — He wakes; speak to him.

*Phys.* Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? How fares your  
 majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong, to take me out o'the  
 grave. —

Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound  
 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
 Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know: When did you  
 die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide!

*Phys.* He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been? Where am I? — Fair  
 day light? —

I am mightily abus'd.<sup>7</sup> — I should even die with pity,  
 To see another thus. — I know not what to say. —  
 I will not swear these are my hands: — let's see;  
 I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd  
 Of my condition!

*Cor.* O, look upon me, sir!

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me. —  
 No, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,  
 Four-score and upward, not an hour more nor less,  
 And to deal plainly,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> That is, abus'd with illusions.

<sup>8</sup> So reads the folio: the words, "not an hour more nor less," are not in the quartos. Those words have been unceremoniously cast out by divers editors, as having no business in the text. We quote, and cordially endorse, Knight's remarks on the subject

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
 Methinks, I should know you, and know this man  
 Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant  
 What place this is; and all the skill I have  
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not  
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;  
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
 To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,  
 weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
 I know you do not love me; for your sisters  
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
 You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause

*Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Phys.* Be comforted, good madam: the great  
 rage,

You see, is cur'd in him; and yet it is danger  
 To make him even o'er the time he has lost.\*

\* Malone says, 'The folio *absurdly* adds, *not an hour more nor less*; that is, not an hour more nor less than an indeterminate number, for such is *fourscore and upwards*.' Why, who is speaking? One who speaks logically and collectedly? No! one who immediately after says, 'I fear I am not in my perfect mind.' It was the half-consciousness of the 'foolish fond old man' which Shakespeare meant to express by the mixture of a determinate and an indeterminate idea; a depth of poetical truth which Steevens and Ritson call 'the interpolation of some foolish player.'" H.

\* This line and the latter part of the foregoing line are not in the folio. Instead of *cur'd*, the folio has *kill'd*. — Mrs. Jameson has the following not more beautiful than just remark on this wonderful scene: "The subdued pathos and simplicity of Cordelia's character, her quiet but intense feeling, the misery and humiliation of the bewildered old man, are brought before us in so few words,



Desire him to go in : trouble him no more,  
Till further settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your highness walk ?

*Lear.* You must bear with me

Pray you now, forget and forgive : I am old, and  
foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, *Physician, and*  
*Attendants.*

*Gent.* Holds it true, sir, that the duke of Corn-  
wall was so slain ? <sup>10</sup>

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people ?

*Kent.* As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

*Gent.* They say, Edgar, his banish'd son, is with  
the earl of Kent in Germany.

*Kent.* Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look  
about ; the powers o'the kingdom approach apace.

*Gent.* The arbitrement is like to be bloody.  
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

*Kent.* My point and period will be throughly  
wrought,

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

and sustained with such a deep intuitive knowledge of the inner-  
most working of the human heart, that as there is nothing sur-  
passing this scene in Shakespeare himself, so there is nothing that  
can be compared with it in any other writer." H.

<sup>10</sup> This speech, and what follows, to the end of the act, is want-  
ing in the folio. H.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. The British Camp, near Dover.

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

*Edm.* Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;  
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught  
To change the course. He's full of alteration,  
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.<sup>1</sup>

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

*Edm.* 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord,  
You know the goodness I intend upon you:  
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,  
Do you not love my sister?

*Edm.* In honour'd love.

*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way  
To the forefended place?

*Edm.* That thought abuses you.<sup>2</sup>

*Reg.* I am doubtful that you have been conjunct  
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

*Edm.* No, by mine honour, madam.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,  
Be not familiar with her.

*Edm.* Fear me not.—  
She, and the duke her husband.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That is, his settled resolution.

<sup>2</sup> This speech and the next are not in the folio. *Forefended* is forbidden. H.

<sup>3</sup> That is, "here she comes, and the duke her husband." The speech is commonly pointed as if interrupted and left incomplete, thus: "She, and the duke her husband.—" H.

*Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

*Gon.* [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle, than  
that sister

Should loosen him and me.

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, we'll be-met. —  
Sir, this I hear, — The king is come to his daughter,  
With others, whom the rigour of our state  
Forc'd to cry out.<sup>4</sup> Where I could not be honest,  
I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,  
Not bolds the king;<sup>5</sup> with others, whom, I fear,  
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy:  
For these domestic and particular broils  
Are not the question here.

