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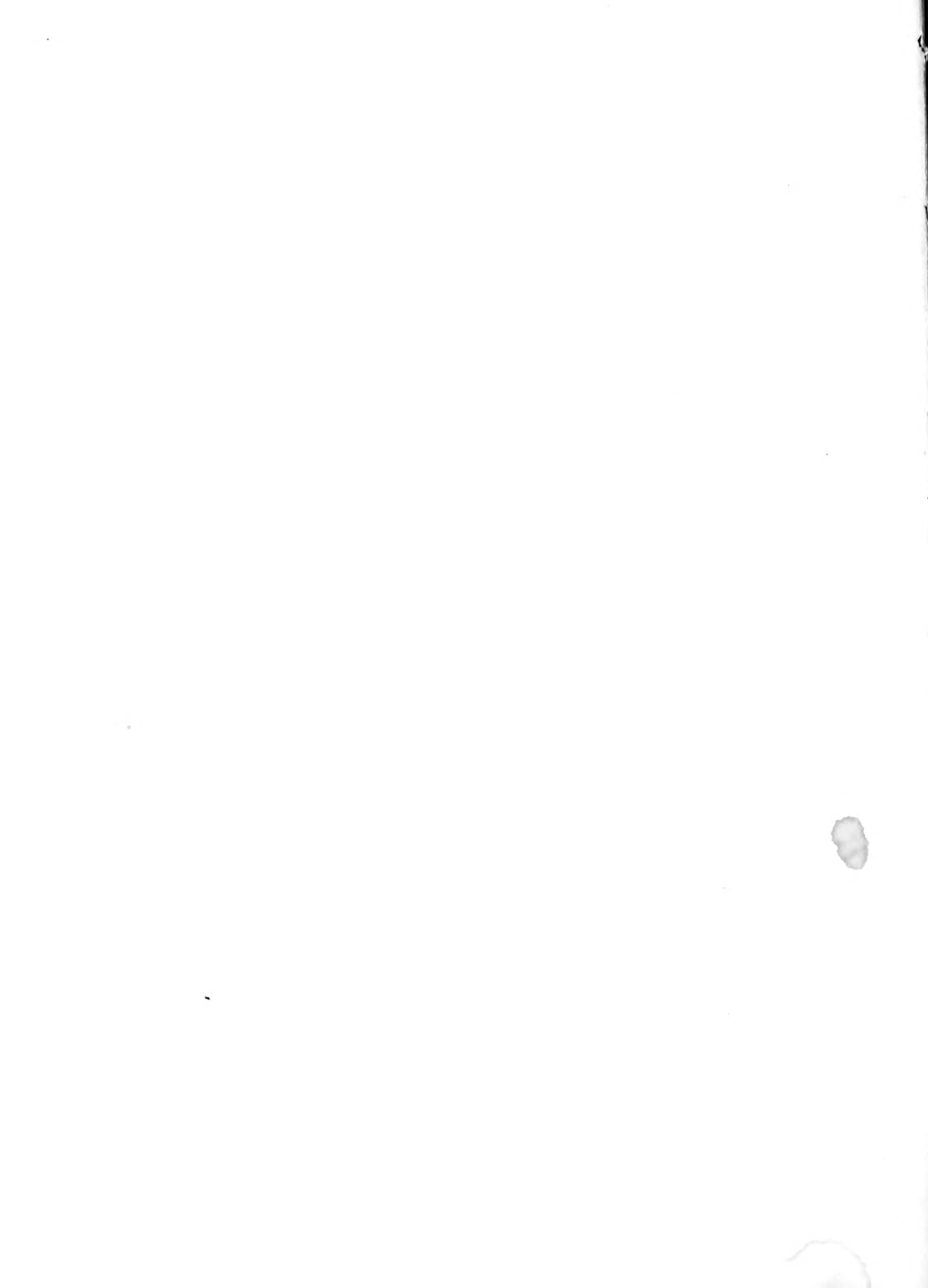






THE WORKS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE.











THE LITTLE FISH

THE LITTLE FISH

48

*THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.*

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THE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

11

EDITED BY

HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL.

WITH

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY F. A. MARSHALL  
AND OTHER SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLARS.

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VOLUME VII.

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WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
GORDON BROWNE, FRANK DADD, W. H. MARGETSON, AND  
MAYNARD BROWN.



LONDON:

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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I regret to say that continued ill-health has not only caused unavoidable delay in the issue of this volume, but has enforced a further postponement of the play of Hamlet to vol. viii., and has compelled me to confine my share of the work to a few notes, which bear my initials.

I have to express my gratitude to all my colleagues who, under these circumstances, have kindly supplied my place; without whose loyal aid, indeed, the volume could not have made its appearance. Amongst them I may thank especially my two friends, Mr. A. Wilson Verity and Mr. Arthur Symons, the former of whom edited *Titus Andronicus*, while the latter collated and annotated *The Tempest* and edited *The Winter's Tale*. For the introduction to *The Tempest* I am indebted to the kindness and ability of Mr. Richard Garnett; and to Mr. H. A. Evans I owe thanks for his editorial work on *Timon of Athens* and *Cymbeline*. But most of all am I indebted to my old friend Mr. Joseph Knight for kindly undertaking, amidst many other engagements, the stage histories—a branch of the subject on which there is no higher authority than he.

The illustrations for *The Tempest* have been furnished by Mr. Gordon Browne; the other plays in the volume have been illustrated by Mr. W. H. Margetson, Mr. Frank Dadd, and Mr. Maynard Brown. All the illustrations for Volume viii. will be designed by Mr. Gordon Browne.

I may be forgiven if I refer for a moment to myself. I cannot pass this opportunity of thanking the countless friends who, from all quarters of the world, have, during the last three months, wished me God-speed towards recovery. Most of them are perfect strangers to me, but for their kindly expressed wishes for my renewed health I thank them from the bottom of my heart.

F. A. MARSHALL.

LONDON, Dec. 1880.

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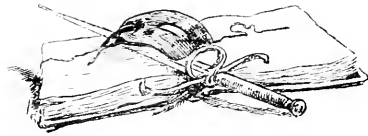
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Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which		here?—Mercy on's, a barge, a very pretty barge!	
he justly owes him.		Act IV. scene 3. lines 79, 80, . . . . .	347
Act I. scene 2. lines 56, 57, . . . . .	323	<i>Ant.</i> Softly, dear sir [ <i>picks his pocket</i> ]; good sir, softly	
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<i>Her.</i> Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,		Act IV. scene 4. lines 733, 736, . . . . .	359
'Tis past enduring.		<i>Ant.</i> Let me pocket up my reller's experiment [ <i>Takes</i>	
Act II. scene 2. lines 26-29, . . . . .	334	<i>off his false beard</i> ]. How now, rusties! whither are you	
<i>Emil.</i> A daughter; and a goodly babe,		bound?	
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives		Act V. scene 1. lines 297, 298, . . . . .	364
Much comfort in it; says, "My poor prisoner,		<i>Leon.</i> My lord,	
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<i>Paul.</i> This news is mortal to the queen: look down,		<i>Paul.</i> Turn, good lady;	
And see what death is doing.		our Perdita is found.	



TIMON OF ATHENS.

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NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY

H. A. EVANS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, of Athens.

LUCIUS,  
LUCILLUS, } flattering lords.  
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS, }  
LUCILIUS, } servants to Timon.  
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS, }  
PHILOTUS, }  
TITUS, } servants to Timon's creditors.  
HORTENSIUS, }  
And others, }

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA, }  
TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants

SCENE—Athens and the woods not far from it.

HISTORIC PERIOD: The fourth century B.C.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Six days, with one considerable interval.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2. Day 2: Act II. Scenes 1 and 2; Act III. Scenes 1-3. Day 3: Act III. Scenes 4 and 5; Act IV. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval.		Day 4: Act IV. Scene 3. Day 5: Act V. Scenes 1 and 2. Day 6: Act V. Scenes 3 and 4.
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# TIMON OF ATHENS.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

Timon of Athens was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it is entitled "The Life of Tymon of Athens," and no scrap of evidence as to the existence of the play earlier than this is to be found. The text is frequently corrupt, and its history is remarkably obscure. No one now maintains that the whole play is the work of Shakespeare; that about half is his, and that the other half is the composition of an inferior writer, has been accepted as an established fact by all modern critics. Nor has there been any wide divergence of opinion as to what parts are Shakespeare's and what not; the question in dispute has been how the play came to assume the shape in which we find it in the Folio. Did Shakespeare revise an older play, or was his work left unfinished and filled out into a five-act play by someone else?

Before attempting to answer this question it will be well to glance at the sources from which the story is taken. These are three: a passage in Plutarch's Life of Marcus Antonius; Painter's Palace of Pleasure, novel 28; and Lucian's Dialogue, Timon. Timon is twice mentioned in Aristophanes;<sup>1</sup> but the earliest account of him as a historical character occurs in Plutarch's Antonius,<sup>2</sup> which Shakespeare was probably reading about 1606 for his Antony and Cleopatra. Here he would find a brief account of Timon's misanthropical ways, one or two of his smart sayings, and his epitaph. Plutarch—whom Painter merely reproduces—says nothing of Timon's life before he turned man-hater, and gives us but the merest hint of the causes which gave rise to

his loathing for his fellow-creatures: "Antonius, he forsooke the citie and companie of his friends, and built him a house in the sea by the Ile of Pharos, vpon certain forced mounts which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all mens companie: saying that he would leade Timons life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was before offered vnto Timon; and that for the vnthankfulnessse of those he had done good vnto, and whom he tooke to be his friends, he was angrie with all men and would trust no man" (North's Plutarch, M. Antonius, c. 38). For further details we must go to Lucian's Dialogue, Timon or Misanthropos,<sup>3</sup> and here we find a picture of Timon which has evidently furnished the framework of the play. The outline of the Dialogue, so far as it concerns our present purpose, is as follows:—Timon is a wealthy open-handed citizen of Athens, who had kept up great state and had raised many of his friends to affluence through his liberality. His unstinted generosity at last reduces him to poverty, but it is in vain for him to appeal to their compassion; they one and all turn their backs upon him. Accordingly he takes up a spade and goes out into the country, where he endeavours to earn a few pence by hiring himself out as a labourer. One day when he is digging he comes upon a treasure of gold coins. So he resolves to purchase the estate on which he has made his discovery and build a tower for himself and his money, where he will live the life of a misanthrope, and be known for his moroseness, harshness, boorishness, ill-temper, and inhumanity. But the news of his good fortune is not long in reaching Athens, and his former acquaintances come flocking

<sup>1</sup> See note 1 at the end of the play.

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch has another mention of Timon in his life of Alcibiades (c. 4), where the anecdote told of him looks like a fuller version of the one told in the life of Antonius.

<sup>3</sup> A versified paraphrase of this Dialogue will be found in F. Heywood's Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas, 1637 (Works, 1874, vol. vi pp. 155-197).

forth to congratulate him, and get what they can to take home again. One of them, Thrasicles, the philosopher, is the prototype of Apemantus. He pretends that he has not come like the rest to see what he can get from Timon by smooth words; he is a man of simple tastes; his food is barley-bread, an onion, a few cresses, with a little salt besides on a feast-day, his drink pure water from the spring, his dress a simple cloak, while for money he cares no more than for the pebbles on the sea-shore. With an evident eye to his own interest he tries to persuade Timon to abandon his wealth; but Timon sends him about his business, as he has already sent the others, with a broken head.

Now here are at least three things not mentioned by Plutarch: first, Timon's lavish generosity, and subsequent desertion by his friends in his hour of need (this is at most hinted at in Plutarch); secondly, his discovery of a treasure and the reappearance of his friends in consequence; and thirdly, the character of Thrasicles. But these points have not been introduced into the non-Shakespearian parts of the play alone, they appear in the Shakespearian portion as well; and therefore Shakespeare must have been acquainted with Lucian's story in some shape or other. No translation of the Dialogue either in English or French existed in his day, but we need not suppose him to have ever read the Dialogue itself; an adaptation of the story would be all that would be necessary; and this he would find ready to hand, if there already existed a play on the subject of Timon founded upon Lucian and actually in possession of the stage. The existence of some such play was first assumed by Knight, whose theory has been accepted by Staunton, the Cambridge editors, and Delius, and offers a satisfactory explanation of the relationship of our play to Lucian.<sup>1</sup> It is just this which the theory

advocated by Fleay and others leaves unexplained. These critics, while assigning parts of the story undeniably drawn from Lucian—such as Timon's munificence, his discovery of gold, and his treatment of his visitors in the woods—to Shakespeare, do not explain how he became acquainted with them. The other theory presents no difficulty on this point. We assume that during his reading of Plutarch Shakespeare's attention was arrested by the story of Timon; that it struck him that the character of Timon might be made effective for the stage, and that not having time or inclination to work up a complete plot into a regular five-act play he availed himself of a "Timon" which was in the hands of his theatre at the time. This play had perhaps been a failure in its existing shape, and the company were therefore glad to embrace Shakespeare's offer to remodel it. Accordingly he rewrote about half of it, and hastily revised the rest, leaving this for the most part untouched, but inserting or altering a few lines or phrases here and there. But before he had had time to give the whole a final revision it was called for by the manager, and hurried upon the boards. These assumptions will account both for the general unity of plan as well as for the signs of incomplete revision observable here and there.<sup>2</sup>

We must now briefly notice Mr. Fleay's theory, which, together with the discussion upon it, will be found in the New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1874 (part I. pp. 130-194 and 242-252). He holds that the play

a banquet scene in which Timon sets before his guests stones painted like artichokes (see note 126, on act iii. 6. 111), and the story of the faithful steward, here called Laches, who follows his master to the woods and tries to comfort him. There is, however, no reason for thinking that it was ever acted in London, or that Shakespeare ever saw it. It is possible that it may have been known to the writer of the old Timon which Shakespeare rewrote, or that both these plays may have drawn upon a common original now lost. It may be noted in this connection that the expression "a Timonist" occurs in Dekker, *Satiromastix* (1602), Dramatic Works, vol. i. p. 258, ed. 1873:

I did it to retyre me from the world;  
And turne my *Atheist* into a *Timonist*,  
Loathing the general Leprosie of Sinne,  
Which like a plague runs through the soules of men.

<sup>2</sup> For instance, the approach of the poet and the painter (iv. 3. 356) nearly 200 lines before their entrance on the stage, and the double epitaph at the end of the play.

<sup>1</sup> A play called *Timon*, assigned by Steevens to the year 1699 or thereabouts, and evidently intended for representation before an academical audience, was printed by Dyce for the (old) Shakespeare Society in 1842, and is reprinted in Hazlitt's edition of Collier's Shakespeare Library. The writer of this play seems also to have been indebted to Lucian, for Timon takes to the woods and digs up treasure; but there are only two points which give us any reason to suppose it has any connection with our play—

## INTRODUCTION.

was left unfinished by Shakespeare and afterwards completed for publication by an inferior hand.<sup>1</sup> We shall not differ widely from Mr. Fleay in his selection of the non-Shakespearian portions of the play, but his theory requires him to assume that these are at best but patches on the original work, and do not contribute to the advancement of the plot. Here he fails to make out his case. Thus he says that the whole of act i. scene 2 "leaves the story unadvanced;" but surely it serves the purpose of setting before us Timon's magnificent style of living in the days of his prosperity, together with his princely bounty. Without it we jump at once from the introductory scene (act i. scene 1) to one in which we find Timon in difficulties with the duns at his gates (act ii.). Again, of act iii. he says: "these scenes by author the second add nothing to the progress of the play;" but scenes 1-4, besides being highly dramatic, are wanted to show us the ingratitude of Timon's friends; otherwise, as Dr. Furnivall points out, the tremendous change in Timon's character would be due to the refusal of help from one friend alone, Ventidius, — a refusal, too, which, whether by accident or design, is not represented on the stage, but only incidentally mentioned; while scene 5 gives the origin of the quarrel between Alcibiades and the senate, and connects itself with the concluding scene of the play. To take one more instance, Mr. Fleay thinks act iv. scene 3, 292-362 is an insertion because it interferes with the sense; Apemantus's remark (line 363) "Thou art the cap of all the fools alive," being a reply to Timon's "here it (gold) sleeps, and does no hired harm" (line 291). To this Dr. Nicholson replies that as Apemantus does not care for gold, he would not call Timon a fool for saying that gold was best placed where it was out of the way, and that the connection between lines 291 and 292 is natural, for Timon's use of the word "sleeps" suggests to Apemantus to ask, as he does in line 292, "Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?" while "Thou art the cap of all the fools alive" is an appropriate answer to Timon's assertion that he would rather be a beggar's dog than Ape-

mantus (line 361), and means "thou never knew'st what was good for thee; in this thou capp'st all."

The following are the non-Shakespearian portions according to Fleay, with remarks by the present editor:—

1. Act i. scene 1, lines 186-248, 266-283.—These prose bits, says Mr. Fleay, are "bald and cut up," and their effect is certainly something quite different from the rest of the scene; but it is possible that Shakespeare may have chosen this abrupt, snappy style of talk as something specially suitable to Apemantus.

2. Act i. scene 2.—The halting verse cannot be Shakespeare's, but there is no reason why he may not have written Apemantus's grace, and particularly Timon's prose speech beginning "O, no doubt, my good friends," lines 91-112.

3. Act ii. scene 2, lines 46-131.—As the Page and the Fool are not introduced elsewhere, this may be a bit of the old play; but purposely left here by Shakespeare, in order to spare the audience the details of the wearisome accounts which Timon and his steward discuss off the stage. (See the remarks of Dr. Nicholson, *op supra*, p. 259.)

4. Act ii. scene 2, lines 195-204.—Mr. Fleay condemns these lines in order to square with his theory that Lucius, Lucullus, and Scamponius are characters introduced by the expander of the play.

5. Act iii. the whole, except scene 6, lines 95-115.—The whole of scene 6 may be Shakespeare's; but of course every reader must judge for himself.

6. Act iv. scene 2, lines 30-50.—Connected with iv. 3. 464-543.

7. Act iv. scene 3, lines 292-362.—Possibly Shakespeare's for the reason given under 1; see also what has been said above on "Where ly'st o' nights?"

8. Act iv. scene 3, lines 399-412, 454-463.

9. Act iv. scene 3, lines 461-543.—Mr. Fleay thinks that Timon's relenting to the steward, and rewarding him, is aesthetically contrary to the whole drift of the play. Had Timon been convinced that there was one "just and comfortable man," he would have ceased to be *misanthropos*, and would not have concluded his interview with

"Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee."

But is this so inappropriate after all? No doubt Timon is inconsistent, yet a character may be inconsistent and still true to nature, and it was not without good reason that Shakespeare left this episode where it was when, as our theory assumes, he revised the play. It is thus that Timon is redeemed from utter inhumanity, and thus that he once again appeals to our sympathy; indeed after listening to his tremendous invectives against the whole human race, vigorous as they are, we might begin to feel that he

<sup>1</sup> Rolfe thinks the play was completed for the stage some time before the printing of the Folio.

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was something too far beyond the range of our experience did not this dialogue with his steward remind us that he is still a man. The speech of Timon beginning "Look thee, 't is so!" line 529, is nervous enough to be from Shakespeare's own pen.

10. Act v. scene 1, lines 1-57.—Some lines in this read very like Shakespeare's work.

11. Act v. scene 3.—The close of the play bears the marks of hurried revision.

As to the date at which Shakespeare revised the play we have nothing but internal evidence to go upon. This would assign it to the same period as *Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, and, as Professor Dowden puts it, 1607 is a date which cannot be far astray.

But we have not quite exhausted the peculiar features of this play. In the Folio it comes between *Romeo and Juliet* and *Julius Caesar*, and is paged 80 and 81 (a mistake for 78 and 79), then 82, 81 (mistake for 80, 81), then 82 to 98, then a leaf unpagged with the actors' names printed on one side, and then comes the first page of *Julius Caesar*, numbered 100, so that four leaves appear to have been cancelled. Fleay points out that this space, pp. 78-108 (now occupied by *Timon*), would *exactly* have held *Troilus and Cressida*, which is actually paged 79 and 80 in its second and third pages, but is otherwise unpagged. He concludes, therefore, that it was originally intended to stand where *Timon* does now. "But as this play was originally called *The History of Troilus and Cressida* (so in the Quarto Edition), and as there is really nothing tragical in the main bulk of it, it was doubted if it could be put with the Tragedies, so the editors of the Folio compromised the matter by putting it between the Histories and Tragedies, and not putting it at all in the Catalogue, though they still retained their first title for it as *the tragedie of Troilus and Cressida*."

But if, as I conjecture, all the following plays, from *Julius Caesar* to *Cymbeline*, were already in type and had been printed off, there was nothing to fall back upon but *Pericles* and the unfinished *Timon*? (Fleay, *at supra*, p. 137). It is perhaps unsafe to infer that more than *Julius Caesar* was already printed, but nevertheless this is a very happy explanation of the eccentricities of the pagination in the Folio,

and explains why a whole leaf is given up to the actors' names, with a liberality which does not occur elsewhere in the book.<sup>1</sup> The suggestion which follows, that the editors of the Folio "took the incomplete *Timon*, put it into a playwright's hands, and told him to make it up to thirty pages," seems much less probable,<sup>2</sup> for there is good reason for believing that the play as we have it in the Folio had been already acted. "In old plays the entrance directions are sometimes in advance of the real entrances, having been thus placed in the theatre copy that the performers or bringers-in of stage properties might be warned to be in readiness to enter on their cue. In act i. sc. 1 (Folio) is *Enter Apemantus* opposite 'Well mocked,' though he is only seen as in the distance by *Timon* after the Merchant's next words, and does not enter till after 'Hee'l spare none.' So in the banquet (sc. ii. mod. eds.) there is—*Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers, &c.*, before *Timon's*—'What means that trumpey?'—and *Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies* before *Cupid's* fore-running speech" (Dr. Nicholson, *Transactions, &c.*, p. 252).

### STAGE HISTORY.

In dealing with *Timon of Athens* darkness is, at the outset, illumined only by conjecture. Mr. Fleay, whose theories as to Shakespeare's share in the authorship are fully disclosed in his paper on the Authorship of *Timon of Athens*, read before the fourth meeting of the New Shakspeare Society, 8th May, 1874, and included in the first volume of its *Transactions*, assigns it to 1606-7 (see *Life of Shakespeare passim*), and supposes it to belong to the same period as "that part of *Cymbeline* which is founded on so-called British history" (ib. 156). Malone attributes it to 1610. Its date of composition was, we may fairly assume, near that of production, since in Shakespeare's case no cause for delay can easily have arisen.

<sup>1</sup> And also why whole passages of prose are split up into impossible verse.

<sup>2</sup> The Cambridge editors themselves say, "It may be that the MS. of *Timon* was imperfect, and that the printing was stayed till it could be completed by some playwright engaged for the purpose. But it is difficult to conceive how the printer came to miscalculate so widely the space to be left."



## INTRODUCTION.

Nothing, however, is known, and we have no record of a performance of the play as Shakespeare left it earlier than the present century.

Shadwell is responsible for the first adaptation of *Timon* that saw the light after the period of Puritan sway. "The History of *Timon* of Athens the Man Hater Made into a play" was printed in 4to in 1678, and was acted at the Dorset Garden Theatre probably in the same year. The following cast is printed with the tragedy:—

Timon of Athens	= Mr. Betterton.
Alcibiades, an Athenian captain	= Mr. Smith.
Apemantus, a rigid philosopher	= Mr. Harris.
Demetrius, Timon's steward	= Mr. Medburne.
Nicias	= Mr. Standford
Phæax	(should be Sandford).
Ælius	= Mr. Underhill.
Cleon	= Mr. Leigh.
Isander	= Mr. Norris.
Isidore	= Mr. Percival.
Thrasillus	= Mr. Gillo.
Diphilus, Servant to Timon	= (no name).
Old Man	= Mr. Bowman.
Poet	= Mr. Richards.
Painter	= Mr. Jevon.
Jeweller	
Musician	
Merchant	
Evandra	= Mrs. Betterton.
Melissa	= Mrs. Shadwell.
Chloe	= Mrs. Gibbs.
Thais	= Mrs. Seymour.
Phrinius	= Mrs. Le-Grand.

} Senators of Athens

} Mistresses to Alcibiades.

*Servants, Messengers, several Masqueraders, Soldiers.*

It is dedicated to George Duke of Buckingham, the author of *The Rehearsal*. With customary affectation of homage to Shakespeare Shadwell says in the dedication: "I am now to present your Grace with this History of *Timon*, which you were pleased to tell me you liked; and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable hand of Shakespeare in it, which never made more masterly strokes than in this." Then with arrogance no less customary he continues: "Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a play." The Prologue addressed to the Wits who sate in judgment on new plays contains an allusion to Shakespeare in which Shadwell contrives once more to puff himself:

In th' art of judging you as wise are grown,  
As, in their choice, some ladies of the town:  
Your neat-shap'd Barbary Wits you will despise,  
And none but lusty sinewy writers prize:  
Old English Shakespear-stomachs, you have still  
And judge, as our fore-fathers writ, with skill.

In the epilogue also Shadwell shelters himself behind Shakespeare:

If there were hope that ancient solid wit  
Might please within our new fantastick pit;  
The play might then support the critics' shock,  
This scien (*sic*) grafted upon Shakespear's stock.

From a glance at the cast it will be seen what liberties have been taken with Shakespeare's story. The names of the characters and the characters themselves have been altered. In the Stuart period a piece with no love interest might well be regarded as outside conception. Shadwell has accordingly presented *Timon* as faithless to his mistress, Evandra, who loves him passionately and is constant to the end; and enamoured of Melissa, a mercenary creature who oscillates between him and Alcibiades accordingly as their fortunes rise or fall. Apart from the fact that his lines are cacophonous and contemptible, Shadwell's theories are fatal to the play. Constancy such as Evandra shows is enough to have reconciled *Timon* to the world, since devotion so exemplary in woman might compensate for any amount of masculine shortcoming. The dignity and pathos of the death are lost when the messenger of Alcibiades returns at the close of the fifth act to say:

My noble lord, I went as you commanded  
And found Lord Timon dead and his Evandra  
Stab'd and just by him lying in his tomb, &c.

It is needless to dwell upon an atrocity which ranks with the happy termination to *Lear* and other perversions of the same epoch. Not more defensible is the treatment of Flavius, rechristened Demetrius, and of Apemantus.

Downes speaks of this play as a success. His words are: "*Timon* of Athens alter'd by Mr. Shadwell; 't was very well acted, and the music in't well perform'd; it wonderfully pleas'd the Court and City; being an excellent moral" (*Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 37). A different impression is conveyed in the epilogue to

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The Jew of Venice of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, produced twenty-three years later. In this, after complaining of the bad taste of audiences, the writer continues:

How was the scene forlorn, and how despid'  
When Timon, without music, moraliz'd!  
Shakespeare's sublime, in vain entic'd the throng,  
Without the charm of Purcell's syren song.  
—Works, ed. 1752, p. 184.

This wretched version held the stage for near a century. Concerning the performance we know nothing. Evandra is a sort of die-away character in which Mary Betterton would be seen to advantage, Betterton would assumably be suited to Timon, and Harris, an excellent actor, would do justice to Apemantus. Sandford was a noted stage-villain. Ann Shadwell, the wife of the adapter, was not much of an actress, but Melissa is not much of a part.

On the 27th June, 1707, Shadwell's Timon was revived by the summer company at the Haymarket. Mills was Timon, Verbruggen Apemantus, Booth Alcibiades, Norris the Poet, Bullock Phœax, Johnson Ælius, Mrs. Porter Evandra, and Mrs. Bradshaw Melissa.

Drury Lane witnessed its production on 8th Dec. 1720, when Booth was Timon, Mills Apemantus, Walker Alcibiades, Pinkethman the Poet, Mrs. Thurmond Evandra, and Mrs. Horton Melissa; and Covent Garden on 1st May, 1733, with Milward as Timon, Quin as Apemantus, Walker as Alcibiades, Mrs. Hallam as Evandra, and Mrs. Buchanan as Melissa. Milward revived it for his benefit at Drury Lane 20th March, 1740, repeating his performance of Timon. Quin was once more Apemantus, Mills was Alcibiades, Woodward the Poet, Mrs. Butler Evandra, and Mrs. Pritchard Melissa. It was played for the last recorded time for Hales's benefit at Covent Garden 20th April, 1745. Quin was still Apemantus, Hippisley Phœax, Theophilus Cibber the Poet, Woodward Isander, Mrs. Pritchard Evandra, and Miss Hippisley Chloe. The other characters are not given. Hales, since all sorts of rash experiments were permitted at benefits, was assumably Timon.

At Dublin Shadwell's play was given about 1715 at Smock Alley Theatre. The cast of the performance, a rare thing in early Dublin

annals, is preserved, and as it included many names subsequently to become famous it may be given as it is supplied in Hitchcock's Historical View of the Irish Stage, i. 27, 28. The notes are our own:

Timon	=	Mr. Th. Elrington, <sup>1</sup>
Aleibiades	=	Mr. Evans.
Apemantus	=	Mr. Ashbury. <sup>2</sup>
Nieias	=	Mr. Fra. Elrington. <sup>1</sup>
Phœax	=	Mr. Thurmond. <sup>3</sup>
Oelius ( <i>sic</i> )	=	Mr. Trefusis.
Cleon	=	Mr. Quin. <sup>4</sup>
Isidore	=	Mr. Hall.
Thrasillus	=	Mr. Dougherty.
Demetrius	=	Mr. Leigh. <sup>5</sup>
Poet	=	Mr. Griffith. <sup>6</sup>
Painter	=	Mr. Oates.
Jeweller	=	Mr. Bowman.
Musician	=	Mr. Hallan.
Evandre ( <i>sic</i> )	=	Mrs. Thurmond.
Melissa	=	Mrs. Wilkins.
Chloe	=	Mrs. Haywood. <sup>7</sup>
Thais	=	Miss Wilson.
Phrynia ( <i>sic</i> )	=	Miss Schooling.

An adaptation from Shakespeare and Shadwell by James Dance, better known by his acting name of Love, was published in 1768, and was produced near the same time by its author at the theatre erected by him and his brother in Richmond. Like Dance's other dramas, it is a poor compilation. Love played Apemantus, Aikin was Timon; Fawcett, Lucullus; Cautherley, Alcibiades; and Mrs. Stephens, Evandra. Richard Cumberland was the next adapter of Timon. His version was produced 4th December, 1771, at Drury Lane under Garrick's management, with Barry as Timon, Bannister as Apemantus, Packer as Flavius, Palmer as Lucius, Hurst as Lucullus, Baddeley as the soldier, and Crofts (his first appearance on the stage) as Alcibiades. Mrs. Barry was Evanthe. Cumberland

<sup>1</sup> The Elringtons were a family of clever actors. Thomas Elrington was at that time manager of the theatre.

<sup>2</sup> A son, assumably, of the late manager of Smock Alley, whose daughter Thomas Elrington married.

<sup>3</sup> A well-known actor at Drury Lane, the husband of an actress even better known, who played Evandra.

<sup>4</sup> The famous Quin, then a youth of twenty-two.

<sup>5</sup> Actor, song-writer, and dramatist.

<sup>6</sup> A good actor and a pleasing poet.

<sup>7</sup> Subsequently known as Mrs. Elizabeth Haywood, a voluminous writer introduced by Pope into the Dunciad, book ii.

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has the grace, in his advertisement to the printed version (8vo, 1771), to express his wish that he could have brought the play upon the stage with less violence to its author, and to hope that his own errors may be overlooked or forgiven in the contemplation of the "many passages of the first merit" which are still retained. He adds, "as the entire part of Evanthé and with very few exceptions the whole of Alcibiades are new, the author of the alteration has much to answer for" (*Memoir*, i. 384). His affectation of modesty is sufficiently transparent. On the plea that the play is now out of print, he burdens his memoirs with a long extract which may figure among any future illustrations of bathos. Cumberland chronicles that "public approbation seemed to sanction the attempt at the first production of the play" (*ib.* i. 385); but owns that it was subsequently passed over with neglect. It was indeed conspicuously unsuccessful, as appear to have been most alterations of *Timon*. Francis Gentleman, in his *Dramatic Censor*, does not include *Timon* among the plays on which he comments, and we are accordingly without the light which his criticisms cast upon the representations of other Shakespearean works. Genest gives a full description of the changes made by Cumberland, and is lenient in his verdict, speaking of some of the shortening as judicious, and declaring that in the respect of making in the scenes from Shakespeare few alterations except omissions Cumberland is much superior to Shadwell. Genest admits that the additions of both coalesce badly with the original, but holds that both have improved that part of the play which concerns Alcibiades" (*Account of the English Stage*, v. 319). To make, as does Cumberland, Evanthé the heroine, the daughter of *Timon*, and present her as beloved by Lucius and Alcibiades, and favouring the latter, is, as has been observed, injudicious. The reckless extravagance of *Timon* in spending his money on sycophants becomes unpardonable when his wealth, or a portion at least of it, should belong to his daughter.

Fifteen years later, at Covent Garden, 13th May, 1786, yet one more alteration was tried with insuccess. *Timon of Athens*, altered

from Shakespeare and Shadwell, is attributed in the *Biographia Dramatica* to Thomas Hull, a well-known actor and dramatist, for whose benefit it was given. From the same authority we learn that it was coldly received. This version has never been printed. The following is the cast: *Timon* = Holman, *Apemantus* = Wroughton, *Alcibiades* = Farren, *Flavius* = Hull, *Lucullus* = Quick, *Lucius* = Wewitzer, *Evandra* = a young lady, her first appearance, *Melissa* = Mrs. Inchbald. With the exception of the representative of *Evandra*, the foregoing actors constitute a strong cast. The young lady, according to the *Theatrical Journal* for May, 1786, "is said to be a sister of Mrs. Kemble, formerly Miss Satchell." Miss Satchell, afterwards Mrs. Stephen Kemble, was the daughter of a musical-instrument maker. The *débutante* is praised for her figure, manner, and deportment, and declared to have been "natural and affecting." Hull's alteration, it is said, "ought to be consigned to oblivion," a fate which soon attended it. Genest fails to chronicle who was the young lady playing *Evandra*. He says, however, that *Flavius* was quite in Hull's line, that *Wroughton* was a very good *Apemantus*, and that *Quick* and *Wewitzer* played well and did not make their parts too comic (*Account of the English Stage*, vi. 402).

A long interval elapses before *Timon of Athens* is again heard of, and it is then (28th October, 1816), for the first time, announced as in Shakespeare's version. Even now, however, some modification was found necessary. This was accomplished by the Honourable George Lamb. In the advertisement to the play the adapter says: "The present attempt has been to restore Shakespeare to the stage, with no other omissions than such as the refinement of manners has rendered necessary—the short interpolation in the last scene has been chiefly compiled from Cumberland's alteration." Genest, who gives an analysis of the play, praises it highly, saying that it "does Lamb considerable credit, and adding, with a certain amount of hyperbole, that "it is not only infinitely better than any of the former alterations, but it may serve as a model of the manner in which Shakespeare's plays should be adapted to the modern

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Stage" (Account of the English Stage, viii. 585, 586).

In this revival Kean made his appearance as Timon, the cast including Bengough as Apemantus, Wallack as Alcibiades, Holland as Flavius, Harley as Lucius, S. Penley as Lucullus, and Bernard as Sempronius. It was not a great success, and was acted seven times. Hazlitt's precious series of criticisms upon Kean's performances in Shakespeare does not include Timon, and the ordinary organs of theatrical criticism pass over the representation without notice. Procter (Barry Cornwall) apologizes for Kean, declares the play unadapted for representation, and says that Kean, by dint of his own single strength, was unable to make it popular. He continues: "In fact, although one of the finest, it is at the same time one of the least dramatic works of Shakespeare. It is more of a monodrame than a play" (Life of Kean, ii. 163). The dialogue was given by Kean with prodigious effect," his retorts upon Apemantus, and his curses on ungrateful Athens—

Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall  
That girdlest in those wolves, &c. —

were made as fierce as voice and expression could render them. But he did not exhibit the whole character. We beheld in him the bitter sceptic, but not the easy, lordly, and magnificent Timon" (ib. ii. 163, 164). Mr. Hawkins, in his Life of Kean, i. 398, quotes from an unpublished letter of Mr. Harry Stoe Van Dyk, that Kean breathed the very soul of melancholy and tenderness in those impressive words:—

But myself,  
Who had the world as my confectionary;  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
At duty, more than I could frame employment;  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows.

— Act iv. sc. iii. 259-266.

He quotes also the opinion of Leigh Hunt, that the finest scene was that with Alcibiades. "We never remember the force of contrast to have been more truly pathetic. Timon, digging in the woods with his spade, hears the

approach of military music; he starts, waits its approach silently, and at last in comes the gallant Alcibiades with a train of splendid soldiery. Never was scene more effectively managed. First you heard a sprightly quick march playing in the distance. Kean started, listened, and leaned in a fixed and angry manner on his spade, with frowning eyes and lips full of the truest feeling, compressed, but not too much so; he seemed as if resolved not to be deceived, even by the charm of a thing inanimate; the audience were silent; the march threw forth its gallant notes nearer and nearer, the Athenian standards appear, then the soldiers come treading on the scene with that air of confident progress which is produced by the accompaniment of music; and at last, while the squalid misanthrope still maintains his posture and keeps his back to the strangers, in steps the young and splendid Alcibiades, in the flush of victorious expectation. It is the encounter of hope with despair" (ib. 398, 399).

Another long interval passed before Timon was again revived. Genest, indeed, chronicles no other performance.

Warned by previous experience, Macready left the character of Timon unattempted, and his example was followed by Charles Kean. Not, indeed, until it was revived by Phelps is Timon traceable on the stage.

On the 15th September, 1851, with more than usual attention to the *mise en scène*, Phelps produced Timon at Sadler's Wells. On this occasion the performance triumphed over the defects, real or imaginary, of the play. Between its first production and the following Christmas it was played some forty times. In the Life of Phelps by W. May Phelps and John Forbes-Robertson, the bill of this interesting performance is given (p. 273). Though respectable in their day, the actors of the subordinate parts are now wholly forgotten. It is not necessary accordingly to give more than the principal characters which were thus cast:—

Timon	=	Mr. Phelps.
Lucius	=	Mr. F. Robinson.
Lucullus	=	Mr. Hoskins.
Sempronius	=	Mr. H. Mellon.

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Ventidius	=	Mr. Knight.
Apemantus	=	Mr. G. Bennett.
Flavius	=	Mr. Graham.
Aleibiades	=	Mr. H. Marston.
Poet	=	Mr. J. W. Ray.
Painter	=	Mr. F. Younge.
Phrynia	=	Mrs. Graham.
Timandra	=	Miss Jones.

High praise was bestowed upon the revival, though the encomiums upon Phelps are lukewarm. John Oxenford, one of the most capable, if also one of the most lenient of critics, gave in *The Times* an elaborate analysis of the performance, dwelling especially upon the scenery, which was by Fenton. From his notice it is evident that some experiments, perhaps questionable, were made with a view of adding to the attractions of a play that managers still regard askance. A moving picture, representing the march of Alcibiades to Athens, was thus introduced, and the last scene presented the sea with the tomb of Timon as a conspicuous object. Timon, Oxenford declares, is one of Phelps's most effective characters. Coming to details, however, the critic dwells upon picturesqueness and the presentation of the "inherent dignity of the misanthrope." Of the delivery of the curse at the close of the third act, however, Oxenford speaks with more warmth. It is said to be "grandly impressive." "The feeling of wrong has kindled itself into a prophetic inspiration, and the parasites shrink before their awful host as before a supernatural presence" (quoted in *Life of Phelps*, p. 224). Of Marston's Apemantus it is said, "With a countenance deformed by malignity, an abject deportment, a sharp spiteful glance, and a hard-hitting delivery of the pointed language, this personage was a most admirable type of the worst species of the cynic breed" (*ib.*). A word of commendation is spared for Mr. Ray's Flavius.

On the 11th of October, 1856, Timon was again revived. Once more warm commendation was bestowed. Francis Guest Tomlins, secretary of the original Shakespeare Society, instituted comparisons between the Shakespearean revivals at Sadler's Wells and those by Charles Kean at the Princess's, wholly to the credit of the former. At the head of the

Princess's was a showman who as lavishly illustrated Pizarro as Macbeth; at that of Sadler's Wells was an artist who assigned fervour and genius predominance over archeology. Professor Morley, with higher praise, says that Shakespeare's plays, as revived at Sadler's Wells, are always poems, and declares that *Timon of Athens* is wholly a poem to the Sadler's Wells audience (*Journal of a London Playgoer*, p. 151). His praise of Phelps is more well-meaning than comprehensible: "Mr. Phelps in his own acting of Timon treats the character as an ideal, as the central figure in a mystery. As the liberal Athenian lord, his gestures are large, his movements free—out of himself everything pours, towards himself he will draw nothing" (*ib.*, p. 155). With this representation the stage history of Timon ends. Two men alone have, so far as surviving records attest, played the part of Shakespeare's

Old Timon with the noble heart,  
That greatly loathing, greatly broke.

Of Kean and Phelps as Timon some memories survive. Of actors who presented Timon in paternal aspects, or as an impassioned wooer, enough has been said. A subject so devoid of feminine interest is, of course, unpromising—Timon has, accordingly, in most countries, been "severely" left alone. Lucian's dialogue has been translated into French by Brécourt, and produced as a one-act comedy, played in 1684 under the title of *Timon*, and also under that of *Les Flatteurs trompés ou l'ennemi des faux amis*. *Timon le Misanthrope*, a three-act comedy of Delisle, produced at the Theatre des Italiens in 1722, is a mythological spectacle, bringing Mercury and Plutus on to the earth. Neither piece, it is needless to say, owes anything to Shakespeare. In *Notes and Queries* 7th s. iii. 46 it is recorded that John Honeycott, the master of the charity school, Clerkenwell, had on 6th Feb. 1711, "with the children of the school, publicly acted the play called 'Timon of Athens,' and by tickets signed by himself had invited several people to it." For this he was called over the coals by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the trustees of the school. See

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also Secretan's *Life of Robert Nelson*, Lond. 1860, p. 130. This performance of a play of Shakespeare is held to be "evidence of a considerable amount of culture in a neighbourhood where one would scarcely expect to find it." The question arises, however—was the play Shakespeare or Shadwell?—J. K.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

*Timon of Athens* is a study of the disastrous effects of a reverse of fortune upon an unbalanced mind. The subject was hardly capable of being handled so effectively as those of the other great tragedies, and the comparative unpopularity of the play is easily accounted for. But if it does not carry us along with the thrilling interest of a *Macbeth* or an *Othello*, it is by no means deficient either in design or execution. Although the dialogue becomes a little tedious here and there, the plot is well sustained, the leading situations are impressive, and the principal characters powerfully drawn.

Timon's character is not hard to understand. He is a man of generous impulses but defective judgment. His weakness is a facile good-nature, which leads him to make friends indiscriminately with everyone; he is not at the pains to form any estimate of the true character of those who flock to enjoy his hospitality, but lavishes upon them his riches with an unwise prodigality: for he has no thought for the future; with a careless magnificence he seeks only to gratify the momentary impulse of generosity, and although not a helpless victim to flattery, he is not insensible to the "feast-won, fast-lost" popularity which follows. Thus his knowledge of mankind is merely superficial, his friendship does not rest upon those foundations which alone can render it permanent, he has no reserve of strength in his own heart to fall back upon, and it is not to be wondered at that when the crash comes he is unprepared to meet it, and that when his so-called friends desert him, and the false paradise which he has created for himself vanishes away, he is powerless to grapple with the stern realities which stare him in the face, and takes refuge in self-banishment and a

passionate and uncompromising hatred of the human race.

In this, if he shows weakness, he does not show meanness of character. Had he followed the advice of the Cynic Apemantus he would have acquiesced in the low morality which surrounded him: he would have turned flatterer himself and sought to thrive by that which had undone him. But his nature is too noble for that; curse he can—but never smile and be a villain. Not that cursing is a pleasure to him; he is as dissatisfied with himself as with the rest of the world, and from his intolerable bitterness of soul—a bitterness relieved only by one touch of nature, his relenting towards his faithful steward—the sole release is death; yet though he dies with imprecations on his lips, the play does not end without a hint that those he cursed have forgiven him, and remember rather his virtues than his faults:

rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead  
Is noble Timon: of whose memory  
Hereafter more. (v. 4. 77-81.)