*Alb.* Let us, then, determine  
With th' ancient of war on our proceedings,

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.<sup>6</sup>

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

*Gon.* [*Aside.*] O, ho! I know the riddle. I will go

*Enter EDGAR, disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with man so  
poor,  
Hear me one word.

<sup>4</sup> The rest of this speech and Edmund's reply are wanting in the folio. H.

<sup>5</sup> That is, not as it *emboldens* or *encourages* the king to assert his former title. Thus in the ancient Interlude of Hycke Scorne: "Alas, that I had not one to *bolde* me." Again in Arthur Hull's translation of the fourth Iliad, 1581: "And Pallas *bolds* the Greeks."

<sup>6</sup> This speech is wanting in the folio.

*Alb.* I'll overtake you. — Speak.

[*Exeunt all but ALBANY and EDGAR*

*Edg.* Before you fight the battle, ope this letter  
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,  
I can produce a champion, that will prove  
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases.<sup>7</sup> Fortune love you!

*Alb.* Stay till I have read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.  
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,  
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

*Alb.* Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy  
paper.

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

*Edm.* The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.  
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces  
By diligent discovery; <sup>8</sup> but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time.<sup>9</sup> [*Exit.*

*Edm.* To both these sisters have I sworn my  
love;  
Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?  
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,  
If both remain alive: To take the widow,  
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril;  
And hardly shall I carry out my side,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>7</sup> That is, all designs against your life will have an end.

<sup>8</sup> That is, the *conjecture*, or what we can gather by diligent *espial*, of their strength.

<sup>9</sup> That is, be ready to meet the occasion.

<sup>10</sup> Hardly shall I be able to make my side good; to maintain the game. Steevens has shown that it was a phrase commonly

Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use  
 His countenance for the battle ; which being done  
 Let her who would be rid of him devise  
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,  
 The battle done, and they within our power,  
 Shall never see his pardon ; for my state  
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit

SCENE II. A Field between the two Camps.

*Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours,  
 LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces ; and exeunt.*

*Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.*

*Edg.* Here, father, take the shadow of this tree  
 For your good host : pray that the right may thrive.  
 If ever I return to you again,  
 I'll bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace go with you, sir ! /  
 [Exit EDGAR

*Alarums ; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Away, old man ! give me thy hand : away !  
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en :  
 Give me thy hand ; come on.

*Glo.* No further, sir : a man may rot even here.

*Edg.* What ! in ill thoughts again ? Men must  
 endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither :  
 Ripeness is all.<sup>1</sup> Come on.

used at cards. So in the Paston Letters : " Heydon's son hath borne out the side stoutly here."

<sup>1</sup> That is, to be ready, prepared, is all.

*Glo.*

And that's true too.

[*Exeunt*

## SCENE III. The British Camp near Dover.

*Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Captain, Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

*Edm.* Some officers take them away: good guard,  
Until their greater pleasures first be known  
That are to censure them.<sup>2</sup>

*Cor.* We are not the first,  
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.  
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;  
Myself could else outfrown false fortune's frown.  
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters!

*Lear.* No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i'the cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,  
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;  
And take upon 's the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,  
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

*Edm.* Take them away

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?

<sup>2</sup> That is, to pass sentence or judgment on them.

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,  
 And fire us hence, like foxes.<sup>3</sup> Wipe thine eyes :  
 The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see 'em starve  
 first.

Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.]

*Edm.* Come hither, captain ; hark.

Take thou this note ;<sup>5</sup> [*Giving a Paper.*] go, follow  
 them to prison.

One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost  
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
 To noble fortunes. Know thou this, — that men  
 Are as the time is : to be tender-minded  
 Does not become a sword. Thy great employment  
 Will not bear question : either say thou'lt do't,  
 Or thrive by other means.

*Capt.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it ; and write happy, when thou'st  
 done.

Mark, — I say instantly ; and carry it so,  
 As I have set it down.

*Capt.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats  
 If it be man's work, I will do it.<sup>6</sup> [*Exit.*]

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the old practice of smoking foxes out of their holes. So in Harington's translation of Ariosto :

“ E'en as a foxe whom smoke and fire doth fright,  
 So as he dare not in the ground remaine,  
 Bolts out and through the smoke and fire he fieth  
 Into the tarriers mouth, and there he dieth.”

<sup>4</sup> The *goujeers* is morbus Gallicus. *Gouge*, French, is a soldier's trull ; and as the disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, that is, the disease of the *gouges*. — *Hanmer*. In the present instance the folio, following the common corruption, has the *good yeares*. *Flesh and fell* is *flesh and skin*.

<sup>5</sup> This is a warrant signed by Edmund and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia, referred to afterwards.

<sup>6</sup> This speech is left out of the folio.

*Flourish.* Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and Attendants.

*Alb.* Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,  
 And fortune led you well. You have the captives  
 Who were the opposites of this day's strife :  
 We do require them of you ; so to use them,  
 As we shall find their merits and our safety  
 May equally determine.

*Edm.* Sir, I thought it fit  
 To send the old and miserable king  
 To some retention and appointed guard ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
 To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
 And turn our impress'd lances<sup>8</sup> in our eyes  
 Which do command them. With him I sent the  
 queen ;  
 My reason all the same ; and they are ready  
 To-morrow, or at further space, t'appear  
 Where you shall hold your session.<sup>9</sup> At this time  
 We sweat and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend :  
 And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd  
 By those that feel their sharpness. —  
 The question of Cordelia and her father  
 Requires a fitter place.

*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
 I hold you but a subject of this war,  
 Not as a brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him :

<sup>7</sup> The words, "and appointed guard," are not in the folio.

<sup>8</sup> That is, the *lancemen* we have hired by giving them *press* money.

<sup>9</sup> What follows of this speech is omitted in the folio.



Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,  
 Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,  
 Bore the commission of my place and person ;  
 The which immediacy<sup>10</sup> may well stand up,  
 And call itself your brother.

*Gon.* Not so hot :

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
 More than in your addition.

*Reg.* In my rights,

By me invested, he compeers the best.

*Gon.* That were the most, if he should husband  
 you.

*Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.

*Gon.* Holla, holla !

'That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.<sup>11</sup>

*Reg.* Lady, I am not well, else I should answer  
 From a full-flowing stomach. — General,  
 Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony :  
 Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine :<sup>12</sup>  
 Witness the world, that I create thee here  
 My lord and master.

*Gon.* Mean you to enjoy him ?

*Alb.* The let-alone lies not in your good will.<sup>13</sup>

*Edm.* Nor in thine, lord.

<sup>10</sup> This apt and forcible word is probably of the Poet's own coinage. Nares says that "the word, so far as is known, is peculiar to this passage." Of course the meaning is, that Edmund has his commission *directly* from her, and not *through* any one else ; that is, he is *her* lieutenant, not Albany's. So in Hamlet we have "the most *immediate* to the throne." *Commission* is here used in the sense of *authority*. — In the next speech, the quartos have *advancement* instead of *addition*. H.

<sup>11</sup> Alluding to the proverb, "Love being jealous makes a good eye look *a-squint*." So in Milton's *Comus* : "And gladly banish *squint suspicion*."

<sup>12</sup> A metaphor taken from the camp, and signifying *to surrender at discretion*. This line is not in the quartos.

<sup>13</sup> To obstruct their union lies not in your power.

*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yea.

*Reg.* [*To EDMUND.*] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

*Alb.* Stay yet ; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason ; and, in thy arrest,<sup>14</sup>

This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to GONER.*] — For your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife ;

'Tis she is subcontracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your banns.

If you will marry, make your love to me ;

My lady is bespoke.

*Gon.* An interlude !

*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, Gloster. Let the trumpet sound :

If none appear, to prove upon thy person

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge : [*Throwing down a Glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

*Reg.* Sick ! O, sick !

*Gon.* [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

*Edm.* [*Throwing a Glove.*] There's my exchange what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.

Call by thy trumpet : he that dares approach,

On him, on you, (who not ?) I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly.

*Alb.* A herald, ho !

*Edm.* A herald, ho ! a herald !<sup>15</sup>

<sup>14</sup> So the folio : the quartos have *attaint* instead of *arrest*

H.