Where Timon failed Alcibiades succeeded. It has been remarked that the part which Alcibiades plays is only remotely connected with the main story; but it cannot be doubted that he is intended to form a contrast to Timon, and point the moral of his fall. Like Timon, Alcibiades is wronged, but he does not unpack his heart in words and fall a cursing. He is a successful man of the world, who takes prompt measures to right his wrongs, and his triumph over the offending senators forms a fitting sequel to the story of Timon's barren misanthropy. None the less it is with Timon, and not with Alcibiades, that our sympathies rest. Had Timon possessed the practical virtues of the victorious commander he would have been saved from despair, and the catastrophe would have been averted; but as we lament over the wreck of a noble nature, we feel that there are nobler things in the world than worldly prosperity, and that failure may sometimes command a deeper respect than success.

The character of Apemantus is a foil to

## INTRODUCTION.

Timon's. Timon hates men, and is miserable in his hatred; Apemantus hates them too, and enjoys it. Always a cynic and a carper, he never had any faith in the goodness of the human heart, and cannot open his mouth except to give utterance to a sneer or a surly repartee. He has no wrongs to avenge; he is not, like Timon, smarting under a sense of the injustice of mankind; he is

a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.  
(iv. 3. 250, 251.)

He is unable to understand the righteous indignation which drove Timon to "affect his manners." He thinks Timon must be insincere in his misanthropy, that it is either a fit of temporary pique, or that he is reduced to it by sheer force of circumstances. He is not himself "sick of this false world;" and when Timon wishes that the world may be given over to the dominion of beasts, he is for putting off that catastrophe until he himself has quitted it. It should be noticed too that Timon never pretends to be better than others, and never lays claim to any special virtues; while in Apemantus we see that pride and self-complacency with which such cynicism as his is always accompanied. He hugs himself in his superiority to the human weaknesses of Timon's flatterers, in his abstinence from the banquets in which they revelled, and in his utter independence of all human ties (i. 2. 63-70):

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man but myself:  
Grant I may never prove so fond,  
To trust man on his oath or bond,  
Or a harlot for her weeping;  
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;  
Or a keeper with my freedom:  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Among the minor characters of the drama that of the Steward is the most prominent. He is a faithful and attached servant of a type which was a favourite with the later dramatists. He had that insight into human character which his master lacked. Timon in the simplicity of his soul imagined that if he were ever in need, the purses of his friends would be open to him with the same generosity that his was opened to them, but the Steward knew them better (ii. 2. 178-181):

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

The attachment of his servants to Timon is a proof of the inherent goodness of his heart. Had he been a mere hard-hearted, selfish prodigal, he would never have had so devoted a follower as Flavius, who, although unable to save him, was able to wring from him in his bitterest mood the confession that one honest man was left in the world.

Timon of Athens is singular among Shakespeare's plays in the absence of any female character, for the brace of courtezans can hardly be counted. It is perhaps enough to say that Shakespeare did not find any women in his materials, and did not care to complicate the plot by the introduction of any creations of his own. But he may also have thought that the subject was not one in which the female character could be displayed to any advantage. Shadwell thought otherwise, and into his alteration he introduced two ladies—one with whom Timon was on the point of marriage, but who deserts him in his adversity; and another, whom he had himself deserted, but who stands by him to the last.







*Pain.* How this lord is follow'd!  
*Poet.* The senators of Athens:—happy man!—(Act i. 1. 23, 49.)

## TIMON OF ATHENS.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens.* A hall in Timon's house.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant,  
 and others, at several doors.*

*Poet.* Good day, sir.

*Pain.* I am glad you're well.

*Poet.* I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

*Pain.* It wears,<sup>1</sup> sir, as it grows.

*Poet.* Ay, that's well known;

But what particular rarity? what strange,  
 Which manifold record not matches? See,  
 Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
 Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O, 't is a worthy lord.

*Jew.* Nay, that's most fix'd,

*Mer.* A most incomparable man; breath'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 as it were, 10

To an untirable and continue<sup>3</sup> goodness:  
 He passes.<sup>4</sup>

*Jew.* I have a jewel here—

*Mer.* O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord  
 Timon, sir? 13

*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate;<sup>5</sup> but, for  
 that—

*Poet.* [*Reciting to himself*] "When we for re-  
 compense have prais'd the vile,  
 It stains the glory in that happy verse  
 Which aptly sings the good."

*Mer.* 'T is a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*]

*Jew.* And rich: here is a water, look ye.

*Pain.* You're rapt,<sup>6</sup> sir, in some work, some  
 dedication  
 To the great lord.

*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
 Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes 21  
 From whence 't is nourish'd: the fire if the flint  
 Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame  
 Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
 Each bound it chafes.—What have you there?

*Pain.* A picture, sir.—When comes your  
 book forth?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment,<sup>7</sup>  
 sir,—

Let's see your piece.

<sup>1</sup> *Wears*, wears out.

<sup>2</sup> *Breath'd*, having breath enough for; or, inured.

<sup>3</sup> *Continue*, uninterrupted.

<sup>4</sup> *Passes*, passes all description.

<sup>5</sup> *Touch the estimate*, come up to the price

<sup>6</sup> *Rapt*, engrossed

<sup>7</sup> *Presentment*, presentation

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis: this comes off well<sup>1</sup> and excellent. 29

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable: how this grace Speaks his own standing! what a mental power This eye shoots forth! how big<sup>2</sup> imagination Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture One might interpret.<sup>3</sup>

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life. Here is a touch; is't good!

*Poet.* I will say of it, It tutors nature: artificial strife<sup>4</sup> Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, and pass o'er.*

*Pain.* How this lord is follow'd!

*Poet.* The senators of Athens:—happy man!

*Pain.* Look, moe!<sup>5</sup> 41

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man, Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment: my free drift Halts not particularly,<sup>6</sup> but moves itself In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd<sup>7</sup> malice Infects one comma in the course I hold; But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no tract<sup>8</sup> behind. 50

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I'll unbolt to you. You see how all conditions, how all minds— As well of glib and slippery creatures as Of grave and austere quality—tender down Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune, Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, Subdues and properties<sup>9</sup> to his love and tendance All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd<sup>10</sup> flatterer 58 To Apemantus, that few things loves better

<sup>1</sup> Comes off well, is a creditable piece of work.

<sup>2</sup> Big, pregnant: or merely, powerful, mighty.

<sup>3</sup> Interpret, play the interpreter.

<sup>4</sup> Artificial strife, the strife of art to emulate nature.

<sup>5</sup> Moe, more.

<sup>6</sup> Halts not particularly, does not stop at any single person.

<sup>7</sup> Levell'd, aimed at any particular person.

<sup>8</sup> Tract, trace, track.

<sup>9</sup> Properties, makes property of, appropriates.

<sup>10</sup> Glass-fac'd, reflecting like a mirror the looks of his patron.

Than to abhor himself: even he drops down The knee before him, and returns in peace Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* Sir,

I have upon a high and pleasant hill Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount

Is rank'd<sup>11</sup> with all deserts, all kind of natures, That labour on the bosom of this sphere To propagate their states:<sup>12</sup> amongst them all, Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd, One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame, Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her: 70

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants

Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.<sup>13</sup> This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below, Bowing his head against the steepy mount To climb his happiness, would be well express'd In our condition.

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on. All those which were his fellows but of late,— Some better than his value,—on the moment Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance, Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear, 81 Makesacred even his stirrup, and through him<sup>14</sup> Drink the free air.

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these?

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood, Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,

Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top, Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down, Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'T is common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show, 90 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's

More pregnantly<sup>15</sup> than words. Yet you do well

<sup>11</sup> Rank'd, covered with ranks.

<sup>12</sup> To propagate their states, to improve their fortunes.

<sup>13</sup> To scope, to the purpose.

<sup>14</sup> Through him, by his leave, at his will.

<sup>15</sup> Pregonantly, clearly.

To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head

*Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other Servants following.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?

*Ven. Serv.* Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait!<sup>1</sup>  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up; which failing,  
Periods<sup>2</sup> his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius!—Well;  
I am not of that feather to shake off<sup>100</sup>  
My friend when he must need me. I do know  
him

A gentleman that well deserves a help,—  
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and  
free him.

*Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send his  
ransom;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to  
me:—

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

*Ven. Serv.* All happiness to your honour!

[*Exit.*]

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

*Tim.* I have so: what of him? 112

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man  
before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

*Luc.* [*Coming forward*] Here, at your lord-  
ship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, Lord Timon, this  
thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well; what further?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin  
else, 121

On whom I may confer what I have got:  
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort;  
Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:  
His honesty rewards him in itself; 130  
It must not bear<sup>3</sup> my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* [*To Lucilius*] Love you the maid?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be  
missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband? 140

*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present; in  
future, all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd  
me long;

To build his fortune I will strain a little,  
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daugh-  
ter:

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honour on my  
promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship: never  
may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you! 151

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*]

*Poet.* [*Presenting his poem*] Vouchsafe my  
labour, and long live your lordship!

*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from me  
anon:

<sup>1</sup> Strait, strict.  
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<sup>2</sup> Periods, puts a stop to.

<sup>3</sup> Bear, carry off, win.

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend? 154

*Pain.* [*Presenting his painting*] A piece of painting, which I do beseech

Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man; For since dishonour traffics with man's nature, He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are Even such as they give out. I like your work; And you shall find I like it: wait attendance Till you hear further from me.

*Pain.* The gods preserve ye!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand; 163

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord! dispraise?

*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd, It would unclew<sup>1</sup> me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 't is rated

As those which sell would give: but you well know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners, Are prized by their masters:<sup>2</sup> believe 't, dear lord, 171

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

*Jew.* We'll bear,<sup>3</sup> with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest,<sup>4</sup> 180

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not. 182

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon. 190

*Tim.* Whither art going?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou 'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence. 199

[*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?

*Apem.* He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* You're a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No; I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

*Apem.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies. 210

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.]

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 't is worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet! 220

*Poet.* How now, philosopher!

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

<sup>1</sup> *Unclew*, unwind, i.e. undo, ruin.

<sup>2</sup> *Are prized by their masters*, are rated according to the merit of their owners.

<sup>3</sup> *Bear*, i.e. the chiding of Apemantus.

<sup>4</sup> *When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest*, two things which will never be.

*Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feign'd,—he is so. 230

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

*Tim.* What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

*Apem.* E'en as Apemantus does now,—hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore? 240

*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that?

*Mess.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse. All of companionship.<sup>1</sup> 251

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—*[Exeunt some Attendants.]* You must needs dine with me:—go not you hence

Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done, Show me this piece. I'm joyful of your sights.

*Enter ALCIBIADES with the rest.*

Most welcome, sir! *[They salute.]*

*Apem.* So, so, there!—Achès<sup>2</sup> contract and starve<sup>3</sup> your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves, And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey. 260

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir! Ere we depart,<sup>4</sup> we'll share a bounteous time 263

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

*[Exeunt all except Apemantus.]*

*Enter two Lords.*

*First Lord.* What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

*First Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

*Sec. Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast? 270

*Apem.* Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

*Sec. Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

*Sec. Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

*First Lord.* Hang thyself!

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

*Sec. Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence! 281

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. *[Exit.]*

*First Lord.* He's opposite to humanity.—Come, shall we in, And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.

*Sec. Lord.* He pours it out: Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed<sup>5</sup> but he repays Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him But breeds the giver a return exceeding 290 All use of quittance.<sup>6</sup>

*First Lord.* The noblest mind he carries That ever govern'd man.

*Sec. Lord.* Long may he live In fortunes!—Shall we in?

*First Lord.* I'll keep you company. *[Exeunt.]*

<sup>1</sup> *Companionship*, coming in a body.

<sup>2</sup> *Achès*, pronounced here, as in v. 1. 202, like the plural of the name of the letter H.

<sup>3</sup> *Starve*, paralyse

<sup>4</sup> *Depart*, separate.

<sup>5</sup> *Meed*, merit.

<sup>6</sup> *Use of quittance*, customary requital

SCENE II. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VENTIDIUS, which Timon redeem'd from prison. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.*

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon,  
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my  
father's age,  
And call him to long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose  
help  
I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O, by no means,  
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:  
I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10  
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:  
If our betters play at that game, we must not  
dare

To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

*Ven.* A noble spirit!

*[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.]*

*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony  
Was but devis'd at first  
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness,<sup>1</sup> sorry ere 't is shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs  
none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes  
Than my fortunes to me. *[They sit.]*

*First Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it. 21

*Apem.* Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

*Tim.* O, Apemantus,—you are welcome.

*Apem.* No;  
You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

*Tim.* Fie, thou'rt a churl; you've got a  
humour there

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—

<sup>1</sup> *Recanting goodness*, kindness that is "sorry ere 't is shown."

They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est*; but yond man is ever angry.—Go, let him have a table by himself; for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for it, indeed. 31

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine apperil,<sup>2</sup> Timon: I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power;<sup>3</sup> prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for 't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath<sup>4</sup> of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; 51

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:<sup>5</sup>

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

*Tim.* *[To a Lord who drinks to him.]* My lord, in heart;<sup>6</sup> and let the health go round.

*Sec. Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well.—Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here 's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire: 60  
This and my food are equals; there's no odds:  
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

*Apemantus' grace.*

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;<sup>7</sup>  
I pray for no man but myself:  
Grant I may never prove so fond,  
To trust man on his oath or bond;

<sup>2</sup> *Apperil*, peril, danger.

<sup>3</sup> *No power*, i.e. to make thee silent. <sup>4</sup> *Breath*, life.

<sup>5</sup> *Spy my windpipe's dangerous notes*, and so find out where best to cut it.

<sup>6</sup> *In heart*, heartily.

<sup>7</sup> *Pelf*, riches.

[Or a harlot, for her weeping;  
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;]  
Or a keeper<sup>1</sup> with my freedom;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em. 70  
Amen. So fall to 't:  
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich<sup>2</sup> thy good heart, Apemantus!  
*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

*Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast. 81

*Apem.* Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

*First Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.<sup>3</sup> 90

*Tim.* O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from<sup>4</sup> thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you.<sup>5</sup> O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keeps their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out<sup>6</sup> water,

methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you. 112

*Apem.* Thou weapest to make them drink, *Timon.*

*Sec. Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,  
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

*Third Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

*Apem.* Much! [*Tucket sounded within.*  
*Tim.* What means that trumpet? 129

*Enter a Servant.*

How now!

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies! what are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter CUPID.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all

That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses  
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely  
To gratulate<sup>7</sup> thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,  
Taste, touch and smell, pleas'd from thy table  
rise; 132

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—

Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*

*First Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

*Music.* Re-enter CUPID, with a Mask of Ladies us Amazons with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

*Apem.* Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.  
Like madness is the glory of this life. 139  
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.  
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

<sup>1</sup> Keeper, jailer.      <sup>2</sup> Dich, do it; but see note 42.

<sup>3</sup> Perfect, satisfied.      <sup>4</sup> From, out of, among

<sup>5</sup> I confirm you, I put you past doubt, believe in you.

<sup>6</sup> Hold out, keep out.

<sup>7</sup> Gratulate, gratify.

And spend our flatteries, to drink<sup>1</sup> those men,  
 Upon whose age we void it up agen, 143  
 With poisonous spite and envy.  
 Who lives, that 's not depraved or depraves?<sup>2</sup>  
 Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their  
 graves  
 Of their friends' gift?<sup>3</sup>  
 I should fear those that dance before me now  
 Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;  
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring  
 of Timon; and to show their loves, each sin-  
 gles out an Amazon, and all dance; men  
 with women, a lofty strain or two to the haut-  
 boys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much  
 grace, fair ladies, 151  
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;



*Apem.* Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!  
 They dance! they are mad women.—(Act i. 2. 137, 138.)

You've added worth unto 't and lustre,  
 And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
 I am to thank you for 't.

*First Lady.* My lord, you take us even at  
 the best.<sup>4</sup>

[*Apem.* Faith, for the worst is filthy; and  
 would not hold taking, I doubt me.]

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet at-  
 tends you: 160

Please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Capid and Ladies.*]

*Tim.* Flavius,—

*Flac.* My lord?

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flac.* Yes, my lord.—[*Aside*] More jewels  
 yet!

There is no crossing him in 's humour;  
 Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I  
 should,—

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd<sup>5</sup> then, an he  
 could.

'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,  
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit.*]

*First Lord.* Where be our men? 171

*Sere.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

*Sec. Lord.* Our horses!

<sup>1</sup> Drink, devour, consume.

<sup>2</sup> Depraved or depraves, slandered or slanders.

<sup>3</sup> Of their friends' gift, given them by their friends.

<sup>4</sup> At the best, at best advantage.

<sup>5</sup> Cross'd, furnished with crosses, i.e. money.



*Re-enter FLAVIUS with the casket.*

*Tim.* O my friends,  
I've one word to say to you:—look you, my  
good lord,  
I must entreat you, honour me so much  
As to advance<sup>1</sup> this jewel; accept it and wear it,  
Kind my lord.

*First Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of  
the senate 180  
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They're fairly<sup>2</sup> welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honour,  
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near! why, then, another time I'll  
hear thee:  
I prithee, let's be provided to show them en-  
tertainment.

*Flav.* [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

*Enter a second Servant.*

*Sec. Serv.* May it please your honour, Lord  
Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly: let the pre-  
sents 190  
Be worthily entertain'd.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter a third Servant.*

How now! what news?

*Third Serv.* Please you, my lord, that hon-  
ourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats  
your company to-morrow to hunt with him;  
and has sent your honour two brace of grey-  
hounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be  
receiv'd,  
Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* [*Aside*] What will this come to?  
He commands us to provide, and give great  
gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffer: 199

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,<sup>4</sup>  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good  
His promises fly so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes  
For every word: he's so kind, that he now  
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their  
books.

Well, would I were gently put out of office,  
Before I were fore'd out!  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed  
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. 210  
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

*Tim.* You do yourselves  
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own  
merits:—

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

*Sec. Lord.* With more than common thanks  
I will receive it.

*Third Lord.* O, he's the very soul of bounty!

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you  
gave  
Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

*First Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me,  
my lord, in that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord; I  
know, no man 220  
Can justly praise but what he does affect:  
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;  
I'll tell you true.—I'll call to you.<sup>5</sup>

*All Lords.* O, none so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give;  
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;  
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou  
hast 230  
Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.* Ay, devil'd land, my lord.

*First Lord.* We are so virtuously bound—

*Tim.* And so  
Am I to you.

*Sec. Lord.* So infinitely endear'd—

*Tim.* All to you.—Lights, more lights!

<sup>1</sup> Advance, promote, raise to honour.

<sup>2</sup> Fairly, kindly.

<sup>3</sup> Entertain'd, received.

<sup>4</sup> Yield me this, give me this permission.

<sup>5</sup> I'll call to you, appeal to you for assistance.

*First Lord.* The best of happiness,  
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord  
Timon!

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*

*Apem.* What a coil<sup>1</sup> 's here!

[*Serving of becks,<sup>2</sup> and jutting-out of bums!*  
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums  
That are given for 'em.] Friendship's full of  
dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound  
legs. 240

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on  
court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not  
sullen,  
I would be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing; for if I should be  
brib'd too, there would be none left to rail  
upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the  
faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me  
thou wilt give away thyself in paper<sup>3</sup> shortly:  
what needs these feasts, pomps, and vain-  
glories? 249

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society  
once, I am sworn not to give regard to you.  
Farewell; and come with better music.

[*Exit.*

*Apem.* So;

Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not  
then:

I'll lock thy heaven<sup>4</sup> from thee.

O that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Athens. A Senator's house.*

*Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.*

*Sen.* And late, five thousand;—to Varro and  
to Isidore  
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former  
sum,

Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in  
motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,

And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:  
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty moe

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,

And able horses: no porter at his gate; 10  
But rather one that smiles, and still invites

All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason  
Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!

Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to  
Lord Timon;

Ill-fortune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd

With slight denial; nor then silene'd when—  
“Commend me to your master”—and the cap

Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him,  
My uses<sup>5</sup> cry to me, I must serve my turn

Out of mine own; his days and times are past,  
And my reliances on his fracted<sup>6</sup> dates 22

Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;  
But must not break my back to heal his finger:

Immediate are my needs; and my relief  
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage of demand; for, I do fear, 29  
When every feather sticks in his own wing,

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,<sup>7</sup>  
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* “I go sir!” Take the bonds along  
with you,

And have the dates in compt.<sup>8</sup>

*Caph.*

I will, sir.

*Sen.*

Go. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>3</sup> *In paper*, in paper securities or bonds.

<sup>4</sup> *Thy heaven*, good advice.

<sup>5</sup> *Uses*, necessities.

<sup>6</sup> *Fracted*, broken.

<sup>7</sup> *Naked gull*, unfledged nesting.

<sup>8</sup> *In compt*, in account.

<sup>1</sup> *Coil*, fuss.      <sup>2</sup> *Becks*, nods, as a sign of command.

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account  
How things go from him, nor resumes<sup>1</sup> no care  
Of what is to continue: never mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from  
    hunting. 8  
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even, Varro: what,  
You come for money?  
*Var. Serv.* Is't not your business too?  
*Caph.* It is:—and yours too, Isidore?  
*Isid. Serv.* It is so.  
*Caph.* Would we were all discharg'd!<sup>2</sup>  
*Var. Serv.* I fear it.<sup>3</sup>  
*Caph.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done we'll forth  
again,  
My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?  
*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.  
*Tim.* Dues! Whence are you?  
*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord.  
*Tim.* Go to my steward.  
*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put  
me off 10  
To the succession of new days this month:  
My master is awak'd by great occasion  
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,  
That with your other noble parts you'll suit<sup>4</sup>  
In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,  
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good  
lord,—  
*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore;  
He humbly prays you speedy payment,—  
*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my mas-  
ter's wants,—



*Flav.* What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
—(Act ii. 2. 7, 8.)

*Var. Serv.* 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord,  
six weeks 30  
And past,—  
*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my  
lord;  
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.  
*Tim.* Give me breath.—  
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;<sup>5</sup>  
I'll wait upon you instantly.  
[*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*  
[*To Flavius*] Come hither: pray you,  
How goes the world, that I am thus encount-  
er'd

<sup>1</sup> Resumes, takes. <sup>2</sup> Discharg'd, paid.

<sup>3</sup> I fear it, I have my fears about it.

<sup>4</sup> You'll suit, you will act consistently with.

<sup>5</sup> Keep on, proceed, go in.

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,  
And the detention<sup>1</sup> of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business: 41  
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends.—  
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*]

*Flav.* Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*]

*Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.*

*Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the fool with  
Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog! 50

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No, 't is to thyself.—[*To the Fool*]  
Come away.

*Isid. Serv.* There's the fool hangs on your  
back already.

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not  
on him yet.

*Caph.* Where's the fool now?

*Apem.* He last ask'd the question.—Poor  
rogues, and usurers' men! [bawds between  
gold and want!] 61

*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All Serv.* Why?

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and  
do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool: [how does  
your mistress? 70

*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald  
such chickens as you are. Would we could  
see you at Corinth!]

*Apem.* Good! gramercy.

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress'  
page.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain!  
what do you in this wise company?—How  
dost thou, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Would I had a rod in my mouth,  
that I might answer thee profitably! 80

*Page.* Prithee, Apemantus, read me the  
superscription of these letters: I know not  
which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die, then,  
that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord  
Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; [thou wast  
born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.]

*Page.* Thou wast whelp'd a dog, and thou  
shalt famish a dog's death. ] Answer not, I  
am gone. [*Exit.*]

*Apem.* E'en so thou outrunn'st grace. Fool,  
I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home.—You three  
serve three usurers?

*All Serv.* Ay; would they serv'd us!

*Apem.* So would I,—as good a trick as ever  
hangman serv'd thief. 100

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

[*Fool.* I think no usurer but has a fool to his  
servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool.  
When men come to borrow of your masters,  
they approach sadly, and go away merry; but  
they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go  
away sadly: the reason of this?

*Var. Serv.* I could render one. 109

*Apem.* Do it, then, that we may account  
thee a whoremaster and a knave; which not-  
withstanding, thou shalt be no less es-  
teemed.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something  
like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime 't appears  
like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime  
like a philosopher, with two stones moe than  
's artificial one:<sup>2</sup> he is very often like a knight;  
and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up  
and down in from fourscore to thirreen, this  
spirit walks in.] 120

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man: as  
much foolery as I have, so much wit thou  
lack'st.

<sup>1</sup> Detention, withholding.

<sup>2</sup> 's artificial one, the philosopher's stone.

*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come. 129

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*]

*Flav.* Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Tim.* You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time



*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but a word: Were it all yours to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone!—(Act II. 2. 161-163.)

Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expense As I had leave of means?

*Flav.* You would not hear me, At many leisures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to: Perchance some single vantages you took, When my indisposition<sup>1</sup> put you back; And that unaptness made your minister,<sup>2</sup> 140 Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O my good lord, At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty. When, for some trilling present, you have bid me

Return<sup>3</sup> so much, I've shook my head and wept:

Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate. 150 And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord, Though you hear now—too late—yet now's a time,

The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

<sup>1</sup> *Indisposition*, disinclination.

<sup>2</sup> *And that unaptness made your minister*, you made that unaptness your minister (instrument).

<sup>3</sup> *Return*, give in, make a return of.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues:<sup>1</sup> the future comes apace:

What shall defend the interim? and at length  
How goes our reckoning? 159

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but a word:

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone!

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,<sup>2</sup>

Call me before th' exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

When all our offices<sup>3</sup> have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders;<sup>4</sup> when our vaults have

wept  
With drunken spilth<sup>5</sup> of wine; when every  
room

Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy; 170

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Prithee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens, have I said, the bounty of  
this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and  
peasants

This night englutted!<sup>6</sup> Who is not Timon's?  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is  
Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this  
praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter  
showers, 180

These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further:  
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the con-  
science lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy  
heart;<sup>7</sup>

If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument<sup>8</sup> of hearts by borrowing,  
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts!

*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine  
are crown'd, 190

That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you  
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my  
friends.—

Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other  
Servants.*

*Servants.* My lord? my lord?—

*Tim.* I will dispatch you severally:—[*to Ser-  
vilius*] you to Lord Lucius;—[*to Flaminius*] to  
Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour  
to-day;—[*to another Servant*] you to Sempro-  
nius: commend me to their loves; and, I am  
proud, say, that my occasions have found time  
to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the  
request be fifty talents. 201

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

[*Exit with Servilius and another Servant.*

*Flav.* [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus?  
hum!

*Tim.* [*To another Servant*] Go you, sir, to the  
senators,—

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o' th' in-  
stant

A thousand talents to me. [*Exit Servant.*

*Flav.* I have been bold—

For that I knew it the most general<sup>9</sup> way—  
To them to use your signet and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can't be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate  
voice, 213

That now they are at fall,<sup>10</sup> want treasure, can-  
not

<sup>1</sup> *Dues*, debts. <sup>2</sup> *Falsehood*, dishonesty.

<sup>3</sup> *Offices*, various domestic apartments.

<sup>4</sup> *Feeders*, parasites.

<sup>5</sup> *Spilth*, effusion, waste.

<sup>6</sup> *Englutted*, swallowed up.

<sup>7</sup> *Secure thy heart*, free thy heart from care.

<sup>8</sup> *Argument*, contents.

<sup>9</sup> *General*, common, ordinary.

<sup>10</sup> *At fall*, at the ebb.

Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wretch—would all were well—  
't is pity;—

And so, intending<sup>1</sup> other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks<sup>2</sup> and these hard frac-  
tions,<sup>3</sup> 220

With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!—  
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:<sup>4</sup>  
Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows;  
'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—  
[*To another Servant*] Go to Ventidius,—[*to*  
*Flavius*] Prithee, be not sad, 229

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously<sup>5</sup> I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to the same Ser-*  
*vant*] Ventidius lately 231

Buried his father; by whose death he's stepped  
Into a great estate: when he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,

I clear'd him with five talents; greet him from  
me;

Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touches his friend, which craves to be re-  
member'd

With those five talents. [*Exit Servant.*

[*To Flavius*] That had, give 't these fellows  
To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or  
think,

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can  
sink. 240

*Flav.* I would I could not think it: that  
thought is bounty's foe:

Being free<sup>6</sup> itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in Lucullus' house.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* *Enter a Servant to him.*

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you; he is  
coming down to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a  
gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt  
of a silver basin and ewer to-night.—Flaminius,  
honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully<sup>7</sup>  
welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine. [*Exit Ser-*  
*vant*]—And how does that honourable, com-  
plete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy  
very bountiful good lord and master? 11

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is  
well, sir; and what hast thou there under thy  
cloak, pretty Flaminius?

*Flam.* Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir;  
which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat  
your honour to supply; who, having great and  
instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent  
to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubt-  
ing your present assistance therein. 21

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la—"nothing doubting,"  
says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman  
't is, if he would not keep so good a house.  
Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him,  
and told him on 't; and come again to supper  
to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and  
yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warn-  
ing by my coming. Every man has his fault,  
and honesty<sup>8</sup> is his: I ha' told him on 't, but  
I could ne'er get him from 't. 31

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

<sup>1</sup> *Intending*, pretending.

<sup>2</sup> *Distasteful looks*, looks of dislike.

<sup>3</sup> *Fractions*, broken hints.

<sup>4</sup> *Hereditary*, inherent, natural.

<sup>5</sup> *Ingeniously*, from the heart.

<sup>6</sup> *Free*, liberal.

<sup>7</sup> *Respectively*, with all proper attention.

<sup>8</sup> *Honesty*, the conduct of a gentleman; here, generosity.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

*[Drinks, and then gives him wine.]*

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly<sup>1</sup> prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason;

and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—*[To Servant]* Get you gone, sirrah. *[Exit Servant.]*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; espe-



*Flam.* Fly, damned baseness,  
To him that worships thee!—(Act iii. l. 50, 51.)

cially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is't possible the world should so much differ,  
And we alive that liv'd?<sup>2</sup> Fly, damned baseness,  
To him that worships thee!

*[Throwing the money back.]*

*Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. *[Exit.]*

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee!

<sup>1</sup> Towardly, docile.

<sup>2</sup> And we alive that liv'd, i.e. in so short a time.

Let molten coin be thy damnation,  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
It turns in less than two nights? O you  
gods,  
I feel my master's passion! This slave,  
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:  
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,  
When he is turn'd to poison?  
O, may diseases only work upon't!  
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part  
of nature  
Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

*[Exit.]*



SCENE II. *A public place.**Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

*First Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours,—now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money. 19

*Sec. Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely for't, and showed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deni'd.

*Luc.* How!

*Sec. Stran.* I tell you, deni'd, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour show'd in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some little kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me,<sup>1</sup> I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Servil.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—[*To Lucius*] My honour'd lord,— 29

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Servil.* May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

*Servil.* Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

<sup>1</sup> Had he mistook him, and sent to me, had he sent to me by mistake.

*Luc.* I know his lordship is but merry with me;

He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

*Servil.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should not urge it half so faithfully.<sup>2</sup> 46

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Servil.* Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I to dis-furnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

*Servil.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;

And he that's once deni'd will hardly speed.

[*Exit.*]

*First Stran.* Did you observe this, Hostilius?

*Sec. Stran.* Ay, too well.

*First Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse;

Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks, But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;

And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!— He does deny him, in respect of his.<sup>3</sup> 51

What charitable men afford to beggars.

<sup>2</sup> Faithfully, earnestly.

<sup>3</sup> In respect of his, in proportion to his own fortune.

*Third Stran.* Religion groans at it.

*First Stran.* For mine own part,  
I never tasted Timon in my life,  
Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,  
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
And honourable carriage,  
Had his necessity made use of me, 89  
I would have put my wealth into donation,  
And the best half should have return'd to him,<sup>1</sup>  
So much I love his heart: but I perceive  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;  
For policy<sup>2</sup> sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Sempronius' house.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!  
—'bove, all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;  
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these  
Owes their estates unto him.

*Serv.* My lord,  
They have all been touch'd, and found base  
metal; for  
They have all deni'd him.

*Sem.* How! have they deni'd him?  
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deni'd him?  
And does he send to me! Three? hum!—  
It shows but little love or judgment in him:  
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like  
physicians, 11  
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure  
upon me?

Has much disgrac'd me in 't; I'm angry at him,  
That might have known my place: I see no  
sense for 't,

But his occasions might have wooed me first;  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er received gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I'll requite it last? No:  
So it may prove an argument of laughter 20  
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a  
fool.

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,

Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;  
I'd such a courage<sup>3</sup> to do him good. But now  
return,

And with their faint reply this answer join:  
Who bates<sup>4</sup> mine honour shall not know my  
coin. [*Exit.*]

*Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly  
villain. The devil knew not what he did when  
hemade man politic,<sup>5</sup>—he crossed himself by't:  
and I cannot think but, in the end, the villa-  
nies of man will set him clear. How fairly  
this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous  
copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot  
ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire:  
Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,  
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,  
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their  
wards<sup>6</sup>

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
Now to guard sure their master. 40

And this is all a liberal course allows;  
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his  
house. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants of TIMON'S creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*First Var. Serv.* Well met; good morrow,  
Titus and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*Hor.* Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and I think  
One business does command us all; for mine  
Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And Sir Philotus too!

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother.  
What do you think the hour?

<sup>1</sup> Return'd to him, fallen to his share.

<sup>2</sup> Policy, selfish prudence.

<sup>3</sup> Courage, ardour, eager desire. <sup>4</sup> Bates, diminishes.

<sup>5</sup> Politic, cunning, selfishly prudent.

<sup>6</sup> Wards, bolts.

*Phi.* Labouring for mine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder on't; he was wont to shine  
at seven. 10

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are wax'd  
shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.  
I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's  
purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how t' observe a strange  
event.

Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's  
gift,

For which I wait for money. 20

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;  
And 'enas if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.

*Hor.* I'm weary of this charge,<sup>1</sup> the gods  
can witness:

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than  
stealth.

*First Var. Serv.* Yes, mine 's three thousand  
crowns: what 's yours?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

*First Var. Serv.* 'T is much deep: and it  
should seem by the sum 20

Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his<sup>2</sup> had equal'd.

*Enter FLAMINIUS.*

*Tit.* One of Lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius!—Sir, a word: pray,  
is my lord ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship: pray, signify  
so much. 35

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows  
you are too diligent. [Exit.

*Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward  
muffled so!

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

*Sec. Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

*Flav.* What do ye ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'T were sure enough. 45

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills  
When your falsemasters eat of my lord's meat?  
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,  
And take down th' interest into their glutton-  
ous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;  
Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as  
you;

For you serve knives. [Exit.

*First Var. Serv.* How! what does his  
cashier'd worship mutter? 50

*Sec. Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor,  
and that's revenge enough. Who can speak  
broader<sup>3</sup> than he that has no house to put his  
head in? such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know  
some answer.

*Servil.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen,  
to repair some other hour, I should derive  
much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord  
leans wondrously to discontent: his comfort-  
able temper has forsook him; he's much out  
of health, and keeps his chamber. 75

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers  
are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,  
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,  
And make a clear way to the gods.

<sup>1</sup> Charge, commission, office.

<sup>2</sup> His; i.e. my master's.

<sup>3</sup> Broader, more freely.

*Servil.*

*Tit.* We cannot take this for answer, sir.

*Flam.* [*Within*] Servilius, help!—My lord!  
my lord!

*Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.*

*Tim.* What, are my doors oppos'd against  
my passage? 80

Good gods!

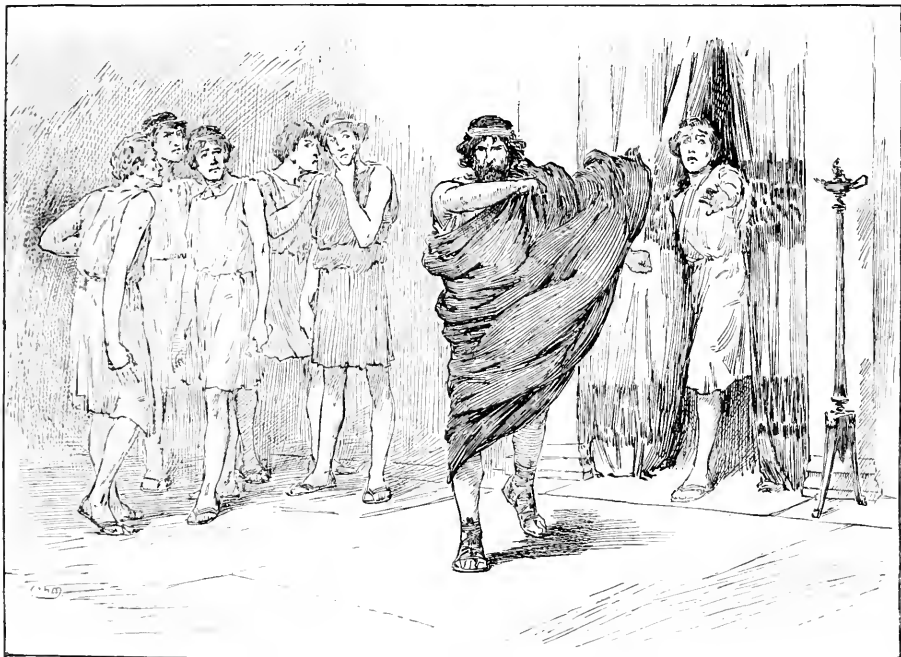
Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?  
The place which I have feasted, does it  
now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here 's mine.



*Tim.* What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?—(Act iii. 4. 80.)

*Hor.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills. 90

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em: cleave me  
to the girdle.

*Luc. Serv.* Alas, my lord,—

*Tim.* Cut my heart in suus.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.—What  
yours?—and yours?

*First Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Sec. Var. Serv.* My lord,— 99

*Tim.* Tear me, take me, and the gods fall  
upon you! [*Exit.*]

*Hor.* Faith, I perceive our masters may  
throw their caps at their money: these debts  
may well be call'd desperate ones, for a mad-  
man owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from  
me, the slaves. Creditors!—devils.

*Flav.* My dear lord,—

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord,—

*Tim.* I'll have it so.—My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord. 110

*Tim.* So fitly! Go, bid all my friends again,  
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:

All, sirrah, all:

I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O my lord,  
You only speak from your distracted soul;  
There is not so much left to furnish out  
A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be't not in thy care; go,  
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide  
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll pro-  
vide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The senate-house.*

*The Senate sitting.*

*First Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it;  
the fault's

Bloody; 't is necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

*Sec. Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise  
him.

*Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

*Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion to  
the senate!

*First Sen.* Now, captain?

*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues;  
For pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.  
He is a man, setting his fate<sup>1</sup> aside,  
Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact<sup>2</sup> with cowardice,  
An honour in him which buys out his fault;  
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
He did oppose his foe: 20

And with such sober and unnoted<sup>3</sup> passion  
He did behave<sup>4</sup> his anger, ere 't was spent,<sup>5</sup>  
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

*First Sen.* You undergo<sup>6</sup> too strict<sup>7</sup> a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:  
Your words have took such pains, as if they  
labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set  
quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which indeed  
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world  
When sects and factions were newly born:  
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer 21  
The worst that man can breathe; and make  
his wrongs

His outsides,—to wear them like his raiment,  
carelessly;

And ne'er prefer<sup>8</sup> his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,  
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

*Alcib.* My lord,—

*First Sen.* You cannot make gross sins  
look clear:

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favour, pardon  
me, 10

If I speak like a captain:—

Why do fond men expose themselves to  
battle,

And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't.

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad? why, then, women are more valiant  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;

And the ass more captain than the lion; the  
felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50  
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;<sup>9</sup>

But, in defence, by mercy,<sup>10</sup> 't is most just.

To be in anger is impiety;

But who is man that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

*Sec. Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain! his service done  
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

<sup>1</sup> *His fate*, his evil destiny.

<sup>2</sup> *Fact*, crime.

<sup>3</sup> *Unnoted*, imperceptible.

<sup>4</sup> *Behave*, manage.

<sup>5</sup> *Spent*, vented, indulged.

<sup>6</sup> *Undergo*, undertake.

<sup>7</sup> *Strict*, difficult.

<sup>8</sup> *Prefer*, present.

<sup>9</sup> *Gust*, fury.

<sup>10</sup> *By mercy*, by your mercy, by your leave.

*First Sen.* What 's that? 62  
*Alcib.* Why, say, my lords, he has done fair service.

And slain in fight many of your enemies:  
 How full of valour did he bear himself  
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

*Sec. Sen.* He has made too much plenty  
 with 'em;

He 's a sworn<sup>1</sup> rioter: he has a sin that often  
 Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:  
 If there were no foes, that were enough 70  
 To overcome him: in that beastly fury  
 He has been known to commit outrages  
 And cherish factions: 't is inferr'd<sup>2</sup> to us  
 His days are foul, and his drink<sup>3</sup> dangerous.

*First Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate! he might have died  
 in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him,—  
 Though his right arm might purchase his own  
 time,<sup>4</sup>

And be in debt to none,—yet, more to move  
 you,

Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both;  
 And, for I know your reverend ages love 80  
 Security, I'll pawn my victories, all  
 My honours to you, upon his good returns.<sup>5</sup>  
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
 Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;  
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

*First Sen.* We are for law,—he dies; urge it  
 no more,

On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,  
 He forfeits his own blood that spills another.<sup>6</sup>

*Alcib.* Must it be so? it must not be. My  
 lords,

I do beseech you, know me. 90  
*Sec. Sen.* How!

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

*Third Sen.* What!

*Alcib.* I cannot think but your age has for-  
 got me;

It could not else be I should prove so base  
 To sue, and be denied such common grace:  
 My wounds ake<sup>7</sup> at you.

*First Sen.* Do you dare our anger?  
 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;  
 We banish thee for ever.

*Alcib.* Banish me!

Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
 That makes the senate ugly. 100

*First Sen.* If after two days' shine Athens  
 contain thee,

Attend<sup>8</sup> our weightier judgment. And, not  
 to swell<sup>9</sup> our spirit,  
 He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough;  
 that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!  
 I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their  
 foes,

While they have told their money, and let out  
 Their coin upon large interest; I myself 105  
 Rich only in large hurts;—all those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate  
 Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!  
 It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
 That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
 My discontented troops, and lay for hearts,<sup>10</sup>

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;  
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.  
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A banqueting-room in  
 Timon's house.*

*Music.* *Tables set out: Servants attending.*  
*Enter divers Lords, Senators, and others, at  
 several doors.*

*First Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

*Sec. Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think  
 this honourable lord did but try us this other  
 day.

*First Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts  
 tiring<sup>11</sup> when we encounter'd: I hope it is not  
 so low with him as he made it seem in the  
 trial of his several friends.

*Sec. Lord.* It should not be, by the persua-  
 sion of his new feasting. 9

<sup>1</sup> *Sworn*, i.e. inveterate.      <sup>2</sup> *Infer'd*, alleged.

<sup>3</sup> *His drink*, his drinking, carousing.

<sup>4</sup> *Time*, life.      <sup>5</sup> *Returns*, requital.

<sup>6</sup> *Another*, i.e. another blood than his own.

<sup>7</sup> *Ake*, the spelling of the Folio. See note 31.

<sup>8</sup> *Attend*, expect.

<sup>9</sup> *Swell*, i.e. with anger.

<sup>10</sup> *Lay for hearts*, lay baits for them, strive to enlist them; or, lay myself out for them.

<sup>11</sup> *Tiring*, eagerly feeding, like a hawk.

*First Lord.* I should think so; he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

*Sec. Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not

hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

*First Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go. 20

*Sec. Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

*First Lord.* A thousand pieces.



*Tim.* What, dost thou go?  
Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou.—(Act iii. 6. 109, 110.)

*Sec. Lord.* A thousand pieces!

*First Lord.* What of you?

*Sec. Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter TIMON and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both:—and how fare you?

*First Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship. 30

*Sec. Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

*Tim.* [Aside] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay; feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

*First Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger. 40

*Tim.* O, sir, let it not trouble you.

*Sec. Lord.* My noble lord,—

*Tim.* Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?

*Sec. Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

*Tim.* Think not on't, sir.

*Sec. Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,— 50

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—[The banquet brought in.] Come, bring in all together.

*Sec. Lord.* All cover'd dishes!

*First Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

*Third Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

*First Lord.* How do you? What 's the news?

*Third Lord.* Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it? 60

*First and Sec. Lord.* Alcibiades banish'd!

*Third Lord.* 'T is so, be sure of it.

*First Lord.* How! how!

*Sec. Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?

*Third Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

*Sec. Lord.* This is the old man still.

*Third Lord.* Will 't hold! will 't hold? 70

*Sec. Lord.* It does: but time will—and so—

*Third Lord.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man who gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains; if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.—

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*[The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of worm water.]*

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water 99

Is your perfection.<sup>1</sup> This is Timon's last; Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

*[Throwing the water in their faces.]*

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long, Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!<sup>2</sup>

Of man and beast the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou;— 110

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

*[Pelts them with stones, and drives them out.]*

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity! *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.*

*First Lord.* How now, my lords!

*Sec. Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

*Third Lord.* Push!<sup>3</sup> did you see my cap?

*Fourth Lord.* I have lost my gown. 120

*First Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and naught but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

*Third Lord.* Did you see my cap?

*Sec. Lord.* Here 't is.

*Fourth Lord.* Here lies my gown.

*First Lord.* Let's make no stay.

*Sec. Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

*Third Lord.* I feel 't upon my bones.

*Fourth Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. *[Revert.]*

<sup>1</sup> *Your perfection*, your sum-total, all you amount to.

<sup>2</sup> *Minute-jacks*, fickle time-servers.

<sup>3</sup> *Push!* pish!



## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,  
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,  
{ And fence not Athens! [Matrons, turn incontinent!]  
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,  
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,  
{ And minister in their steads! [to general filths<sup>1</sup>  
{ Convert<sup>2</sup> o' th' instant, green virginity,—  
{ Do't in your parents' eyes! ] bankrupts, hold fast;  
Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!  
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
And pill<sup>3</sup> by law: [maid, to thy master's bed,—  
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! ] son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lin'd<sup>4</sup> crutch from thy old limping sire,  
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,  
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries,<sup>5</sup> and trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries, 20  
And let confusion live!—Plagues incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,  
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty<sup>6</sup>  
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,  
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,  
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms; and their crop  
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath; 30  
That their society, as their friendship, may

<sup>1</sup> *General filths*, common prostitutes.<sup>2</sup> *Convert*, change yourselves.<sup>3</sup> *Pill*, pillage.<sup>4</sup> *Lin'd*, stuffed, padded.<sup>5</sup> *Mysteries*, callings, professions.<sup>6</sup> *Liberty*, licentiousness.

Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee 22

But nakedness, thou detestable town!  
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!  
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find



*Tim.* Plagues incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
On Athens, ripe for stroke!—(Act iv. 1. 21-23.)

Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—  
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall!  
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow 30  
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!  
Amen. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in Timon's house.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

*First Serv.* Hear you, master steward,—  
where's our master!  
Are we undone! cast off! nothing remaining!

*Flac.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you!

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,  
I am as poor as you.

*First Serv.* Such a house broke!  
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not  
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him!

*Sec. Serv.* As we do turn our backs  
From our companion thrown into his grave,  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10  
Slink all away; leave their false vows with  
him,

Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our  
fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

*Flac.* All broken implements of a ruin'd  
house.

*Third Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's  
livery,—  
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark;  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying  
deck, 20  
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

*Flac.* Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst  
you.

Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads,  
and say,

As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
"We have seen better days." Let each take  
some; [*Giving them money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word  
more: 28

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*  
O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
Who'd be so mock'd with glory! or to live!  
But in a dream of friendship!

<sup>1</sup> Or to live, i. e. or wish to live.

To have his pomp, and all what state com-  
pounds,<sup>2</sup>

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends!  
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own  
heart,

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,<sup>3</sup>  
When man's worst sin is, he does too much  
good! 39

Who, then, dares to be half so kind agen?  
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar  
men.

My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurst,  
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes  
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind  
lord!

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat  
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to  
Supply his life, or that which can command it.  
I'll follow, and inquire him out: 48

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.  
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Woods and cave, near the  
sea-shore.*

*Enter TIMON, from the cave.*

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun, draw from the  
earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb  
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one  
womb,—

Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
Searce is dividant,—touch them with several  
fortunes,

The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great  
fortune,

But by contempt of nature.  
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't<sup>4</sup> that lord;  
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
The beggar native honour. 11

It is the pasture lards the rother's<sup>5</sup> sides,  
The want that makes him lean. Who dares,  
who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,  
And say, "This man 's a flatterer?" if one be,

<sup>2</sup> What state compounds, that which composes state.

<sup>3</sup> Blood, disposition, temper.

<sup>4</sup> 'T, i. e. elevation.

<sup>5</sup> Rother, an ox.

So are they all; for every grise<sup>1</sup> of fortune  
Is smooth'd<sup>2</sup> by that below: the learned  
pate

Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;  
There's nothing level<sup>3</sup> in our cursed natures,  
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorrd  
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men! 21  
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:

Destruction fang<sup>4</sup> mankind!—Earth, yield me  
roots!

[*Digging.*]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
With thy most operant poison!—What is  
here!

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No,  
gods,

I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!



Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.—(Act iv. 3. 53.)

Thus much of this will make black, white;  
foul, fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,  
valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods!

Why, this 30

Will lug your priests and servants from your  
sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their  
heads:

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless th' ae-  
curs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench: [this is it  
That makes the wappen'd<sup>5</sup> widow wed again;  
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores  
Would cast the gorge<sup>6</sup> at, this embalms and  
spices 40

To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,  
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st  
odds

Among the rout<sup>7</sup> of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature,]—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a  
drum!—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong  
thief,

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—  
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[*Keeping some gold.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Grise*, step.

<sup>2</sup> *Smooth'd*, flattered.

<sup>3</sup> *Level*, in a direct line

<sup>4</sup> *Fang*, seize with its teeth.

<sup>5</sup> *Wappen'd*, over-worn, stale.

<sup>6</sup> *Cast the gorge*, vomit

<sup>7</sup> *Rout*, mass, multitude.

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner*; PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

*Alcib.* What art thou there?  
Speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,  
For showing me again the eyes of man! 50

*Alcib.* What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,  
That art thyself a man?

*Tim.* I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

*Alcib.* I know thee well;  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

*Tim.* I know thee too; and more than that  
I know thee.

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules,  
gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 60  
Then what should war be? This fell whore of  
thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.

[*Phryg.* Thy lips rot off!  
*Tim.* I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.]

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this  
change?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light  
to give: 67

But then renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon,  
What friendship may I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to  
Maintain my opinion.

*Alcib.* What is it, Timon?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform  
none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague  
thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform,  
confound thee, for thou art a man!

*Alcib.* I've heard in some sort of thy  
miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosper-  
ity.

*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a blessed  
time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of  
narlots.

*Timon.* Is this th' Athenian minion,<sup>1</sup> whom  
the world 80  
Voic'd so regardfully?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?

*Timon.* Yes.

*Tim.* [Be a whore still: they love thee not  
that use thee;  
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their  
lust.]

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves  
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd  
youth to

The tub-fast and the diet.

*Timon.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his  
wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—  
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt  
In my penurious<sup>2</sup> band: I've heard, and  
griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour  
states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon  
them,—

*Tim.* I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee  
gone.

*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear  
Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him whom thou  
dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well:  
Here's some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep't, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on  
a heap,— 101

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all in thy  
conquest;

And thee after, when thou 'st conquer'd!

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That, by killing of villains,  
Thou wast born to conquer my country.

<sup>1</sup> *Minion*, favourite.

<sup>2</sup> *Penurious*, destitute.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;  
Be as a planetary<sup>1</sup> plague, when Jove  
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison  
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:  
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,—  
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit  
matron,— 112

It is her habit only that is honest,

[Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek  
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-  
paps,  
That through the window-bars<sup>2</sup> bore at men's  
eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,  
But set them down horrible traitors:] spare not  
the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their  
mercy;

[Think it a bastard, whom the oracle 120  
Hath doubtfully<sup>3</sup> pronounc'd thy throat shall  
cut,

And mince it sans remorse:<sup>4</sup>] swear against  
objects;<sup>5</sup>

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor  
babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy  
soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the  
gold thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel. 130

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's  
curse upon thee!

[*Phr. and Timon.* Give us some gold, good  
Timon: hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her  
trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you  
sluts,

Your aprons mountant:<sup>6</sup> you are not oathable,—  
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,  
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,

Th' immortal gods that hear you,— spare your  
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions:<sup>7</sup> be whores still;  
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert  
you, 140

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;  
Let your close<sup>8</sup> fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats; yet may your pains, six  
months,

Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin  
roofs

With burdens of the dead;—some that were  
hang'd,

No matter:—wear them, betray with them;  
whore still;

Paint till a horse may mire<sup>9</sup> upon your face:  
A pox of wrinkles!

*Phr. and Timon.* Well, more gold:—what  
then!— 140

Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's  
voice,

That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quillets<sup>10</sup> shrilly; hoar<sup>11</sup> the lamens,

That scolds against the quality of flesh,<sup>12</sup>  
And not believes himself: down with the nose,

Down with it flat: take the bridge quite away  
Of him that, his particular to foresee,<sup>13</sup>

Smells from<sup>14</sup> the general weal: make curl'd-  
pate ruffians bald; 150

[And let the unscar'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you: plague all;

That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection.]—There's more  
gold:—

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave<sup>15</sup> you all!

*Phr. and Timon.* More counsel with more  
money, bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first: I've  
given you earnest.

<sup>7</sup> *Conditions*, characters, dispositions

<sup>8</sup> *Close*, secret.      <sup>9</sup> *Mire*, sink in the mud.

<sup>10</sup> *Quillets*, subtleties      <sup>11</sup> *Hoar*, make rotten

<sup>12</sup> *The quality of flesh*, that which flesh essentially is  
i.e. sensual.

<sup>13</sup> *His particular to foresee*, to provide for his private  
interest.

<sup>14</sup> *From*, away from.      <sup>15</sup> *Grave*, entomb.

<sup>1</sup> *Planetary*, produced by a planet

<sup>2</sup> *Window-bars*, the lattice-work of the bodice.

<sup>3</sup> *Doubtfully*, ambiguously.      <sup>4</sup> *Remorse*, pity.

<sup>5</sup> *Objects*, i.e. objects of compassion

<sup>6</sup> *Mountant*, raised to receive the gold

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens!  
—Farewell, Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. 170

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away, and  
take

Thy heagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him.—Strike!

[*Drum beats. Enter Alcibiades, Phrynia,  
and Timandra.*]

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's un-  
kindness,

Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

[*Digging.*]

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is  
puff'd, 180

Engenders the black toad and adder blue,  
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all th'abhorred births below crisp'd heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
[*Ensear thy fertile and conception's womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!*]

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward  
face 190

Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear<sup>2</sup> thanks!—  
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn  
leas;

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish  
draughts

And morsels unctious, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips!—

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man? plague, plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither: men report  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep  
a dog, 200

Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but infected;<sup>3</sup>  
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this spade?  
this place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes,<sup>4</sup> and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.<sup>5</sup> 209  
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,  
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,<sup>6</sup>  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,<sup>7</sup>  
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;  
Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bade  
welcome

To knaves and all approachers: 't is most just  
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my like-  
ness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away my-  
self.

*Apem.* Thou 'st cast away thyself, being like  
thyself; 220

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist  
trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip where thou point'st out? will the  
cold brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the  
creatures,—

Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused  
trunks,

To the conflicting elements expos'd, 230  
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;  
O, thou shalt find—

*Tim.* A fool of thee, depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

<sup>3</sup> *Infected*, morbid.

<sup>4</sup> *Perfumes*, i.e. perfumed mistresses.

<sup>5</sup> *Carper*, a caviller.

<sup>6</sup> *Observe*, pay respect to.

<sup>7</sup> *Strain*, impulse.

<sup>1</sup> *Crisp*, curled (from the clouds).

<sup>2</sup> *Dear*, heartfelt.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* What! a knave too?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit  
on 239

To castigate thy pride, 't were well; but thou

Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again,

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd<sup>1</sup> before:

The one is filling still, never complete;

The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath<sup>2</sup> that is more miser-  
able. 249

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us from our first swath,<sup>3</sup> pro-  
ceeded

The sweet degrees<sup>4</sup> that this brief world  
affords

To such as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd  
thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth

[In different beds of lust;] and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect,<sup>5</sup> but follow'd

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary;<sup>6</sup>

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts  
of men 261

At duty, more than I could frame employ-  
ment;<sup>7</sup>

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

Fell<sup>8</sup> from their boughs, and left me open,  
bare

For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some burthen:

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst  
thou hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou  
given? 279

If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,

Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff

To some she-beggar, and compounded thee

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!

If thou hadst not been born the worst of  
men,

Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was  
No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee  
gone.— 289

That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

*Apem.* Here: I'll mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away  
thyself.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the  
lack of thine.

*Tim.* 'T is not well mended so, it is but  
botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to Athens?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou  
wilt. 288

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

*Tim.* Under that's above me,

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat; or,  
rather, where I eat it.

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient, and  
knew my mind!

*Apem.* Where wouldst thou send it?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes. 291

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never  
knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when  
thou wast in thy gift and thy perfume they

<sup>1</sup> *Is crown'd*, arrives at the completion of its wishes

<sup>2</sup> *Breath*, voice, sentence.

<sup>3</sup> *Swath*, swaddling-clothes.

<sup>4</sup> *Degrees*, steps, stages.

<sup>5</sup> *Respect*, deliberation, prudence.

<sup>6</sup> *Confectionary*, storehouse of sweetmeats.

<sup>7</sup> *Frame employment*, i.e. frame employment for.

<sup>8</sup> *Fell*, fallen.

mock'd thee for too much curiosity;<sup>1</sup> in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar!

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An th' hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrif<sup>2</sup> that was beloved after his means!<sup>3</sup> 311

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know belov'd!

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers! 319

*Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power!

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion<sup>4</sup> of men, and remain a beast with the beasts!

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german<sup>5</sup> to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy

safety were remotion,<sup>6</sup> and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation! 349

*Apem.* If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again. 359

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap<sup>7</sup> of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

*Apem.* A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse!

*Tim.* All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee.— 368

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! Choler does kill me that thou art alive; I swoond<sup>8</sup> to see thee.

*Apem.* Would thou wouldst burst!

*Tim.* Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I'm sorry I shall lose A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*]  
I'm sick of this false world; and will love naught

But even the mere necessities upon 't. 377

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave; Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

<sup>1</sup> Curiosity, nicety, delicacy.

<sup>2</sup> Unthrif, prodigal.

<sup>3</sup> After his means, i.e. after they were gone.

<sup>4</sup> Confusion, ruin, destruction.

<sup>5</sup> German, akin.

<sup>6</sup> Remotion, removal.    <sup>7</sup> Cap, top.    <sup>8</sup> Swoond, swoon





*Sec. Ban.* True; for he bears it not about him, 't is hid.

*First Ban.* Is not this he? 410

*Bonditti.* Where?

*Sec. Ban.* 'T is his description.

*Third Ban.* He; I know him.

*Bonditti.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*Bonditti.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too; and women's sons.

*Bonditti.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.<sup>1</sup>

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; 420

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want!

*First Ban.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts and birds and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con.

That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not 420

In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited<sup>2</sup> professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape.

Till the high fever sethe your blood to froth, And so scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together:

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do 't, Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery: The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun; The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture<sup>3</sup> stol'n From general excrement: each thing's a thief: The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away,

Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go, Break open shops; nothing can you steal, 450 But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen. [*Timon retires to his cave.*]

*Third Ban.* Has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

*First Ban.* 'T is in the malice of<sup>4</sup> mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

*Sec. Ban.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade. 460

*First Ban.* Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.<sup>5</sup> [*Exeunt Bonditti.*]

*Enter FLAVIUS.*

*Flav.* O you gods!

Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made! 469

What viler thing upon the earth than friends

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely<sup>6</sup> does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies!

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me than those that do!—

Has caught me in his eye: I will present

My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life.

*TIMON comes forward from his cave.*

My dearest master!

*Tim.* Away! what art thou?

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir?

<sup>1</sup> *Meat, food.*

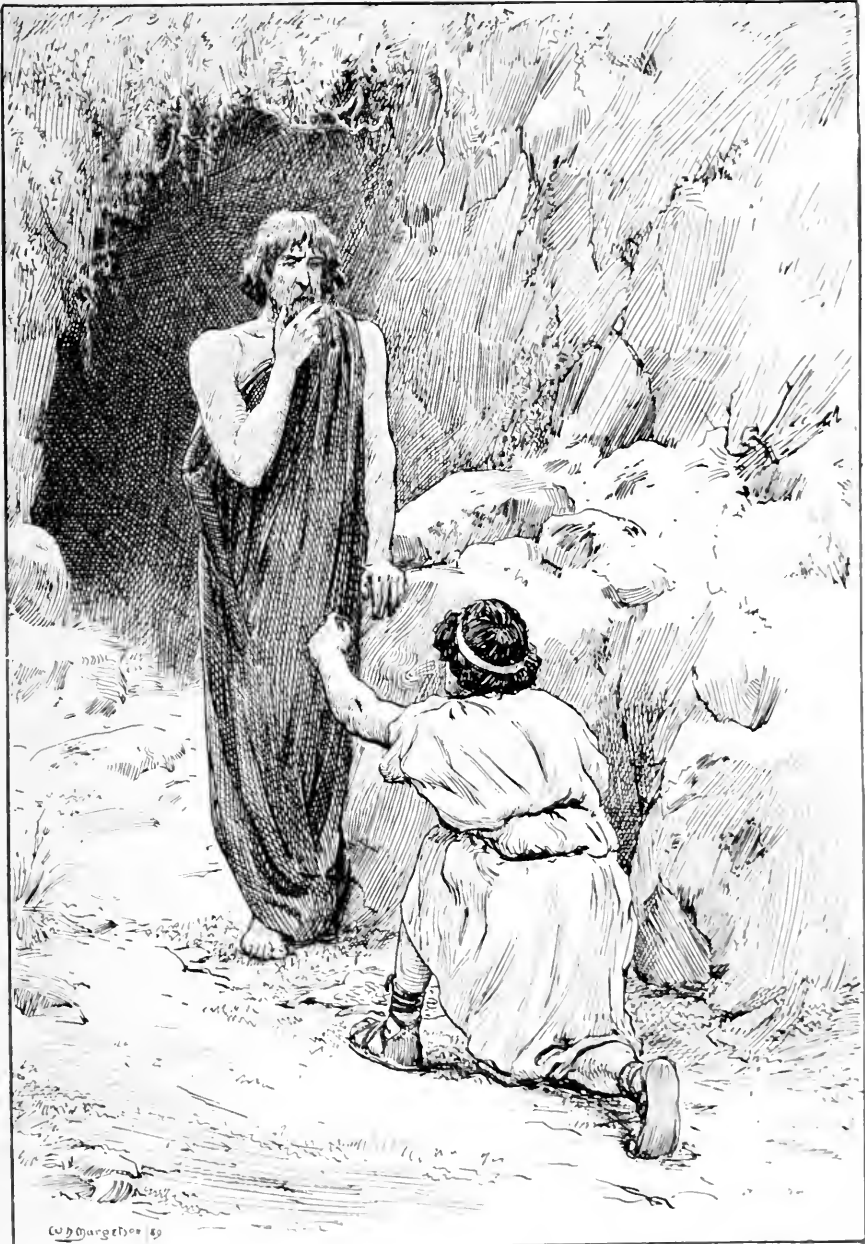
<sup>2</sup> *Limited, under some restraint, ostensibly honest.*

<sup>3</sup> *Composture, manure.*

<sup>5</sup> *True, honest.*

<sup>4</sup> *Malice of, hatred to.*

<sup>6</sup> *Rarely, excellently.*





*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; 489

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then I know thee not:

I ne'er had honest man about me, I; all I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep?—come nearer;  
—then I love thee, 489

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give<sup>1</sup>  
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:  
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not  
with weeping!

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth  
lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?<sup>2</sup>  
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.<sup>3</sup>  
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man  
Was born of woman.— 501

Forgive my general and exceptless<sup>4</sup> rashness,  
You perpetual sober<sup>5</sup> gods! I do proclaim  
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;  
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—  
How fain would I have hated all mankind!  
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,  
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;  
For, by oppressing and betraying me, 510  
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:  
For many so arrive at second masters,  
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,—  
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,—  
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men  
deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master; in whose  
breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:  
You should have fear'd false times when you  
did feast: 529

Suspect<sup>6</sup> still comes where an estate is least.  
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely  
love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,  
My most honour'd lord,  
For any benefit that points to me,  
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange  
For this one wish,—that you had power and  
wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest  
man, 530

Here, take:—the gods, out of my misery,  
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and  
happy,

But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from<sup>7</sup>  
men;

Hate all, curse all; show charity to none;  
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,  
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs  
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow  
'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like  
blasted woods, 538

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
And so, farewell, and thrive.

*Flav.* O, let me stay,

And comfort you, my master.

*Tim.* If thou hat'st curses,

Stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt blest and free:  
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.*]

<sup>1</sup> Give, give away.

<sup>2</sup> Comfortable, comforting.

<sup>3</sup> Wild, frantic.

<sup>4</sup> Exceptless, making no exception.

<sup>5</sup> Perpetual sober, perpetually sober, ever serene.

<sup>6</sup> Suspect, suspicion.

<sup>7</sup> From, away from.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The woods. Before Timon's cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON watching them from his cave.*

*Pain.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 't is said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a try<sup>1</sup> for his friends. 11

*Pain.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 't is not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece. 21

*Poet.* I must serve him so too,—tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying<sup>2</sup> is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it. 30

*[Timon comes from his cave, behind.]*

*Tim.* *[Aside]* Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking what I shall say I have

provided for him: it must be a personating<sup>3</sup> of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery<sup>4</sup> of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* *[Aside]* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip



*Tim.* *[Aside]* Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.—(Act v. l. 31, 32.)

thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee. 42

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him:  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True;  
When the day serves, before black-corner'd  
night,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

<sup>1</sup> Try, trial, test.

<sup>2</sup> Deed of saying, performance of what has been said.

<sup>3</sup> Personating, representation.

<sup>4</sup> Discovery, exposure.

*Tim.* [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn.—  
What a god's gold, 50

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple  
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st  
the foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:  
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!  
—Fit I meet them. [*Comes forward.*]

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon!

*Pain.* Our late noble master!

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest  
men?

*Poet.* Sir, 60

Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
Whose thankless natures — O abhorred  
spirits!—

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
What! to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influ-  
ence

To their whole being!—I'm rapt, and cannot  
cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the  
better: 70

You that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen and known.

*Pain.* He and myself

Have travail'd in the great shower of your  
gifts,

And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you're honest men.

*Pain.* We're hither come to offer you our  
service.

*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I  
requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you  
service.

*Tim.* Ye're honest men: ye've heard that  
I have gold;

I'm sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest  
men. 80

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord: but there-  
fore

Came not my friend nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a  
counterfeit<sup>1</sup>

Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* E'en so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy  
fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and  
smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,  
I must needs say you have a little fault: 90

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I  
You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your honour  
To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.* Will you, indeed?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts  
a knave,

That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog,<sup>2</sup> see him  
dissemble,

Know his gross patchery,<sup>3</sup> love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd 100

That he's a made-up<sup>4</sup> villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well; I'll give  
you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies:  
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a  
draught,<sup>5</sup>

Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord, let's know  
them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this,—but two  
in company:

Each man apart, all single and alone, 110

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

[*To the Painter*] If, where thou art, two vil-  
lains shall not be,

<sup>1</sup> Counterfeit, the word meant a portrait as well as a pretence.

<sup>2</sup> Cog, cheat.

<sup>3</sup> Patchery, clumsy hypocrisy.

<sup>4</sup> Made-up, complete, perfect

<sup>5</sup> Draught, jakes.

Come not near him.—[*To the Poet*] If thou  
wouldst not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—  
Hence, pack! there's gold,—you came for gold,  
ye slaves:

You have work for me, there's payment:  
hence!—

[*To the Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold  
of that:—

Out, rascal dogs!

[*Beats them out, and then retires to his cave.*

*Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.*

*Flac.* It is in vain that you would speak  
with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself, 120  
That nothing but himself, which looks like  
man,

Is friendly with him.

*First Sen.* Bring us to his cave:  
It is our part and promise to th' Athenians  
To speak with Timon.

*Sec. Sen.* At all times alike  
Men are not still the same: 't was time and  
griefs

That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer  
hand,

Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him. Bring us to  
him,

And chance it as it may.

*Flac.* Here is his cave.—  
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon!  
Timon! 130

Look out, and speak to friends: th' Athenians,  
By two of their most reverend senate, greet  
thee:

Speak to them, noble Timon.

*TIMON comes from his cave.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—  
Speak, and be hang'd!

For each true word, a blister! and each false  
Be as a cautherizing<sup>1</sup> to the root o' the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking!

*First Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of  
Timon.

*First Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee,  
Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them; and would send them  
back the plague, 140  
Could I but catch it for them.

*First Sen.* O, forget  
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.  
The senators with one consent of love  
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have  
thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie  
For thy best use and wearing.

*Sec. Sen.* They confess  
Towards thee forgetfulness too general, gross:  
Which now the public body,—which doth  
seldom

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself 149  
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
Of it own fall,<sup>2</sup> restraining<sup>3</sup> aid to Timon;  
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd  
render,<sup>4</sup>

Together with a recompense more fruitful  
Than their offence can weigh down by the  
dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and  
wealth

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were  
theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,  
Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it;  
Surprise me to the very brink of tears: 159  
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy sena-  
tors.

*First Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return  
with us,

And of our Athens—thine and ours—to take  
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allow'd<sup>5</sup> with absolute power, and thy good  
name

Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive  
back

Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

<sup>2</sup> *It own fall*, its own fault.

<sup>3</sup> *Restraining*, withholding.

<sup>4</sup> *Render*, statement, confession.

<sup>5</sup> *Allow'd*, trusted, invested.

<sup>1</sup> *Cautherizing*, cauterizing.



*Sec. Sen.* And shakes his threatening sword 169  
Against the walls of Athens.

*First Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

*Tim.* Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,  
Then let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,

In pity of our aged and our youth, 179  
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,  
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,  
There's not a whittle<sup>1</sup> in th' unruly camp  
But I do prize it at my love,<sup>2</sup> before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you

To the protection of the prosperous<sup>3</sup> gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

*Flav.* Stay not, all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph;  
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness  
Of health and living now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still; 181

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

*First Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country; and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wrack,<sup>4</sup>  
As common bruit<sup>5</sup> doth put it.

*First Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

*First Sen.* These words become your lips as  
they pass thorough them.

*Sec. Sen.* And enter in our ears like great  
triumphers 189

In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them;  
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their achès, losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness  
do them,—

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

*First Sen.* I like this well: he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree, which grows here in my close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree, 211  
From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

*Flav.* Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again: but say to Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
Who once a day with his embossed froth 220  
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,  
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—  
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:  
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!  
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign. [*Retires to his cave.*]

*First Sen.* His discontents are unremovably  
Coupled to nature.

*Sec. Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return, 223

And strain what other means is left unto us  
In our dear peril.

*First Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the walls of Athens.*

*Enter two Senators and a Messenger.*

*First Sen.* Thou'st painfully discover'd: are  
his files  
As full as thy report!

<sup>1</sup> Whittle, a small clasp-knife.

<sup>2</sup> At my love, i.e. worth my love.

<sup>3</sup> Prosperous, propitious, favourable.

<sup>4</sup> Wrack, ruin. <sup>5</sup> Bruit, rumour.

*Mess.* I've spoke the least:  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

*Sec. Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they  
bring not Timon.

*Mess.* I met a courier, one mine ancient  
friend:



*Sold.* What's on this tomb  
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax.—(Act v. 3. 5, 6.)

Whom, though in general part<sup>1</sup> we were op-  
pos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,<sup>2</sup>  
And made us speak like friends:—this man  
was riding  
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake mov'd.

*First Sen.* Here come our brothers.

*Enter the Senators from TIMON.*

*Third Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of  
him expect.—  
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scour-  
ing  
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:  
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The woods. Timon's cave, and  
a rude tomb seen.*

*Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.*

*Sold.* By all description this should be the  
place.  
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What  
is this?  
[*Reads*] "Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his  
span:  
Some beast read this; there does not live a man."  
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—What's on  
this tomb  
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:  
Our captain hath in every figure skill,  
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:  
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his  
powers.*

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious  
town  
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.]

*Enter Senators on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope<sup>3</sup> of justice; till now, myself, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wander'd with our travers'd<sup>4</sup> arms, and  
breath'd  
Our sufferance vainly; now the time is flush,<sup>5</sup>  
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,

<sup>3</sup> Scope, bounds, limits.

<sup>4</sup> Travers'd, crossed, folded.

<sup>5</sup> Flush, in full vigour.

<sup>1</sup> In general part, i.e. in politics.

<sup>2</sup> A particular force, a party of its own.

Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless  
wrong 10

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of  
ease;

And pury insolence shall break his wind  
With fear and horrid flight.

*First Sen.* Noble and young,  
When thy first griefs<sup>1</sup> were but a mere conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of  
fear,

We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity.

*Sec. Sen.* So did we woo 19  
Transformed Timon to our city's love  
By humble message and by promis'd means:  
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
The common stroke of war.

*First Sen.* These walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands from whom  
You have receiv'd your griefs; nor are they  
such

That these great towers, trophies, and schools  
should fall

For private faults in them.

*Sec. Sen.* Nor are they living  
Who were the motives<sup>2</sup> that you first went  
out;

Shame that they wanted cunning,<sup>3</sup> in excess  
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,  
Into our city with thy banners spread: 30  
By decimation, and a tithed death,—

If thy revenges hunger for that food,  
Which nature loathes,—take thou the destin'd  
tenth;

And by the hazard of the spotted die  
Let die the spotted.

*First Sen.* All have not offended;  
For those that were, it is not square<sup>4</sup> to take  
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,  
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy  
rage:

Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin<sup>5</sup> 40  
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must  
fall

With those that have offended: like a shepherd,

Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,  
But kill not all together.

*Sec. Sen.* What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile—  
Than hew to't with thy sword.

*First Sen.* Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd<sup>6</sup> gates, and they shall  
ope;

So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

*Sec. Sen.* Throw thy glove,  
Or any token of thine honour else, 50  
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,  
And not as our confusion, all thy powers  
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alcib.* Then there's my glove;  
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:<sup>7</sup>  
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,  
Whom you yourselves shall set out for re-  
proof,

Fall, and no more: and—to atone<sup>8</sup> your fears  
With my more noble meaning—not a man  
Shall pass his quarter,<sup>9</sup> or offend the stream  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds, 61  
But shall be render'd to your public laws  
At heaviest answer.

*Senators.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

*Enter Soldier.*

*Sold.* My noble general, Timon is dead;  
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;  
And on his grave-stone this insculpture,  
which

With wax I brought away, whose soft impres-  
sion

Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* [*Reads the epitaph*] "Here lies a  
wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft: 70  
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked  
caitiffs left!

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:  
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not  
here thy gait."

<sup>1</sup> *Griefs*, grievances.      <sup>2</sup> *Motives*, authors, movers.

<sup>3</sup> *Cunning*, forethought.      <sup>4</sup> *Square*, just.

<sup>5</sup> *Kin*, akin, related (to you).

<sup>6</sup> *Rampir'd*, barricaded.

<sup>7</sup> *Uncharged ports*, unassaulted gates.

<sup>8</sup> *Atone*, reconcile.

<sup>9</sup> *Pass his quarter*, leave his quarters.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:  
 Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
 Scorn'dst our brains' flow,<sup>1</sup> and those our drop-  
 lets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead

<sup>1</sup> Our brains' flow, tears.

Is noble Timon: of whose memory 80  
 Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,  
 And I will use the olive with my sword:  
 Make war breed peace; make peace stint<sup>2</sup> war;  
 make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—  
 [ Let our drums strike. ] [ *Exeunt.* ]

<sup>2</sup> Stint, check, stop.





The Folio has "a Gowne, which uses." *Gum* is due to Pope, who printed "a gum which issues;" *oozes* to Johnson.

9. Lines 24, 25:  
*and, like the current, flies*  
*Each bound it chafes.*

The Folio has *chases*. *Chafes* is Theobald's correction. Schmidt, comparing Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 101:

The troubled Tiber *chafing* with her shores,

suggests "each bound it chafes with." Henley well observes that the jumble of images in this speech are put into the mouth of the Poetaster to give us a taste of his talents.

10. Lines 30, 31:  
*how this grace*  
*Speaks his own standing!*

The commentators have been much exercised by this passage, and are not very happy in their explanations; Steevens, for instance, paraphrasing: "how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its own centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own figure." The plain meaning seems to be, How lifelike is this graceful attitude, how truly it represents its original! The picture was surely a portrait of Timon. It is true that below, line 199, Apemantus, when asked his opinion of the picture, says he likes it best for the innocence, but by this he may merely mean its simplicity, *naïveté*.

11. Lines 33, 34:  
*to the dumbness of the gesture*  
*One might interpret.*

Such expressive gestures, though necessarily dumb, seem to speak.—One might easily supply the appropriate words. Boswell compares Cymbeline, ii. 4. 82, 83:

never saw I figures

So likely to report themselves.

Rolfe thinks there is an allusion to the *interpreter* in the puppet-shows of the time, whose office it was to explain the action.

12. Lines 37, 38:  
*artificial strife*  
*Lives in these touches, livelier than life.*

Malone aptly compares Venus and Adonis, 289-292:

Look, when a painter would surpass the life  
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
 As if the dead the living should exceed.

13. Line 49: *The senators of Athens:—happy men!*—So Theobald. The Folio has "*happy men*," "which," says Dyce, "the whole context proclaims to be wrong."

14. Line 41: *Look, moe!*—*Moe* or *mo* (a distinct word from *more*, which comes from the Anglo-Saxon *mōra*, greater in size), is from the Anglo-Saxon *mō*, more in number, and occurs very frequently in the Folio. By modern editors, and sometimes in the later Folios, it is printed *more*.

15. Lines 46, 47:  
*but moves itself*  
*In a wide sea of wax.*

The old explanation of this passage, that it alludes to the

ancient practice of writing with a style on tablets covered with wax, is probably the correct one. The expression is no doubt singular; but the studied affectation of the Poet's language must be remembered. Rolfe prefers Ingleby's suggestion that it might be an affected and pedantic mode of indicating a sea that widens (waxes) with the flood.

16. Lines 60-62:  
*even he drops down*  
*The knee before him, and returns in peace*  
*Most rich in Timon's nod.*

Steevens thought that Shakespeare either meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his Poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; but Ritson remarks rightly that the Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests, and this is what we are given to understand by the cautious rejoinder of the Painter, who merely observes, "I saw them speak together."

17. Lines 73-77:  
*This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks, . . .*  
*would be well express'd*

*In our CONDITION.*

Warburton explained *condition* here to mean *art*, and evidently understood the Painter to say that this scene which the Poet has just described would be a good subject for a picture, and so Staunton; but it is questionable whether the word *condition* will bear this interpretation, and Schmidt explains, "would find a striking parallel in our state." That is, this favouritism of Fortune might be well exemplified among the professors of literature and art like ourselves.

18. Line 81: *Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear.*—Whisperings made as if to a god to whom they were offering sacrifice—not, as Warburton elaborately fancied, whisperings which sacrificed the reputation of the great man's enemies!

19. Line 87: *Even on their knees and HANDS, let him SLIP down.*—F. 1 has *hand*; *hands* is the reading of F. 2. *Slip* is Rowe's correction for *sit* of the Folios.

20. Lines 98, 99:  
*which failing,*  
*Periods his comfort.*

So F. 1. F. 2 has "which failing to him."

21. Line 101: *My friend when he MUST NEED me.*—So F. 1 (*must needs*). F. 3 has *most needs*.

22. Line 109: *All happiness to your honour!*—According to Steevens this was the common address to a lord in Shakespeare's time, being used indifferently with *your lordship*.

23. Lines 128, 129:  
 Tim. *The man is honest.*  
 Old Ath. *Therefore he will be, Timon.*

Therefore he will continue to be honest, and his honesty will be sufficient reward in itself without my daughter to boot.

24. Line 134: *What LEVITY'S in youth.*—Spelt *levities* in F. 1 and F. 2; *levity's* in F. 3 and F. 4.

## 25. Lines 149-151:

*never may*  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you!

Let me never henceforth consider anything that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your disposal (Johnson). Malone compares *Macheth*, i. 6. 25-28:

Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

## 26. Lines 164, 165:

*Sir, your jewel*  
Hath suffer'd UNDER PRAISE.  
Jew.           *What, my lord! dispraise!*

The Jeweller, as Rolfe points out, understands Timon to say *underpraise*, which Steevens printed in his ed. of 1773.

27. Line 199: *The best, for the innocence.*—See note 10 on line 30 of this scene.

28. Lines 216, 217: *Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.*—So F. 3. F. 1 and 2 have *cast*. Steevens remarks that the allusion is to the proverb: "Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars."

29. Line 241: *That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*—This expression has greatly perplexed the commentators. Perhaps after all it merely means, That I had no angry wit to be a lord with,—in order to be a true lord, implying a sneer at lords as noted for a hasty petulant temper, which a philosopher would be sure to lack even if he were a lord. Malone suggests that the passage should be printed thus: "That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!" i.e. that I had no wit in my anger, but was absurd enough to wish myself a lord. He then exclaims with indignation—To be a lord! Mr. B. G. Kinnear (Cruces Shakespearean, p. 342), comparing Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 95:

*Armado.* He surely affected her for her wit,  
*Moth.* It was so sir, for she had a green wit:

would read "That I had so green a wit to be a lord." The Globe marks the line as corrupt.

30. Line 254: *Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done.*—F. 1. has "when dinners done." F. 2 has "and when dinners done." In this play the Folio has many metrically defective lines, but I have thought it better to leave them as they stand, rather than piece them out from the later Folios or editorial conjectures.

## 31. Lines 256, 257:

*So, so, there!*—  
*ACHÈS contract and starve your supple joints!*

This is Capell's reading (who punctuates, "so, so; there!")—F. 1 has printed as prose, "So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue," &c. The substantive *ache* is always so spelt in the Folio, and its pronunciation is evident from the pun in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 53-55:

*Beat.* By my troth, I am exceeding ill!—heigh-ho!  
*Mery.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband!  
*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.

On the other hand the verb (spelt *ake* in iii. 5. 96), rhymes with *brake* (*Venus* and *Adonis*, 875) and with *sake* (*Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1. 58).

32. Line 263: *Ere we DEPART, we'll share a bounteous time.*—Ere we *part*. Compare *Cymbeline*, i. 1. 106-108:

Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live,  
The loathness to *départ* would grow.

33. Line 269: *The MORE accursed thou, that still omit't it.*—So Hamner. F. 1 has "The most accursed."

34. Line 293: First Lord.—Omitted in F. 1.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

35. Line 22: *Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not!*—Malone points out that this is an allusion to a common proverb of Shakespeare's time: "Confess and be hang'd."

36. Line 28: *but good man is EVER angry.*—So Rowe. The Folios have "*verie* angry."

37. Line 35: *I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.*—I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou wouldst let my meat make thee silent! Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests (Tyrwhitt).

38. Line 38: *I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.*—Capell says that this "is founded upon a trite vulgar saying—that grudg'd meat chokes the person that eats of it." Timon's meat, according to Apemantus, is only given willingly to those who could flatter in return for it.

39. Line 40: *what a number of men EAT Timon.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *cats*.

40. Line 41: *It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.*—The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase (Johnson).

41. Line 45: *Methinks they should invite them without knives.*—It was the custom in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door (Ritson).

42. Line 73: *Much good DICH thy good heart, Apemantus!*—In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1. 82, 83, we find, "Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good *do* it your good heart!" and the word *dich* here has generally been supposed to be a corruption of *do it*. There is, however, an Anglo-Saxon verb *dyttan*, later form *dutten*, signifying to shut up, close—of which *dich* may be a survival. The meaning will then be "much good close or fill thy heart." The following provincialisms instanced by Sir Philip Perring (*Hard Knots* in Shakespeare, ed. 1886, p. 340), perhaps contain the same word:—"his face is *diched* (covered) with dirt;" and "the thighs of the bees are *diched* (laden) with honey."

43. Line 89: *we should think ourselves for ever PERFECT; i.e. completely happy.* Compare *Macheth*, iii. 4. 21, 22:

Then comes my fit again; I had else been *perfect*:  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock.

44. Line 94: *why have you that charitable title FROM thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart?*—Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment; was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me? (Johnson). For this use of *from*—from among, compare All's Well, ii. 1. 130, 131:

Humbly entreating *from* your royal thoughts  
A modest one, to bear me back again.

45. Line 98: *and thus far I confirm you.*—Schmidt interprets: "to that extent I am past doubt concerning you; my belief in you goes the length of what I told myself about you."

46. Line 104: *that KEEPS their sounds.*—F. 1 *keeps*; F. 2 *keep*.

47. Line 111: *O JOY, e'en made away ere 't can be born!*—The joy is made away, because it is turned to tears—the emblem of grief. *Joy* is Rowe's correction. The Folios have *joyes*.

48. Line 113: *Thou weepst to make them drink, Timon.*—A sneer: thou weepst at making them drink. An instance of the common gerundive use of the infinitive. Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 126, 127:

Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate; (*i.e.* at being abridged).

49. Lines 115, 116:

*Joy had the like conception in our eyes,  
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.*

These lines, as Rolfe says, besides carrying on Timon's metaphor, seem to glance at the idea of "looking babies in the eyes," *i.e.* seeing the miniature reflection of yourself in another person's eyes.

50. Lines 131-133:

*To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear  
Taste, touch and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;  
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.*

This (with *pleas'd* for *pleas'd*) is the reading and arrangement of the Globe. The Folio, which prints the speech down to *bosom* as prose, has the two next lines as verse, thus:

There tast, touch all pleas'd from thy Table rise:  
They only now come but to Feast thine eyes.

Theobald (1733) printed, on the suggestion of Warburton:

Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table rise.

Malone reads:

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear  
Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise.

Warburton's emendation, which Theobald styles "incomparable," is supported by the fact that "the five best senses" have just before been mentioned, four of which had been feasted at Timon's table, and the fifth, *viz.* sight, was now to be gratified by the masque.

51. Line 136: First Lord. *You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.*—The Folio prefixes *Lue.* to this speech, and Rowe, followed by all the editors till Capell, called the two lords Lucius and Lucullus throughout this scene, while, in order to avoid the awkwardness of their being present when their gifts to Timon arrive (see line 157 ff.), they insert [*Ex. Lucius and Lucullus* after line 179, "So are we all."

52. Lines 139, 140:

*Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.*

The second of these lines is an illustration of the dictum in the first. When we contrast all this magnificence with all that a philosopher finds necessary, a little oil and root, we see how much madness there is in the lavish expenditure of the wealthy. This is substantially Johnson's interpretation.

53. Lines 142-144:

*And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
Upon whose age we void it up agen,  
With poisonous spite and envy.*

We flatter the great and wealthy in order to devour all the good things they have to bestow; but in their old age we make them an envions and spiteful requital, and as it were vomit up their favours.

54. Line 145: *Who lives, that's not DEPRAVED or DEPRAYES?*—Here and in Much Ado, v. 1. 95:

That lie, and cog, and flout, *deprave*, and slander,—  
*to deprave* is to detract, slander. In Lear, ii. 4. 133, 139:  
thou'lt not believe  
Of how *deprav'd* a quality,—

*depraved* has its ordinary sense.

55. Line 154: *You've added worth unto 't and lustre.*—F. 2, followed by most editors, reads "and *lively* lustre."

56. Line 157: First Lady. *My lord, you take us, &c.*—F. 1 prefixes, 1 *Lord* to this line. The change is Johnson's.

57. Lines 166-168:

*There is no CROSSING him in 's humour;  
Else I should tell him,—well, 'r faith, I should,—  
When all's spent, he'd be CROSS'D then, an he could.*

That is, he would be furnished with money, if he could; many coins, as is well known, having been marked with a cross on one side. The pun seems to have been a favourite one; so As You Like It, ii. 4. 12: "I should bear no *cross*, if I did bear you;" and II. Henry IV. i. 2. 252: "Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear *crosses*."

58. Line 223: *I'll call to you.*—I will call upon you for assistance some day should I want it. Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 209, 210:

If any power pities wretched tears,  
To that I call!

59. Lines 230, 231:

*and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a PITCH'D field.*

Alci. *Ay, DEFIL'D land, my lord.*

Alcibiades is told that "his estate lies in a *pitch'd* field." Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile*. Alcibiades therefore replies that his estate lies in *defiled* land (Johnson). Rolfe says: "Crosby thinks there may be also a play on *defiled* in the sense of marching in *defiles*, or ranks; and perhaps on '*defiles*' = mountain-passes, valueless except to march through." The editor of F. 2 changed the "I, *defil'd* Land" of F. 1 into "I defy Land."



## 60. Lines 238, 239:

*I doubt whether their LEGS be worth the sums  
That are given for 'em.*

He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb*, and a *bow* or *act of obeisance* (Johnson).

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

## 61. Lines 9, 10:

*it foals me, straight,  
And able horses.*

It straightway produces me colts, and able ones too.

## 62. Lines 12, 13:

*It cannot hold; no reason  
Can FOUND his state in safety.*

The Folio has *sound* with the long *s*. The correction is Hammer's. Johnson explains: "Reason cannot find his fortune to have any safe or solid foundation."