<sup>15</sup> This is not in the folio. In the next line *virtue* is used in the old Roman sense ; for *valour*.

M.

*Alb.* Trust to thy single virtue ; for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

*Reg.* This sickness grows upon me.

*Alb.* She is not well ; convey her to my tent. —

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]

*Enter a Herald.*

Come hither, herald. — Let the trumpet sound, —  
And read out this.

*Off.* Sound, trumpet.<sup>16</sup> [A Trumpet sounds.

*Her.* [*Reads.*] If any man of quality, or degree, within  
the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, sup-  
posed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him  
appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in  
his defence.

*Edm.* Sound ! [1 Trumpet.

*Her.* Again. [2 Trumpet.

*Her.* Again. [3 Trumpet.

[Trumpet answers within.

*Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call o'the trumpet.<sup>17</sup>

*Her.* What are you ?  
Your name, your quality ? and why you answer  
This present summons ?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost ;  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit :

<sup>16</sup> Not in the folio.

<sup>17</sup> This is according to the ceremonials of the trial by combat  
in cases criminal. "The appellant and his procurator first come  
to the gate. The constable and marshal demand by voice of  
herald, what he is, and why he comes so arrayed." — *Selden's*  
*Duello.*

Yet am I noble as the adversary  
I come to cope withal.<sup>18</sup>

*Alb.* Which is that adversary ?

*Edg.* What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of  
Gloster ?

*Edm.* Himself : What say'st thou to him ?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword,

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice ; here is mine :  
Behold, it is my privilege, the privilege of mine  
honours,

My oath, and my profession. I protest, —  
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,  
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valour, and thy heart, — thou art a traitor •  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father ;  
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince ;  
And, from th' extremest upward of thy head,  
To the descent and dust beneath thy foot,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou liest.

*Edm.* In wisdom, I should ask thy name ;<sup>19</sup>  
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,  
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,  
What safe and nicely I might well delay  
By rule of knight-hood, I disdain and spurn.

<sup>18</sup> *Withal* is not in the folio.

<sup>19</sup> Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. 'Say, or assay, is a *sample*, a *taste*. So in the preface to Maurice Kyffin's translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588 : "Some other like places I could recite, but these shall suffice for a *say*." "What *safe* and *nicely* I might well delay," seems to mean "What I might *safely* well delay if I acted *punctiliously*." See Act ii. sc. 2, note 19.

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;  
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;  
 Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)  
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,  
 Where they shall rest for ever.<sup>20</sup> — Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight : EDMUND falls.*]

*Alb.* O, save him ! save him !

*Gon.* This is mere practice, Gloster.  
 By th' law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer  
 An unknown opposite : thou art not vanquish'd,  
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame ;  
 Or with this paper shall I stop it. — Hold, sir ! —  
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil : —  
 No tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it.

*Gon.* Say, if I do ; the laws are mine, not thine :  
 Who can arraign me for't ? [Exit.]

*Alb.* Most monstrous ! — O ! know'st thou this  
 paper ?<sup>21</sup> [Offers him the Letter.]

*Edm.* Ask me not what I know.

*Alb.* Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her.  
 [To an Officer, who goes out.]

*Edm.* [To EDGAR.] What you have charg'd me  
 with, that have I done,

<sup>20</sup> To that place where they shall rest for ever ; that is, thy heart.

<sup>21</sup> Such is the reading of the folio. For some reason or other, probably through oversight, every modern edition known to us leaves out *O!* — In the quartos, this speech is addressed to Goneril, whose *exit* does not occur till after the next speech, which is assigned to her. In this point, all the modern editions that we know of, except Knight's, follow the quartos. But Albany has already said to Goneril, "I perceive you know it." He might well ask Edmund, "know'st thou this paper?" for, in fact, Goneril's letter did not reach Edmund ; he had not seen it. Edmund, with some spirit of manhood, refuses to make any answers that will criminate or blacken a woman by whom he is beloved ; and then proceeds, consistently, to answer *Edgar's* charges. H

And more, much more ; the time will bring it out :  
 'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou,  
 That hast this fortune on me ? If thou'rt noble,  
 I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;  
 If more, the more thou'st wronged me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
 Make instruments to plague us :<sup>22</sup>

The dark and vicious place where thee he got  
 Cost him his eyes.