63. Line 31: *Lord Timon will be left a naked GULL*.—I believe that in some parts of the country an unledged bird is still called a *gull*. The only other passage in which Shakespeare uses the word in this sense is I. Henry IV. v. l. 50-61:

And being fed by us you us'd us so  
As that ungentle *gull*, the cuckoo's bird,  
Useth the sparrow.

In the present instance the senator probably has also in his mind that other sense of *gull*, a dupe.

## 64. Lines 33-35:

Caph. *I go, sir.*  
Sen. "*I go, sir!*" *Take the bonds along with you,  
And have the dates in compt.*

The Folio prints:

*Ca. I go sir.*  
*Sen. I go sir?*  
Take the Bonds along with you,  
And have the dates in. Come.

*In compt* is Theobald's emendation; he observes: "Certainly, ever since Bonds were given, the Date was put in when the Bond was enter'd into: And these Bonds *Timon* had already given, and the Time limited for their payment was laps'd. The *Senator's* charge to his Servant must be to the Tenour as I have amended the Text; *viz.* Take good Notice of the Dates, for the better Computation of the Interest due upon them." But it is very likely that *dates* may be a misprint for *debts*. On the same page in the Folio we find *debt* misprinted for *date*—"clamorous demands of debt, broken (date-broke) Bonds" (il. 2. 38); if so, "have the debts in. Come," will be, get in the debts, come.—Such a misprint occurs every day, the printer altering the types at the wrong place in the page.

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

## 65. Lines 4-6:

*nor RESUMES no care  
Of what is to continue: never mind  
Was TO BE so unwise, to be so kind.*

So Rowe; F. 1 has "nor *resume* no care." To *resume* seems here to mean no more than to assume, take.

Schmidt compares the use of *rebate* for *bate*, *redeliver* for *deliver*, *regreet* for *greet*, &c. The following words probably mean, as Rolfe explains them, "never was any mind doomed or destined to be so unwise by being so kind," another instance of the gerundive infinitive; but one would be tempted to read, "was ever so unwise, to be so kind."

66. Line 9: Stage-direction: Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.—F. 1 has *Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro*. Here, and again in act iii. scene 4, the servants are addressed by their masters' names.

## 67. Lines 30, 31:

*'T was due on FORFEITURE, my lord, six weeks  
And past.*

The only other play in which the word *forfeiture* occurs is The Merchant of Venice, where it occurs eight times. Schmidt distinguishes two meanings: (1) that which is lost on an engagement; and (2) the falling due of a debt, under which latter head he sets the present passage; but the idea of liability to penal seizure of goods underlies all the instances, and seems to be all that is required.

68. Line 38: *With clamorous demands of DATE-BROKE bonds*.—This is Steevens' improvement of Malone's conjecture, who printed "*date-broken* bonds." The Folios have:

With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,  
against which reading there is both the metre and the occurrence of the word *debts* in the next line.

69. Lines 71-73: *She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!*—An allusion to the cure for the disease caught at such places as the Fool here styles *Corinth*, which was, as Warburton notes, "a cant name for a bawdy-house." The patient was put into a tub of hot water and parboiled. Henley explains the use of the word *chickens*, by referring to an old custom of *scalding* off the feathers of poultry instead of plucking them.

70. Line 75: *Look you, here comes my MISTRESS' page*.—Here, and in line 107, "my *mistress's* house," the Folio has *Masters*. Theobald prints *mistress's* in both places. Malone says: "*Master* was frequently printed in the old copy instead of *mistress*, and *vice versa*, from the ancient mode of writing a *M.* only, which stood in the MSS. of Shakespeare's time either for the one or the other: and the copyist or printer completed the word without attending to the context."

71. Line 94: *I will go with you to Lord Timon's*.—As they are already in "a hall in Timon's house," this must mean into the inner part of the house where Timon then was. Perhaps, however, this scene should be placed *before Timon's house*. No localities are assigned to the scenes in the Folios, and Rowe, who places this scene in "Timon's hall," was the first to assign them.

72. Line 137: *At many leisures I FEOP'S'D*.—So F. 2; F. 1 has "I *propose*."

73. Line 144: *And say, you FOUND them in mine honesty*.—So Rowe. F. 1 has "*sound* them." See note 62.



86. Line 8: *you are very* RESPECTIVELY welcome, sir.—The adjective *respective* means having care or regard for, as Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 156:

You should have been *respective*, and have kept it (the ring);  
and Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 125:

Away to heaven, *respective* lenity,  
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

The adjective *respectful*, which has acquired a rather narrower meaning, does not occur in Shakespeare.

87. Line 46: *Here's three* SOLIDARES for thee.—There appears to be no other mention of the coin *solidare*, and Steevens believed it was "from the mint of the poet;" but however this may be, there was a coin in the time of the Roman emperors called *solidus*, from which word was formed the Low Latin *soldum*, pay, and from this *soldarius*, one who received pay, a soldier. According to Nares, who draws his information from Du Cange, there was also a word *solidata* signifying pay, and *solidare*, a verb expressing the act of paying.

88. Lines 54, 55:

*May these add to the number that may scald thee!*  
*Let molten coin be thy damnation.*

There seems to have been an old belief that in hell the avaricious were punished by being dipped into cauldrons of molten metal, and to this the text probably alludes. Steevens says: "In The Shepherd's Calendar [a medley of prose and verse translated from a French original of the same name circa 1480], Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell, 'a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boiling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise.'" "

#### ACT III. SCENE 2.

89. Lines 12, 13: *not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents.*—Here and in lines 25 and 41, where the same expression "so many talents" occurs, Theobald and most eighteenth century editors read "fifty talents;" and perhaps with reason, for, as Lettson remarks (note on Walker's Critical Exam. vol. iii. p. 232), "The same words, *three times* occurring, show that a definite sum was the subject of conversation, and it is clear from this and the two preceding scenes, that that definite sum was *fifty talents.*"

90. Lines 24-26: *yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.*—It would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to a person who had received such trifling favours from him, in preference to Lucullus, who had received much greater (Monck Mason).

91. Line 43: *He cannot WANT fifty five hundred talents.*—The Globe editors mark this line as corrupt. The following is an attempt to make sense of it, which may go for what it is worth. Servilius, we may assume (see the previous note), had just asked Lucius for fifty talents. What! replies Lucius, he must be joking. I know he cannot want, i.e. be without, fifty five hundred talents. Servilius understanding the word *want* to mean desire to have, rejoins that he wants much less.

92. Lines 51-54: *how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!*—How unlucky it was that I should have made a bargain by which I gained a little honour, and lost the chance of gaining a great deal.

93. Lines 71, 72:

*and just of the same piece*

*Is every flatterer's SPIRIT.*

This is Theobald's emendation. The Folios have *Flatterers sport.*

94. Lines 89-91:

*Had his necessity made use of me,*  
*I would have put my wealth into donation,*  
*And the best half should have RETURN'd to him.*

If he had sent to borrow of me, I would have treated my wealth as a fund set apart for donation, i.e. giving away, and the larger portion should have been Timon's share. For *return* in this sense—to fall to, become the share of—compare Hamlet, i. 1. 90-95:

Against the which, a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant, . . .  
His fell to Hamlet.

Thus the idea is not of something going back where it was before, a sense which the word *return* usually implies, but of something going where it is due, to its proper place.

#### ACT III. SCENE 3.

95. Line 5: *Owes their estates.*—So F. 1; F. 2 has *Owe.*

96. Lines 11, 12:

*His friends, like physicians,*

*THRIVE, give him over.*

His friends are like physicians, who give up all hope of their patients while they continue to flourish themselves. Johnson proposed *Thrive* for *Thrive*, an emendation which is adopted by Dyce and other modern editors, although without much point.

97. Line 21: *and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.*—F. 1 omits *I*; inserted by F. 2. Staunton suggested that the original reading was that of F. 1 with *I* for *it* in the previous line: "so *I* may prove," &c.

98. Lines 28-31: *The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic.—he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.*—The devil, in making man crafty, defeated his own purposes, for in the long run the villainies of man will set him clear from the power of the devil, who will be beaten at his own trade. The commentators have been sorely perplexed by this passage. Only Warburton and Ritson understood it properly.

99. Line 42: *Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house; i.e. keep within doors for fear of duns* (Johnson).

#### ACT III. SCENE 4.

100. Stage-direction.—The Folio has *Enter Varro's man, meeting others.* All Timon's Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

## 101. Lines 21-24:

Luc. Serv. *Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.*

Hortensius, argues the servant of Lucius, should forbear to press Timon for payment of his debt in consideration of the jewels which he has received from him as a gift.

## 102. Lines 88, 89:

Hor. *And mine, my lord.*  
Both Var. Serv. *And ours, my lord.*

The Folio prefixes 1 *Var.* and 2 *Var.* to these speeches. Capell made the change, which explains itself.

103. Line 91: *Knoek me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.*—Timon is punning on the two words, *bill* a weapon, and *bill* a paper.

## 104. Lines 112, 113:

*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:  
All, sirrah, all.*

This is the reading of the Globe. F. 1 has:

*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vlorza: All.*

F. 2: *Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: All.*

F. 3: *Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all.*

For *Vlorza* Collier conjectured "all, look, sir," or "Sempronius—*Flav.* Alack, sir;" Sidney Walker, "Valerius, all;" Cowden Clarke and Grant White independently, "Ventidius;" Fleay, "all luxors;" *luxors* (*i.e.* luxurious, lustful persons) being a favourite word of Cyril Tourneur, whom at one time he conjectured to be the second author concerned in the play. Dyce follows F. 3. The word is undoubtedly a corruption, and has been, as Schmidt observes, a whetstone to the sagacity of emendators. From the fact that the line scans equally well with either *Sempronius* or *Vlorza* Dr. Brinsley Nicholson concludes that *Vlorza* represents a substitute word for *Sempronius*, which was written *over* it in the MS., but was by the compositor printed *after* it. Mr. B. G. Kinneear says: "The transcriber appears to have caught and written the first two words of the next line, *He once*, and immediately finding his mistake, to have *imperfectly cancelled* them; in this form the compositor took them for *Vlorza*."

## ACT III. SCENE 5.

105. Stage-direction.—The Folio has *Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.*

106. Line 4: *the law shall bruise HIM.*—The Folio has "bruise 'em." The correction is Hammer's.

107. Line 17: *AN honour in him which buys out his fault.*—F. 1 reads "And honour." The correction is Johnson's.

108. Line 22: *He did BEHAVE his anger.*—F. 1 has "be-hoove his anger." The correction is Rowe's. Shakespeare does not elsewhere use the verb *behave* in a transitive sense, except reflectively, but Malone quotes Spenser, *Faery Queen*, ii. 3. 40:

But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd  
*Behaves* with cares, cannot so easy mis.

Mr. B. G. Kinneear, comparing Lear, iv. 3. 24-26:

In brief, sorrow  
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all  
Could so become it,

would read "become his anger."

109. Line 49: *the felon.*—Johnson's conjecture for *The fellow* of the Folio.

110. Line 54: *To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust.*—I am inclined to think that "sin's extremest gust" is "sin's greatest fury," most furious action, the metaphor being from a violent gust of wind. Many commentators, however, follow Johnson in explaining it to mean "relish," "appetite," as we use *gusto*. In *Twelfth Night*, i. 3. 32, it certainly has this meaning: "he hath the gift of a coward to allay the *gust* he hath in quarrelling."

111. Line 55: *But, in defence, by merey, 't is most just.*—If this does not mean more than (as explained in the foot-note) "by your leave," we must adopt Malone's explanation: "Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered as justifiable." Johnson with less likelihood takes it as an adjuration: "I call *mercy* herself to witness, that defensive violence is just."

112. Line 63: *Why, say, my lords, he has done fair service.*—F. 1 prints this line,

Why say my Lords ha's done faire service;  
F. 2, "Why I say," &c. Theobald, followed by the Globe, reads "I say," &c.

113. Line 67: *with 'EM.*—So F. 2. F. 1 has "with him."

114. Line 82: *my HONOURS.*—So F. 2. F. 1 has *Honour*.

115. Lines 114, 115:

*I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and LAY for hearts.*

This may mean either, I must lay traps for the affections of the people—compare, "These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is *laid* for me" (*Jl. Hen. VI. iv. 10. 3-5*);—or I must *lay* myself out for them, *lay* being used as in Ben Jonson, *The Devil is an Ass*, act ii. sc. 1, p. 114, ed. 1631, quoted by Tyrwhitt:

*Lay* for some petty principality.

116. Line 116: *'T is honour with most lands to be at odds.*—Alcibiades is giving vent to his indignation at the meanness of the senate, and Heath is therefore no doubt correct in his explanation of this line: "Governments are in 'general so ill administered, that there are very few whom it is not an honour to oppose."

## ACT III. SCENE 6.

117.—Stage-direction.—The Folio has only, *Enter divers Friends at severall doores.*

118. Line 5: *Upon that were my thoughts TIRING.*—To *tire* in this sense is an expression borrowed from falconry, and used of the hawk seizing and devouring its prey. Harting, *Ornithology of Shakespeare*, p. 33, says: "When a hawk was in training, it was often necessary to

prolong her meal as much as possible, to prevent her from gorging; this was effected by giving her a tough or bony bit to *tire on*; that is to tear, or pull at." Compare Venus and Adonis, 55-58:

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone.

119. Line 21: *Every man HERE'S so.*—Spelt in F. 1 *heares*.

120. Line 43: *Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?*—After this the Folio has *The Banket brought in*, marking the stage-direction prematurely, as is often the case in dramas printed from the prompter's book; that the property man might be ready with the articles required for the scene (Dyce). See Introduction, p. 6.

121. Line 51: *Let it not cumber your better remembrance.*—You will be better advised not to think so seriously of such a trifle. †

122. Lines 89-91: *The rest of your FEES, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common LAG of people.*—The word *fees*, which Schmidt takes to mean "property"—Capell, "those who are forfeit to your vengeance"—must surely be corrupt. Warburton substituted *foes*, which most editors have accepted. Considering the *these my present friends* which follows, perhaps we might read, "The rest of *your* (or even *my*) friends." In the MS., if carelessly written, *my* may have been taken for *yr*, the abbreviation of *your*, and the abbreviation *flds.* for *fees*. *Lag* was substituted by Rowe for *legge* of the Folio.

123. Line 101: *Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries.*—So Hamner, Warburton, and Capell. F. 1 has:

Who stucked and spangled you with Flatteries.

124. Line 106: *trencher-friends, time's FLIES.*—Compare act ii. sc. 2. 178-181:

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These *flies* are couch'd.

125. Line 107: *minute-jacks.*—*Jack* is commonly used as a term of contempt for a paltry fellow. So *minute-jacks* are persons who change their mind every minute, and are not to be relied upon. There may also be an allusion to the figures that struck the bell in old clocks, called "Jacks o' the clock;" compare Richard II. v. 5. 58-60:

my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
While I stand fooling here, his *Jack o' the clock*.

126. Line 111: Stage-direction.—Pelts them with stones, and drives them out.—The Folio has no stage-direction here. Rowe put, *Throwing the Dishes at them, and drives 'em out*. Sidney Walker (Critical Exam. vol. iii. p. 235) suggested the change, as harmonizing with line 111. "Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none," stones being more like money than dishes are; and with the last line of the scene, "One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones" In the academic play "Timon," printed by Dyce (see Introduction, note 1, page 4). Timon pelts his guests with stones painted to resemble artichokes.

127. Line 115: Stage-direction.—Re-enter the Lords,  
VOL. VII.

Senators, &c.—So the Globe. The Folio has *Enter the Senators, with other Lords*.

128. Line 121: *naught but HUMOUR sways him.*—So F. 3 F. 1 has *humors*.

129. Lines 125, 126:

Third Lord.

Sec. Lord.

The Folio has:

2.

3.

But see what precedes (Dyce).

#### ACT IV. SCENE 1.

130. Line 2: *That GIRDLEST in those wolves.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *girdles*.

131. Line 7: *CONVERT o' th' instant, green virginity.*—The verb *convert* is several times used by Shakespeare in an intransitive sense; so Macbeth, iv. 3. 22s, 229:

let grief  
*Convert* to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it

132. Line 13: *SON of sixteen.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *Some*.

133. Line 21: *And LET confusion live!*—Hammer's correction. The Folio has "And yet Confusion live."

#### ACT IV. SCENE 2.

134. Lines 10, 11:

*So has familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away.*

Those who had been familiar friends with his fortunes now buried desert him. Hamner printed, "from his buried fortunes"—an unnecessary alteration.

135. Line 15: *Walks, like CONTEMPT, alone.*—*Contempt* is here, of course, as in line 32 below, the state of being despised, and not the act of despising. So Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 224: "it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt;" and Romeo and Juliet, v. 1. 71:

*Contempt* and beggary hangs upon thy back.

136. Lines 33, 34:

*Who'd be so mock'd with glory! or to live  
But in a dream of friendship!*

Stamton, followed by Dyce, unnecessarily read "or so live." See Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, §350: "The *to* is often omitted in the former of two clauses and inserted in the latter, particularly when the finite principal verb is an auxiliary, or like an auxiliary." Compare Tempest, iii. 1. 61-63:

I would, not so!—and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than *z.* suffer  
The fleshly blow my mouth.

137. Lines 38, 39:

*Strange, unusual blood,  
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!*

How strange is the disposition of men, that they should consider an excess of generosity, such as Timon's, the worst offence that can be committed

138. Line 41: *DOES still mar men.*—So F. 4 F. 1, F. 2, and F. 3 have "do still.

## ACT IV.—SCENE 3.

139. Lines 6-8:

not NATURE,  
*To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
 But by contempt of nature.*

Human nature, subject as it is to degrading infirmities, cannot bear an access of good fortune without disregarding natural ties, and treating even a twin brother with contempt. Monck Mason, who proposed to read *natures* instead of *nature*, interprets, "Not even beings reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness, can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow-creatures."

140. Line 10: *The SENATOR shall bear contempt hereditary.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *Senators*.

141. Lines 12, 13:

*It is the PASTURE lards the ROTHER'S sides,  
 The want that makes him LEAN.*

The Folio prints these lines as follows:

It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,  
 The want that makes him leau.

*Pasture* is Rowe's reading; *beggar's* is Rowe's also; *rother's*, the reading of the Collier MS., adopted by Singer in his second edition. *Leau* was corrected to *lean* in F. 2.

142. Line 16: *every* GRISE of fortune.—Compare Othello, i. 3. 199-201:

Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,  
 Which, as a *grise* or step, may help these lovers  
 Into your favour.

143. Line 18: *all is oblique.*—So Theobald. F. 1 has "All's oblique;" F. 2, "All's obliquy."

144. Lines 19, 20:

*There's nothing LEVEL in our cursed natures,  
 But direct villany.*

The use of the verb *level* in the sense of aiming a gun will explain the use of the adjective here in the sense of *straight*. Compare Hamlet, iv. 1. 42, 43:

As *level* as the cannon to his blank,  
 Transports his poison'd shot.

145. Line 27: *I am no idle votarist.*—No insincere or inconstant supplicant. *Gold* will not serve me instead of *roots* (Johnson).

146. Line 32: *Pluck* STOUT men's pillows from below their heads; i.e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies to make their departure the easier (Warburton). Hamner substituted *sick* for *stout*, which Staunton considers the true reading; and Mr. B. G. Kinnear remarks: "Shakespeare always uses *stout* applied to men in the senses of *bold* or *proud*. *Stout* men would not be on a sick bed." He quotes Ben Jonson, Volpone, ii. 6 (p. 477, ed. 1616):

And, in his next fit, we may let him goe.  
 'T is but to pull the pillow from his head,  
 And he is thrated.

147. Lines 37, 38:

*this is it  
 That makes the WAPPEN'D widow weep again.*

It is her gold that causes the worn-out widow (compare Rich. III. i. 1. 81:

The jealous *o'erworn* widow and herself)

to find another husband. The precise form *wappened* is not found elsewhere; but *wapper'd* is given in Grose's Provincial Glossary as a Gloucestershire word. "*Wapper'd*, restless or fatigued; spoken of a sick person.—Glouc." The two following passages are quoted by Steevens:

*Moll.* And there you shall *wap* with me.

*Sir B. Nay.* Moll, what's that *wap*!

*Moll.* *Wapping* and *niggling* is all one, the rogue my man can tell you. —Middleton, The Roaring Girl (1611).

"*Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman. This word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping-morts* for whores" (Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London, 1610). Malone notes the occurrence of the word *unwapper'd* in The Two Noble Kinsmen, v. 4. 9-11:

we come towards the gods

Yong, and *unwapper'd*, not halting under crymes  
 Many and stale.

In his note on this passage Mr. Harold Littledale suggests that *wapper* may be formed from *wap*, "a word found in *Morte D'Arthur* (Globe ed. p. 480), where Sir Bedivere says, 'I saw nothing but the waters *wap* and the waves wan,'—of the restless action of the waters 'lapping on the erag.' This shows us the precise force of *wapper*, tremulous, quivering, restless; and *wapper'd*, worn by unrest."

148. Lines 43, 44:

*I will make thee*

*Do thy right nature.*

Lie in the earth, where nature laid thee (Johnson).

149. Line 53: *I am* MISANTHROPOS, and hate mankind. —In North's Plutarch, Life of Antonius, c. 38, is the marginal note: "Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon *Misanthropos*, the Athenian."

150. Lines 64, 65:

*I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns  
 To thine own lips again.*

This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another left the infector free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips, by kissing thee (Johnson).

151. Line 87: *The tub-fast.*—So Theobald, at the suggestion of Warburton. The Folios have *Fubfast*. See ii. 2. 71, and note 69.

152. Lines 115, 116:

*those milk-paps,  
 That through the WINDOW-BARS bore at men's eyes.*

F. 1 has *window Barne*. Johnson conjectured *window-bars*, which Steevens first introduced into the text. The reference is to the crossbar embroidery worn by women across the bosom, sometimes with no stomacher under it.

153. Lines 120, 121:

*Think it a bastard, whom the oracle  
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd THY throat shall cut.*

The Folios have "the throat." The correction is Pope's.

154. Line 122: *swear against* OBJECTS; i.e. let not any-

thing move you to pity; be proof against all appeals to your mercy. The word *object* was specially used of anything inspiring sympathy or antipathy; so Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 105, 106:

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender *objects* (i. e. submits to their influence).

## 155. Lines 133, 134:

*Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
And to make whores, a bawd.*

That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores (Johnson).

## 156. Lines 135-139:

*you are not othable,—  
Although, I know, you'll swear, &c.*

Timon has told the two countezans that he has enough gold to make them forswear their trade, and has bidden them hold up their aprons to receive it. He continues: I know you are quite ready to swear the most terrible oaths that you will reform—but do not waste your breath, you would have no regard for the sanctity of any oath, and I can trust your inclinations that you will remain as you are, and be whores still.

## 157. Lines 143-145:

*yet may your pains, six months,  
Be quite contrairy; and thatch your poor thin roofs  
With burdens of the dead.*

That is, as Warburton explains it, let your labour and pains for six months of the year be quite different. After spending six months in debauchery you must spend the other six in recovering from its effects, and fitting yourselves anew for the trade. Among other things you will have to put on false hair to make up for the loss of your own. Johnson and Stevens went quite astray over this passage.

158. Line 155: *HOAR the flamen.*—For *hoar* (here = make rotten), used in the sense of old, mouldy, rotten, because mouldiness gives a white appearance, compare Mercurio's punning song:

An old hare *hoar*,  
And an old hare *hear*,  
Is very good meat in lent:  
But a hare that is *hoar*  
Is too much for a score,  
When it *hoars* ere it be spent.  
—Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 141-145.

Rolfe explains, "make the priest *hoary* with leprosy;" but this seems less appropriate.

## 159. Lines 159, 160:

*Of him that, his particular to foresee,  
Smells from the general weal.*

The metaphor is from dogs hunting. The man intended is one who deserts the public advantage to look after his own private interests.

160. Line 183: *With all th' abhorred births below crisp heaven.*—Stevens quotes Robert Anton, The Philosopher's Satires (1616):

Her face as beauteous as the *crisp'd* morn.

161. Line 185: *who all THY human sons BOTH hate.*—The Folio has "who all the humane Sonnes do hate." *Thy* was substituted by Pope, *doth* by Rowe.

162. Line 193: *Dry up thy MARROWS, eves, and plough-torn leas.*—"The Folio has *Marrowes*; qv. if a mistake for *marrowie* (marrowy) as an epithet to *vines*? Cotgrave in his Diet. gives 'Moëlleux. *Marrowie*, pithie, full of strength or *strong sap.*'"—(Dyce). Capell paraphrases as follows: "Dry up your fat lands that cattle graze upon, your vine lands, and lands lay'd for the plow that produce barley, for with the two latter accord the *licorish draughts* of the line following, and with *marrows* the *unctious morsels* of the next line."

163. Line 204: *From change of FORTUNE.*—So Rowe. The Folios have *future*.

164. Line 215: *that BADE welcome.*—F. 1 has "that *bad* welcome;" F. 2 changed *bad* to *bid*, which most editors adopt.

## 165. Lines 223, 224:

*will these MOIST trees,  
That have outliv'd the eagle, paye thy hvele.*

For *moist* Hammer conjectured *moss'd*, which has been adopted by most editors. Stevens compares As You Like It, iv. 3. 105:

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age.

But after the preceding words—

What, think st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm?

the transition seems natural to the moist, damp trees. Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, &c. p. 345) would interpret *moist* to mean "strong and vigorous, full of the juice and sap of life."

166. Line 225: *And skip WHERE thou point'st out!*—*Where* is Sidney Walker's correction for *when* of the Folios.

## 167. Line 245-247:

*best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content.*

Best states, contentless, have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content (Johnson).

## 168. Lines 253-255:

*The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive DRUGS of it  
Freely COMMAND.*

If *drugs* is the true reading, Schmidt is probably right in explaining it metaphorically. "all things in passive subserviency to salutary as well as pernicious purposes." Johnson takes it to be an old form of *drudges*; and Todd quotes from Huloet: "Drudge, or druge, a servant which doth all the vile service;" and from Baret: "Drudge, a drug, or kitchen-slave" (Todd's Johnson's Diet ed. Latham). Capell conjectured *drugs*. *Command* is Rowe's correction for *command'st* of the Folios.

## 169. Lines 259-265:

*But myself,  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
FELL from their boughs and left me open, bare.*

An instance of *anacoluthon*, or incompleated construction; the sentence beginning "But myself" has no verb to complete it. It may assist the reader to point out that the relative *That* in line 263 is the subject of three verbs, —*stuck, have fell, and left.* *Fell* for *fallen* is also found in Titus Andronicus, ii. 4. 50:

He would have dropp'd his knife, and *fell* asleep;

and in *Lear*, iv. 6. 54:

Which thou hast perpendicularly *fell*.

170. Lines 275, 276:

*If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.*

Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble (Johnson).

171. Line 283: *First mend MY company, take away thyself.*—So Rowe. The Folios have "thy company."

172. Lines 308, 309:

Apem. *Dost hate a MEDLAR?*

Tim. *Ay, THOUGH it look like thee.*

The word *though* has perplexed the commentators, and an attempt has even been made to prove that it means *since* or *because*; but surely it is only another stroke of irony on the part of Timon:—do hate a medlar, even though it resembles so delightful a companion as you. In the Folio the word is spelt *medler* in all three lines.

173. Lines 340-343: *wert thou the UNICORN, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury.*—The unicorn was proverbial for its ferocity. The best comment on the text is the following passage quoted by Staunton from E. Topsell's *History of Four-footed Beasts*, ed. 1658, p. 557 (1st ed. pub. 1607): "He is an enemy to the lions, wherefore as soon as ever a lion seeth a unicorn, he runneth to a tree for succour, that so when the unicorn maketh force at him, he may not only avoid his horn, but also destroy him; for the unicorn in the swiftness of his course runneth against the tree, wherein his sharp horn sticketh fast, then when the lion seeth the unicorn fastened by the horn, without all danger he falleth upon him and killeth him. These things are reported by the king of Ethiopia, in an Hebrew epistle unto the Bishop of Rome."

174. Lines 343, 344: *wert thou a BEAR, thou wouldst be kill'd by the HORSE.*—"There is also a mortall hatred betwixt a horse and a beare, for they know one another at the first sight; and prepare to combat, which they rather act by policie than by strength; the beare falling flat on his backe, the horse leaping over the beare, which pulleth at his guts with her fore-feet nailes, and is by the heeles of the horse wounded to death, if he strike the beare vpon his head" (Topsell, p. 35).

175. Lines 345-347: *wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the LION, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life.*—The *lion* is the king of beasts, and Steevens rightly explains this as an allusion to the Turkish policy, in accordance with which the first act of the sultan on succeeding to the throne was to put all his brothers to death. This custom is again alluded to in *II. Henry IV.* v. 2. 46-49:

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:  
This is the English, not the Turkish court;  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry.

176. Line 356: *Yonder comes a poet and a painter.*—But they do not appear upon the scene till the beginning of the next act, that is, after Timon has been visited both by the Banditti and by Flavius. Various conjectures have been made to account for this anomaly; Ritson supposes that the play was abridged for representation, and that all between this passage and the entrance of the Poet and Painter being omitted, these words were put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them, and that when the play was printed for the Folio the interpolation was unnoticed. I am inclined to think that we have here one of the indications that Shakespeare was working on an older play. In this play the Poet and Painter probably made their entrance at this point; Shakespeare altered this arrangement, but never made a final revision, and accidentally left this speech of Apemantus uncorrected. It is less natural to suppose that the pair, when at last they do appear, had been hunting for Timon's abode during the whole interval after having been so near it, or that they had gone back to Athens on catching sight of Apemantus, and come out again.

177. Line 373: *I SWOUND to see thee.*—So the word is spelt in F. 3 and F. 4; F. 1 and F. 2 have *swoond*.

178. Line 383: *'Twixt natural SOX and SIRE.*—F. 1 has "Sunne and fire."

179. Line 398: Tim. *Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor THEM.*—The Folios prefix *Ape.* to this line; Hamner first assigned it to Timon. For *them* the Folios have *they*; corrected by Rowe.

180. Line 419: *Your greatest want is, you want much of MEAT.*—Hamner conjectured, "much of men;" a reading which is adopted by Singer, Rolfe, and others: it certainly has in its favour the preceding line "men that much do want," and line 428, "You must eat men;" but the old reading taken in connection with the following lines gives very good sense, and I do not feel justified in departing from authority.

181. Line 428: *Yet thanks I must you CON.*—For this idiom—to give thanks, compare *All's Well*, iv. 3. 174: "I con him no thanks for 't." Steevens says the expression is a very common one, and quotes two instances.

182. Lines 430, 431:

*for there is BOUNDLESS theft*

*In LIMITED professions.*

The antithesis is of course between *boundless* and *limited*; unlimited thieving goes on even in professions which do not, like you, make an open trade of stealing, but are outwardly respectable and under restraint.



183. Line 437: *Do VILLANY, do, since you PROTEST to do't.*—F. 1 has *Villaine*; corrected by Rowe. For *protest* Theobald substituted *profess*, which is adopted by Malone, and is certainly a very natural correction, though Dyce calls it very unnecessary.

184. Lines 442, 443:

*The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
The moon into salt tears.*

Shakespeare knew that the moon was the cause of the tides, and in that respect the liquid surge, that is, the waves of the sea, rising one upon another, in the progress of the tide, may be said to "resolve the moon into salt tears;" the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humility, and the accretion to the sea in consequence of her tears being the cause of the *liquid surge*. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the *votery quality* of that planet (Malone). Capell's note is well worth quoting here: "There cannot be a doubt among schollars, but that Anacreon was thought of in penning Timon's *examples* for encouraging *thievery*; the ode is of such celebrity, with jolly fellows especially, that it could not escape Jonson and other members of the club at the Devil, and there Shakespeare had it." The ode in question is the 21st (Poetæ Lyrici Greci, ed. Bergk, 1866, p. 1057); the following is a literal translation: "The dark earth drinks, and the trees drink the earth: the sea drinks the air, and the sun the sea, and the moon the sun;—why quarrel with me my friends, if I too am fain to drink?" That an English translation existed in Shakespeare's time is clear from Puttenham, *Arte of Poesie* (1559), bk. iii. c. xxii. p. 259, ed. Arber, quoted by Farmer: "Another [according to Steevens one John Southern] of reasonable good facilitate in translation finding certaine of the hymnes of *Pyndarus* and of Anacreons odes . . . very well translated by *Rounsard* the French Poet . . . comes our minion and translates the same out of French into English."

185. Line 447: *HAVE uncheck'd theft.*—So Pope. F. 1 has *It's*.

186. Line 451: *steal no less for this.*—So the Globe; the Folios omit *no*; Rowe inserted *not*.

187. Lines 472, 473:

*How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!*

That is, how admirably does the injunction to love one's enemies accord with the fashion of the times! (Rolfe). Warburton notices the anachronism: "he forgets his Pagan system here again."

188. Lines 474, 475:

*Grant I may ever love, and rather woo  
Those that would mischief me than those that do!*

The sense is, "Let me rather woo or caress those that would mischief, than *profess* to mean me mischief, than those that *really* do me mischief, under false professions of kindness." The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: "Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I

will defend myself." This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage (Johnson).

189. Line 481: *Then, if thou GRANT'ST THOU'RT a man*—So Capell: F. 1 has "Then, if thou *graut'st*, *th'art* a man."

190. Line 499: *It almost turns my DANGEROUS nature WILD.*—*Dangerous* here I take to mean unbalanced, uncertain, liable to violent emotions of any kind: "such fidelity as yours," Timon would say, "after all the hypocrisy and baseness which I have experienced, almost deprives me of reason." Since writing this note I see that Drake (Shakespeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 449, note) takes the same view: "I conceive that by *dangerous nature* in this passage is meant a nature, from acute sensibility and sudden misfortune, liable to be overpowered, to be thrown off its poize, and to suffer from mental derangement." Most editors, including even the Globe, adopt Warburton's emendation *mild* (*i.e.* almost reconciles me again to mankind), which is comparatively tame.

#### ACT V. SCENE 1.

191.—Capell was the first who made the division between the fourth and fifth acts here. Previous editors, following Rowe, had put it after *Exeunt Banditti* at iv. 3. 463, and they made Timon go off at the close of his speech, line 453; but there is no authority for this in the Folio, while at line 543 it has the stage-direction *Exit*. After the *Actus Primus. Scœna Prima*, at the beginning of the play, the Folio has no further division into acts or scenes.

192. Lines 6, 7: *PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.*—Here spelt in F. 1 *Phrinea* and *Timandylo*.

193. Lines 12, 13: *you shall see him a PALM in Athens again.*—Steevens quotes Psalm xcii. 12, "The righteous shall flourish like the *palin*-tree."

194. Line 28: *the DEED OF SAYING is quite out of use.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 3. 24-27:

Then if he says he loves you,  
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it  
As he in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed.

195. Line 31: Stage-direction.—Timon comes from his cave, behind.—The Folio has *Enter Timon from his Cave*.

196. Line 55: *To thee be WORSHIP!*—So Rowe; F. 1 has *worshipt*.

197. Line 59: *Have I once liv'd to see two honest men!*—Schmidt explains: "Have I lived indeed [to see two honest men] and must I believe it?"

198. Line 74: *Ay, you're honest MEN*—So Rowe; F. 1 has *man*.

199. Line 99: *Know his gross PATCHERY.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 77, 78: "Here is such *patchery*, such juggling, and such knavery!"

200. Lines 109-111:

*You that waiy, and you this, —but two in company:  
Each man APART, all single and alone,  
Yet an arch-rillain keeps him company.*

The first line is explained by the two following: You go that way and you this, but each of you will be two in company, for each of you will take an arch-villain with you, namely himself. F. 1 prints *apart* in two words.

## 201. Lines 116, 117:

*You have work for me, there's payment: hence!*—  
[To the Poet] *You are an alchemist, make gold of that.*

Most, if not all editors, prefix [*To the Pain.*] to the first of these lines, and Malone, followed by Rolfe and others, inserted *done* before *work*. Hammer printed *work't*, but this is inadmissible, for according to Schmidt the *impf.* and *part.* is always *wrought* in Shakespeare. The Globe prints:

[*To Painter*] You have work'd for me; there's payment for you:  
hence!

The Folio has no prefix to either line. I would suggest that emendation is unnecessary if we take the first line to be addressed to the pair, and the *work* which they have for Timon to refer to their ridding these villains from their companies, lines 104-106; then the second line will be addressed to the Poet, who is the last of the two in making his escape, and is told to employ the alchemy of his poetry on turning Timon's blows and missiles into gold.

202. Line 119: *It is IN vain.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 omit *in*.

203. Line 129: *And CHANCE it as it may.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *chane'd*.

204. Line 134: *Thou sun, that COMFORT'ST, burn!*—So Pope. F. 1 has *comforts*, which may well be what Shakespeare wrote.

## 205. Lines 135-137:

*and each false*  
*Be as a CANTHERIZING to the root o' the tongue,*  
*Consuming it with speaking!*

Schmidt has: "*Catherize*, to raise blisters as with cantharides," but as each *true* word is to raise a blister, the effect of each *false* one ought to be something stronger, especially as the tongue is to be consumed: *catherizing* is therefore probably the same as *cauterising*, which was substituted by Pope and printed by most editors. The Cambridge editors say: "The word *canterispyge* for *cauterizing* is found very frequently in an old surgical work, printed in 1541, of which the title is, *The questyonary of Cynrygyens*. . . . The instrument with which the operation is performed is in the same book called a *cantere*. The form of the word may have been suggested by the false analogy of *cantherides*, that is, cantharides, which occurs in the same chapter."

## 206. Lines 148-151:

WHICH *now* the public body,—which doth seldom  
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself  
A lack of Timon's aid, hath SENSE withal  
Of IT own FALL, restraining aid to Timon.

For "*Which now*" Hammer substituted "*And now*," but the irregularity in construction is not uncommon; compare v. 2. 6-9:

I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;  
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,

Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends.

The meaning is: The senate, which seldom confesses itself to be in the wrong, feeling the want of Timon's aid, is sensible of its fault in withholding aid to Timon. For *fall* in this sense of a *fall from virtue, fault*, compare Henry V. ii. 2. 138-140:

And thus thy *fall* hath left a kind of blot,  
To mark the full-fraught man and best inda'd  
With some suspicion;

and Richard III. iii. 7. 96, 97:

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,  
To stay him from the *fall* of vanity.

Capell, followed by Dyce and the Globe, conjectured *fail*, a word which would have the same meaning; compare Cymbeline, iii. 4. 65, 66:

Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd  
From thy great *fail*.

For the old form of the possessive *it*, see Abbott, § 228. For *sense*, the reading of Rowe, who spells *senee*, F. 1 has *sincee*.

## 207. Lines 153, 154:

*Together with a recompense more fruitful*  
*Than their offence can weigh down by the dram.*

A recompense that shall more than counterpoise their offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness (Monck Mason).

208. Line 185: *The REVEREND'ST throat.*—F. 1 has "*The reverends throat*;" compare note 203.

209. Line 186: *To the protection of the PROSPEROUS gods.*—For *prosperous* in an active sense compare Othello, i. 3. 245:

To my unfolding lend your *prosperous* ear.

210. Line 202: *their achés.*—See note 31 on i. 1. 257.

211. Lines 208-215: *I have a tree, which grows here in my close, &c.*—"It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market place about dispatch of some affaires) got vp into the pulpit for Orations, where the Oratours commonly vse to speake vnto the people: and silence being made, euery man listening to heare what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place: at length he began to speak in this manner: My Lords of Athens I haue a litle yard at my house where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens haue hanged themselves: and because I meane to make some building on the place, I thought good to let you all vnderstand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe if any of you be desperate; you may there in time go hang your selues" (North's Plutarch, life of Antonius, c. 38).

## 212. Lines 218-221:

*Timon hath made his everlasting mansion*  
*Upon the BEACHED verge of the salt flood;*  
*Who once a day with his embossed froth*  
*The turbulent surge shall cover.*

"For like as he liued a beastly and churlish life, euen so he required to haue his funerall done after that maner. By his last will, he ordeined himself to be interred vpon the sea shore, that the waues and surges might beate ad

veze his dead carcas" (Painter, Palace of Pleasure, Novel 28). For *beached*, *i.e.* formed by a beach, compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 85:

Or in the *beached* margin of the sea.

213. Line 223: *Lips, let sour words go by, and language end.*—So Rowe; the Folios have "*four* words." Sidney Walker, with some probability, conjectured *your*.

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

214. Lines 7-9:

WHOM, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a PARTICULAR force,  
And made us speak like friends.

See note 206 on v. 1. 148-151. Here again Hamner substituted *And* for the relative. *In general part* is opposed to a *particular force*,—as regards the common cause, public affairs, they were opponents, nevertheless their old friendship created for the nonce a force or party of its own, and enabled them to converse like friends. *Particular* in this sense of *private, personal*, is very common; compare Hamlet, i. 3. 24-27:

Then if he says he loves you,  
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it  
As he in his PARTICULAR act and place  
May give his saying deed.

In thus explaining "a particular force" I have followed Schmidt. Many readers will, however, probably prefer the common interpretation, *viz.* "a special efficacy." Hamner, followed by Dyce and Rolfe, printed "*had* a particular force."

## ACT V. SCENE 3.

215. Lines 1-10: *By all description this should be the place, &c.*—The great difficulty in this scene is the question whether the third and fourth lines, "Timon is dead," &c., are an inscription read by the soldier, or his own words. I decidedly prefer the former view, and understand the passage as follows:—the soldier arriving at Timon's cave and receiving no answer to his challenge, has his attention arrested at the entrance by the following inscription:

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:  
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.

This he reads, and with the natural exclamation "Dead, sure," turns to the beach and discovers the tomb inscribed with characters which he is unable to decipher, and accordingly has recourse to the somewhat clumsy expedient of taking the impression in wax. The supposition of two inscriptions, one on the cave and the other on the tomb, which this interpretation involves, is the chief objection to it, and the device must be admitted to be an awkward one, but the lines on the cave are quite in Timon's misanthropical vein, "let some beast, human or other, read this notice of my death, for nothing worthy of being called a man any longer exists to read it." This is substantially Staunton's view of the passage, except that he takes *read this* to refer to the inscription on the tomb, and not to the lines themselves at the entrance of the cave. Most editors, however, very unnaturally as it seems to me, take the two lines to be a reflection and exclamation on the part of the soldier; "The tomb he

sees," says Johnson, "and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, 'Some beast read this, for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.'" Theobald printed Warburton's suggestion, "Some beast read this; here does not," &c., which was adopted by Capell and Dyce, and (though retaining *there*) by Malone and the Globe. Ritson explains this reading as follows: "What can this heap of earth be? (says the Soldier), Timon is certainly dead: some beast must have erected this, for here does not live a man to do it."

## ACT V. SCENE 4.

216. Lines 4, 5:

making your wills  
The scope of justice;

*i.e.* the space within which justice had free play; justice was just what they chose it to be, and no more; compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 229:

An anchor's cheer in prison be my *scope!*

(*i.e.* the limits to which my ambition is bounded).

217. Line 7: *Have wander'd with our TRAVERS'S' arms.*—With our arms crossed or folded in submission. The expression "traverse lines," *i.e.* cross lines, occurs in Cartwright's Poems, 1651. See Nares.

218. Line 8: *now the time is flush.*—Compare Hamlet, iii. 3. 80, 81:

He took my father grossly, full of bread;  
With all his crimes broad blown, as *flush* as May;

and Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 51, 52:

the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on't, and *flush* youth revolt.

219. Lines 16-18:

to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our INGRATITUDE with loves  
Above THEIR quantity.

Warburton referred *their* to *rages*, Malone to *griefs* in line 14. But Shakespeare is not so precise as his commentators, and it may refer to either or both. Capell settled the question by printing *ingratitude*s.

220. Lines 23, 24:

THEIR hands from whom  
You have receiv'd your GRIEFS;

*their* is misprinted *their* in F. I; *griefs* is Theobald's correction for *greefe* of F. 1.

221. Lines 28, 29:

Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess  
Hath broke their hearts.

Shame in excess (*i.e.* extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning (*i.e.* that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts (Theobald).

222. Line 37: *On those that are.* REVENGES.—So Steevens; F. 1 has *Revenge*.

223. Line 41: *But kill not ALL TOGETHER.*—So F. 3; F. 1 has *al together*; F. 2 *al together*.

224. Line 47: *Against our RAMPIRE'S gates.*—*Rampire* is another form of *rampart*. Both forms were used either

as noun or verb. Schmidt quotes Lodge's *Rosalind* (p. 68, ed. H. Morley): "Rosader *rampired* up the house." Nares gives the following instance from *Holinshed*, vol. ii. 3. 8 6, col. 2, b: "And so deeply ditched and *rampired* their campe about—that it was," &c.

225. Line 55: DESCEND, and open your uncharged ports.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *Defend*, a manifest error; see line 64.

226. Lines 62, 63:

*But shall be RENDER'D to your public laws  
At heaviest answer.*

*Render'd* was suggested by Lord Chedworth (1805), and is adopted by Dyce, the Globe, and others. F. 1 has "*remedied* to," &c., which Schmidt interprets, "it shall be redressed according to your laws;" not very successfully, but with less violence to common-sense than Malone, who understood it to mean, "it shall be redressed at heaviest answer to your laws." F. 2, F. 3, and F. 4 have *remedied by*.

227. Lines 70-73: *Here lies a wretched corse*, &c.—"He died in the cite of Hales, and was buried vpon the sea side. Now it chaunced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tombe round about, that no man could come to it: and vpon the same was written this Epitaph:

*Here lyes a wretched corse, of wretched soule bereft:  
Seeke not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches  
left.*

It is reported that Timon himselfe, when he liued, made this Epitaph: for that which is commonly rehearsed, was not his, but made by the Poet Callimachus:

*Here lye I Timon, who aliuue all liuing men did hate:  
Passe by, and curse thy fill: but passe, and stay not here  
thy gate.*—North's *Plutarch*, c. 38.

The former epitaph appears as follows in Painter:

*My wretched catife dayes,  
Expired now and past:  
My carren corps intered here,  
Is faste in grounde:  
In waltring waues of swel-  
ling sea, by surges cast,  
My name if thou desire,  
The gods thee doe confounde.*

It can only be by an oversight that both the epitaphs from North's *Plutarch* have been left in the text; it will be seen that they are copied verbatim with the change of *wretches* to *catiffs* (line 71), perhaps suggested, as Malone remarks, by Painter's version. Rolfe says: "They [the two epitaphs] are inconsistent with each other, and Shakespeare cannot have meant to use more than one of them. He seems to have written both in the MS. when hesitating between them, and afterwards to have neglected to strike one out."

228. Line 76: *Scorn'dst our brains' flow*.—Steevens quotes Sir Gyles Goosecappe (1606): "I shed not the teares of my *Bryne*, but the teares of my soule" (act ii. sc. 1; *Bullen's Old Plays*, vol. iii. p. 34); and

But he from rocks that fountains can command,  
Cannot yet stay the *fountains* of his brain.

—Drayton, *The Miracles of Moses*.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TIMON OF ATHENS.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
*All-shunned... iv. 2 14	Candle (verb)... iv. 3 226	Decimation... v. 4 31	Exhaust... iv. 3 119
Apperil... i. 2 32	Close <sup>3</sup> (sub.)... v. 1 208	Dedication <sup>7</sup> ... i. 1 19	*Falling-from... iv. 3 402
Approachers... iv. 3 216	Cock <sup>4</sup> ... ii. 2 171	Defiler... iv. 3 383	Fang (verb)... iv. 3 23
Ardent... iii. 3 34	*Cold-moving... ii. 2 221	Detention... ii. 2 39	*Fast-lost... ii. 2 180
Argument <sup>1</sup> ... ii. 2 187	Composture... iv. 3 444	Dialogue <sup>8</sup> (verb) ii. 2 52	*Feast-won... ii. 2 180
Backwardly... iii. 3 18	Conceptious... iv. 3 187	Dich... i. 2 73	Foals (verb)... ii. 1 9
Balsam... iii. 5 110	Conditioned <sup>5</sup> ... iv. 3 533	Distasteful... ii. 2 220	Foam <sup>11</sup> (sub.)... v. 3 379
Black-cornered v. 1 47	Confectionary... iv. 3 260	Dividant... iv. 3 7	( v. 1 53
Blains... iv. 1 28	Confluence... i. 1 42	Droplets... v. 4 76	Fragile... v. 1 204
Bountifully... iii. 2 59	Contentless... iv. 3 245	Drugs <sup>9</sup> (sub.)... iv. 3 254	Free-hearted... iii. 1 10
Briber... iii. 5 61	Corporate... ii. 2 213	Enforcedly... iv. 3 241	Glass-faced... i. 1 58
Bridge <sup>2</sup> ... iv. 3 158	Covetously... iv. 3 408	Ensear... iv. 3 187	Gluttonous... iii. 4 52
Caked... ii. 2 225	Crossed <sup>6</sup> ... i. 2 168	Exceptless... iv. 3 502	Grave-stone <sup>12</sup> ... iv. 3 380
Cantherizing... v. 1 136	Crust (verb)... iii. 6 109	Excrement <sup>10</sup> ... iv. 3 445	( v. 1 222
Carper... iv. 3 260	*Curled-pate... iv. 3 160		( v. 4 67
Castigate... iv. 3 240	Date-broke... ii. 2 38		Greasés (verb)... iv. 3 195

<sup>1</sup> = contents; frequently used in other senses.

<sup>2</sup> = the bony part of the nose; elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.

<sup>3</sup> = enclosure; used in other senses.

<sup>4</sup> = a spout; used in other senses.

<sup>5</sup> = limited.

<sup>6</sup> = furnished with money.

<sup>7</sup> = something devoted or inscribed; elsewhere used twice in other senses.

<sup>8</sup> Lover's Complaint, 132.

<sup>9</sup> = drudges? elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.

<sup>10</sup> = alvine discharges; = hair, beard, in other passages.

<sup>11</sup> Lucrece, 1442.

<sup>12</sup> In the three instances where this word occurs, F. 1 prints *grave stone*, *grave-stone*, *grawestone*.

WORDS PECULIAR TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Half-caps.....	ii. 2 221	Misanthropos..	iv. 3 53	Rose-checked?	iv. 3 86	Trusters <sup>12</sup> ....	iv. 1 19
Hem (sub.)....	v. 4 66	Misbegot.....	iii. 5 29	Rot (sub.).....	iv. 3 61	Try (subst.)...	v. 1 11
High-veed....	iv. 3 109	Mischief (verb)	iv. 3 475	Rother.....	iv. 3 12	Tab-fast <sup>13</sup> ....	iv. 3 87
Hinge (verb)..	iv. 3 211	Monstrousness	iii. 2 79	Sacrificial....	i. 1 81	Unagreeable...	ii. 2 41
Hips <sup>1</sup> .....	iv. 3 422	Mountant.....	iv. 3 135	Sermon (verb)..	ii. 2 181	Unaptness.....	ii. 2 149
*Honest-natured	v. 1 89	Mouth-friends,	iii. 6 99	She-beggar....	iv. 3 273	Unbolt <sup>14</sup> .....	i. 1 51
Indisposition..	ii. 2 139	Night-rest.....	iv. 1 17	Shudders (sub.)	iv. 3 137	Uncharged <sup>15</sup> ...	v. 4 55
Infected <sup>2</sup> (adj.)	iv. 3 292	Nutriment.....	iii. 1 61	Skip (verb tr.)..	iv. 3 119	Unchecked <sup>16</sup> ...	iv. 3 447
Ingeniously....	ii. 2 230	Oathable.....	iv. 3 135	Slave-like.....	iv. 3 205	Unclue.....	i. 1 168
Insculpture....	v. 4 67	Oozes (verb)...	i. 1 21	Softness.....	v. 1 36	Uncover.....	iii. 6 95
Inviting (sub.)	iii. 6 11	Opulency.....	v. 1 38	Solidares.....	iii. 1 46	Unctious.....	iv. 3 195
Kind (adv.)....	i. 2 225	Page (verb)....	iv. 3 224	Sorrowed.....	v. 1 152	Unpeaceable...	i. 1 289
King-killer....	iv. 3 382	Passive.....	iv. 3 254	*Sour-cold.....	iv. 3 239	Unremovably...	v. 1 227
Lag (sub.).....	iii. 6 90	Pencilled <sup>3</sup> ....	i. 1 159	Spilth.....	ii. 2 169	Unratable.....	i. 1 11
Large-handed..	iv. 1 11	Penurious.....	iv. 3 92	Spital-house...	iv. 3 39	Unwisely <sup>17</sup> ....	ii. 2 183
Leech.....	v. 4 84	Periods (verb)..	i. 1 99	Steepy <sup>8</sup> .....	i. 1 75	Upsuring.....	iii. 5 119
Liquorish.....	iv. 3 194	Plough-torn...	iv. 3 193	Straggling <sup>9</sup> ...	v. 1 7	Voiced <sup>18</sup> .....	iv. 3 81
Living <sup>3</sup> (sub.)..	v. 1 190	Pregnantly....	i. 1 92	Suitable.....	iii. 6 92	Wappened....	iv. 3 35
*Long-since-due	ii. 2 39	Procreation....	iv. 3 4	Sweep (sub.)...	i. 2 137	Wards <sup>19</sup> .....	iii. 3 35
Made-up.....	v. 1 101	Rampired.....	v. 4 47	Tendance <sup>19</sup> ....	i. 1 80	Whittle.....	v. 1 183
Mangy.....	iv. 3 371	Recanter.....	v. 1 149	Throughout (adv.)	v. 1 212	*Window-bars...	iv. 3 116
Manslaughter..	iii. 5 27	Recoverable...	iii. 4 13	Towardsly.....	iii. 1 37	Wondrously....	iii. 4 71
Marbled.....	iv. 3 191	Regardfully...	iv. 3 81	Tract <sup>11</sup> .....	i. 1 59	Wrench (sub.)..	ii. 2 218
Mast-acorns...	iv. 3 422	Regular.....	v. 4 61	Traversed.....	v. 4 7		
*Milk-paps....	iv. 3 115	Reliances.....	ii. 1 22	Trenchant.....	iv. 3 115		
*Minute-jacks.	iii. 6 107	Repugnancy...	iii. 5 45	Trencher-friends	iii. 6 106		
Mire <sup>4</sup> (verb)...	iv. 3 147	Respectively..	iii. 1 8				
		Rioter.....	iii. 5 68				
		Roofs <sup>6</sup> .....	iv. 3 144				

1 = fruit of the dog-rose.  
 2 Lover's Complaint, 323.  
 3 = life; Lover's Complaint, 238. Used elsewhere in its ordinary senses.  
 4 = to sink in mud.

5 Lucrece, 1497.  
 6 = skulls; used frequently in other senses.

7 Venus and Adonis, 3.  
 8 Sonnet lxiii. 5.  
 9 Lucrece, 428.  
 10 = persons attending; used = cure, attention, in i. 1. 57; Cymb. v. 5. 53; Henry VIII. iii. 2. 149.  
 11 = trace, track.

12 = creditors.  
 13 Printed as one word in F. 1.  
 14 = to reveal; = to unfasten, Troilus, iv. 2. 3.  
 15 = unassailed.  
 16 = unrestrained; = uncontradicted, in Mer. of Ven. iii. 1. 2.  
 17 Lucrece, 19.  
 18 = proclaimed.  
 19 Of a door-lock; Lucrece, 363; Sonnet lviii. 4.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

None.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

- Note 64. ii. 1. 35: *And have the DEBTS in, Come!*  
 „ 65. ii. 2. 5, 6: *never mind*  
*Was EVER so unwise, to be so kind.*  
 „ 122. iii. 6. 89: *The rest of MY FRIENDS, O gods,- the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, - what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction.*



# CYMBELINE.

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NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY  
H. A. EVANS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore

ARVIRAGUS, } and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, }  
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, } Italians.

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

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

Apparitions.

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SCENE—Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

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HISTORIC PERIOD: Latter part of the first century B.C.

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TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Twelve days, with intervals.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1-3.—Interval; Posthumus's journey to Rome.	Day 6: Act III. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval, including one clear day; Imogen and Pisanio journey to Wales.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 4.—Interval; Iachimo's journey to Britain.	Day 7: Act III. Scene 4.—Interval, including one clear day; Pisanio returns to court.
Day 3: Act I. Scenes 5 and 6; Act II. Scene 1 and part of Scene 2.	Day 8: Act III. Scenes 5 and 6.—Interval, including one clear day; Cloten journeys to Wales.
Day 4: Act II. Scene 2, in part, and Scene 3; Act III. Scene 1.—Interval; Iachimo's return journey to Rome.	Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval, a few days perhaps.
Day 5: Act II. Scenes 4 and 5.—Interval; time for Posthumus's letters from Rome to arrive in Britain.	Day 10: Act IV. Scene 3.
Between Days 5 and 6: Act III. Scene 7.	Day 11: Act IV. Scene 4.
	Day 12: Act V. Scenes 1-5.



# CYMBELINE.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

Cymbeline was first printed in the Folio, but our earliest mention of the play occurs in the MS. of Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologer, already quoted by Mr. Symonds in his Introduction to Macbeth. Forman witnessed a performance of Macbeth on April 20th, 1610, and one of *The Winter's Tale* (the only other Shakespearian drama mentioned by him) on May 15th, 1611, both at the Globe Theatre, but he gives no date for the performance of Cymbeline; it cannot, however, be later than September, 1611, the date of his death. The following is his account:—"Of *Cymbalin King of England*.—Remember also the storri of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius tyme; howe Lucius cam from Octavus Cesar for tribute, and being denied, after sent Lucius with a greate armie of souldiars, who landed at Milford Haven, and after wer vanquished by Cymbalin, and Lucius taken prisoner; and all by means of three outlawes, of the which two of them were the somms of Cymbalin, stolen from him when they were but two yers old by an old man whom Cymbalin banished, and he kept them as his own somms twenty yers with him in a cave; and howe of [? one] of them slewe Cloten, that was the quens sonn, goinge to Milford Haven to sek the love of Imogen, the kinges daughter, whom [*sic*] he had banished also for lovinge his daughter; and howe the Italian that cam from her love conveyed himself into a cheste, and said yt was a chest of plate sent from her love and others to be presented to the kinge; and in the deepest of the night, she being aslepe, he opened the cheste, and came forth of yt, and vewed her in her bed, and the markes of her body, and toke awai her braslet, and after accused her of adultery to her love, &c., and in thend howe he came with the Romans into

England, and was taken prisoner, and after reveled to Imogen, who had turned herself into mans apparrell, and fled to mete her love at Milford Haven, and chanced to fall on the cave in the wodes wher her two brothers were; and howe, by eating a sleping dram, they thought she had bin deed, and laid her in the wodes, and the body of Cloten by her in her loves apparrell that he left behind him; and howe she was found by Lucius, etc."

If Cymbeline was a new play when Forman made these notes, it must be assigned to the years 1610 or 1611, and this date would be in accordance with the conclusions drawn from internal evidence—considerations, that is, of style and metre—which would bring it near to *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. It is impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, to be more precise, but there is a certain looseness of construction about the play which undoubtedly gives some colour to the theory of a double date advocated by Fleay and Ingleby. According to this theory some scenes were written as early as 1606 or 1607, and the rest in 1609 or 1610, but the two critics differ as to which scenes belong to the earlier and which to the later date. According to Fleay the part derived from Holinshed belongs to the earlier date, while Ingleby thinks that the earlier-written scenes are the bedchamber scene, ii. 2; Cymbeline's defiance of the Romans, iii. 1; and the whole of act v. except the first scene. Knight also, after Coleridge and Tieck, believed the play to be a "youthful sketch" afterwards elaborated. But after all has been said, these theories, like so many other conjectures of the kind with which the Shakespearian student is familiar, fail to rise above the rank of unproven, though extremely interesting, hypotheses. In the present case Fleay's strongest point—indeed almost his

only point—is an inconsistency which he notes in the character of Cloten: “In the later version he is a mere fool (see i. 3; ii. 1); but in the earlier parts he is by no means deficient in manliness, and the lack of his ‘counsel’ is regretted by the King in iv. 3” (Life and Work of Shakespeare, p. 246); while Ingleby relies partly on certain resemblances to Macbeth,—which, however, need not prove more than that for some reason or other, such as a reperusal, or a stage revival, which we know from Forman did actually take place in 1610, this play was fresh in the author’s mind at the time when he was composing *Cymbeline* (see note 95 on ii. 2);—and partly on the fact that Iachimo’s narrative of the wager in v. 5. 153, &c., resembles Boccaccio’s story rather than the account in i. 4 (see note 326 on this passage).

As to the source of the plot, Shakespeare has fitted a story of Boccaccio into an historical framework derived from Holinshed. An account of the latter will be found in note 1 on the *Dramatis Personæ*: Boccaccio’s story is the ninth of the second day of the *Decameron*. The following is an outline of it:<sup>1</sup>—

A company of Italian merchants meeting at an inn in Paris fell one evening after supper to discussing their wives whom they had left at home. Three of them had but little opinion of the constancy of their ladies, but one, Bernabo Lomellini of Genoa, stoutly maintained that his wife was proof against all assaults and would continue so, however long he might be absent from her. This excessive confidence on Bernabo’s part was met with derision by a young merchant of Piacenza called Ambrogiuolo, who affirmed that had he the opportunity he would in brief space of time bring Bernabo’s wife to that which he had already gotten of other women. Bernabo offered to stake his life upon his wife’s honesty, but was persuaded by Ambrogiuolo, who had no lust for his blood, to lay five thousand gold florins, against a thousand of his, and then after a written agreement had been drawn up, Ambrogiuolo departed to Genoa. Here on inquiry he found that all, and more than all that Bernabo had told him of Ginevra (for such was the lady’s name), was true, “wherefore him seemed he was come on a fool’s errand.” However, he managed to bribe a poor woman who was a dependent of Ginevra to bring him in a chest “into the gentleman’s very bedchamber, where, according to the

ordinance given her of him, the good woman commended it to her care for some days as if she had a mind to go somewhither.” In the night accordingly, when he judged the lady to be asleep, he opened the chest and “came softly out into the chamber where there was a light burning, with whose aid he proceeded to observe the ordinance of the place, the paintings and every other notable thing that was therein and fixed them in his memory.” He also noted a mole which Ginevra had “under the left pap and about which were sundry little hairs as red as gold.” He then took “from one of her coffers a purse and a night-rail, together with sundry rings and girdles, and laying them all up in his chest, returned thither himself and shut himself up therein as before; and on this wise he did two nights without the lady being ware of ought. On the third day the good woman came back for the chest,” and Ambrogiuolo rewarded her according to his promise, and returned with all speed to Paris. There he called together the merchants and declared that he had won the wager; “and to prove this to be true, he first described the fashion of the chamber and the paintings thereof and after showed the things he had brought with him thence, avouching that he had them of herself. Bernabo confessed the chamber to be as he had said and owned, moreover, that he recognised the things in question as being in truth his wife’s; but said that he might have learned from one of the servants of the house the fashion of the chamber and have gotten the things in like manner;” then Ambrogiuolo described the mole he had observed on Ginevra’s breast, and Bernabo, to whom this “was as if he had gotten a knife-thrust in the heart, such anguish did he feel,” confessed that what he said was true, and paid the wager in full. After this Bernabo set out for Genoa, and halting at a country house of his about a score of miles from the city, he sent on a servant with a letter to his wife, bidding her come to him there, at the same time giving secret orders to the servant to put her to death on the road. Accordingly the man delivered the letter, and “was received with great rejoicing by the lady, who on the morrow took horse with him and set out for their country house.” At a convenient place on the road the man halted and bade her prepare for instant death; he knew not, he said, wherein she had offended her husband, but that his master had commanded him on pain of hanging to put her to death. “Whereupon quoth the lady, weeping, ‘Alack, for God’s sake, consent not to become the murderer of one who hath never wronged thee, to serve another! God who knoweth all knoweth that I never did aught for which I should receive such a recompense from my husband. But let that be; thou mayest, as thou wilt, at once content God and thy master and me, on this wise; to wit, that thou take these my clothes and give me but thy doublet and a hood and with

<sup>1</sup> The quotations are from Mr. John Payne’s translation, 1886.

## INTRODUCTION.

the former return to my lord and thine and tell him that thou hast slain me; and I swear to thee by that life which thou wilt have bestowed on me, that I will remove hence and get me gone into a country whence never shall any news of me win either to him or to thee or into these parts." The servant did as she begged him, and returned with her clothes to his master, to whom he declared that he had fulfilled his commands and had left the lady's dead body among a pack of wolves. Ginevra, in her man's disguise, betook herself to the coast, where she engaged herself as a servant to a Catalan gentleman, who happened to have come ashore to refresh himself, under the name of Sieurano da Finale. With this gentleman she sailed to Alexandria, where she attracted the notice of the Sultan, and was given to him as a page by the Catalan. She soon rose in the Sultan's favour, and was appointed by him captain of the guard, which was sent to protect the interests of the merchants at the annual fair at Acre. Now it happened that Ambrogiuolo had also come to Acre to the fair, and was one day in the shop of certain Venetian merchants, where he exposed his merchandise for sale, when Ginevra entered and recognised among other trinkets the very purse and girdle which Ambrogiuolo had stolen from her. She asked where Ambrogiuolo had got them, and he replied that they were a love token from his paramour Madam Ginevra, wife of Bernabo Lomellini, at the same time recounting the story of the wager. Thereupon Ginevra "perceiving this fellow to have been the occasion of all her ills, determined not to let him go unpunished therefor," and to this end she "clapped up a strait acquaintance with him," and, when the fair was over, persuaded him to accompany her back to Alexandria. Here she lent him money to trade with, and meantime found means through the agency of certain Genoese merchants, who were then at Alexandria, to have Bernabo brought thither also. Then she caused both Ambrogiuolo and Bernabo to be brought before the Sultan, and by dint of threats, the whole truth was extorted from the former, who expected "no worse punishment therefor than the restitution of the five thousand gold florins and of the stolen trinkets." Bernabo was also interrogated, and confessed that he had caused a servant of his to put his wife to death. Ginevra's time was now come; she offered to produce the lady, if the Sultan would vouchsafe to punish the deceiver and pardon the dupe. The Sultan, "disposed in the matter altogether to comply with Sieurano's wishes," consented, and Ginevra then discovered herself. Ambrogiuolo was put to a painful death,<sup>1</sup> but Bernabo and Ginevra returned to Genoa "with great joyance and exceeding rich."

<sup>1</sup> It may be noticed, as another link between *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*, that Boccaccio's description of this

It is uncertain whether Shakespeare read the story in the original or in a translation. No complete translation of the Decameron into English existed before 1620, but there were earlier partial versions. Steevens had seen "a deformed and interpolated" English imitation of this story, printed at Antwerp in 1518. Another adaptation occurs in a collection of tales called *Westward for Smelts*, from which Malone and Ingleby think Shakespeare drew some of his incidents; but it is extremely doubtful whether he ever saw it, for though Steevens and Malone speak of an edition of 1603, none is now known earlier than 1620.<sup>2</sup> The reader, however, who wishes to form his own opinion on this point will find the story printed *in extenso* in Boswell's Malone, vol. xiii., and in Hazlitt's Collier's Shakespeare's Library, part I, vol. ii. *Cymbeline* is the last play in the Folio, where, though in fact a comedy, it is entitled *The Tragedie of Cymbeline*. As against the suggestion that it was included in the volume as an afterthought, the fact that the signatures, as well as the paging, are continuous with those of the play preceding (*Antony and Cleopatra*) may go for what it is worth.

### STAGE HISTORY.

Concerning *Cymbeline* early records are all but silent. Mr. Fleay in his "Chronicle History" assumes that it was written in part in 1606, just after *Lear* and *Macbeth*, "for which the same chronicler had been used" (p. 246), and was produced in 1609 after the Roman plays and before *The Winter's Tale*. These dates may be taken as approximately correct. In the curious autograph pamphlet of Dr. Simon Forman, the famous astrologer in the Ashmole collection of manuscripts, is a reference to a performance, undated, of *Cymbeline*, and as Forman died in September, 1611, it must have been earlier than that date. The punning title, for such it is to be feared

punishment furnished *Autolyons* with the mock sentence which he passes on the young clown: *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. s12 and note.

<sup>2</sup> The entry of this 1620 edition in the Stationers' Registers is dated 15th Jan. 1619-20, and is entered, with all the form of a new publication, as written by "Kinde Kit of Kingstone."

it must be judged, of Forman's tract is "The Booke of Plaies and Notes therof per Formans for common policie," and the account, curious as an early analysis of a plot, is transcribed by Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare*, ii. 86, ed. 1886, and given in our *Literary History* (see p. 75).

From this period a leap of near a century and a half is taken before anything further is heard concerning *Cymbeline*. On the 8th November, 1744, at the Haymarket, then under the management of Theophilus Cibber, *Cymbeline* was revived. No cast is preserved. In her autobiography Mrs. Charke says, "I went to the Hay-market, where my brother revived the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, and would have succeeded by other pieces he got up, in particular by the run of *Cymbeline*, but was obliged to desist by virtue of an order from the L—d C—n (Lord Chamberlain): I imagine partly occasioned by a jealousy of his having a likelihood of a great run of the last-mentioned play; and which would of course been detrimental, in some measure, to the other houses" (p. 168, ed. 1755). In these sentences Genest finds pretty clear proof that the play in question was Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* and not D'Urfey's. Cibber was Leonatus. Who was the Imogen is unknown. Most probably it was Miss Jenny Cibber, the daughter of Theophilus Cibber's first wife, Jenny Johnson. She at least played during the same season *Juliet* in *Romeo and Juliet*, 11th September, 1744, and *Andromache* in *The Distressed Mother*, 20th October, 1744.

This production of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, accepting the rather sanguine assumption of Genest that it is his, had long been anticipated by that of D'Urfey's *Injured Princess* or the *Fatal Wager*, 4to, 1682, supposed to have been given the same year at the Theatre Royal, subsequently Drury Lane. This is a mere version of *Cymbeline*, with alterations in dialogue, characters, and story. Posthumus becomes Ursaces, Shatillion (a Frenchman) replaces Iachimo, and Imogen is lost in *Eugenia*. Pisanio, the friend of Ursaces, is the father of *Clarina*, who becomes the confidante of the Princess. The part of Guiderius

is given to Arviragus, and the second young prince is called Palladour. The cast with which this wretched adaptation was first given does not survive. In his epilogue D'Urfey says that the piece, which he calls a comedy, was written nine years previously. The scene lies in Ludstow, otherwise London. Its running title is *The Unequal Match* or the *Fatal Wager*. D'Urfey has assigned it as a prologue the same verses that had previously served as epilogue to his own *The Fool Turned Critic*, 4to, 1678. Those who care to follow D'Urfey in his mournful task of mutilation will find in Genest, *Account of the English Stage*, vol. iv. pp. 331, *et seq.* a full account of the strange web of cloth of gold and cloth of frieze. While lenient in his general judgment upon D'Urfey's work Genest is severe upon the introduction into an early English play of such allusions to his own time as:

The full-fed city-dame would sin in fear  
The divine's daughter slight the amorous eringe  
Of her tall lover; the close salacious *Puritan*  
Forget th' appointment with her canting brother.

Even more remarkable than the transference of the *Puritan* to early Britain is the direction given by Ursaces in the third act:

Fly, sirrah, with this to the packet-boat.

On 7th Jan. 1720, under the title of *Cymbeline* or the *Fatal Wager*, D'Urfey's piece was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields with the following cast:—

<i>Cymbeline</i>	= Leigh.
Ursaces	= Ryan.
Shatillion	= Christopher Bullock.
Pisanio	= Boheme.
Cloten	= H. Bullock.
Bellarius	= Ogden.
Palladour	= Eggleton.
Arviragus	= Smith.
Iachimo	= Spiller.
Lucius	= Diggs.
Queen	= Mrs. Giffard.
<i>Eugenia</i>	= Mrs. Bullock.
<i>Clarina</i>	= Mrs. Gulick.

Leigh, Ryan, the Bullocks, and Boheme were all actors of mark, and Spiller was at that time the most popular of comedians. The cast must accordingly be regarded as strong, though the

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interpreters of the female characters were not specially famous. Nothing, however, is recorded in stage history concerning the performance.

When, eighteen years later, at Covent Garden, D'Urfey's play was revived, 20th Mar. 1738, it was with alterations. It was, indeed, announced as by Shakespeare revised (by D'Urfey). Ryan was then promoted to Cymbeline, Delane was Ursaces, Walker Shatillion, Chapman Cloten, Aston Lucius, Mrs. Hallam the Queen, and Mrs. Templar Eugenia. Little interest seems to have been inspired by this revival, and D'Urfey's play then assuamably disappeared from the stage. At Covent Garden, on 7th April, 1746, Woodward for his benetit revived Shakespeare's Cymbeline. Ryan was then Posthumus, Cashell Cymbeline, Hale Iachimo, Johnson Belarius, Bridgewater Pisanio, Woodward Guiderius. Arviragus (with the dirge new set) was played by Beard the eminent singer, who married Lady Henrietta Herbert, Cloten by Chapman, and Imogen by Mrs. Pritchard.

At Covent Garden, on 15th Feb. 1759, a version of Cymbeline altered by William Hawkins was produced. Four years previously an even more inept alteration by Charles Marsh had been published in 8vo. It does not appear, however, to have been played, and is accordingly outside the pale of our notice. In Hawkins' adaptation the effort was to render Shakespeare's play conformable, so far as possible, to those tragic unities with which, following in the wake of the French, English dramatists elected to burden themselves. To obtain this end Iachimo is omitted, Cloten is converted into a serious character, Pisanio, rechristened Philario, is promoted to be a friend instead of the servant of Leonatus, and so forth. Other characters are "improved" (?) in similar fashion, and Hawkins, like other manglers, is vain enough to interpolate his own language with that of Shakespeare. Hawkins' dialogue is, it is needless to say, flat, commonplace, and pitiful. Once more the reader, anxious to see in what manner Shakespeare may be travestied, is referred to the pages of Genest. When Shakespeare is altered by a man of genius such as Dryden,

or an actor with a keen eye to the stage such as Garrick, some notice of the irreverence to which he is subjected may be taken. A good-natured dunce, however, like Hawkins, whilom professor of poetry at Oxford University, may be spared any long exhibition in the pillory. Revenge for the outrage was not long delayed. After one or two representations the version was withdrawn. In this ill-conceived and ill-starred adaptation Mrs. Vincent appeared as Imogen in place of George-Anne Bellamy, who declined it, Ryan was Cymbeline, Smith Palador (or Guiderius), Ross Leonatus, Ridout Philario, and Clarke Cloten. The play was acted (query first acted?) at York (see Gentleman, "Dramatic Censor," ii. 95).

Garrick produced Shakespeare's Cymbeline, with some alterations by himself, at Drury Lane, on the 28th Nov. 1761. The changes, confined, with the exception of a few added words, to omissions and transpositions, were fortunate enough to win the unqualified praise of Genest. The cast, weak, except in three or four parts, is as follows:—

Posthumus	=	Garrick.
Iachimo	=	Holland.
Belarius	=	Burton.
Pisanio	=	Packer.
Guiderius	=	O'Brien ( <i>sic</i> ).
Arviragus	=	Palmer.
Cymbeline	=	Davies.
Cloten	=	King.
Imogen	=	Miss Bride.

This performance was given sixteen times. It seems, however, to have attracted comparatively little attention. Francis Gentleman, who alternately sponged upon and attacked Garrick, says concerning his Posthumus: "No performer ever knew his own abilities better, or strove more earnestly to keep them in the proper channel, than Mr. Garrick; his revival of this play, were there no other motives but a fresh opportunity of displaying his unparalleled powers, merits a large portion of public praise: for, we are bold to affirm, that considering an actor must make the part, not the part an actor, his astonishing talents were never more happily exerted; this assertion becomes more evident by considering that the falling off from him to any

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other person who has since done it, is greater than in any other character; the tenderness of his love, the pathos of his grief, the fire of his rage, and the distraction of his jealousy have never been surpassed, and, possibly, in Posthumus, never equalled" (Dram. Censor, ii. 97, 98). To the Iachimo of Holland, notwithstanding the affectation of the actor, Gentleman assigns a superiority, especially in the last act, over that of Smith, who is credited with possessing the "easy elegance and spirit which the character requires." Gentleman goes out of his way to praise, for its singular merit, the Palador of Frodsham, which, in Hawkins' version, he saw at York. This eccentric genius, as he calls Frodsham, "though he never reached a Theatre Royal, had," he declares, "extensive powers, good feelings, and the advantage of a liberal education," and was often "as great an oddity as ever presented itself to the public eye" (ib. ii. 99). This is the same Frodsham who patronized and perplexed Garrick in an interview held when Roscius was in the height of his power and fame. Cymbeline was revived at Covent Garden 28th Dec. 1767, with Powell as Posthumus, Smith as Iachimo, Clarke as Belarius, Yates as Cloten, and Mrs. Yates as Imogen. Powell's merits were confined to tenderness and he was wanting in rapidity of passion. His impersonation was agreeable, but scarcely more. Yates was praised as Cloten, and Mrs. Yates, though she presented the princely aspects of Imogen, was said to be wanting in "an essential, elegant innocence" (Dramatic Censor, ii. 102). Among exponents of Posthumus were Reddish, who was weaker than Powell, and Bensley, whose performance is dismissed by Gentleman with a "ha! ha! ha!" Palmer won some reputation as Iachimo; Mrs. Bulkeley and Miss Younge were both welcomed in Imogen, though Mrs. Cibber's very affecting capabilities were "much better suited to the character than those of any other lady we (Gentleman) have ever seen" (ib. ii. 101). When revived at Drury Lane, 1st Dec. 1770, Mrs. Barry played Imogen for the first time. She should have been excellent in the part, but contemporary testimony is slack in testifying to her merits.

Reddish was Posthumus, Palmer Iachimo, Dodd Cloten, J. Aikin Belarius, Packer Pisanio, Cautherley Guiderius, and Brereton Arviragus.

Henry Brooke's tragedy of Cymbeline, based upon Shakespeare, was published in 8vo in 1778, but was not acted.

A performance of Cymbeline was given at the Haymarket for the benefit of Bannister, Jun., on 9th Aug. 1782. Young Bannister was for the first time Posthumus, and Edwin, also for the first time, Cloten. Mrs. Bulkeley was Imogen, and Palmer Iachimo. Henderson made his first appearance as Posthumus at Covent Garden 18th Oct. 1784. Quick was for the first time Cloten, and Wroughton for the first time Iachimo. Miss Younge played Imogen, and Hull Pisanio.

John Kemble revived Cymbeline at Drury Lane 21st Nov. 1785, with a cast including—

Posthumus =	Kemble.	Belarius =	J. Aikin.
Iachimo =	Smith.	Pisanio =	Packer.
Cloten =	Dodd.	Queen =	Mrs. Hopkins.
Imogen =	Mrs. Jordan.		

This was announced as Mrs. Jordan's first appearance in the part. So far as regards London this was true. She had, however, more than once played it in the country. Tate Wilkinson refers to a performance in York on 15th March, 1785, which apparently was not the first (Wandering Patentee, ii. 183). The European Magazine says of the impersonation: "From her tragic abilities we think little more than mediocrity is to be expected;" but adds, concerning her Priscilla Tomboy in *The Romp*, played on the same occasion, that she excelled every performer that we know of at present on the English stage, and almost equalled the celebrated Mrs. Clive. No comment is passed upon Kemble, who had probably played Posthumus before in the country, if not in London. This, however, is his first recorded appearance.

Cymbeline was revived at Drury Lane 29th Jan. 1787, Mrs. Siddons, whose benefit it was, then for the first time appearing as Imogen. In other respects the cast was the same as at the previous representation. Boaden, the biographer of Mrs. Siddons, analyses

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and commends her Imogen, without, however, rendering his praise very articulate, or individualizing the character of her acting. He speaks of the "perfect tone" of her reply to Cymbeline's exclamation, "What, art thou mad!"—

Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were  
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

—Act i. 2. 148-150.

dwells upon the delivery of the sarcasm as to Cloten, and speaks of "a delineation which continued equally true in every feature to the end" (Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, ii. 217). Such conventional and jejune praise conveys the idea of a favourable but remote impression on the mind of the writer. Subsequently Boaden writes in a guarded style: "When I assert that Mrs. Siddons was the only perfect Imogen that I have ever seen, I am fully aware that some representatives have more exactly answered to the fond and tender delineations of Fidele, which upon her recent loss are made by the two princes, her brothers" (ib. ii. 220). Campbell, who was only ten years old at the time of this performance, but may have seen her in the part at a later date, says: "Mrs. Siddons was peculiarly happy in Imogen. She gave greatness to the character without diminishing its gentleness" (Life of Mrs. Siddons, ii. 103, ed. 1834). He believes, what is quite probable, that a feeling of rivalry with Mrs. Jordan was not quite unconcerned. "In tragic acting she had palpably defeated the Yates and the Crawford; and though Miss Farren still shewed herself in the 'Winter's Tale' as *Hermione*, she had no tragic popularity that could in the least alarm Mrs. Siddons. But Mrs. Jordan had admirers absurd enough to predict her greatness in tragedy; and she had played Bellario and Imogen, with no small celebrity, in the preceding season. By acting Imogen only once, our great actress put a stop to Mrs. Jordan's competition with her on the graver stage. Imogen having to repulse Cloten, and to reprove Iachimo, requires not only sweetness, but dignity of demeanour. Of the latter princely quality the lovely and romping Mrs. Jordan had not a particle" (ib. ii. 103). A

letter from Mrs. Siddons to "Mr. Hamilton," a painter, assumably William Hamilton, asks him for a sketch for a boy's dress, to conceal the person as much as possible, and adds: "The dress is for Imogen, but Mrs. Siddons does not wish to have it known." During the season of 1786-87 Cymbeline was frequently played. Before it was again revived another alteration was published in Svo in 1793. This is by Ambrose Eccles, an Irishman, who aimed at nothing more than the transposition of scenes, and treated in similar fashion King Lear and the Merchant of Venice. His "transpositions" do not seem to have commended themselves to the managers, and his adaptations remained unacted.

On 13th May, 1800, at Covent Garden, Mrs. Pope played Imogen for her benefit, her husband being the Iachimo, Holman the Posthumus, Murray Belarius, and H. Johnston Guiderius. The Monthly Mirror says that Mrs. Pope played the Imogen "with much feeling and propriety" (ix. 306).

Kemble once more revived Cymbeline at Drury Lane, 12th Feb. 1801. Genest pays little heed to this revival, and does not even mention it in his index. It was, however, on a somewhat elaborate scale. Few Shakespearian revivals had received more liberal embellishment. The scene of Imogen's bed-chamber, following minutely the picture given of it by Iachimo, was described at the time as one of the most magnificent ever painted for the stage; while of the last scene it is said: "If it were transferred to the canvas by a skilful painter . . . it would form as striking a composition, and as eloquent a specimen of pictorial art, as has ever been produced in this country" (the Monthly Mirror, xi. 197). Kemble's Posthumus is described by the same writer as "dignified, discriminating, and highly impassioned." Mrs. Siddons was not in all respects the Imogen of Shakespeare. Majesty and solemn grandeur were hers, but she failed to show the "softness, delicacy, affectionate tenderness, and interesting distress of Imogen," or to give "an idea of 'that divineness no elder than a boy,' which interests the young mountaineers. Of the

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boy's dress it is said, "a more ill-fancied, not to say disgusting suit of *man-womanish* attire was surely never seen" (ib. xi. 195). Barrymore's Iachimo was respectable, Wroughton was Belarius, Charles Kemble Guiderius, and R. Palmer Cloten.

On this occasion Kemble is believed to have first used an amended version for which he is responsible, in which he changed the name of Belarius to Morgan, Guiderius to Polydore, and Arviragus to Cadwal, and assigned the French gentleman the name of Lewis. On the revival at Covent Garden, 18th Jan. 1806, these names appear on the bill. Kemble had a mania for changing names. The cast of this performance deserves preservation. It is as follows:—

Posthumus = Kemble.	Cloten = Farley.
Iachimo = Cooke.	Pisanio = Claremont.
Polydore = H. Johnston.	Cymbeline = Cresswell.
Cadwal = Brunton.	Lewis = Treby.
Morgan = Murray.	Imogen = Miss Smith.
Queen = Mrs. Saint Leger.	

The name of the actor who played Lewis was Tebay, but Kemble, in the exercise of his whim, insisted on calling him Treby. For Young's benefit at Covent Garden, 3rd June, 1812, that actor appeared as Iachimo to Kemble's Posthumus, C. Kemble's Polydore, and Mrs. H. Johnston's Imogen. Kemble and Young reappeared in these parts at the same house, 29th May, 1816, when Terry for the first time was Morgan, Liston for the first time Cloten, and Miss Stephens for the first time Imogen, Egerton and his wife being respectively Cymbeline and the Queen.

When, for Farley's benefit, 2nd June, 1825, Cymbeline was again given at Covent Garden, Charles Kemble was Posthumus, and Miss Foote Imogen. On 9th Feb. 1829, at Drury Lane, Young was Posthumus, Cooper Iachimo, and Miss Phillips for the first time Imogen.

Macready had essayed Posthumus in Newcastle in the season of 1811-12. His first appearance in it in London took place at Covent Garden, 30th June, 1818, for the benefit of "Sally" Booth, who played Imogen. His own comment on his performance is simply that as a Shakespearian character added to his list it was firm ground to him

(Reminiscences, ed. Pollock, i. 168). He repeated the performance at Drury Lane, 10th May, 1826, to the Iachimo of Bennett and the Imogen of Miss Foote, and played it in Edinburgh in 1829, Miss Smithson, afterwards Madame Berlioz, being, assumably, the Imogen, and the houses being "empty" (Dibdin, Annals of the Edinburgh Stage, p. 328). On 16th October, 1833, at Covent Garden, he acted Posthumus "with freedom, energy, and truth, but there must have been observable an absence of all finish" (Diary in Reminiscences, ii. 388). Later, 18th May, 1837, upon a performance in which Miss Helen Faucit was the Imogen, he writes: "Acted Posthumus in a most discreditably manner, undigested, unstudied. Oh, it was most culpable so to hazard my reputation! I was ashamed of myself. I trust I shall never so commit myself again. The audience applauded, but they knew not what they did. They called for me with Miss Faucit, I refused to go on," &c. (ib. ii. 68).

Considerable interest was felt in a revival of Cymbeline at Drury Lane, 22nd January, 1823, which Genest inexplicably omits from his index. Kean and Young played together: the former as Posthumus, the latter as Iachimo. A Miss Williams made as Imogen her first appearance on the stage, was a failure, and was replaced on the 29th by Mrs. W. West, who was little better. A critic, probably Talfourd, in the New Monthly, says that Kean's Posthumus was "fitful, passionate and wayward;—with occasional touches of tender thought and pathetic remorse. His suppressed passion where Iachimo first questions Imogen's virtue was finely portrayed: though his best exertions were reserved for the scene where the scoffer returns apparently triumphant. Here the transitions from indifference to rage, from rage to listening anxiety: from suspense to the agony of conviction, with the relapses into hope and love, were 'hit fiery off indeed'" (vol. ix. p. 106). Young's Iachimo is declared admirable: "The cool dry sarcasms were given with most appropriate voice and gesture; and the descriptions of Imogen, with a poetic fervour which seemed to redeem a part morally despicable, and to cast an in-



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tellectual glory around ineffable meanness of purpose and of action" (ib.).

Cymbeline was not one of Charles Kean's Shakespeare revivals. It is probable that he, in common with most actors of his own, previous, and immediately succeeding times, took the character in the course of tuition or of varied experience.

With Cymbeline Phelps opened his third season at Sadler's Wells. Phelps was Leonatus; Geo. Bennett, Belarius; Henry Marston, Iachimo; H. Mellon, Cymbeline; Hoskins, Guiderius; Miss Laura Addison and Mrs. Marston, Queen. This was one of the most successful of the Shakespearian revivals, and won the high praise of Charles Dickens and John Forster. The former wrote from Broadstairs to thank Phelps for the delight he had received from the representation, and praised the "excellent sense, taste, and feeling manifested throughout" (Phelps and Forbes Robertson's *Life of Phelps*, 389).

In the memories of the older play-goers of to-day the character of Imogen is associated with Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), in whose repertory it remained, and who repeated it during most of her appearances at Drury Lane until 1866. She was indeed during many years an ideal exponent of the part, showing alike the dignity and worth of the character and its sweet feminine seduction and allurements. George Vandenhoff says of this fine actress that "her expression of love is the most beautifully confiding, trustful, self-abandoning in its tone that I have ever witnessed in any actress; it is intensely fascinating (*Reminiscences*, p. 40), words that exactly characterize her Imogen. Cymbeline was played at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in April, 1872, with Mr. Rignold as Posthumus, Mr. Ryder as Iachimo, Mr. H. Marston as Belarius, Mr. Lewis Ball as Cloten, and Miss Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere) as Imogen, a part in which she acted pleasingly and discreetly without making it her own.