*Edm.* Thou'st spoken right, 'tis true ;  
 The wheel is come full circle : I am here.

*Alb.* Methought, thy very gait did prophesy  
 A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee :

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
 Did hate thee, or thy father !

*Edg.* Worthy prince, I know't.

*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself ?

How have you known the miseries of your father ?

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief  
 tale ;

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !  
 The bloody proclamation to escape,

That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness !  
 That we the pain of death would hourly die,<sup>23</sup>

Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift  
 Into a madman's rags ; t'assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit

<sup>22</sup> So the folio : the quartos have *scourge* instead of *plague*.  
 It may be doubted which is the better reading. H.

<sup>23</sup> "To die hourly the pains of death," is a periphrasis for "to suffer hourly the pains of death." The quartos read "That with the pain of death *would* hourly die."

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
 Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,  
 Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;  
 Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,  
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd:  
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,  
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
 Told him my pilgrimage; but his flaw'd heart  
 (Alack! too weak the conflict to support)  
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
 Burst smilingly.

*Edm.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
 And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;  
 You look as you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more, more woful, hold it in;  
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
 Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period<sup>24</sup>  
 To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
 To amplify too-much, would make much more,  
 And top extremity.<sup>25</sup> —  
 Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man  
 Who, having seen me in my worst estate,  
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding  
 Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms  
 Me fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out

<sup>24</sup> This and the next two speeches are wanting in the folio.

H.

<sup>25</sup> This passage is probably corrupt. The quartos are shockingly printed, and we have not the folio here to help us. The most likely meaning seems to be, "but another *man*, or another *sort of men*, to amplify what is already too much, would make the tale much worse, and so pass beyond the extreme of suffering. This, at all events, is the best we can do with it. Divers explanations have been offered, and no editor seems satisfied with his own, much less with another's

A.

As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;<sup>26</sup>  
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,  
 That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting,  
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life  
 Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,  
 And there I left him tranc'd.

*Alb.*

But who was this?

*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service  
 Improper for a slave.

*Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.*

*Gent.* Help, help! O, help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smokes,  
 It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead.

*Alb.* Who dead? speak, man.

*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister  
 By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.<sup>27</sup>

*Edm.* I was contracted to them both: all three  
 Now marry in an instant.

*Alb.* Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—  
 This judgment of the heavens, that makes us trem-  
 ble,

Touches us not with pity.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

<sup>26</sup> The old copies read "threw *me* on my father." Steevens thus defends the present reading: "There is a tragic propriety in Kent's throwing himself on the body of a deceased friend; but this propriety is lost in the act of clumsily tumbling a son over the lifeless remains of his father."

<sup>27</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio reads "she confesses it."



*Enter KENT.*

*Edg.* Here comes Kent.<sup>28</sup>

*Alb.* O! is this he? —

The time will not allow the compliment,  
Which very manners urges.

*Kent.* I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night :  
Is he not here ?

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot ! —

Speak, Edmund, where's the king ? and where's  
Cordelia ? —

Seest thou this object, Kent ?

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are  
brought in.*]

*Kent.* Alack ! why thus ?

*Edm.* Yet Edmund was belov'd :

The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew herself.

*Alb.* Even so. — Cover their faces.

*Edm.* I pant for life : — Some good I mean to do,  
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send, —  
Be brief in't, — to the castle ; for my writ  
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia : —  
Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run ! O, run !

*Edg.* To whom, my lord ? — Who has the office ?  
send

Thy token of reprieve.

*Edm.* Well thought on : take my sword, give it  
the captain.

*Alb.* Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDGAR.*]

*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife and me

<sup>28</sup> The folio misplaces this speech before the preceding speech of Albany.

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair  
That she fordid herself.<sup>29</sup>

*Alb.* The gods defend her! Bear him hence  
awhile. [EDMUND is borne off.]

*Enter* LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his Arms;  
EDGAR, Officer, and Others.

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O! you are  
men of stones:

And I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for  
ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass:  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?<sup>30</sup>

*Alb.* Fall, and cease!<sup>31</sup>

*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* [*Kneeling.*] O, my good master!

<sup>29</sup> To *fordo* signifies to *destroy*.