There are few of our less-known tragedians, from Cobham downwards, who have not in Britain or in the United States been seen as Leonatus. With no representative, however,

since Kemble is the part intimately associated, and Imogen is the solitary possession of Miss Faucit. Of actors whom we must resign to America the elder Booth was the best Posthumus. His performance of it at Covent Garden, 15th March, 1817, with Miss Costello from Cheltenham as Imogen, attracted much attention in consequence of this being a part in which Kean, whom Booth was said to emulate, had not at that time been seen. The Theatrical Inquisitor spoke of it as "fraught with every blemish, obnoxious to the most aggravated correction . . . beyond amendment" (x. 225). A portrait of Booth as Posthumus given by it next month, shows that the impersonation had caused some impression. More favourable verdicts were, however, delivered. "Many passages he gave with great and appropriate energy, some with much dignity, and several in a tone of sarcasm that told with great effect" (quoted in Mrs. Booth's *Life of Booth, the elder and the younger*, p. 42). Boston, 1882. Cooke played Iachimo without adding to his reputation. Miss Foote was also at Covent Garden, 20th March, 1817, a representative of Imogen.

It is perhaps worthy of brief mention that a version of Cymbeline was played at Hackney School on April 24, 27, and 29, 1786, Mr. Dalrymple being Posthumus; Lord H. Fitzroy, Iachimo; Mr. Pelham, Guiderius; Mr. Vere, Pisanio; and Mr. Ponsonby, a name known through many generations in connection with similar entertainments, Philario. A prologue and an epilogue by George Keats were delivered.—J. K.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

Although strictly a Comedy, Cymbeline has not inaptly been termed a Tragedy with a happy ending. It has indeed all the elements of a tragedy except the catastrophe, and the pervading seriousness of tone is seldom exchanged for a lighter vein; but for all this the boundary line which marks it off from the great tragedies is unmistakable. It has nothing of the concentration of a *Lear* or of an *Othello*, nothing of the awful rapidity of a *Macbeth*: we seem to be moving in a different atmosphere, and instead of hurrying along

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with our eyes intent upon the one all-engrossing object in front of us, we can breathe more freely and look about us, like those who have time to enjoy their journey. For Cymbeline has all the variety of interest and picturesqueness of incident that constitutes a romance; as we advance fresh beauties rise before us, fresh surprises are in store for us, till the last scene we are duly kept in suspense, and the conclusion is all that we can desire. When we come to analyse the play we note that there are three distinct threads of interest, skilfully intertwined it is true, but still distinct: there is the quarrel between Britain and Rome, the story of Imogen and Posthumus, and the story of Belarius and the stolen princes; while as subsidiary topics we have the conjugal thralldom of Cymbeline, and the blustering incompetence of Cloten. In a play thus constructed, it will be evident that we cannot expect the interest to be sustained with the same dramatic intensity as in one with greater unity of plot, and a certain diffusiveness, or perhaps we should rather say freedom, of workmanship will be inevitable. But it is just this freedom which compensates for the loss of intensity. Not wholly occupied with depicting the workings of some masterful human passion, or paralysing human weakness, the poet has time for the elaboration of such scenes as those which describe the life of the outlaws in their mountain home, and the supposed death of Fidele; while amid the fresh cool breezes of the Welsh uplands he allows us to forget for a while the treachery of the crafty Italian and the frenzied agony of his victim.

Yet the play is not merely a series of beautiful pictures, or interesting episodes, such as we are accustomed to find in the productions of dramatists of less renown. Here, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, everything is subservient to the development of character. From this point of view every scene contributes its share to the dénouement, nor is there any falling off observable in the power of the artist; the master-hand is as discernible in these latest creations as in those of any earlier period. And he has put forth all his strength on the central figure of the drama, the matchless Imogen, to speak of whom is to sing one long

pean of praise, and whose very name is as full of music as her voice. In her is to be found everything that makes woman lovable, and there is no situation in which she is placed which does not reveal some fresh beauty in her character. Adversity, instead of crushing her, only serves to make her still more beautiful. Compare her demeanour in the hour of trial with that of Posthumus; *he* bursts forth into a paroxysm of rage against the whole race of woman, *her* first thought is pity for the man who has injured her, and her first fear is that the apostasy of the noble Posthumus will in future cause even the goodly and gallant to be suspected. Shakespeare showed in this how well he understood the difference between the impatience of a man's heart and the patience of a woman's. But impatient and precipitate as he is, Posthumus is a noble character: had he not been so we may be sure that the princess, who knew so well how to put aside the unwelcome overtures of the clownish Cloten, would never have stooped to him; and indeed in the very opening scene Shakespeare takes care that we shall be left in no uncertainty as to what manner of man he is: he would not have us even at the outset cast the slightest reflection on his heroine, and we are assured that though below her in rank, Posthumus was in every respect worthy of her choice. And so he remains to the end; never until he receives what he believes to be convincing proof of the contrary, does he entertain the slightest suspicion of his wife's fidelity, indeed so full of confidence is he that he even accepts a proposal that it should be put to the test, and permits Iachimo to start on his insidious errand. Of the result he clearly has no fear, and only waits for the baffled adventurer's return in order to punish him both in pocket and in person for the insult he had offered to his lady's reputation. But he is outwitted by the Italian, and, as we have seen, the shock brings with it a revulsion of feeling in which hatred and suspicion are as marked as love and confidence had been before, and there is no vengeance short of the death of the supposed offender which can satisfy him. But in time remorse does its work; in calmer moments the form of

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"the noble Imogen" rises before him, and when we meet him again, in the fifth act, the one wish of his penitent heart is to expiate his crime by his death. In all this he presents a striking parallel to Othello, and indeed the resemblance between the two stories must strike the most casual reader. Like Posthumus, Othello is frank, noble, and unsuspecting; like him he is deceived, and like him he takes a terrible vengeance: in both, jealousy, when once aroused, works the same dire results, but here the resemblance ceases. Othello's is the stronger nature, and therefore the less easily unhinged; it requires all the art of so accomplished a villain as an Iago to sow the seeds of suspicion and to foster its growth. Of riper years than Posthumus, and of less impulsive temperament, he would never, we may be sure, have become a party to a wager in which his wife's honour was at stake; but on the other hand he would have had a sterner faith in the justice of his vengeance, and we may doubt whether he would have ever repented so long as he believed in the guilt of his victim. At the same time, he would never had the same powerful incentives to repentance as Posthumus: though his love for Desdemona was as great as that of Posthumus for Imogen, he could never have regarded her with the same veneration. Beautiful as Desdemona is, she is not to be compared to Imogen in strength of character, and it is the recollection of the real worth of the Imogen he had known so well that gives its sting to her husband's remorse. Nor had Othello, like Posthumus, any ground for taking upon himself the blame of his wife's transgression. Posthumus, in the anguish of his soul, reflects that it was himself who had given the tempter his opportunity: had he never allowed Iachimo to start upon his fatal enterprise, Imogen would never have fallen, and even now, but for his own guilty rashness, she might have been alive to repent (v. i. 7-11):

Gods! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you sav'd  
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance.

We could scarcely have had a more striking

testimony to her supreme influence for good than this triumph of Imogen over a husband who yet believed her to have been false.

But this is not all; her presence is a spell, which even her would-be seducer is unable to resist, and he too becomes a prey to remorse for his sins against her. As Posthumus of Othello, so is Iachimo a reflection of Iago; but here too the contrast is as marked as the resemblance. Iago, the most complete and most unredeemable villain that Shakespeare ever drew, requires little or no provocation. With a delight in evil for its own sake, and a thorough disbelief in human virtue, he pursues his designs with a mastery of his craft that has something almost splendid in its thoroughness, and his end is as hardened and unrepentant as his life. Iachimo is a villain less accomplished, and his villany is less studied. A gay man of the world, of careless life, with a successful intriguer's estimate of feminine virtue, he at last finds, to his astonishment, a woman who is proof against his advances. Thus baffled, what is he to do? Too vain and too selfish to own himself beaten, he resolves to gain his point by treachery, and defame an honest lady's reputation rather than lose his wager. But, unlike Iago, he is not utterly callous, he is not yet wholly enslaved by vice; and even before he leaves the scene of his knavery the qualms of conscience are awakened (ii. 2. 49, 50):

I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

So in the end he too is brought to repentance, and compelled to own the strength of that goodness which he had belied, and that the misgivings with which the very first glimpse of Imogen had inspired had been more than realized (i. 6. 15-18):

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.

And again (v. 5. 147-149)—

That paragon, thy daughter,—  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quail to remember.

A fine study this, the victory of a noble-hearted

## CYMBELINE.

woman over two such opposite characters as Posthumus and Iachimo!

It is Imogen who forms the link between the scenes in Wales and the rest of the play. In all her wanderings and disguises she still draws all hearts to her. We note the affection with which she is regarded by the faithful Pisanio, the brotherly love with which she inspires the youthful princes, and the warm regard felt for her by her master Lucius. The fact that the two princes were really her brothers is of course intended by Shakespeare as a partial explanation of their love for her, and the same instinct of affinity, if the expression may be pardoned, is felt by Cymbeline when he looks upon his daughter in her page's dress near the close of the play,—but this is an unconscious influence, and it was above all her personal graces which secured her the welcome which she found in the cave. These scenes before the cave of Belarius are some of the most carefully finished in the play, and among the most beautiful in Shakespeare. In them the poet has borne testimony to his belief in the paramount influence of birth, and the inability of circumstances to eradicate hereditary instincts. The spirit of the two young mountaineers is constantly asserting itself in spite of their rude education and humble surroundings. At the first we see them fretting under the restraints imposed upon them by their foster-father, and eager for other adventures than those which a hunter's life could offer, until, when the noise of the Roman invasion reaches them, they succeed in compelling the old man to join their countrymen in arms, and by their valour turn the fortune of the fight.

In the Queen, Shakespeare has recurred to a type of character which he had already de-

pieted at greater length in Lady Macbeth, and the resemblance is of the closest. Both dominate over the weaker nature of their husbands, both have sacrificed everything to a selfish ambition, nor do either of them shrink from any crime which may help them to gratify it. But in both their physical temperament is too weak to carry them through: powerful as is their determination that evil shall win, and that their hearts shall be steeled against remorse, they are unable to stifle the terrors of the imagination, and both break down under an accumulation of horrors. But while success was fatal to Lady Macbeth, it is the failure of her schemes, consequent upon the loss of her son, that deprives Cymbeline's Queen of the power of combating any longer the tortures of the mind inflicted by her crimes. Unrepentant, and regretting with her last breath that her evil purposes were not effected, she ended (v. 5. 31-33)—

With horror, madly dying, like her life;  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself.

We know not to what nation she belonged, but her wickedness is of a darker and more insidious type than that of the Scottish Queen; she deals in poisonous drugs like the crafty intriguers of the South, and gloats with a fiendish vindictiveness over their effects upon her victims. Unlike Lady Macbeth she has no love for her husband, and the only person for whom she manifests any regard is the son in whom her ambitious schemes are bound up. She and her son perish unpitied and unwept, and their tragic endings are the only shadow which is cast upon the happy picture of reconciliation and forgiveness in which the story culminates.



*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!—(Act i. 1. 125.)

## C Y M B E L I N E.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods<sup>1</sup> No more obey the heavens than our courtiers Still seem as does the king's.

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

*First 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 refer'd herself Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd; all Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king Be touch'd at very heart.

*Sec. Gent.* None but the king?

*First Gent.* He that hath lost her too: so is the queen, 11 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.

*Sec. Gent.* And why so?

*First Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—

I mean, that married her, alack, good man! And therefore banish'd—is a creature such As, to seek through the regions of the earth For one his like, there would be something failing 21

In him that should compare:—I do not think So fair an outward, and such stuff within.

Endows a man but he.

*Sec. Gent.* You speak him far.

*First Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;<sup>2</sup> Crush him together, rather than unfold His measure duly.

*Sec. Gent.* What's his name and birth?

*First Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father

<sup>1</sup> Bloods, dispositions, temperaments.

<sup>2</sup> Within himself, without reaching the limit of his virtues.

Was call'd Scilius, who did join his honour<sup>1</sup>  
 Against the Romans with Cassibelan; 30  
 But had his titles by Tenantius, whom  
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,—  
 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 Leo-  
 natus; 41  
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber;  
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time<sup>2</sup>  
 Could make him the receiver of; which he  
 took,  
 As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd;  
 And in's spring became a harvest; liv'd in  
 court—  
 Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most  
 lov'd;  
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature  
 A glass that feated them;<sup>3</sup> and to the graver  
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,  
 For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price<sup>4</sup>  
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his  
 virtue; 52  
 By her election may be truly read  
 What kind of man he is.  
*Sec. Gent.* I honour him  
 Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell  
 me,  
 Is she sole child to the king?  
*First Gent.* His only child.  
 He had two sons,—if this be worth your hear-  
 ing,  
 Mark it,—the eld'st of them at three years old,  
 I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their  
 nursery  
 Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in  
 knowledge<sup>5</sup> 60  
 Which way they went.

<sup>1</sup> *His honour*, his honourable name.    <sup>2</sup> *Time*, age.

<sup>3</sup> *Feated them*, made them feat or neat, fashioned them.    <sup>4</sup> *Price*, value.

<sup>5</sup> *No guess in knowledge*, no guess leading to any certainty.

*Sec. Gent.* How long is this ago?  
*First Gent.* Some twenty years. 62  
*Sec. Gent.* That a king's children should be  
 so convey'd!<sup>6</sup>  
 So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,  
 That could not trace them!  
*First Gent.* Howsoe'er 't is strange,  
 Or that<sup>7</sup> the negligence may well be laugh'd  
 at,  
 Yet is it true, sir.  
*Sec. Gent.* I do well believe you.  
*First Gent.* We must forbear: here comes  
 the gentleman,  
 The queen, and princess. [Exit.  
*Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*  
*Queen.* No, be assur'd you shall not find me,  
 daughter, 70  
 After the slander of<sup>8</sup> most stepmothers,  
 Evil-ey'd unto you: you're my prisoner, but  
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
 That lock up your restraint.—For you, Post-  
 hūmus,  
 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 't were good  
 You lean'd unto his sentence with what pa-  
 tience 78  
 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  
 husband,  
 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, 90

<sup>6</sup> *Convey'd*, carried off, stolen.

<sup>7</sup> *Or that*, or howsoe'er, i.e. in whatever degree.

<sup>8</sup> *After the slander of*, according to the slanderous re-  
 pute of.

But that there is this jewel in the world, 91  
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 loyalst 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, 100  
Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter Queen.*

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

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

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little: 109  
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 sear up<sup>2</sup> my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou  
here [*Putting on the ring.*]  
While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest,  
fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles 120  
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;  
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*]

*Imo.* O the gods!  
When shall we see<sup>3</sup> again?

*Post.* Alack, the king!

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from  
my sight! 125  
If after this command thou fraught<sup>4</sup> 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'm gone. [*Exit.*]

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

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

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation:  
I'm senseless of<sup>6</sup> your wrath; a touch more  
rare<sup>7</sup>  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.* Past grace? obedience?

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

*Cym.* That mightst have had the sole son of  
my queen!

*Imo.* O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an  
eagle,  
And did avoid a puttock.<sup>8</sup> 140

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have  
made my throne  
A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!

*Imo.* Sir,  
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthūmus:  
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is  
A man worth any woman; overbuys me<sup>9</sup>  
Almost the sun he pays.

*Cym.* What, art thou mad!

*Imo.* Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—  
Would I were 145  
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!—

<sup>4</sup> *Fraught*, load, burden.    <sup>5</sup> *Repair*, restore.

<sup>6</sup> *Senseless of*, insensible to.

<sup>7</sup> *A touch more rare*, a sorrow more refined.

<sup>8</sup> *Puttock*, a kite.

<sup>9</sup> *Overbuys me*, buys me too dearly.

<sup>1</sup> *To be friends*, in order to be friends again.

<sup>2</sup> *Sear up*, close up.

<sup>3</sup> *See*, see each other.

*Re-enter Queen.*

They were again together: you have done  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*Queen.* Beseech your patience.—Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some  
comfort

Out of your best advice.<sup>1</sup>

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

*[Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.]*

*Queen.* Fie! you must give way.

*Enter PISANIO.*

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What  
news? 159

*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'm 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 170

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.

*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Queen.* Pray, walk awhile.

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

*[Exeunt.]*

<sup>1</sup> Advice, reflection.

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

*Enter CLOTES and two Lords.*

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

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift  
it.<sup>2</sup>—Have I hurt him?

*Sec. Lord.* *[Aside]* No, faith; not so much as  
his patience. 9

*First Lord.* Hurt him! his body's a passable  
carcass,<sup>3</sup> if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare  
for steel, if it be not hurt.

*Sec. Lord.* *[Aside]* His steel was in debt; it  
went o' the backside the town.

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

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

*First Lord.* Stand you! You have land  
enough of your own: but he added to your  
having; gave you some ground. 20

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

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

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

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

*Sec. Lord.* *[Aside]* If it be a sin to make a  
true election, she is damn'd. 30

*First Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her  
beauty and her brain go not together: she's  
a good sign,<sup>4</sup> but I have seen small reflection  
of her wit.

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> Then to shift it, then only it would be necessary to shift it.

<sup>3</sup> A passable carcass, a body that can be run through, and yet not hurt, a thoroughfare for steel.

<sup>4</sup> She's a good sign, she has a good outward appearance.



*Clo.* You'll go with us? 40  
*First Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.  
*Clo.* Nay, come, let's go together.  
*Sec. Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANTO.*

*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, 't were a paper lost,  
 As offer'd mercy is. What was the last  
 That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* It was, "His queen, his queen!"<sup>1</sup>

*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?

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

*Imo.* Senseless linen! happier therein than  
 I!—

And that was all?

*Pis.* No, madam; for so long  
 As he could make me with this eye or ear  
 Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10  
 The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
 Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind  
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
 How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou shouldst have made him  
 As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
 To after-eye him.<sup>1</sup>

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings;  
 crack'd them, but<sup>2</sup>  
 To look upon him; till the diminution  
 Of space<sup>3</sup> 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 21  
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good  
 Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam.  
 With his next vantage.<sup>4</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<sup>5</sup> and his honour; or have charg'd  
 him, 30

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
 To encounter me with orisons, for then  
 I am in heaven for him; or ere I could  
 Give him that parting kiss which I had set  
 Betwixt two charming<sup>6</sup> words, comes in my  
 father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

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

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them  
 dispatch'd.— 30

I will attend the queen.

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

SCENE IV *Rome. An apartment in  
 Philario's house.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a  
 Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

*Iach.* Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Bri-  
 tain: he was then of a crescent note:<sup>7</sup> 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 table'd<sup>8</sup> by his side, and I to peruse him  
 by items.

*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less  
 furnish'd than now he is with that which  
 makes him both without and within. 10

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

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's  
 daughter—wherein he must be weigh'd rather  
 by her value than his own—words him, I doubt  
 not, a great deal from the matter.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Mine interest*, my rights to his affection.

<sup>2</sup> *Charming*, working with a charm, magical.

<sup>3</sup> *A crescent note*, a rising reputation.

<sup>4</sup> *Tabled*, set down in a tablet or memorandum.

<sup>5</sup> *Words him a great deal from the matter*, describes him as something very different from what he really is.

<sup>1</sup> *Ere left to after-eye him*, ere you ceased looking after him.

<sup>2</sup> *But*, merely.

<sup>3</sup> *The diminution of space*, the diminution of his image caused by space.

<sup>4</sup> *Vantage*, opportunity.

*French.* And then his banishment,— 18

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,<sup>1</sup> are wonderfully to extend<sup>2</sup> him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.<sup>3</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.—Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing,<sup>4</sup> to a stranger of his quality. 30

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story<sup>5</sup> 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. 40

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

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard<sup>8</sup> than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment,—if I offend not to say it is mended,—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 51

*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? 57

*French.* Safely, I think: 't was 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;<sup>10</sup> this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified,<sup>11</sup> 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. 71

*Post.* Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing,<sup>12</sup> though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.<sup>13</sup>

*Iach.* As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison<sup>14</sup>—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady. 82

*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.<sup>15</sup>

*Iach.* Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd<sup>16</sup> by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold, 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. 93

<sup>1</sup> Under her colours, under her banner, on her party.

<sup>2</sup> Extend, magnify.

<sup>3</sup> Without less quality, without any quality.

<sup>4</sup> Knowing, experience.

<sup>5</sup> Story, give an account of him, praise him.

<sup>6</sup> Atone, set at one, reconcile.

<sup>7</sup> Importance, import, matter.

<sup>8</sup> Shunn'd to go even with what I heard, avoided conforming to the opinions of others.

<sup>9</sup> Confounded, destroyed.

<sup>10</sup> Fell in praise of our country mistresses, fell to praising the mistresses of our own countries.

<sup>11</sup> Qualified, having all good qualities.

<sup>12</sup> Abate her nothing, deduct nothing from her merits.

<sup>13</sup> Friend, lover.

<sup>14</sup> A kind of hand-in-hand comparison, a comparison where the two things compared go hand in hand, or keep pace.

<sup>15</sup> Enjoys, possesses.

<sup>16</sup> Outpriz'd, exceeded in value.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you? 94

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

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbour-  
ing ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so  
your brace of unprizable<sup>1</sup> estimations; the one  
is but frail, and the other casual;<sup>2</sup> a cunning

thief, or a that way accomplish'd courtier,  
would hazard the winning both of first and  
last. 102

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accom-  
plish'd a courtier to convince<sup>3</sup> the honour of  
my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that,  
you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you



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

*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe.—(Act i. 4. 135-138)

have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear  
not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave<sup>4</sup> here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy  
signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me;  
we are familiar at first. 112

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation,  
I should get ground of your fair mistress;  
make her go back,<sup>5</sup> even to the yielding, had  
I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

<sup>1</sup> *Unprizable*, invaluable.    <sup>2</sup> *Casual*, liable to accident

<sup>3</sup> *To convince*, as to vanquish.

<sup>4</sup> *Leave*, leave off, cease.    <sup>5</sup> *Go back*, give way.

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of  
my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion,  
o'ervalues it something; but I make my wager  
rather against your confidence than her repu-  
tation; 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<sup>6</sup> in too  
bold a persuasion;<sup>7</sup> and I doubt not you sus-  
tain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

*Iach.* What's that? 127

<sup>6</sup> *Abus'd*, deceived.

<sup>7</sup> *Persuasion*, opinion.

*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<sup>1</sup> of what I have spoke! 135

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

*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than 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<sup>2</sup> against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

*Iach.* You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue;<sup>3</sup> you bear a graver purpose, I hope. 151

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo<sup>4</sup> what 's spoken, I swear.

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

*Phi.* I will have it no lay.<sup>5</sup> 159

*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. 167

*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,<sup>6</sup> and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve:<sup>7</sup> I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded. 181

*Post.* Agreed.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

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

SCENE V. *Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

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

Make haste: who has the note of them?

*First Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

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

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers<sup>8</sup> of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly?

*Queen.* I wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been 11

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

<sup>1</sup> *Approbation*, making good.      <sup>2</sup> *Wage*, wager.

<sup>3</sup> *A custom in your tongue*, a piece of your usual brag-gadocio.

<sup>4</sup> *Undergo*, undertake.

<sup>5</sup> *Lay*, wager.

<sup>6</sup> *By lawful counsel*, i.e. by lawyers.

<sup>7</sup> *Starve*, perish with the cold.

<sup>8</sup> *Movers*, causers.

Other conclusions?<sup>1</sup> I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging,—but none  
human,— 20  
To try the vigour of them, and apply  
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  
But noisome and infectious.

*Queen.* O, content thee.—  
[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon  
him

Will I first work: he's for his master, 28  
And enemy to my son.—

*Enter PISANIO.*

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, 38

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.

*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,<sup>2</sup> and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my  
son, 49

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



*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam.  
—(ACT I. 5. 5.)

A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,  
To be<sup>4</sup> depend on a thing that leans,<sup>5</sup>—  
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio  
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: 61

<sup>3</sup> *His being*, the place where he is.

<sup>4</sup> *To be*, in being.

<sup>5</sup> *Leans*, leans over, and so threatens to fall.

<sup>1</sup> *Conclusions*, experiments.

<sup>2</sup> *Quench*, cool down

It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
What is more cordial:—nay, I prithee, take it;  
It is an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou changest on; but  
think

Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the  
king 70

To any shape of thy preferment, such  
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,  
That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:  
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

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<sup>1</sup> to her lord.—I've given him  
that, 78

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of leigers<sup>2</sup> for her sweet;<sup>3</sup> and which she after,  
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd  
To taste of too.

*Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.*

So, so;—well done, well done:  
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;  
Think on my words.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

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

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in  
the 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;<sup>4</sup>—O, that  
husband!  
Mysúpreme crown of grief! and those repeated

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miser-  
able

Is the desire that's glorious;<sup>5</sup> bless'd be those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort.<sup>6</sup>—Who may this be?  
Fie! 9

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

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

*Iach.* Change you,<sup>7</sup> 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. 21

*Imo.* [*Reads*] "He is one of the noblest note, to  
whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect  
upon him<sup>8</sup> accordingly, as you value your trust—  
LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud:  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warn'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I 29  
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 twin'd<sup>9</sup> stones  
Upon the number'd<sup>10</sup> beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles<sup>11</sup> so precious  
'twixt fair and foul?

<sup>5</sup> *Glorious*, desirous of glory, ambitious.

<sup>6</sup> *Which seasons comfort*, which gives a zest to happiness.  
<sup>7</sup> *Change you*, do you change colour?

<sup>8</sup> *Reflect upon him*, look upon him.

<sup>9</sup> *Twin'd*, like as twins.

<sup>10</sup> *Number'd*, rich in numbers, i.e. covered with numerous stones.  
<sup>11</sup> *Spectacles*, organs to see with, eyes.

<sup>1</sup> *Hand-fast*, contract, i.e. her marriage vow.

<sup>2</sup> *Leigers*, ambassadors.

<sup>3</sup> *Her sweet*, i.e. Posthumus.

<sup>4</sup> *Banish'd*, i.e. in banishment.

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?<sup>1</sup>

*Iach.* It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and

Contemn with mows<sup>2</sup> the other: nor i' the judgment;

For idiots, in this case of favour,<sup>3</sup> would

Be wisely definite: nor i' th' appetite;

Sluttry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,

Should make desire vomit emptiness,

Not so allur'd to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.* The cloyed will,—  
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub  
Both fill'd and running,—ravening<sup>4</sup> first the  
lamb,  
Longs after for the garbage.

*Imo.* What, dear sir,  
Thus raps<sup>5</sup> you? Are you well? 51

*Iach.* Thanks, madam; well.—[*To Pisanio*]  
Beseech you, sir, desire

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.*]

*Imo.* Continues well my lord? His health,  
beseech 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 60  
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  
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,<sup>7</sup> 70

What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose

But must be—will 's free hours languish for  
Assured bondage!<sup>8</sup>

*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 to-  
wards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is  
much;

In you,—which I account his beyond all  
talents,— 80

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?

*Iach.* Two creatures heartily.

*Imo.* I am one, sir?

You look on me: what wrack discern you in me  
Deserves your pity!

*Iach.* Lamentable! What,  
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace<sup>9</sup>  
P' the dungeon by a snuff!

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*Iach.* That others do— 90  
I was about to say—enjoy your—But  
It is an office of the gods to venge it.  
Not mine to speak on 't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray  
you—

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do: for certainties  
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,  
The remedy then born—discover to me 98  
What both you spur and stop.

*Iach.* Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon: this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul

<sup>1</sup> *Admiration*, astonishment.

<sup>2</sup> *Mows*, wry faces. <sup>3</sup> *Favour*, features.

<sup>4</sup> *Ravening*, ravenously devouring.

<sup>5</sup> *Raps*, transports.

<sup>6</sup> *Strange and peevish*, a stranger and foolish.

<sup>7</sup> *Proof*, experience.

<sup>9</sup> *Solace*, take delight.

To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which 102  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here:—should I—damn'd then—  
Slaver with lips<sup>1</sup> 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<sup>2</sup> in an eye  
Base and illustrious<sup>3</sup> as the smoky light 109  
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>4</sup> 120  
Would make the great'st king double, to be  
partner'd

With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition<sup>5</sup>  
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd  
ventures

That play with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd  
stuff

As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;  
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
Recoil<sup>6</sup> from your great stock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd!  
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—  
As I have such a heart that<sup>7</sup> both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse,<sup>8</sup>—if it be true, 131  
How should I be reveng'd?

*Iach.* Should he make me  
Live, like Diana's priest,<sup>9</sup> betwixt cold sheets,  
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> With lips, by lips.

<sup>2</sup> By-peeping, peeping between whiles.

<sup>3</sup> Illustrious, lacking lustre.

<sup>4</sup> Empery, sovereignty.

<sup>5</sup> That self exhibition, that same allowance.

<sup>6</sup> Recoil, degenerate.

<sup>7</sup> That, object of abuse.

<sup>8</sup> Abuse, deceive.

<sup>9</sup> Priest, priestess.

<sup>10</sup> Variable ramps, various leaps.

In your despite, upon your purse?<sup>11</sup> 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<sup>12</sup> as sure.

*Imo.* What, ho, Pisanio!

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

*Imo.* Away!—I do condemn mine ears that  
have 141  
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honour-  
able,

Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as  
strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far  
From thy report as thou from honour; and  
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—  
The king my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit, 150

A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart<sup>13</sup>  
As in a Romish stew, and to expound  
His beastly mind to us,—he hath a court  
He little cares for, and a daughter who  
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!—

*Iach.* O happy Leonatus! I may say:  
The credit<sup>14</sup> that thy lady hath of thee  
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect good-  
ness

Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!  
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160  
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only  
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your  
pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance<sup>15</sup>  
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,  
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one  
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,  
That he enchants societies into him;  
Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men like a descended  
god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off, 170  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd

<sup>11</sup> Upon your purse, at your expense.

<sup>12</sup> Close, secret.

<sup>13</sup> Mart, traffic.

<sup>14</sup> Credit, good opinion.

<sup>15</sup> Affiance, confidence, faith.



To try your taking of a false report; which  
hath 173  
Honour'd with confirmation your great judg-  
ment  
In the election of a sir so rare,  
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear  
him

Made me to fan<sup>1</sup> you thus; but the gods made  
you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.  
*Imo.* All's well, sir: take my power: 't is the  
court for yours.

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost  
forgot 180



*Iach.* Revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure.—(Act i. 6. 135, 136.)

'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: 't is plate of rare device, and jewels

Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;  
And I am something curious,<sup>2</sup> being strange,  
To have them in safe stowage: may it please  
you 192

To take them in protection?

*Imo.* Willingly;

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

*Iach.* They are in a trunk,

<sup>1</sup> Fan, winnow, try.

<sup>2</sup> Curious, careful, scrupulous.

Attended by my men: I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night;  
I must aboard to-morrow

*Imo.* O, no, no.

*Iach.* Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my  
word 200

By lengthening my return. From Gallia  
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise  
To see your grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains:

But not away to-morrow!

*Iach.* O, I must, madam:  
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:  
I have outstood<sup>1</sup> my time; which is material  
To the tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write.  
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. 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 up-cast,<sup>2</sup> to be  
hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and  
then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up  
for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of  
him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

*First Lord.* What got he by that? You  
have broke his pate with your bowl. 8

*Sec. 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?<sup>3</sup>

*Sec. Lord.* No, my lord; [*aside*] nor crop  
the ears of them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?  
Would he had been one of my rank! 17

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

*Clo.* I am not vex'd more at any thing in  
the earth,—A pox on 't! I had rather not be  
so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me,  
because of the queen my mother: every Jack-  
slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must  
go up and down like a cock that nobody can  
match.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] You are cock and capon  
too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

*Clo.* Sayest thou?<sup>4</sup> 27

*Sec. Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should  
undertake every companion<sup>5</sup> that you give  
offence to. 30

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

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

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

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

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

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow him-  
self, and knows it not.

*First Lord.* There's an Italian come; and,  
't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends. 41

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

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

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

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

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] You are a fool granted;  
therefore your issues,<sup>6</sup> being foolish, do not  
derogate. 52

*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.

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

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]  
That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that

<sup>1</sup> *Outstood*, outstayed.

<sup>2</sup> *An up-cast*, a throw or cast at bowls.

<sup>3</sup> *Ha! eh?*

<sup>4</sup> *Sayest thou?* what do you say?

<sup>5</sup> *Companion*, fellow.

<sup>6</sup> *Issues*, actions.

Bears all down with her brain; and this her  
son 59

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, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold  
firm

The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd  
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst  
stand, 69

T' enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Imogen's bedchamber in  
Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner  
of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

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

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to  
bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;  
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,  
I prithee, 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! 10

[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-  
labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,<sup>1</sup>  
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!—'T is her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the  
taper

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her  
lids, 29

To see th' enclosed lights, now canopied  
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 29

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!—  
'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,

To the madding of her lord.—On her left  
breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
T' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret  
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and  
ta'en 41

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 read-  
ing late

The tale of Terens: here the leaf's turn'd down  
Where Philomel gave up,<sup>4</sup>—I have enough;  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of  
it.—

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that  
dawning

May bare<sup>5</sup> the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three.—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. Scene closes.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Cytherea, Venus.*

<sup>2</sup> *Windows, i.e. the eyelids.*

<sup>3</sup> *Tinct, dye.*

<sup>4</sup> *Gave up, yielded.*

<sup>5</sup> *Bare, open.*

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments in the same.*

*Enter CLOTES and Lords.*

*First 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.

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

*Clo.* Wimming will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not? 10

*First Lord.* Day, my lord.



*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense  
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded—(Act ii. 2. 11-14.)

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

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider. 20

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd<sup>1</sup> flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds<sup>2</sup> begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise! 30

*Clo.* So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider<sup>3</sup> your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts,<sup>4</sup> nor the voice of unpaved ennuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Chalic'd*, cup-shaped.

<sup>2</sup> *Mary-buds*, marigolds.

<sup>3</sup> *Consider*, requite.

<sup>4</sup> *Horse-hairs and calves'-guts*, i.e. the fiddle-bow and fiddle-strings.

*Sec. Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early; he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

*Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.*

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother. 41

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

Will she not forth?

*Clo.* I have assail'd her with musics,<sup>1</sup> but she vouchsafes no notice.

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

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king, Who lets go by no vantages that may 50 Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly solicits,<sup>2</sup> 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, 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; 61 But that's no fault of his; we must receive him According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself, his goodness forespent<sup>3</sup> on us,

We must extend our notice.—Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your mistress,

Attend the queen and us; we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen. [*Exeunt all except Cloten.*]

*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 71 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is 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.— 50 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 pleasure?

*Clo.* Your lady's person: is she ready?<sup>4</sup>

*Lady.* Ay, To keep her chamber.

*Clo.* There is gold for you: Sell me your good report.

*Lady.* How! my good name? or to report of you 59

What I shall think is good?—The princess!

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Clo.* Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand. [*Exit Lady.*]

*Imo.* Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give Is telling you that I am poor of thanks, And scarce can spare them.

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

*Imo.* If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:<sup>5</sup>

If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not.

<sup>4</sup> Ready, dressed.

<sup>5</sup> 'T were as deep with me, 't would make as much impression on me.

<sup>1</sup> Musics, musicians.    <sup>2</sup> Solicits, solicitations.

<sup>3</sup> Forespent, previously bestowed.

*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 101  
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing<sup>1</sup>

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 't were 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, 110  
By being so verbal:<sup>2</sup> and learn now, for all, That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for you; And am so near the lack of charity,— To accuse myself,—I hate you; which I had rather

You felt than make 't my boast.

*Clo.* You sin against Obedience, which you owe your father. For The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—

One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes, With scraps o' the court,—it is no contract, none: 120

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls—

On whom there is no more dependency<sup>3</sup> But brats and beggary—in self-figur'd<sup>4</sup> knot; Yet you are curl'd from that enlargement<sup>5</sup> by The consequence<sup>6</sup> o' the crown; and must not foil<sup>7</sup>

The precious note of it with a base slave, A hilding for a livery,<sup>8</sup> a squire's cloth, 123  
A pantler,<sup>9</sup> not so eminent.

*Imo.* Profane fellow!

<sup>1</sup> Knowing, experience.      <sup>2</sup> Verbal, outspoken.

<sup>3</sup> No more dependency, nothing more dependent.

<sup>4</sup> Self-figur'd, tied by themselves.

<sup>5</sup> Enlargement, liberty.

<sup>6</sup> Consequence, succession.      <sup>7</sup> Foil, defeat, mar.

<sup>8</sup> A hilding for a livery, a menial only fit for a livery.

<sup>9</sup> Pantler, pantry-man.

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 't were made Comparative for<sup>10</sup> your virtues, to be styl'd The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated For being preferr'd<sup>11</sup> so well.

*Clo.* The south-fog rot him!

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance than come 137

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, Were they all made such men.

*Enter* PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!

*Clo.* "His garment!" Now, the devil—

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently— 143

*Clo.* "His garment!"

*Imo.* I am sprited<sup>12</sup> with a fool; Frighted, and anger'd worse:—go bid my woman

Search for a jewel that too casually<sup>13</sup> Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; shrew me,

If I would lose it for a revenue Of any king's in Europe. I do think I saw 't this morning: confident I am 150  
Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it: I hope it be not gone to tell my lord That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'T will not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so: go and search.

[*Exit* Pisanio.]

*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; and will conceive, I hope, But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir, To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* I'll be reveng'd:—"His meanest garment!"—Well. [*Exit.*]

<sup>10</sup> Comparative for, i.e. a comparative estimate of.

<sup>11</sup> Preferr'd, promoted.

<sup>12</sup> Sprited, haunted.

<sup>13</sup> Casually, accidentally.

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 fear'd<sup>1</sup>  
hopes,

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

*Phi.* Your very goodness and your company  
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king 10  
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius  
Will do's commission throughly; and I think  
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Post.* I do believe—  
Statist<sup>2</sup> though I am none, nor like to be—  
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their  
courage 22

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.<sup>4</sup>

*Phi.* See! Iachimo!

*Enter 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.

<sup>1</sup> *Fear'd*, mingled with fear.

<sup>2</sup> *Statist*, statesman, politician.

<sup>3</sup> *Approvers*, those who make trial of them, their foes.

<sup>4</sup> *Mend upon the world*, get the upper hand of their neighbours.

*Post.* I hope the briefness of your answer  
made 30

The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady  
Is one of the fairest that I've 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.* 'T is very like.

*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court  
When you were there?

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

*Post.* All is well yet.— 30  
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 50

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<sup>5</sup>  
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.

*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances,  
Being so near the truth as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe: whose  
strength 63

<sup>5</sup> *Apparent*, evident.

I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall  
find

You need it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.* First, her bedchamber,—  
Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess  
Had that was well worth watching,—it was  
hang'd 68

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—

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

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

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

*Iach.* The chimney 80  
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece  
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves:<sup>1</sup> the cutter  
Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

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

*Iach.* The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted: her and-  
irons—

I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90  
Depending<sup>2</sup> on their brands.

*Post.* This is her honour!—  
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and  
praise

Be given to your remembrance,—the descrip-  
tion

Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then, if you can,  
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*]

<sup>1</sup> To report themselves, to speak and give an account of themselves.

<sup>2</sup> Depending, leaning.

Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—  
And now 't is up<sup>3</sup> again: it must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

*Post.* Jove!—

Once more let me behold it: is it that 99  
Which I left with her?

*Iach.* Sir,—I thank her,—that:  
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;  
Her pretty action did outsell<sup>4</sup> 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! 't is true. Here, take  
this too; [*Gives the ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on 't.—Let there be no honour  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;  
love, 109

Where there's another man: the vows of women  
Of no more bondage<sup>5</sup> be, to where they're  
made,

Than they are to their virtues; which is noth-  
ing.—

O, above measure false!

*Plü.* Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again; 't is not yet won:  
It may be probable she lost it; or  
Who knows if one of her women, being cor-  
rupted,

Hath stol'n it from her?

*Post.* Very true;

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

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

*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he  
swears. 122

'Tis true,—nay, keep the ring,—'t is true: I'm  
sure

She would not lose it: her attendants are  
All sworn and honourable:—they induc'd to  
steal it!

And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:  
The cognizance<sup>6</sup> of her incontinency

<sup>3</sup> Up, put up, put away. <sup>4</sup> Outsell, exceed in value.

<sup>5</sup> Bondage, binding force, obligation.

<sup>6</sup> Cognizance, badge.



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 131  
Of one persuaded well of.<sup>1</sup>

*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



*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!—(Act ii. 4. 147.)

To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you hear more?

*Post.* Spare your arithmetic: never count  
the turns;  
Once, and a million!

*Iach.* I'll be sworn—

*Post.* No swearing.  
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie:

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou'st made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I'll deny nothing.

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

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

*Phi.* Quite besides  
The government of patience! You have won:  
Let's follow him, and pervert<sup>2</sup> the present  
wrath 151  
He hath against himself.

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

<sup>1</sup> Of one persuaded well of, of one we have a good opinion of.

<sup>2</sup> Pervert, avert.

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 all bastards;  
And that most venerable man which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his  
tools  
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, ven-  
geance!—  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd, 9  
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with  
A pudency<sup>1</sup> so rosy, the sweet view on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I  
thought her  
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the  
devils!—  
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—  
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not,  
but,  
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,

Cried, "O!"<sup>2</sup> and mounted; found on opposi-  
tion

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<sup>3</sup> 20

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm

It is the woman's part: be't lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,  
hers;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides,<sup>4</sup> disdain,  
Nice<sup>5</sup> longing, 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 29

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,<sup>6</sup>

Detest them, curse them:—yet 't is greater skill  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:  
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A room of state in  
Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter in state* CYMBELINE, *Queen, CLOTEN, and  
Lords at one door; and at another* CAIUS  
LUCIUS *and Attendants.*

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

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar—whose remem-  
brance yet  
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and  
tongues  
Be theme and hearing ever—was in this Britain  
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—  
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him  
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,

Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee  
lately 9

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

<sup>2</sup> O! the grunt of a boar is intended.

<sup>3</sup> Motion, impulse.

<sup>4</sup> Change of prides, capriciously changing one extrava-  
gance for another.

<sup>5</sup> Nice, squeamish.

<sup>6</sup> Write against them, put down my name on the side  
opposed to them, and so protest against them.

<sup>1</sup> Pudency, modesty.

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters;  
With sands that will not bear your enemies'  
boats, 21  
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of  
conquest

Cesar 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 giglet<sup>1</sup> Fortune!—to master Cesar's sword,  
Made Lud's-town<sup>2</sup> with rejoicing fires bright,  
And Britons strut with courage. 33

*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  
Cesars: other of them may have crook'd noses;  
but to owe such straight arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end. 39

*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 Cesar 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: Cesar's  
ambition,—

[Which swell'd so much, that it did almost  
stretch 50  
The sides of 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. and Lords.* We do.

*Cym.* Say, then, to Cesar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which

Ordain'd our laws,—whose use the sword of  
Cesar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and  
franchise<sup>4</sup>

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry;—[Mul-  
mutius made our laws, 59

Who was the first of Britain which did put  
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd  
Himself a king.]

*Luc.* I'm sorry, Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Cesar—  
Cesar, that hath moe kings his servants than  
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:

Receive it from me, then:—war and confusion  
In Cesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

[*Cym.* Thou 'rt welcome, Caius.  
Thy Cesar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;  
Which he to seek<sup>5</sup> of me again, perforce, 72  
Behoves me keep at utterance.<sup>6</sup> I am perfect<sup>7</sup>  
That the Pammonians and Dalmatians for  
Their liberties are now in arms,—a precedent  
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:  
So Cesar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.]

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make  
pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you  
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall  
find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat  
us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the ad-  
venture, our crowns 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<sup>8</sup> is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter PISANIO, with a letter.*

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write  
you not  
What monster 's her accuser?—Leonatus!  
O master! what a strange infection

<sup>1</sup> Giglet, fickle, like a giglet or harlot.

<sup>2</sup> Lud's-town, London.

<sup>3</sup> Against all colour, contrary to all show of right.

<sup>4</sup> Franchise, free exercise.

<sup>5</sup> To seek, seeking.

<sup>6</sup> Keep at utterance, defend to the uttermost.

<sup>7</sup> Perfect, well informed. <sup>8</sup> Remain, remainder.

Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,  
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No:  
She 's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,<sup>1</sup>  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take in<sup>2</sup> some virtue.—O my master!  
Thy mind to<sup>3</sup> her is now as low as were  
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?  
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I  
Have made to thy command?—I, her!—her  
blood!

If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity  
Such as this fact<sup>4</sup> comes to! [*Reading*] “Do't:  
the letter

That I have sent her, by her own command  
Shall give thee opportunity:”—O damn'd paper!  
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless  
hauble,<sup>5</sup>  
Art thou a fedary<sup>6</sup> for this act, and look'st  
So virgin-like without!—Lo, here she comes.—  
I 'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio!