<sup>30</sup> Kent, in contemplating the unexampled scene of affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects those passages of St. Mark's Gospel in which Christ foretells to his disciples *the end of the world*, and hence his question, "Is this the end of all things, which has been foretold to us?" To which Edgar adds, "Or only a representation or resemblance of that horror?"—MASON.

<sup>31</sup> To *cease* is to *die*. Albany is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, "Rather fall, and cease to be at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched."

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, away.

*Edg.* 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all !  
I might have sav'd her ; now, she's gone for ever !—  
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha !

What is't thou say'st ? — Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman. —  
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

*Off.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow ?  
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion  
I would have made them skip : I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me. — Who are you ?  
Mine eyes are none o'the best : I'll tell you straight.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,  
One of them we behold.<sup>32</sup>

*Lear.* This is a dull light. — Are you not Kent ?

*Kent.* The same ;  
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius ?

*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ;  
He'll strike, and quickly too. — He's dead and  
rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord, I am the very man ;—

*Lear.* I'll see that straight.

*Kent.* That from your first of difference and de-  
cay,  
Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You are welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else : all's cheerless, dark, and  
deadly. —  
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,<sup>33</sup>  
And desperately are dead.

<sup>32</sup> Referring, no doubt, to Lear's reverses. He has been both loved and hated by fortune ; has felt her best and her worst.

<sup>33</sup> So reads the folio ; the quartos have *foredoom'd* instead of *fordone*. See note 29. of this scene.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says; and vain it is  
That we present us to him.<sup>34</sup>

*Edg.* Very bootless.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Off.* Edmund is dead, my lord.

*Alb.* That's but a trifle here. —

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come,<sup>35</sup>

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power. — You, to your rights,

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited. — All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. — O, see, see!

*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd!<sup>36</sup> No, no, no  
life:

<sup>34</sup> In this speech the quartos have *sees* instead of *says*. It is not quite certain which is the better reading; and either may be right; *says* agreeing better with what precedes, and *sees* with what follows. And the latter may have some countenance from what Lear says a little before, "This is a dull sight," if, as some have thought, we should there understand him as referring to his *eye-sight*, which was dying out with the breaking of his heart. Nevertheless, on the whole, the folio reading seems the better. H.

<sup>35</sup> "This *great decay*" is Lear. Shakespeare means the same as if he had said, "this piece of decayed royalty." Gloucester calls him in a preceding scene "ruin'd piece of nature."

<sup>36</sup> This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (not his Fool, as some have thought,) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies while he is searching there for indications of life. *Poor fool*, in the age of Shakespeare, was an expression of endearment. So in *Twelfth Night*: "Alas! *poor fool*, how have they baffled thee!" Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "Alas! *poor fool*, why do I pity him?" With other instances which will present themselves to the reader's memory. The Fool of Lear was long ago forgotten: having filled the space allotted to him in

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all? 'Thou'lt come no more,  
Never, never, never, never, never!—

'Pray you, undo this button:— Thank you, sir.—  
Do you see this?— Look on her,— look,— her  
lips,—

Look there, look there! [*He dies.*]

*Edg.* He faints!— My lord, my lord!—

*Kent.* Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

*Edg.* Look up, my lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he  
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* He is gone, indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:  
He but usurp'd his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence.— Our present busi-  
ness

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain  
[*To KENT and EDGAR.*]

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go:  
My master calls me; I must not say, no.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey,  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the sixth scene of the third act. Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the Fool had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should. There is an ingenious note by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the variorum Shakespeare, sustaining a contrary opinion; but, as Malone observes, "Lear from the time of his entrance in this scene to his uttering these words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loss of his daughter. He is now in the agony of death, and surely at such a time, when his heart was just breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he should think of his Fool"

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*]