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

*Imo.* Who! thy lord! that is my lord,—  
Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer  
That knew the stars as I his characters;  
He 'd lay the future open.—You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,<sup>7</sup>  
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not  
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve  
him,—

Some griefs are med'cinable;<sup>8</sup> 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!<sup>9</sup>

Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:  
Though forfeiters<sup>10</sup> you cast in prison, yet

<sup>1</sup> *Undergoes*, bears up against.      <sup>2</sup> *Take in*, subdue.

<sup>3</sup> *To*, compared to.      <sup>4</sup> *Fact*, evil deed.

<sup>5</sup> *Fedary*, accomplice.

<sup>6</sup> *Med'cinable*, medicinal.      <sup>7</sup> *Counsel*, secrecy.

<sup>8</sup> *Forfeiters*, those who forfeit their sealed bond.

You clasp young Cupid's tables.<sup>9</sup>—Good news,  
gods!

[*Reads.*  
“Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take  
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as  
you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew  
me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria,  
at Milford-Haven: what your own love will, out of  
this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happi-  
ness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increas-  
ing 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 't is 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,<sup>10</sup>—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>11</sup>—

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hear-  
ing,

To the smothering of the sense,—how far it is  
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the 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, t' excuse:—but first, how get  
hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
'Twi'x 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've heard of riding  
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' the clock's behalf:—but this is  
foolery:—

Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
She'll home to her father: and provide me pre-  
sently

<sup>9</sup> *Tables*, tablets, letters.

<sup>10</sup> *Bate*, qualify what I say.

<sup>11</sup> *Thick*, fast.

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit 78  
A franklin's<sup>1</sup> housewife.

*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. Away, I prithee;  
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;  
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; then 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 morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet<sup>2</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!

*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport: up to  
yond hill, 10  
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.  
Consider,

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've told  
you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
[This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd: to apprehend this,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see;]  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded<sup>3</sup> beetle in a safer hold<sup>4</sup> 20  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. [O, this life  
Is nobler than attending<sup>5</sup> for a check,<sup>6</sup>  
Richer than doing nothing for a babe,

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,  
Yet keeps his book<sup>7</sup> incross'd: no life to ours.]

*Gui.* Out of your proof<sup>8</sup> you speak: we, poor  
unfedg'd,  
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor  
know not

What air's from<sup>9</sup> home. Haply this life is best,  
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you 30  
That have a sharper known; well corresponding  
With your stiff age; but unto us it is  
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;  
A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
To stride a limit.<sup>10</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 no-  
thing; 30

We are beastly;<sup>11</sup> 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  
Is certain falling, or so slippery that  
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war,  
A pain<sup>12</sup> that only seems to seek out danger—  
I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i'  
the search, 51

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph  
As record of fair act; nay, many times  
Doth ill deserve<sup>13</sup> by doing well; what's worse,  
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this  
story  
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd  
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

<sup>7</sup> His book, i.e. his ledger.

<sup>8</sup> Out of your proof, from your experience.

<sup>9</sup> From, away from.

<sup>10</sup> To stride a limit, to overpass his bound.

<sup>11</sup> Beastly, beast-like.

<sup>12</sup> A pain, a labour or trouble.

<sup>13</sup> Deserve, get as its reward, earn.

<sup>1</sup> A franklin, a yeoman.

<sup>2</sup> Jet, strut.

<sup>3</sup> Sharded, provided with shards, or wing-cases.

<sup>4</sup> Hold, stronghold.

<sup>5</sup> Attending, doing service.

<sup>6</sup> Check, reproof.

Was not far off: then was I as a tree 60  
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one  
 night,  
 A storm or robbery, call it what you will,  
 Shook down my mellow hangings,<sup>1</sup> nay, my  
 leaves,  
 And left me bare to weather.

*Gai.* Uncertain favour!  
*Bel.* My fault being nothing,—as I've told  
 you oft,— 65  
 But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-  
 vail'd  
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline  
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,



*Bel.* But, up to the mountains!  
 This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes  
 The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast—(Act iii. 3. 73-75.)

Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty  
 years,  
 This rock and these demesnes have been my  
 world: 70  
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid  
 More pious debts to heaven than in all  
 The fore-end<sup>2</sup> of my time.—But, up to the  
 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 Gaius and Arviragus.*  
 How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
 These boys know little they are sons to the king;  
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
 They think they're mine; and, though train'd  
 up thus meanly 82  
 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,—

<sup>1</sup> *Hangings*, i.e. fruit.

<sup>2</sup> *Fore-end*, earlier part.

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who 87  
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!  
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
 The warlike feats I've 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, 100  
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes;  
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
 Thou refu'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their  
 mother,  
 And every day do honour to her grave:  
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
 They take for natural father.—The game is up.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same. Near Milford-Haven.**Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from  
 horse, the place  
 Was near at hand:—ne'er long'd my mother so  
 To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! man!  
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,  
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks  
 that sigh  
 From 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 mat-  
 ter? 10  
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
 A look untender! If 't be summer news,  
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st  
 But keep that countenance still.—My husband's  
 hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,  
 And he 's at some hard point.—Speak, man:  
 thy tongue

May take off some extremity,<sup>1</sup> which to reach  
 Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you, read;  
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
 The most disdain'd of fortune. 29

*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." 33

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword?  
 the paper  
 Hath cut her throat already.—No, 't is slander;  
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose  
 tongue  
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose  
 breath  
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
 All corners of the world: kings, queens, and  
 states,  
 Maids, matrons, may, the secrets of the grave  
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer,  
 madam? 41

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it to be  
 false!

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?  
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock! if sleep charge  
 nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
 And cry myself awake! that 's false to 's bed,  
 is it!

*Pis.* Alas, good lady!

*Imo.* I false! Thy conscience witness:—  
 Iachimo,

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency: 49  
 Thou then look'd'st like a villain; now, methinks,  
 Thy favour's good enough.—Some joy of Italy,  
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd  
 him:

<sup>1</sup> *Extremity*, i. e. of pain

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I'm richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors! [All good  
seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false  
Æneas, 60

Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's  
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear, took<sup>1</sup> pity  
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Post-  
húmus,

Wilt lay the leaven on<sup>2</sup> all proper men;  
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 see'st  
him,

A little witness my obedience: look! 68

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

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's: 'gainst self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine

That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's  
my heart:— 80

Something's afore't:—soft, soft! we'll no  
defence;

Obedient as the scabard.—What is here<sup>3</sup>

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus

All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more

Be stonachers to my heart. Thus may poor  
fools

Believe false teachers: though those that are  
betray'd

<sup>1</sup> Took, took away.

<sup>2</sup> Lay the leaven on, vitiate, corrupt.

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Post-  
húmus,

That didst set up<sup>3</sup> 90

My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows,<sup>4</sup> shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage,<sup>5</sup> but

A strain of rareness;<sup>6</sup> and I grieve myself  
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her  
That now thou tir'st on,<sup>7</sup> how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, dispatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy  
knife? 99

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,

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 eyeballs blind first.

*Imo.* Wherefore, then,

Didst undertake it? [Why hast thou abas'd  
So many miles with a pretence? this place?

Mine action,<sup>8</sup> 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 when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
Th' elected deer before thee?]

*Pis.* But<sup>9</sup> 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've heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,  
Therein falsestruck, can take no greater wound,

Nor tent to bottom that.<sup>10</sup> But<sup>9</sup> 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 121

<sup>3</sup> Set up, instigate.

<sup>4</sup> Fellows, equals.

<sup>5</sup> Common passage, ordinary occurrence.

<sup>6</sup> A strain of rareness, a rare impulse or disposition.

<sup>7</sup> That now thou tir'st on, on whom thou art now so  
cagerly set.

<sup>8</sup> Action, exertion.

<sup>9</sup> But, only.

<sup>10</sup> Nor tent to bottom that, nor probe that to the bottom.



My purpose would prove well. It cannot be  
 But that my master is abus'd: 123  
 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 't is commanded  
 I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,  
 And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.*

Why, good fellow,



*Imo.* look!  
 I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit  
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.—(Act iii. 4. 68-70.)

What shall I do the while? where bide? how  
 live? 131

Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
 Dead to my husband?

*Pis.* If you'll back to the court,—

*Imo.* No court, no father; nor no more ado  
 With that harsh, nothing 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? 'T the world's  
 volume 140

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't:  
 In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think  
 There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I'm most glad  
 You think of other place. Th' ambassador,  
 Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
 To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind  
 Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise

That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be  
But by self-danger,<sup>1</sup> you should tread a course  
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near 150  
The residence of Posthūmus,—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.<sup>2</sup>

*Pis.* Well, then, here 's the point:  
You must forget to be a woman; change  
Command into obedience; [fear and niceness<sup>3</sup>—  
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
Woman it<sup>4</sup> pretty self—into a waggish courage;  
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must  
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart! 164  
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing Titan;<sup>5</sup> and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty trims,<sup>6</sup> 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— 171  
[T is in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them:] would you, in their  
serving,<sup>7</sup>

And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season,<sup>8</sup> fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
Wherein you're happy,<sup>9</sup>—which you'll make  
him know,

If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless  
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honour-  
able,

And, doubling that, most holy.<sup>10</sup> Your means  
abroad, 180

You have me, rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning nor supplyment.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Self-danger*, danger to itself.

<sup>2</sup> *Adventure*, run the risk.

<sup>3</sup> *Niceness*, coyness. <sup>4</sup> *It*, its.

<sup>5</sup> *Titan*, the sun. <sup>6</sup> *Trims*, dresses.

<sup>7</sup> *In their serving*, with the help they give.

<sup>8</sup> *Season*, period of ripeness, age.

<sup>9</sup> *Happy*, gifted. <sup>10</sup> *Holy*, virtuous.

<sup>11</sup> *Supplyment*, continuance of supply.

*Imo.* Thou'rt all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with. [Prithee, away:  
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even  
All that good time will give us:] this attempt  
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

*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, 190

Here is a box; I had it from the queen:  
What's in't is precious; if you're sick at sea,  
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,  
And fit you to your manhood;—may the gods  
Direct you to the best!

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

SCENE V. *The same. A room in Cymbeline's  
palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, 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 overland to Milford-Haven.—  
Madam, all joy befall your grace!

*Queen.* And you!

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that  
office; 10

The due of honour in no point omit.—

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

*Clot.* 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!

[*Exit Lucius and Lords.*]

*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<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> like

A thing more made of malice than of duty:

We've noted it.—Call her before us; for

We've been too slight in sufferance.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Queen.* Royal sir, Since th' exile of Posthúmus, 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 Attendant.*

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

*Atten.* Please you, sir, Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer

That will be given to the loudest 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 Cloten.*]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!— 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 down

To her desir'd Posthúmus: gone she is

To death or to dishonour; and my end

Can make good use of either: she being down,

I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son!

*Clo.* 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the king; he rages; none Dare come about him.

*Queen.* [*Aside*] All the better: may This night forestall him of<sup>4</sup> the coming day!

[*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; from every one The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,

Outsells them all.—I love her therefore; but, Disclaiming me, and throwing favours on

The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment, That what's else rare is cloak'd; and in that

point I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,

To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools Shall—

<sup>1</sup> *Ripely*, urgently (the time being ripe for it).

<sup>2</sup> *Us*, to us.

<sup>3</sup> *Too slight in sufferance*, too careless in permitting it.

<sup>4</sup> *Forestall him of*, prevent him living to see, deprive him of

*Enter PISANIO.*

Who is here? What, are you packing,<sup>1</sup>  
sirrah! 80

Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,

Where is thy lady? In a word; or else  
Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord!—

*Clo.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—  
I will not ask again. Close<sup>2</sup> villain,  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?  
[From whose so many weights of baseness  
cannot

A dram of worth be drawn.]

*Pis.* Alas, my lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she  
miss'd? 90

He is in Rome.

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

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!—

*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 97  
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.  
She's far enough; and what he learns by this  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clo.* Hum!

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

O Imogen,

Safe mayest thou wander, safe return agen!

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think. 107

*Clo.* It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—  
Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but  
do me true service, undergo<sup>3</sup> those employ-  
ments wherein I should have cause to use thee

with a serious industry,—that is, what villany  
soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and  
truly,—I would think thee an honest man:  
thou shouldst neither want my means for thy  
relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good lord. 117

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? [—for since pa-  
tiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the  
bare fortune 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. 129

*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 for-  
got 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 tor-  
ment to her contempt. He on the ground,  
my speech of insultment<sup>4</sup> 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. 150

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Aye, my noble lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Mil-  
ford-Haven?

<sup>1</sup> *Packing*, making off, running away.

<sup>2</sup> *Close*, secret.

<sup>3</sup> *Undergo*, undertake.

<sup>4</sup> *Insultment*, triumph over my foe.

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet. 155

*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 bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be,  
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,  
And find not her whom thou pursu'st.—Flow,  
flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her!—This fool's  
speed 167

Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Wales: before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.*

*Imo.* I see a man's life is a tedious one:  
I've 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 8  
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is<sup>2</sup>  
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in  
fulness

Is sorer<sup>3</sup> than to lie for need; and falsehood  
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!  
Thou'rt one o' the false ones: now I think on  
thee

My hunger's gone; but even before,<sup>4</sup> I was  
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?

<sup>1</sup> Foundations, fixed places.

<sup>2</sup> 'T is, i.e. the afflictions are.

<sup>3</sup> Sorer, a heavier crime.

<sup>4</sup> Even before, just before.

Here is a path to t: 't is 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<sup>5</sup>  
ever 21  
Of hardiness<sup>6</sup> is mother.—Ho! who's here!



*Imo.* 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.  
—(Act iii. 6. 24-25.)

If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,  
Take or lend. Ho!—No answer? then I'll  
enter.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look  
on't.

Such a foe, good heavens! [*Goes into the cave.*]

<sup>5</sup> Hardness, hardship.

<sup>6</sup> Hardiness, hardihood, bravery.

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best wood-  
man,<sup>1</sup> and  
Are master of the feast: Culwal and I 29  
Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match:<sup>2</sup>  
The sweat of industry would dry and die,  
But for the end it works to. Come; our sto-  
machs

Will make what 's homely savoury: weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when resty<sup>3</sup> sloth  
Finds the down-pillow hard.—Now, peace be  
here,

Poor house, that keep'st<sup>4</sup> thyself!

*Gai.* I'm thoroughly weary.

*Are.* I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appe-  
tite.

*Gai.* There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll  
browse on that, 38

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

*Bel.* Stay; come not in.

[*Looking into the cave.*]

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

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

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

*Re-enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought  
T' have begg'd or bought what I have took:  
good troth,

I have stol'n naught; nor would not, though I  
had found

Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for  
my meat: 50

I would have left it on the board, so soon  
As I had made my meal; and parted<sup>5</sup>  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gai.* Money, youth?

*Are.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!  
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of<sup>6</sup> those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see you're angry:  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should

Have died had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whither bound?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.

*Bel.* What's your name? 60

*Imo.* Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who  
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I'm fall'n in<sup>7</sup> this offence.

*Bel.* Prithee, fair youth,

Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!  
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.—  
Boys, bid him welcome.

[*Gai.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard but be your groom in honesty:  
I bid for you as I do buy.]

*Are.* [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<sup>8</sup> 73  
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends,  
If brothers.—[*Aside*] Would it had been so,  
that they

Had been my father's sons! then had my prize<sup>9</sup>  
Been less; and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthúmus.

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Gai.* Would I could free 't!

*Are.* Or I; whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

*Bel.* Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*]

*Imo.* Great men, 82

That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them,—lay-  
ing by

That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—  
Could not out-peer<sup>10</sup> these twain. Pardon me,  
gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus' false.

*Bel.* It shall be so.

Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt.<sup>11</sup>—Fair youth,  
come in: 90

<sup>7</sup> *In*, into.      <sup>8</sup> *To him*, i. e. to my brother.

<sup>9</sup> *My prize*, i. e. the prize Posthumus had in me.

<sup>10</sup> *Out-peer*, surpass.

<sup>11</sup> *Our hunt*, i. e. the game killed in hunting.

<sup>1</sup> *Woodman*, hunter.      <sup>2</sup> *Match*, agreement.

<sup>3</sup> *Resty*, disinclined to move, lazy.

<sup>4</sup> *Keep'st*, guardest.      <sup>5</sup> *Parted*, departed.      <sup>6</sup> *Of*, by.

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've suppd,  
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 the  
lark, less welcome. 94

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arr.* I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter two Senators and Tribunes.*

*First Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's  
writ,—

That since the common men are now in action

Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;

And that the legions now in Gallia are

Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fall'n-off<sup>1</sup> 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 95

His absolute<sup>2</sup> commission. Long live Cæsar!

*First Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces!

*Sec. Sen.* Ay.

*First Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

*First Sen.* With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be suppliant;<sup>3</sup> the words of your com-  
mission

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time

Of their dispatch.

*First Tri.* We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Britain. Wales: the forest near the  
cave of Belarius.*

*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 rever-  
ence of the word—for 't is said a woman's fit-  
ness 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 ser-  
vices,<sup>4</sup> and more remarkable in single oppo-  
sitions;<sup>5</sup> yet this imperseverant<sup>6</sup> thing loves him  
in my despite. What mortality is! Post-

humus, thy head, which now is growing upon  
thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off;  
thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to  
pieces before her face; and all this done, spurn  
her home to her father; who may happily 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 pur-  
pose! 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. *The same. Before the cave  
of Belarius.*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,  
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Bel.* [*To Imogen*] You are not well; remain  
here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arr.* [*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'm very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting; I'll abide with  
him.

<sup>1</sup> *Fall'n-off*, revolted

<sup>2</sup> *Absolute*, unconditional, with full powers.

<sup>3</sup> *Suppliant*, auxiliary

<sup>4</sup> *Services*, i.e. military services

<sup>5</sup> *Single oppositions*, single combats

<sup>6</sup> *Imperseverant*, undiscerning

*Imo.* So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;  
But not so citizen a wanton<sup>1</sup> as  
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;  
Stick to your journal<sup>2</sup> course: the breach of  
    custom 10  
Is breach of all. I'm ill; but your being by me  
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort  
To one not sociable: I'm 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.

*Gai.* 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!

*Arc.* 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, 23  
"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'm not their father; yet who this should be,  
Doth miracle itself,<sup>3</sup> lov'd before me.—  
'Tis the ninth hour of the morn. ]

*Arc.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arc.* You health.—So please you, sir.<sup>4</sup>

*Imo.* [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods,  
what lies I've heard! 32

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:  
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!  
[Th' imperious seas breeds monsters; for the  
    dish

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. ]

I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

[*Gai.* I could not stir him:<sup>5</sup>  
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

*Arc.* Thus did he answer me: yet said, here—  
    after

I might know more. ]

*Bel.* To the field, to the field!—

We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

*Arc.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

*Imo.* Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen into the cave.*

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath  
    had

Good ancestors.

*Arc.* How angel-like he sings!

*Gai.* But his neat cookery! he cut our roots  
    in characters;<sup>6</sup> 49

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter.

[*Arc.* 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.

*Gai.* I do note  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.

*Arc.* Grow, patience!  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine

His perishing root with<sup>7</sup> the increasing vine! ]

*Bel.* It is great morning.<sup>8</sup> Come, away!—  
Who's there? 61

*Enter* CLOTEN.

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates; that vil-  
    lain

Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

*Bel.* "Those runagates!"<sup>9</sup>

Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis  
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some am-  
    bush.

I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he.—We're held as outlaws:  
    hence!

<sup>1</sup> So citizen a wanton, such a town-bred child of luxury.

<sup>2</sup> Journal, daily.

<sup>3</sup> Doth miracle itself, doth make itself a miracle, is incomprehensible.

<sup>4</sup> So please you, sir (spoken to Belarius).

<sup>5</sup> Stir him, move him to tell his story.

<sup>6</sup> In characters, in the shape of letters.

<sup>7</sup> With, from, so as to be no more twined with.

<sup>8</sup> Great morning, broad day.



*Gui.* He is but one: you and my brother  
search  
What companies are near: pray you, away:  
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arriragus.*

*Clo.* Soft!—What are you

That fly me thus! some villain mountaineers!  
I've heard of such.—What slave art thou!

*Gui.* A thing  
More slavish did I ne'er than answering  
A "slave" without a knock.

*Clo.* Thou art a robber.



*Clo.* Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.—(Act iv. 2. 74, 75.)

A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou!

Have not I

An arm as big as thine! a heart as big!  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,  
Why I should yield to thee!

*Clo.* Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes!

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence, then, and thank

The man that gaveth thee. Thou art some fool:  
I'm loth to beat thee.

*Clo.* Thou injurious<sup>1</sup> 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,

'T would move me sooner.

*Clo.* To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere<sup>2</sup> confusion, thou shalt know  
I'm son to the queen.

<sup>1</sup> *Injurious*, insolent.

<sup>2</sup> *Mere*, absolute.

*Gai.* I'm sorry for't; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

*Clo.* Art not afraid?

*Gai.* Those that I reverence, those I fear,  
—the wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clo.* Die the death:  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:  
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt fighting.*]

*Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* No company's abroad. 101

*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 blur'd those lines of  
favour

Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm ab-  
solute<sup>1</sup>

'T was 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,<sup>2</sup>  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension<sup>3</sup> 110  
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgement  
Is oft the cause of fear.—] But, see, thy brother.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS with CLOTEN'S head.*

*Gai.* 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:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gai.* I'm perfect what: cut off one Cloten's  
head, 118

Son to the queen, after<sup>4</sup> his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore  
With his own single hand he'd take us in,<sup>5</sup>  
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—  
they grow,

And set them on Lud's-town.

<sup>1</sup> *Absolute*, certain.

<sup>2</sup> *Made up*, grown up.

<sup>3</sup> *Apprehension*, conception, comprehension.

<sup>4</sup> *After*, according to.

<sup>5</sup> *Take us in*, subdue us.

*Bel.* We're all undone.

*Gai.* 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 threaten us,  
Play judge and executioner all himself,  
For we do fear the law?<sup>6</sup> [What company  
Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soul 130  
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. Though his  
humour

Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness could so far have 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  
hearing— 139

As it is like him—might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in;<sup>7</sup> yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering:<sup>8</sup> then on good ground we  
fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail,  
More perilous than the head.

*Arv.* Let ordinance<sup>9</sup>  
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no mind  
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.<sup>10</sup>

*Gai.* With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en  
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea, 152  
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*]

*Bel.* I fear't will be reveng'd:  
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though  
valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

<sup>6</sup> *For we do fear the law!* because we are afraid of the law.

<sup>7</sup> *Fetch us in*, make us prisoners.

<sup>8</sup> *Suffering*, permitting.

<sup>9</sup> *Ordinance*, that which is ordained.

<sup>10</sup> *Did make my way long forth*, did make my way forth from the cave seem long.

*Arv.* Would I had done 't,  
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly; but envy much  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: [I would  
revenge,  
That possible strength might meet, would seek  
us through, 160  
And put us to our answer.]

*Bel.* Well, 't is done:—  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour<sup>1</sup>  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,<sup>2</sup>  
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

*Bel.* O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st<sup>3</sup>  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet, 172  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enclaf'd, as the rud'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
Civility not seen from other; valour, 179  
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 GUIDERICUS.*

*Gui.* Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage  
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

*Bel.* My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!  
[*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.]  
*Gui.* What does he mean! since death of my  
dear'st mother 190  
It did not speak before. All solemn things

Should answer solemn accidents. [The matter!  
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,  
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.]  
Is Cadwal mad!

[*Bel.* Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms 196  
Of what we blame him for!]

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN as dead,  
bearing her in his arms.*

*Arv.* The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
T' have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily!  
[My brother wears thee not th'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>4</sup>  
Might easiest harbour in!—Thou blessed  
thing!

Jove knows what man thou might'st have  
made; but I,<sup>5</sup>  
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—]  
How found you him!

*Arv.* Stark, as you see:  
Thus smiling, as some tly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at:<sup>6</sup> his  
right cheek 211  
Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.* Where?  
*Arv.* O' the floor;  
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept;  
[and put

My clouted brogues<sup>7</sup> from off my feet, whose  
rudeness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.]

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps:  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted.  
And worms will not come to thee.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack

<sup>1</sup> To gain his colour, to restore the colour to his cheeks.

<sup>2</sup> Let blood, shed the blood of, slay.

<sup>3</sup> Blazon'st, proclaimest.

<sup>4</sup> Crare, a small trading vessel.

<sup>5</sup> But I, i.e. but I know.

<sup>6</sup> Being laugh'd at, and was being laughed at.

<sup>7</sup> Clouted brogues, heavy patched shoes.

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose,  
nor 221

The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath[: the ruddock<sup>1</sup>  
would,

With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers  
are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse].

*Gai.* Prithee, have done:  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him, 231  
And not protract with admiration<sup>2</sup> what  
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

*Are.* Say, where shall 's lay him?

*Gai.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Are.* Be't so:  
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the  
ground,

As once our mother; use like note and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gai.* Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with  
thee; 240

For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Are.* We'll speak it, then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less;  
for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's sons, boys;  
And, though he came our enemy, remember  
He was paid<sup>3</sup> 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; 249

And though you took his life as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gai.* Pray you, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',  
When neither are alive.

*Are.* If you'll go fetch him,

We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.  
[*Exit Belarius.*

[*Gai.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to  
th' east;

My father hath a reason for't.

*Are.* 'T is true.

*Gai.* Come on, then, and remove him.

*Are.* So.—Begin.]

## SONG.

*Gai.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Are.* 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.

*Gai.* Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270  
*Are.* Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;

*Gai.* Fear not slander, censure rash;

*Are.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

*Both.* All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign<sup>4</sup> to thee, and come to dust.

[*Gai.* No exorciser<sup>5</sup> harm thee!

*Are.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

*Gai.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

*Are.* Nothing ill come near thee!

*Both.* Quiet consummation<sup>6</sup> have; 280  
And renowned be thy grave!]

*Re-enter BELARIUS with the body of CLOTEN.*

*Gai.* We've done our obsequies: come, lay  
him down.

*Bel.* Here 's a few flowers; but 'bout mid-  
night, more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the  
night

Are stre-wings fitt'st for graves.—[Upon their  
faces.—

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These herbets shall, which we upon you  
strow.—]

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

<sup>1</sup> *Ruddock*, redbreast.

<sup>2</sup> *Admiration*, wonder mingled with veneration.

<sup>3</sup> *Paid*, paid out, requited.

<sup>4</sup> *Consign*, subscribe, submit.

<sup>5</sup> *Exorciser*, raiser of spirits.

<sup>6</sup> *Consummation*, summing up, end.

The ground that gave them first has them  
again: 289

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt Beberius, Guiderius, and  
Arciragus.*]

*Imo.* [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;  
which is the way!—

I thank you.—By yond bush!—Pray, how far  
thither?

'Ods pittikin! can it be six mile yet!—

I've gone all night:—faith, I'll lie down and  
sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and god-  
desses! [*Seeing the body of Cloten.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the  
world;

This bloody man, the care on't.<sup>1</sup>—I hope I  
dream;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,<sup>2</sup>  
And cook to honest creatures; but 't is not so;

'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very  
eyes 301

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 Posthúmus!

[*I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;  
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 310*

The brawns<sup>3</sup> of Hercules: but his Jovial face—]  
Murder in heaven?—How!—'T is gone.—

Pisanio,

All curses maled Heeuba gave the Greeks,  
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
Conspir'd with that irregular<sup>4</sup> devil, Cloten,  
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read  
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio  
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pi-  
sanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world  
Struck the main-top! [—O Posthúmus! alas,

<sup>1</sup> On't, of it.

<sup>2</sup> Cave-keeper, dweller in a cave.

<sup>3</sup> Brawns, muscular arms.

<sup>4</sup> Irregular, lawless, unprincipled.

Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!  
where's that? 321

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
And left this head on.—How should this be?

Pisanio!

'T is he and Cloten: malice and here in them  
Have laid this woe here. ] O, 't is pregnant,<sup>5</sup>  
pregnant!

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 horrid may seem to those 331  
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

[*Throws herself on the body.*]

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers,  
and a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in  
Gallia,

After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending  
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:  
They are in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome!

*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners<sup>6</sup>  
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,  
That promise noble service; and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340  
Syenna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit of the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness  
Makes our hopes fair. [Command our present  
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—  
Now, sir,

What have you dream'd of late of this war's  
purpose?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me  
a vision,—

I fast<sup>7</sup> and pray'd for their intelligence.—thus:  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spongy south to this part of the west.  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which por-  
tends — 350

<sup>5</sup> Pregnant, clear, evident.

<sup>6</sup> Confiners, those who live in confines. *i.e.* territories.

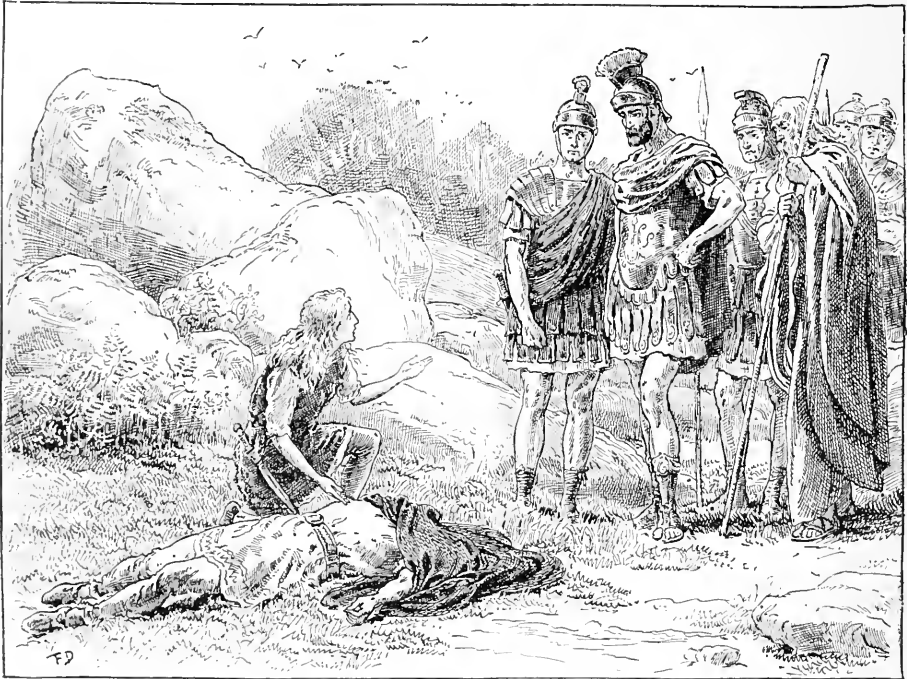
<sup>7</sup> Fast, fasted.

Unless my sins abuse<sup>1</sup> my divination— 351  
Success to the Roman host.

*Luc.* Dream often so,  
{ And never false.— } Soft, ho! what trunk is here  
Without his top! The ruin speaks that some-  
time  
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—

Or dead, or sleeping on him! But dead, rather;  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—  
Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He's alive, my lord.  
*Luc.* He'll, then, instruct us of this body.—  
Young one, 360



*Imo.* This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—(Act iv. 2. 368-370.)

Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems 361  
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>2</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, 369

That here by mountaineers lies slain:—alas!  
There is no more such masters: I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

*Luc.* Lack, good youth!  
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than  
Thy master in bleeding: [say his name, good  
friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ.—[*Aside*] If I do  
lie, and do 377  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir! ]

<sup>1</sup> Abuse, corrupt, pervert. <sup>2</sup> Did, did it, made it.

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same: 380

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name. Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure, No less belov'd. [The Roman emperor's letters, Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner Than thine own worth prefer<sup>1</sup> thee:] go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave, 390 And on it said a century<sup>2</sup> 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<sup>3</sup> me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth; And rather father thee than master thee.—

My friends, The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can, And make him with our pikes and partisans A grave: come, arm him.<sup>4</sup>—Boy, he is preferr'd By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd 401 As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes: Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The same. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word how 't is with her.

A fever with the absence of her son;

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

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

<sup>1</sup> *Prefer*, recommend.    <sup>2</sup> *A century*, a hundred.

<sup>3</sup> *Entertain*, employ, take into service.

<sup>4</sup> *Arm him*, take him in your arms.

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, 13

I nothing know where she remains, why gone, Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

*First Lord.* Good my liege, The day that she was missing he was here: I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform All parts of his subjection<sup>5</sup> loyally. For Cloten, There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20 And will,<sup>6</sup> no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome.— [To *Pisanio*] We'll slip you<sup>7</sup> for a season; but our jealousy<sup>8</sup> Does yet depend.<sup>9</sup>

*First Lord.* So please your majesty, The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn, Are landed on your coast; with a supply Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—

I am amaz'd<sup>10</sup> with matter.

*First Lord.* Good my liege, Your preparation can affront<sup>11</sup> no less Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready: 30

The want is, but to put those powers in motion That long to move.

*Cym.* I thank you. Let's withdraw; And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not What can from Italy annoy us; but We grieve at chances here.—Away!

[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*]

*Pis.* I heard no letter<sup>12</sup> from my master since I wrote him Imogen was slain: 't is strange; Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise

<sup>5</sup> *Subjection*, service.    <sup>6</sup> *Will*, i.e. he will.

<sup>7</sup> *Slip you*, let you go.    <sup>8</sup> *Jealousy*, suspicion.

<sup>9</sup> *Does yet depend*, is still in a state of suspense.

<sup>10</sup> *Amaz'd*, bewildered.

<sup>11</sup> *Affront*, bring to the encounter.

<sup>12</sup> *No letter*, not a syllable.

To yield me often tidings; neither know I  
 What is betid to Cloten; but remain 40  
 Perplex'd in all;—the heavens still must work.  
 Wherein I'm false I'm honest: not true, to be  
 true:  
 These present wars shall find I love my country,  
 Even to the note o' the king,<sup>1</sup> 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. *The same. Wales: before the cave  
 of Belarius.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

[*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to  
 lock it  
 From action and adventure?

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
 Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans  
 Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us  
 For barbarous and unnatural revolts<sup>2</sup>  
 During their use,<sup>3</sup> 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 10  
 Among the bands—may drive us to a render<sup>4</sup>  
 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<sup>5</sup> fires, have both their  
 eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now, 19  
 That they will waste their time upon our note,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *To the note of the king*, so that the king shall take note of it.      <sup>2</sup> *Revolts*, revolvers.

<sup>3</sup> *During their use*, as long as they have any use for us.

<sup>4</sup> *A render*, an account.

<sup>5</sup> *Quarter'd*, i.e. burning in their quarters.

<sup>6</sup> *Upon our note*, in taking note of us.

To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O, I am known  
 Of many in the army: many years, 22  
 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,  
 The certainty<sup>7</sup> of this hard life; aye hopeless  
 To have the courtesy<sup>8</sup> your cradle promis'd,  
 But to be still<sup>10</sup> hot summer's tawlings, and  
 The shrinking slaves of winter.]

*Gui.* [Than be so,  
 Better to cease to be.] Pray, sir, to th' army:  
 I and my brother are not known; yourself  
 So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
 Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.* By this sun that shines,  
 I'll thither: [what thing<sup>11</sup> is 't 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 40  
 [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 of your lives you set  
 So slight a valuation, should reserve  
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,  
 boys! 50

If in your country wars you chance to die,  
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:  
 [Lead, lead.—[*Aside*] The time seems long;  
 their blood thinks scorn,<sup>12</sup>  
 Till it fly out, and show them princes born.]

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>7</sup> *Who*, i.e. you who.

<sup>8</sup> *The certainty*, the certain consequence.

<sup>9</sup> *Courtesy*, kindly treatment, gentle nurture.

<sup>10</sup> *To be still*, doomed to be still.

<sup>11</sup> *What thing*, i.e. what a thing.

<sup>12</sup> *Thinks scorn*, disdains the thought of anything else.



## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman camp.*

Enter POSTHUMUS with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for  
I am wish'd<sup>1</sup>

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married  
ones,

If each of you should take this course, how  
many

Must murder wives much better than them-  
selves

For wrying<sup>2</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<sup>3</sup> this: so had you sav'd  
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck 10  
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But,  
alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's  
love,

To have them fall no more: you some permit  
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,  
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.  
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,  
And make me blest t' obey!—I am brought  
hither

Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight  
Against my lady's kingdom: 't is enough  
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!  
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good  
heavens, 21

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me  
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,  
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
More valour in me than my habits show. 30  
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!  
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin

<sup>1</sup> I am wish'd. I am possessed by the wish.

<sup>2</sup> Wrying, going astray.

<sup>3</sup> To put on, to instigate.

The fashion,—less without and more within.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A field between the  
Roman and British camps.*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, IMO-  
GEN, and the Roman Army; from 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 conquisheth and dis-  
armeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my  
bosom

Takes off my manhood: I've belied a lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air on't  
Revengefully enfeeble me; or could this earl,<sup>4</sup>  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd 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 9  
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 villany of our fears.

Gai. Acc. Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons:  
they rescue CYMBELINE, and all exeunt.  
Then re-enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMO-  
GEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save  
thyself;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
As war were hoodwink'd.

<sup>4</sup> Earl, churl, peasant.

*Each.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.  
*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes  
 Let's re-enforce, or fly. ] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. 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, came 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<sup>1</sup> with slaughtering, having  
 work

More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down  
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some  
 falling 10

Merely through fear; that the strait pass was  
 damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards liv-  
 ing

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>2</sup> than to commit such slaught-  
 er; 20

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
 Than those for preservation cas'd or shame,<sup>3</sup>—  
 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,

<sup>1</sup> *Lolling the tongue*, i.e. panting, out of breath.

<sup>2</sup> *The country base*, the game, prisoner's base.

<sup>3</sup> *Shame*, modesty.

But to look back<sup>4</sup> in frown; stand, stand!"—

These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,—  
 For three performers are the file when all 30  
 The rest do nothing,—with this word, "Stand,  
 stand,"

Accommodated by the place, more charming<sup>5</sup>  
 With their own nobleness,—which could have  
 turn'd

A distaff to a lance,—gilded pale looks,  
 Part<sup>6</sup> shame, part<sup>6</sup> 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' th' hunters. Then began  
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon 40

A rout, confusion-thick: forthwith they fly  
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd<sup>7</sup> eagles;  
 slaves,

The strides they victors made: and now our  
 cowards—

Like fragments in hard voyages—became  
 The life o' the need: having found the back-  
 door open

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they  
 wound!

Some slain before; some dying; some their  
 friends

O'er-borne<sup>8</sup> i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by  
 one, 43

Are now eachone the slaughter-man of twenty:  
 Those that would die or e'er resist are grown  
 The mortal bugs<sup>9</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?

<sup>4</sup> *But to look back*, merely by looking back.

<sup>5</sup> *More charming*, having more (magic) power.

<sup>6</sup> *Part*, partly.

<sup>7</sup> *Stoop'd*, pounced.

<sup>8</sup> *O'er-borne*, overwhelmed.

<sup>9</sup> *Bugs*, bugbears, terrors.

Who dares not stand<sup>1</sup> his foe, I'll be his friend;  
 For if he'll do as he is made to do, 61  
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
 You've put me into rhyme.

*Lord.* Farewell; you're angry.]

*Post.* [Still going! [Exit Lord] This is a  
 lord! O noble misery!<sup>2</sup>

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>3</sup>  
 Could not find death where I did hear him  
 groan,



*Post.* Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,  
 "Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men."—(Act v. 3. 23, 24)

Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly  
 monster, 70

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft  
 beds,

Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we  
 That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will  
 find him:

Fortune being now a favourer to the Briton,  
 No more a Briton, I've 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 slaugh-  
 ter is 78

Here made by the Roman; great the answer<sup>4</sup>  
 be

Britons must take: for me, my ransom's<sup>5</sup>  
 death; 80

On either side I come to spend my breath;  
 Which neither here I'll keep nor bear agen,  
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.*

*First Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius  
 is taken:

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were  
 angels.

<sup>1</sup> Stand, face.

<sup>2</sup> O noble misery! O miserable piece of nobility.

<sup>3</sup> Charm'd, protected as by a charm.

<sup>4</sup> Answer, retaliation.

<sup>5</sup> Ransom, expiation, atonement

*Sec. Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly<sup>1</sup> habit,  
That gave th' affront with them.

*First Cap.* So 't is reported:  
But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who is there!

*Post.* A Roman;  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds 90  
Had answer'd him.

*Sec. Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!—  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What crows have peck'd them here:—he brags his service  
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

[*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A prison.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.*

*First Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n,  
you've locks upon you;  
So graze as you find pasture.

*Sec. Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.  
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art  
a way,

I think, to liberty: yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had  
rather

Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd  
By the sure physician, death; who is the key  
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art  
fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists: you good  
gods, give me 9

The penitent instrument<sup>2</sup> to pick that bolt,  
Then free for ever! Is't enough I'm sorry?  
So children temporal fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent<sup>3</sup>  
I cannot do it better than in gyves,

<sup>1</sup> *Silly*, simple, rustic.

<sup>2</sup> *Penitent instrument*, instrument of penitence, i.e. a penitential death.

<sup>3</sup> *Repent*, do penance.

Desir'd more than constrain'd. To satisfy?<sup>4</sup>  
If of my freedom 't is the main part, take  
No stricter render<sup>5</sup> of me than my all.

I know you are more element 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  
'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it:  
'Tween man and man they weigh not every  
stamp;<sup>6</sup> 24

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:  
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great  
powers,

If you will take this audit,<sup>7</sup> take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds.—O Imogen!

I'll speak to thee in silence. [Sleeps.]

*Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them; then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show 30  
Thy spite on mortal flies:

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
That thy adulteries  
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
Whose face I never saw?

I died whilst in the womb he stay'd  
Attending nature's law:

Whose father then, as men report  
Thou orphans' father art, 40  
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart.

*Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid,  
But took me in my throes;  
That from me was Posthúmus 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. 51

<sup>4</sup> *To satisfy!* i.e. Must I satisfy?

<sup>5</sup> *No stricter render*, no more restricted surrender.

<sup>6</sup> *Stamp*, coin.

<sup>7</sup> *Take this audit*, accept this statement of accounts.

*First Bro.* When once he was mature for man,  
 In Britain where was he  
 That could stand up his parallel;  
 Or fruitful<sup>1</sup> object be  
 In eye of Imogen, that best  
 Could deem<sup>2</sup> his dignity?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
 To be exil'd, and thrown  
 From Leonati seat, and east  
 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<sup>3</sup> the geck<sup>4</sup> and scorn  
 O' th' other's villany?

*Sec. 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.

*First Bro.* Like hardiment Posthūmus hath  
 To Cymbeline perform'd:  
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd<sup>5</sup>  
 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 the shining synd of the rest  
 Against thy deity.

*Both Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,  
 And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning,*  
*sitting upon an eagle; he throws a 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!

<sup>1</sup> *Fruitful*, rich in good qualities.

<sup>2</sup> *Deem*, estimate.

<sup>3</sup> *And to become*, i.e. and suffer Posthūmus to become.

<sup>4</sup> *Geck*, dupe.

<sup>5</sup> *Adjourn'd*, deferred.

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest  
 Upon your never-withering bank of flowers:  
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress;  
 No care of yours it is; you know 't is 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.



*First Gaul.* You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;  
 So graze as you find pasture.—(Act v. 4. 1, 2.)

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;<sup>7</sup>  
 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

<sup>6</sup> *Delighted*, delightful.

<sup>7</sup> *Confine*, state precisely.

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle 115  
Stoop'd, as to foot us:<sup>1</sup> his ascension is  
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird  
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys<sup>2</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.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*]

*Post.* [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-  
sire, and begot 123

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:<sup>3</sup>  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130  
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,  
That have this golden chance, and know not  
why.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book?<sup>4</sup>  
O rare one!

Be not, as is our fangled<sup>5</sup> world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects  
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise. [*Reals.*]

<sup>1</sup> 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."

'T is 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. But what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which 150  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter First Gauler.*

*First Gaul.* Come, sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

*First Gaul.* 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 spec-  
tators, the dish pays the shot.

*First Gaul.* 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; purse and brain  
both empty,—the brain the heavier for being  
too light, the purse too light being drawn<sup>6</sup> of  
heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now  
be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it  
sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true  
debitor 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. 174

*Post.* I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

*First Gaul.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels  
not the toothache: 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. 183

*First Gaul.* 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 to take upon yourself that  
which I am sure you do not know; or jump<sup>8</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. 191

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none want  
eyes to direct them the way I am going, but  
such as wink and will not use them.

*First Gaul.* 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 hang-  
ing's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles; bring your  
prisoner to the king. 200

<sup>6</sup> Drawn, drawn off, emptied.

<sup>7</sup> Debitor and creditor, account-book. <sup>8</sup> Jump, skip.

*Post.* Thou bringest good news,—I am call'd  
to be made free. 202

*First Gaol.* I'll be hang'd, then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler;  
no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*]

*First Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a  
gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw  
one so prone.<sup>1</sup> 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 desolation of  
gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my  
present profit; but my wish hath a preferment  
in't. ] [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same.* *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 targes of proof, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

[*Bel.* I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;  
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd naught  
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him? ]

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead  
and living, 11

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.