If originality of invention did not so much stamp almost every play of Shakespeare, that to name one as the most original seems a disparagement to others, we might say that this great prerogative of genius was exercised above all in *Lear*. It diverges more from the model of regular tragedy than *Macbeth* or *Othello*, and even more than *Hamlet*; but the fable is better constructed than in the last of these, and it displays full as much of the almost superhuman inspiration of the Poet as the other two. *Lear* himself is perhaps the most wonderful of dramatic conceptions, ideal enough to satisfy the most romantic imagination, yet idealized from the reality of nature. In preparing us for the most intense sympathy with this old man, he first abases him to the ground; it is not *Œdipus*, against whose respected age the gods themselves have conspired; it is not *Orestes*, noble-minded and affectionate, whose crime has been virtue; it is a headstrong, feeble, selfish being, whom, in the first act of the tragedy, nothing seems capable of redeeming in our eyes; nothing but what follows, intense woe, unnatural wrong. Then comes on that splendid madness, not absurdly sudden, as in some tragedies, but in which the strings that keep his reasoning powers together give way, one after the other, in the frenzy of rage and grief. Then it is that we find, what in life may sometimes be seen, the intellectual energies grow stronger in calamity, and especially under wrong. An awful eloquence belongs to unmerited suffering. Thoughts burst out, more profound than *Lear* in his prosperous hour could ever have conceived, inconsequent, for such is the condition of madness, but in themselves fragments of coherent truth,—the reason of an unreasonable mind. — HALLAM. H.

Some, also, of Dr. Johnson's remarks on this great drama are so weighty and well-considered, that readers, we doubt not, will always be glad to meet with them, as they certainly ought to be.

"The tragedy of *Lear* is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakespeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the Poet's imagination, that the mind which once ventures within it is hurried irresistibly along.

"Or the seeming improbability of *Lear's* conduct, it may be

observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakespeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

"My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in *The Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered by repeating that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the Poet has added little having only drawn it into a series of dialogue and action.

"The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the Poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughter, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop,—that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

"But, though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakespeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chroniclers. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares that in his opinion 'the tragedy has lost half its beauty.' A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of life; but, since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or that, if other excellences are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue."

King Lear

(Spencer - Fairy Queen)  
Told story of King Lear)

Story goes back 800 B.C.

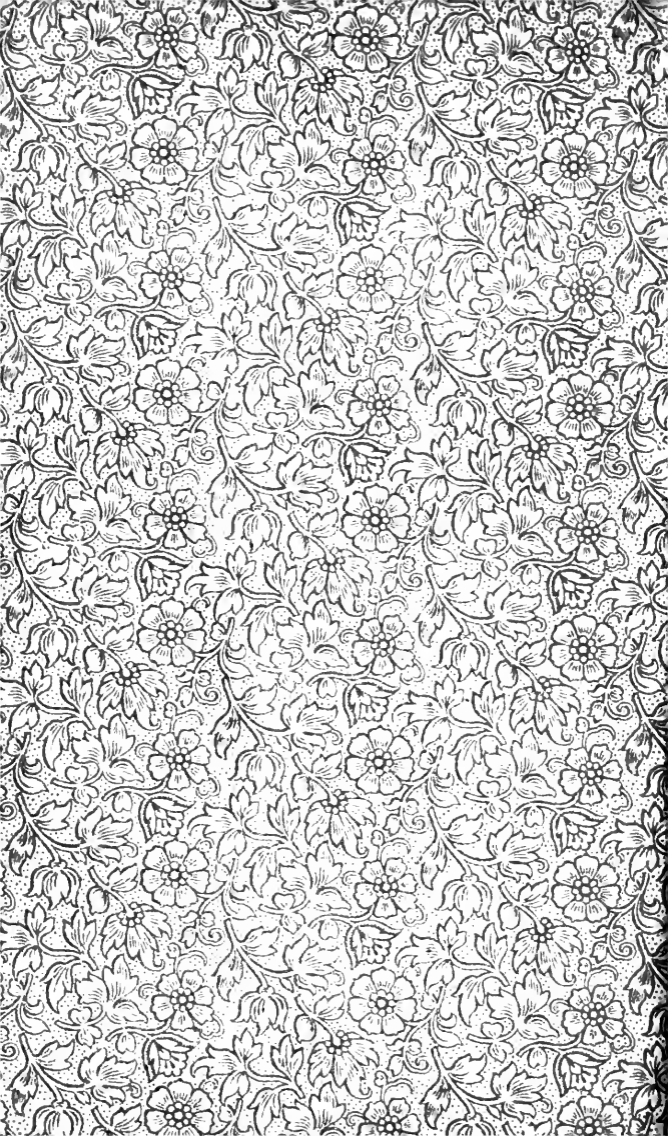
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