[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*  
By whom I grant she lives. 'T is 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're 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. 22

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.*

[*There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly  
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,  
And not o' the court of Britain.* ]

*Cor.* Hail, great king!  
To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

*Cym.* [Who worse than a physician?  
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.* Prithee, say.

*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd  
you; only 27  
Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhor'd your person.

*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<sup>2</sup> to love

With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,  
But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend!  
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess  
she had

For you a mortal mineral: which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life, and, linger-  
ing, 31

By inches waste you: in which time she pur-  
pos'd,

<sup>1</sup> *Prono*, eager for the gallows.

<sup>2</sup> *Bore in hand*, pretended

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<sup>1</sup>  
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?

*First Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful; 63  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my  
heart,  
That thought her like herseeming; it had been  
vicious

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!  
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend  
all! ]

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and  
other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POST-  
HUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that  
The Britons have razed out, though with the  
loss 70

Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have  
made suit

That their good souls may be pleas'd with  
slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have  
granted:

So think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war: the  
day

Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have  
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the  
gods 78

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<sup>2</sup> 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,<sup>3</sup> true,  
So feat,<sup>4</sup> so nurse-like: let his virtue join  
With my request, which I'll make bold your  
highness 89

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I've surely seen him:

His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,  
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own.—I know not why, where-  
fore,

To say "Live, boy:" ne'er thank thy master;  
live:

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;  
Yea, though thou demand a prisoner, 99  
The noblest t' 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 wouldst thou, boy?  
I love thee more and more: think more and  
more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st  
on? speak, 110  
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy  
friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me  
Than I to your highness; who, being born  
your vassal,  
Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy  
name?

<sup>1</sup> *Despite*, defiance.

<sup>2</sup> *Peculiar*, personal.

<sup>3</sup> *Tender over his occasions*, keenly awake to his wants.

<sup>4</sup> *Feat*, neat, trim.



*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?

*Are.* One said another

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad

Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?

*Gai.* The same dead thing alive.

[*Bel.* Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us  
not; forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure

He would have spoke to us.

*Gai.* But we saw him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent; let's see further.

*Pis.* [*Aside*] 'Tis my mistress;  
Since she is living, let the time run on

To good or bad.]

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side;

Make thy demand aloud.—[*To Iachimo*] Sir,  
step you forth;

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'm glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torments me to conceal. By villany

I got this ring: 't was Leonatus' jewel;

Whom thou didst banish; and—which more

may grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd

'Twixt 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 shouldst live while nature  
will

Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and  
speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—

accurs'd

The mansion where!—'t was at a feast,—O,  
would

Our viands had been poison'd, or at least

Those which I heav'd to head!—the good  
Posthúmus—

[What should I say? he was too good to be  
Where ill men were; and was the best of all

Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak; for feature,<sup>1</sup>

laming

The shrine<sup>2</sup> of Venus, or straight-pight<sup>3</sup>  
Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature: for condition,<sup>4</sup>

A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves woman for; besides, that look of wiving,  
Fairness which strikes the eye,—]

*Cym.* [I stand on fire:]

Come to the matter.

[*Iach.* All too soon I shall,

Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This  
Posthúmus,

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 descrip-  
tion

Prov'd us unspeaking sots.<sup>5</sup>

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.]

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—there it  
begins.

<sup>1</sup> Feature, shape.

<sup>2</sup> Shrine, image.

<sup>3</sup> Straight, shape, well set up, erect.

<sup>4</sup> Condition, character.

<sup>5</sup> Unspeaking sots, fools incapable of speech.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,  
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,  
Made scruple<sup>1</sup> of his praise; and wager'd with  
him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore  
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring  
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,  
No lesser of her honour confident  
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;  
[And would so, had it been a carbuncle<sup>150</sup>  
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it  
Been all the worth of 's car.] A way 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 villanous. [Being thus  
quenched

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<sup>2</sup> proof enough  
To make the noble Leonatus mad, 201  
By wounding his belief in her renown  
With tokens thus and thus; [averring notes  
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her brace-  
let,—

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!—Ay me, most credulous fool,  
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing 211  
That 's due to<sup>3</sup> all the villains past, in being,  
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
Some upright justice! Thou, king, send out  
For torturers ingenious: it is I  
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend  
By being worse than they. I am Posthūmus,  
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 220  
Of virtue was she: yea, and she<sup>4</sup> herself.  
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set

<sup>1</sup> *Scruple*, doubt.

<sup>2</sup> *Simular*, probable.

<sup>3</sup> *Due to*, appropriate to, bad enough to describe.

<sup>4</sup> *She*, virtue.

The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain  
Be call'd Posthūmus Leonatus; and  
Be villany less than 't was!—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 Post-  
hūmus! 230

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. — Help,  
help!—

Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Post.* How comes 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, 230

The gods throw stones of sulphur<sup>5</sup> 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?

*Imo.* It poison'd me.

*Cor.* O gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen con-  
fess'd,

Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio  
Have," said she, "given his mistress that con-  
fection

Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd  
As I would serve a rat."

*Cym.* What's this, Cornelius?

*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me  
To temper poisons for her; still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge only 251  
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

<sup>5</sup> *Stones of sulphur*, i.e. thunderbolts.

The present power of life; but in short time  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.

*Bel.* My boys,

There was our error.

*Gai.* This is, sure, Fidele.]

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady  
from you? 261

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.* Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.]

[*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I  
blame ye not;

You had a motive for't.

[To *Guiderius* and *Arviragus*.]

*Cym.* My tears that fall  
Prove holy water on thee! *Imogen*,  
Thy mother's dead.

*Imo.* I'm sorry for't, my lord.

*Cym.* O, she was naught; and long of her  
it was 271

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 truth.<sup>1</sup> Lord

Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth,  
and swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death. By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's

Then in my pocket; which directed him 280  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he enforc'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.]

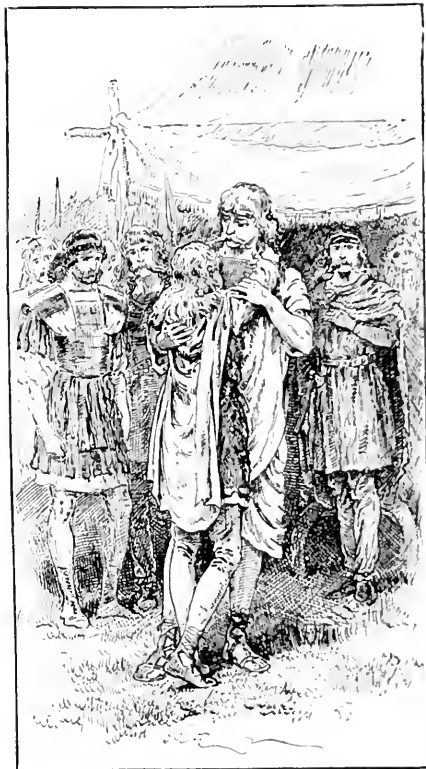
*Gai.* Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forbend!  
[I would not thy good deeds should from my  
lips

Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,  
Deny't again.

*Gai.* I've spoke it, and I did it.



*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree die!—(Act v. 5. 263, 264.)

*Cym.* He was a prince.] 291

*Gai.* A most incivil one: the wrongs he  
did me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke  
me

With language that would make me spurn  
the sea,

If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;  
And am right glad he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I'm sorry for thee:

<sup>1</sup> *Troth*, truth.

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd,  
and must 298

Endure our law: thou'rt 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!—[*To the Guard*] Let his  
arms alone;

They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we!

[*Arr.* In that he spake too far.

[*Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.

*Bel.* We will die all three,  
But I will prove<sup>2</sup> 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.

*Arr.* Your danger's ours.

*Gwi.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then, by leave.  
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who  
Was call'd Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* He it is that hath 318  
Assum'd this age: 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've 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<sup>3</sup> 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, 322

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my mere offence,<sup>4</sup> my pun-  
ishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—  
For such and so they are—these twenty years  
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I  
Could put into them [; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these chil-  
dren 341

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 't was 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.] I lost my chil-  
dren: 354

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; 364  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he;  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:

<sup>1</sup> Had ever scar for, had ever shown any evidence of meriting.

<sup>2</sup> But I will prove, if I do not prove.

<sup>3</sup> Prefer, promote.

<sup>4</sup> My mere offence, all my offence.





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 pray you  
be, 370

That, after this strangestarting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord;  
I've got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,

Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When ye were so indeed.

[*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?  
*Arr.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gwi.* And at first meeting lov'd;  
Continu'd so, until we thought he died. 380

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.]

*Cym.* O rare instinct!  
[When shall I hear all through? This fierce<sup>1</sup>  
abridgment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction<sup>2</sup> should be rich in.—Where? how  
liv'd you?

And when came you to serve our Roman cap-  
tive?

How parted with your brothers? how first met  
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?  
These,

And your three motives to the battle, with  
I know not how much more, should be de-  
manded;

And all the other by-dependencies, 390  
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor  
place

Will serve our long interrogatories. See,  
Posthūmus 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<sup>3</sup>

Is severally in all.—Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—]

[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we'll  
hold thee ever.

*Imo.* You are my father too; and did relieve  
me, 400  
To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd,  
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too.  
For they shall taste our comfort.

[*Imo.* My good master,  
I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you!

*Cym.*] The forlorn soldier, that so nobly  
fought,

He would have well becom'd this place, and  
grac'd

The thankings of a king.

*Post.* I am, sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor besecming; 't was a fitment for 409  
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might  
Have made you finish.

*Iach.* I am down again: [*Knelling.*  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, be-  
seech 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<sup>4</sup> of a son-in-law:  
Parlon's the word to all.

[*Luc.* You help us, sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother:  
Joy'd are we that you are. 423

*Post.* Your servant, princes.—Good my lord  
of Rome,  
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, me-  
thought

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,  
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows  
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

<sup>1</sup> Fierce, passionate, impetuous.

<sup>2</sup> Distinction, a more detailed statement

<sup>3</sup> Counterchange, reciprocation

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<sup>4</sup> Freeness, liberality

Make no collection of it:<sup>1</sup> let him show 432  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philharmonus,—

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [*Reads*] “Whenas 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.” 442

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion’s whelp;

The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:

[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*

We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine

Is this most constant wife; [*To Posthumus*]  
who,<sup>2</sup> even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle, 450

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp’d about  
With this most tender air.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee: and thy lopp’d branches point  
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol’n,  
For many years thought dead, are now reviv’d,  
To the majestic cedar join’d; whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

<sup>1</sup> No collection of it, no inference from it.

<sup>2</sup> Who, i.e. you who.

*Cym.*

Well,

My peace we will begin:—and, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar, 460  
And to the Roman empire; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;  
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,  
Have laid most heavy hand.

*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do  
tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision  
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke  
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplish’d; for the Roman eagle,  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
Lessen’d herself, and in the beams o’ the sun  
So vanish’d; which foreshow’d our princely  
eagle, 473

Th’ imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.]

*Cym.*

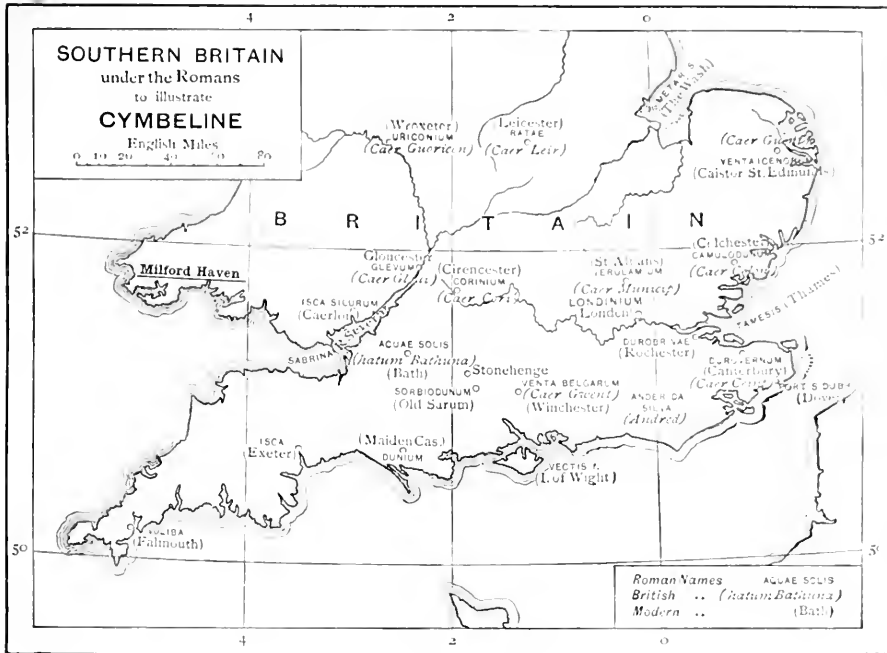
Laud we the gods;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their  
nostrils

From our blest altars. Publish we this peace  
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let  
A Roman and a British ensign wave 480  
Friendly together: so through Lud’s-town  
march:

And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we’ll ratify [; seal it with feasts.—  
Set on there]!—Never was a war did cease,  
Ere bloody hands were wash’d, with such a  
peace. [*Exeunt.*]





## NOTES TO CYMBELINE.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. Our knowledge of the history of Britain during the hundred years which elapsed between the departure of Julius Cæsar in 54 B.C. and the invasion of Aulus Plautius in 43 A.D. is of the scantiest description, and is chiefly derived from coins. It appears that for some years previous to the latter date the most powerful prince in Britain was CUNOBELINUS, or CYMBELINE, whose capital was Camulodunum (Colchester), but little or nothing is known of him, except that he had a son called Adimnius, who surrendered himself to Caligula in the year 40, and two others called Caratacus and Togodunnus, who were defeated by Plautius. Shakespeare drew his history, as usual, from Holinshed, but the invasion of the Romans under Cælius Lucius, as well as the whole story of Belarius and the young princes, is an addition of his own. The following is Holinshed's account of Cymbeline: "After the death of Cassibelane [Cassivelaunus], Theomantius or Tenantius the youngest sonne of Lud, was made King of Britaine. . . . Theomantius ruled the land in good quiet, and paid the tribute to the Romans which Cassibelane had granted, and finally departed this life after he had reigned 22 yeares, and was buried at London.

. . . . Kymbeline or Cimbeline the sonne of Theomantius was of the Britains made king after the deceasse of his father. . . . This man (as some write) was brought vp at Rome and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whome he served in the warres, and was in such fauour with him, that he was at libertie to pay his tribute or not. . . . Touching the continuance of the yeares of Kymbelines reigne, some writers doo varie, but the best approued affirme, that he reigned 35 yeares and then died, and was buried at London, leaving behind him two sonnes, Guiderius and Aruiragus. But here it is to be noted, that although our histories doo affirme, that as well this Kymbeline, as also his father Theomantius, lined in quiet with the Romans, and continually to them paid the tributes which the Britains had conuanted with Iulius Cæsar to pay, yet we find in the Romane writers, that after Iulius Cæsars death, when Augustus had taken vpon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to paie that tribute; wheret as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus (being otherwise occupied) was contented to winke, howbeit, through earnest calling vpon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the utmost of the British Kingdome: at length, to wit, in the tenth yeare after the death of Iulius Cæsar, which was about the

thirteenth year of the said Theomantius, Augustus made provision to passe with an armie ouer into Britaine, & was come forward upon his iourne into Gallia Celtica; or as we maie saie, into these hither parts of France. . . .

He was, however, called away by a rebellion of the Pannonians and Dalmatians (act iii. l. 73-75.) But whether this controversie which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, or some other prince of the Britains, I haue not to atouch: for that by our writers it is reported, that Kymbeline being brought vp in Rome, & knighted in the court of Augustus, euer shewed himselfe a friend to the Romans, & chieflie was loth to breake with them, because the youth of the Britaine nation should not be deprived of the benefit to be trained and brought vp among the Romans, whereby they might learne both to behaue themselves like ciuill men, and to attaine to the knowledge of feats of warre."

2. CLOTEN. Holinshed calls Mulmucius (act iii. l. 55) "the sonne of Cloten."

3. POSTHUMUS LEONATUS. Malone suggests that Shakespeare got the name of Leonatus from Sidney's Arcadia. It is there the name of the son of the blind king of Paphlagonia, whose story Shakespeare had already drawn upon in writing King Lear. Steevens notes that the name Leonato had been used in Much Ado, where, it may be added, the old stage-direction prefixed to act i. scene 1 couples it with that of Imogen; see Mr. Marshall's note *ad loc.* vol. iv. p. 224.

4. IMOGEN. The name occurs in Holinshed's account of Brutus and Lucrece. In the Tragedy of Lucrece (1595), act i. scene 1, Brutus addresses his son Camber as,

The glory of mine age,  
And darling of thy mother Imogen.

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

5. Lines 1-3:

*our bloods*  
*No more obey the heavens than our courtiers*  
*Still seem as does the king's.*

*Our bloods*, i.e. our dispositions, subject as they are to the weather ("to all the skye influences," Measure for Measure, iii. l. 9), are not more entirely ruled by it than our courtiers are ruled by the king's disposition, to which they are careful to accommodate their looks, and when he frowns they frown. That this is the meaning is clear from lines 13, 14:

Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks.

The late Dr. Ingleby (Shakespeare's Cymbeline: The Text Revised and Annotated by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D. London, 1886;—I wish at once to express my obligations to this scholarly edition, frequent references to which will be found in the course of these notes) quotes Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 22, 23:

If you will jest with me, know my aspect  
And fashion your demeanour to my looks.

And Steevens, Greene's Never Too Late (1590): "if the King smiled, every one in the 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."

Boswell was the first editor who explained this passage rightly; previous editors were misled by the punctuation of the Folio:

Our bloods no more obey the Heavens  
Then our Courtiers:  
Still seeme, as Jo's the Kings.

6. Lines 6, 7:

*hath REFERR'D herself*  
*Into a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;*

i.e. has put herself under his protection; has, in fact, wedded him. The expression is quite in accordance with the "picked" enigmatical style of the speaker, and there is no need to change it into *preferr'd*, as Ingleby does.

7. Lines 25-27:

*I do EXTEND him, sir, within himself;*  
*Crush him together, rather than unfold*  
*His measure duly.*

So far from exaggerating his merits, I rather understate them: the measure of his praises might be extended much further; or, as Johnson concisely puts it, "my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his merit." For *extend*, compare i. 4. 19-21: "the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce . . . are wonderfully to *extend* him."

8. Lines 30, 31: *Cassibelan* . . . *Tenantius*.—See note 1.

9. Line 31: *But had his titles by Tenantius*.—That is, though he had joined the party of the usurper [Cassibelan], he was forgiven and honoured by the rightful king (Rolfé).

10. Line 46: *And in's spring became a harvest*.—Ingleby compares Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 86-88 (with Theobald's emendation of *autumn* for *Anthony*):

For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 't was  
That grew the more by reaping.

11. Lines 48, 49:

*A sample to the youngest; to the more mature*  
*A glass that FEATED them.*

He was a perfect model to the younger, while even older people could not fail to gain some graces and accomplishments from him. *Feat* (to make neat, fashion) is not elsewhere used as a verb in Shakespeare, but we have it as an adjective in v. 5. 85-88:

never master had  
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent, . . .  
So *feat*, so nurse-like;

and Tempest, ii. 1. 272, 273:

And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much *feater* than before.

For the thought Steevens compares 11. Henry IV. ii. 3. 21, 22:

he was indeed the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

12. Line 58: *Mark it*.—The Cowden Clarkes remark: "Shakespeare's dramatic art uses this expedient, naturally introduced into the dialogue, to draw special attention to a circumstance that it is essential should be borne in mind, and which otherwise might escape notice in the course of the narration."

13. Line 63: *That a king's children should be so CON-  
VEX'D!*—So Two Gent. of Verona, iii. 1. 35-37, the duke  
fearing that his daughter will be stolen from him, lodges  
her in a tower,

The key whereof myself have ever kept;  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

The word was also used as a cant term for *steal*: Merry  
Wives, i. 3. 30-34:

*Nym.* The good humour is to steal at a minims rest.  
*Pist.* "Convey," the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase!

14. Line 70: Enter the *Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.*  
—The Folio begins *Scena Secunda* here, as do Capell,  
Malone, and others; Rowe was the first to continue  
scene 1 as in the text.

15. Lines 86-88:

*I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—  
Always reserv'd my holy duty—what  
His rage can do on me.*

I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it with-  
out breach of duty (Johnson).

16. Lines 104, 105:

*I never do him wrong,  
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends.*

He pays me for the wrongs I do him by some new kind-  
ness, in order to be friends with me again; although the  
injured party, he is the first to make advances towards a  
reconciliation. We have here our first hint of the weak-  
ness of Cymbeline's character.

17. Lines 116, 117:

*And SEAR UP my embracements from a next  
With BONDS OF DEATH!*

The *bonds of death* are the cere-cloths, or cements  
(Hamlet, i. 4. 48), in which the dead are swathed; but *cere-  
cloth* was also written *sear-cloth*, and *sear up* will there-  
fore be the same as *sew up* (which Steevens suggested  
and Grant White printed), *i.e.* close up. It is probable,  
however, that, as the Cowden Clarkes suggest, the other  
sense of *sear*=burn up, wither up, was also present to  
the writer's mind. Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 187,  
188:

*Ensear thy fertile and conceptions womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!*

18. Lines 117, 118:

*Remain, remain THOU here  
While sense can keep IT on!*

Pope altered *it to thee*, but the change of person is not  
very uncommon; compare iii. 3. 103-105:

*Euriphile,*  
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,  
And every day do honour to her grave;

and iv. 2. 216-218:

*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.*

19. Line 124: *When shall we see again!*—Dyce remarks  
that the very same words are addressed by Cressida to  
Troilus, Troilus and Cressida, iv. 3. 59. So Henry VIII.  
i. 1. 1, 2:

Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done  
Since last we saw in France?

20. Line 126: *If after this command thou FRAUGHT the  
court.*—Shakespeare generally uses *fraught* as a participle  
= laden, as we do exclusively at the present day; but we  
find *fraughted* in The Passionate Pilgrim, 269, 270:

*O cruel speeding,  
Fraughted with gall;*

and *fraughting* in The Tempest, i. 2. 13:

The *fraughting* souls within her.

21. Line 128: *And bless the good remainders of the court!*  
—There is a slight touch of irony here, which it may not  
be thought impertinent to point out. Posthumus prays  
for a blessing on the good people left at the court, when  
it was relieved of the burden of his unworthiness.

22. Lines 131-133:

*O disloyal thing,  
That shouldst repair my youth, thou keapest  
A year's age on me!*

Instead of making me young again, as a daughter would  
who was a comfort to her father, you make me feel a  
year older than I really am, in fact, you shorten my life.

23. Lines 145-147:

*he is  
A man worth any woman; overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.*

The price he has paid for me is himself; and he is worth  
so much more than I am,—worth, in fact, *any woman*,—  
that the overplus, beyond what he ought to have paid,  
nearly amounts to the whole sum paid. A very small  
portion of his worth would have been enough. Ingleby  
says: "Imogen adopts her husband's metaphor in lines  
[119, 120]:

*As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss,*

but in turning it against herself, increases the extrava-  
gance of the self-depreciation. She says, in effect, that  
in marrying her, Posthumus gets almost nothing in return  
for what he gives, his worth being so much greater than  
hers."

24. Line 167: *I would they were in Afric both together.*  
—"That is," as Rolfe remarks, "where no one would be  
at hand to part them." He well compares Coriolanus,  
iv. 2. 23-25:

*I would I my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.*

25. Lines 177, 178:

*I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least  
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.*

This is Capell's arrangement of the broken lines in the  
Folio; I is his insertion.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

26. "This scene is introduced," says Ingleby, "to show  
up Cloten in a character which—to judge of his subse-  
quent conduct—he hardly deserves, that of a conceited  
coward. The First Lord flatters him too grossly for human  
credulity, and the Second Lord, by "asides," lampoons  
him, for the benefit of the groundlings. The allusions  
are obscure and the quibbles poor. It would be a relief  
to know that Shakespeare was not responsible for either  
this scene, or the first in act ii."

27. Lines 1-5: *Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; . . . where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so WHOLESOME as that you vent.*—This seems to mean—the air that exhales from a man's person is again inhaled, and there is no air so wholesome as that which comes from you, therefore to keep up its purity change your shirt.

28. Lines 10-12: *his body's a passable crevasse, if he be not hurt; it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.*—The best comment is Ariel's defiance, cited by Ingleby, *Tei* st. iii. 3. 61-65:

the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowe that's in my plume.

Cloten, says the First Lord, had run Posthumus through and through so effectively that his body must be a throughfare for steel, if he be not hurt; it must be capable of being pierced, like water, without being wounded.

29. Lines 13, 14: *His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.*—Cloten paid off no scores with his steel, but kept out of harm's way, as a debtor might do to avoid arrest in a town (Ingleby).

30. Lines 32-34: *she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.*—The metaphor is from the sign of a house, almost all of which, says Steevens, formerly had a motto or some attempt at a witticism underneath them. Malone quotes i. 6. 15-17, where Iachimo says of Imogen,

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.

## ACT I. SCENE 3.

31. Lines 2-4: *if he should write,  
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,  
As offer'd mercy is.*

Capell explains this by reference to the pardon of a condemned criminal; but this is surely unnecessary. Ingleby well says, "Why strain the passage to mean more than it says? Imogen is simply declaring that Posthumus' letter would be to her as an offer of mercy, alleviating her present anxiety on his account; and if the letter be lost, the offer of mercy is lost also."

32. Lines 5-10: *for so long  
As he could make me with THIS eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others.*

The Folio has "his eye, or care;" which, in spite of Ingleby's attempt, it seems impossible to make decent sense of. Coleridge conjectured "with the eye," first printed by Keightley. *With this* is Warburton's conjecture, adopted by most editors; and *with this* may easily have passed into *with his* in the compositor's memory.

33. Lines 14-16: *Thou shouldst have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.*

Compare Lear, iv. 6. 13, 14 (quoted by Steevens):

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
Shew scarce so gross as beetles.

34. Lines 34, 35: *that parting kiss which I had set  
Betwixt two CHARMING words.*

The word *charming* had not yet been weakened to its modern sense, in which it is merely a synonym for *lovely* or *delightful*; it meant working with, or affecting with, a charm, and although in such a passage as Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 19,

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

we see it on its way to its modern use, it always has, as Schmidt remarks, some trace of its primary signification. Ingleby says, "The two *charming words* are certainly *not* what Warburton fixed upon—'Adieu, Posthumus'—nor any mere words of farewell. Hudson rightly explains them 'to be words which as by the power of enchantment, should guard his heart against the assaults of temptation' (Harvard ed.); and there is, not improbably, an allusion to some custom of Shakespeare's own day."

35. Lines 36, 37: *And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.*

Not the fair bud of their adieus only, but *all* their buds, the whole promis'd crop of their loves is *shaken* and beat to the ground by this "tyrannous breathing" (Capell).

## ACT I. SCENE 4.

36. Lines 4, 5: *but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration.*—Staunton and Ingleby have stumbled at these words, and the latter even calls them "very difficult." They are, however, perfectly simple to any one who reads the passage naturally: "without the help of admiration" is merely an ironical expression for "without admiration." Iachimo means that he did not in those days see anything in Posthumus which would have compelled him to call in the help of admiration in order to form a proper estimate of him.

37. Line 18: *And then his banishment.*—The Frenchman would have added, "has won him sympathy" (Ingleby).

38. Lines 19-21: *the APPROBATION of THOSE that weep this lamentable divorce . . . ARE wonderfully to extend him.*—An instance of what Abbott (Shaks. Gram. § 412) calls the "confusion of proximity," the verb *are* agreeing with *those* rather than its proper subject *approbation*. So Julius Caesar, v. 1. 33:

The posture of your blows are yet unknown.

39. Lines 21-24: *be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.*—This is one of those passages of which the meaning is clear enough, but which defy the rules of logical construction. Compare Coriolanus, i. 4. 13-15:

Mar. Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?  
First Son. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little.

There, as well as in the passage before us, we should have expected *more* instead of *less*, but several other instances will be found in Schmidt (Shaks. Lex. 1420) of "this colour-

able variation of the double negative" as Ingleby well terms it. Thus, Merchant of Venice, iv. i. 161-163, "let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation;" and Macbeth, iii. G. 8-19:

Who cannot want the thought, how commonous  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father?

"Such irregularities," adds Schmidt, "may be easily accounted for. The idea of negation was so strong in the poet's mind that he expressed it in more than one place, unmindful of his canon that 'your four negatives make your two affirmatives' [Twelfth Night, v. 1. 24, 25]. Had he taken the pains of revising and preparing his plays for the press, he would perhaps have corrected all the quoted passages. But he did not write them to be read and dwelt on by the eye, but to be heard by a sympathetic audience. And much that would blemish the language of a logician, may well become a dramatic poet or an orator."

40. Lines 29: *gentlemen of your KNOWING*.—Gentlemen of your experience in society; so ii. 3. 102, 103:

one of your great *knowing*  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

41. Lines 39, 40: *which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still*.—Malone quotes All's Well, iii. 7. 16, 17:

Which I will over-pay and pay again,  
When I have found it;

and Sonnet xxx. 12:

Which I new pay as if not paid before.

42. Lines 47, 48: *TO GO EVEN WITH what I heard*.—For *to go even with*, i. e. accord, agree with, compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 246:

Were you a woman, as the rest *goes even*.

Posthumus means, that so far from acquiescing in the opinions of others, he rather set himself to oppose them, and was therefore easily drawn into a quarrel,—one, however, which even yet, on maturer consideration, he does not consider so trivial as his friend appears to.

43. Line 50: *if I offend NOT to say it is mended*.—So Rowe. F. 1 omits *not*.

44. Lines 64, 65: *wise, chaste, CONSTANT, QUALIFIED*.—For *qualified* (=endowed with qualities) Ingleby quotes The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 5. 66, 67, speaking of Bianca:

Beside, so *qualified* as may besheim  
The spouse of any noble gentleman;

and Davenant, Unfortunate Lovers, i. 1:

But why, Rampino, since this lady is  
So rarely *qualified*.

And what Iachimo afterwards calls Imogen (v. 5. 166, 167):

A shop of all the *qualities* that man  
Loves woman for;

Capell removed the comma between *constant* and *qualified*, and in his notes (vol. i. p. 104) he hyphens the words *constant-qualified*, a reading which has been adopted by most modern editors, but to the detriment of the passage.

45. Lines 73, 74: *I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her FRIEND*.—Even supposing I profess myself merely her worshipper, and not her lover; "one who looks up to her," says Ingleby (who would read *profess'd*), "as to a superior being, with the

worship of a votary, rather than with the jealous affection of a lover. He means, in fact, to assert for her a real objective excellence, apart from her private relation to him." The word *friend* was used in a special sense to mean lover, paramour, sweetheart.

46. Lines 75-77: *As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for anybody in BRITAIN*.—"As fair and as good," i. e. as any lady in Italy; the assertion is nominative to "had been something," &c.; "hand-in-hand comparison" = a comparison where the two things compared go hand in hand, or keep pace. Iachimo denies that any lady in Britain could be as fair and as good as any of his countrywomen (Ingleby). *Britania* is Johnson's correction for *Britania* of the Folio.

47. Lines 77-82: *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I COULD NOT BUT BELIEVE she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady*.—The Folio has *I could not believe*; Warburton omitted *not*, and read *I could believe*; Malone inserted the *but* before *believe*, and has been followed by Dyce and most modern editors; for it seems impossible to extract satisfactory sense without some change. Malone paraphrases his reading of the passage as follows: "If she surpassed other women that I have seen in the same proportion that your diamond out-lustres *many* diamonds that I have beheld, I could not but acknowledge that she excelled *many* women; but I have not seen the *most* valuable diamond in the world, nor you the most beautiful woman; and therefore *I cannot admit she excels all*."

48. Lines 90, 91: *if there were wealth enough for the purchase*.—So Rowe. F. 1 has "or if there were wealth enough for the purchases."

49. Lines 104, 105: *to CONVINCe the honour of my mistress*.—For this use of *convince* (=overcome) compare Macbeth, i. 7. 63, 64:

his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so *convince*;

50. Line 122: *herein too*.—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have *herein to*.

51. Lines 131, 135: *the APPROBATION of what I have spoke*.—For this use of *approbation* (=proof) compare Henry V. i. 2. 18-20:

For God doth know how many now in heath  
Shall drop their blood in *approbation*  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to;

52. Line 146: *You are AFRAID, and therein the wiser*.—*Afraid* was first printed by Theobald on the suggestion of Warburton, and has been adopted by most editors. The Folio has a *Friend*, but the attempts which have been made to explain the passage without alteration are unsatisfactory. Ingleby conjectured *her friend* " = her lover, and therefore know her well, and how much you can wager on her honour." The conjecture *afraid*, which gives much the same sense, has the advantage of being the less violent change of the two.

53. Line 160: *If I bring you no sufficient testimony, &c*.—The Cowden Clarkes well observe, "This is in accordance

with Iachimo's designing manner. He affects to state the terms of the wager on both sides; but he, in fact, proposes them so that they shall suggest, either way, Posthumus's winning."

54. Lines 166, 167: *provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.*—Provided I am furnished with such an introduction from you as will ensure me a more hospitable reception than I should otherwise be entitled to expect.

55. Lines 179, 180: *lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.*—Lest it should fall through, if we did not strike while the iron is hot; we will therefore lose no time in acting upon it.

## ACT I. SCENE 5.

56. Lines 17, 18:

*That I did amplify my judgment in  
Other CONCLUSIONS.*

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 357-359:

her physician tells me  
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.

57. Lines 56, 57:

*And every day that comes comes to decay  
A day's work in him.*

I suppose this to mean, every day that comes now to him only serves to destroy the work a past day had done for him in giving him health and prosperity; in other words, he is now daily going downhill as fast as he formerly went uphill.

58. Line 65: *Think what a CHANCE thou CHANGEST on.*—Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service (Steevens). Rowe printed, "what a chance thou chancest on;" and Theobald, "what a change thou chancest on."

59. Line 89: *Of LEIGERS for her sweet.*—Spelt in the Folio *Leidgerk*. In the only other place in which the word is used by Shakespeare it is spelt *leiger*; Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 57-59:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting *leiger*.

*Leiger* is connected with the verb to *lie*, and a *leiger* ambassador was one who lay or remained some time at a foreign court. Compare the word *ledger*, a book that *lies* always ready. Ingleby rightly explains, "shall deprive her of Pisanio, the only resident at court who safeguards the interests of her absent husband."

## ACT I. SCENE 6.

60. Lines 1-9: *A father cruel, &c.*—Ingleby thinks these lines are either rough notes for a speech, or the remains of a speech cut down for representation. "The abrupt transition," he remarks, "to the splendour of Iachimo's speeches is exceedingly striking," and he finds the same peculiarity in several other speeches in the play—a mark of unfinished work which he thinks may help to explain the play's position at the end of the Folio; the editors having admitted it as an afterthought. The reader must judge for himself; but in the present case at any rate the

lines as they stand seem to me quite appropriate to the meditative mood of Imogen before she is interrupted by the arrival of a stranger.

## ACT I. SCENE 6.

61. Lines 4, 5:

*My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated  
Vexations of it!*

"My supreme crown of grief"=the greatest and crowning sorrow of that grief, whose lesser tributaries are the three just specified: cruelty, falsity, and folly="those repeated vexations of it" (Ingleby).

62. Lines 6-9:

*but most miserable  
Is the DESIRE that's GLORIOUS: bless'd be those,  
How mean a soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort.*

The heart which is capable of the most exalted desires is susceptible of the keenest grief at disappointment; far happier are those worthy souls, however mean their station, whose ambition is limited, and who in the realization of their wishes find that satisfaction which gives a happy life its zest,—"*which seasons comfort.*" F. 1 has *desires*; F. 2 *desire*. For *glorious*=desirous of glory, compare Pericles, Prologue, 9:

The purchase [gain] is to make men *glorious*.

63. Line 17: *She is alone th' ARABIAN BIRD*;—the Phoenix. So Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 12:

O Antony! O thou *Arabian bird!*

64. Lines 22-25: "*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.* REFLECT UPON him accordingly, as you value your TRUST—LEONATUS."—Imogen apparently reads only an extract from the letter—probably the very second sentence, says Malone—and the signature: for *trust* (that which she has accepted by her marriage-bond), Ingleby refers to lines 156-159 below:

O happy Leonatus! I may say:  
The credit that thy lady hath of thee  
Deserves thy *trust*; and thy most perfect goodness  
Her assur'd credit.

Monck Mason, assuming it to be the conclusion of the letter which is read, proposed *your truest* Leonatus, which was adopted by Steevens, Dyce, and others. *Reflect upon*, properly meaning shine upon, is here nearly=look upon. The word is not used by Shakespeare in its modern sense of cogitate.

65. Line 28: *and TAKES it thankfully.*—So Pope. The Folios have *take*.

66. Lines 32-36:

*Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich rop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above, and the TWIN'D STONES  
Upon the number'd beach!*

Some of the eighteenth-century commentators have bogged strangely over this passage; even Johnson could make nothing of *twin'd stones*, afterwards correctly explained by Capell and Steevens. Ingleby's note is a good one: "Those 'spectacles so precious,' says the Italian, can do

two very different things: can see the whole hemisphere of the heavens above and the vast compass of the sea and land beneath; and also can distinguish between any two objects, either in the heavens (as stars), or on the shore (as stones) which are to the casual observer so much alike that they might be taken for twins." On the class of adjectives to which *number'd*, = rich in numbers, belongs, see Schmidt, p 1417. Theobald printed *unnumber'd*, which Dr. Brinsley Nicholson prefers as harmonizing with the references to the innumerable sands of the sea in Scripture, and particularly with Jeremiah xxxiii. 22, where Iachimo's similes occur exactly: "As the host of heaven cannot be numbered, neither the sand of the sea measured."

67. Line 37: SPECTACLES *so precious*.—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 110-113:

And even with this I lost fair England's view,  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,  
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

68. Lines 44-46:

*Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allur'd to feed.*

Desire, however sharp set, would not be allured to feed on sluttery when presented as a rival to such neat excellence, it would rather be seized with a fit of nausea, and vomit without having fed. This is substantially Johnson's explanation; he adds characteristically in a subsequent note that *to vomit emptiness* is "to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude." Malone remarks that no one who has ever been sick at sea can be at a loss to understand the expression.

69. Line 47: *What is the matter, TROW?*—To *trow*, formed from *true*, is to believe, suppose. Schmidt says, *I trow, or trow alone*, "is added to questions, expressive of contemptuous or indignant surprise (nearly = I wonder)."

70. Lines 50, 51:

*What, dear sir,  
Thus RAPS you?*

The verb to *rap* = to snatch, carry away,—a word of Scandinavian origin, and distinct from *rap* = to knock,—is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare, except in the participle, which was popularly connected with the Latin *raptus*, and always spelt *rapt*; so Macbeth, i. 3. 142: "Look, how our partner's *rapt*."

71. Lines 53, 54:

*he  
Is strange and PEEVISH.*

"He is a foreigner and easily fretted," says Johnson; but *peevish* in Shakespeare's time usually meant childish, silly, and it is in this sense that he generally uses it; Steevens quotes Lilly's *Endymion* (1591): "Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress." It may, however, mean here "childishly wayward, capricious," as in Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 83-86:

Why should a man . . . .  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish?

72. Line 79: *In himself, 't is much*.—If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable (Malone) Capell has a note to the same effect.

73. Lines 98, 99:

*discover to me  
What both you SPUR and STOP.*

Compare Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 155-157:

*now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall stop or spur me.*

74. Line 104: *FIXING it only here*.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *Fiering*.

75. Line 105: *SLAVER WITH lips as common as the stairs*—*Slaver*, to be smeared with spittle (i.e. to bear the traces of disgusting kisses); "with lips" = *by lips* (Schmidt).

76. Lines 106-108:

*join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as  
With labour.*

Hourly falsehood and inconstancy has made these hands incapable of the pressure of true affection, has in fact made them as hard as those of the honest labourer are made by his work: the metaphor is a very forcible one.

77. Lines 108-110:

*then BY-PEEPING in an eye  
Base and ILLUSTRIOUS as the smoky light  
That's fed with stinking tallow.*

The Folio has *by peeping*; the hyphen was inserted by Knight. Ingley explains the expression as "—peeping, apart from or between the more serious occupations of his debauch," and compares Webster, Cure for a Cuckold, iii. 2. (end):

*Some win by play, and others by by-pegging.*

So in I Henry IV. iii. 3. 84 we have *by-drinkings*, i.e. drinkings between meals. Rolfe less probably interprets, "giving sidelong glances." Rowe printed, "then glad my self *by peeping*" without the shadow of authority Johnson conjectured, *by peeping*.

After much hesitation I have thought it better to retain the Folio reading *illustrious*, in the sense of "wanting lustre." Schmidt compares such forms as *facinerious* (All's Well, ii. 3. 35), *robustious* (Hamlet, iii. 2. 10), and *dexteriously* (Twelfth Night, i. 5. 66) Steevens quotes *lack-lustre eye* from As You Like It, ii. 7. 21. Rowe printed *unlustrious*, followed by most editors; Ingley, *ill-lustrious*.

78. Lines 113-115:

*Not I,  
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce  
The beggary of his change*

I do not bring this news, because I felt any pleasure in being the bearer of it.

79. Line 122: *that self EXHIBITION*—Only used by Shakespeare in this sense, "allowance, pension;" so Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3. 65, 66:

*What maintenance he from his friends receives  
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.*





97. Line 18: *How dearly they do't!*—*Do't* is a common expression of the day, and may mean anything; *i. e.* do what they are doing, which in this case is *kiss each other*, as closed lips always do (Ingleby)

98. Lines 22, 23:

*Under these WINDOWS, white and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own tint.*

Shakespeare several times applies the term *windows* to eyelids; thus, Venus and Adonis, 482:

*Her two blue windows faintly she up-beaveth.*

For the colour Steevens aptly quotes Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 120, 121:

violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

Imogen's pale blue eyelids are laced with veins of darker blue.

99. Lines 48, 49:

*Swift, swift, you DRAGONS OF THE NIGHT, that dawning  
May BARE THE RAVEN'S EYE!*

F. 1 has *beare*; *bare* was first conjectured by Theobald, as an improvement on Pope's *ope*. Theobald, however, retained *bear* in his text, and defends it as follows: "For the Dawn to *bear* the Raven's Eye, is, as Mr. Warburton ingeniously observ'd to me, a very grand and poetical Expression. It is a Metaphor borrow'd from *Heraldry*; as, again, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*,"

*So that if he have Wit enough to keep himself sworn, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his Horse.*

That the Dawn should *bear* the Raven's Eye, means, that it should rise and shew That Colour. Now the Raven's Eye is remarkably *grey*: and *grey-eyed*, 'tis known, is the Epithet universally join'd to the Morning" (ed. 1733, vol. vi. p. 371). Hammer printed *bare* its raven-eye; Steevens, *bare* the raven's eye, as in the text. But why the raven's eye? Heath replies that the raven is a very early bird; this I believe is correct, but the raven is now a *rara avis* in England, and its habits are not so familiar as they must have been in Shakespeare's time. For *dragons of the night* see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 205.

100. Line 51: *One, two three,—Time, time!*—Malone complains of the inconsistency of the notes of time in this scene: "Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her it was *almost midnight*. Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes." But as Mr. P. A. Daniel observes: "Stage time is not measured by the glass, and to an expectant audience the awful pause between the falling asleep of Imogen and the stealthy opening of trunk from which Iachimo issues would be noted and mark of time enough" (New Shakspere Society's Transactions, 1877-79, p. 212, note). *Time, time!* as Ingleby remarks, means that "four" has struck, the hour at which Helen was to call her mistress.

#### ACT II. SCENE 3.

101. Lines 13, 14: *they say it will PENETRATE*.—It may be noticed that this word, and its congeners *penetrable* and *penetrative*, are always used figuratively in Shakespeare, *i. e.* with reference to the feelings.

102. Line 21: *Hark, hark! the LARK at HEAVEN'S GATE sings*.—Steevens quotes Sonnet XXIX. 11, 12:

*Take to the lark at break of day arising*

*From slumber earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;*

and Reed, Lilly, Alexander, Campaspe, and Diogenes (printed 1584):

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.

103. Lines 23, 24:

*His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that LIES*

It is hardly necessary to explain that this refers to the sun's drinking up the early dew on the flowers. *Lies* for *lie* may be an instance of the singular verb following a relative, although the antecedent is in the plural; see Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 247; but compare § 333, where the theory of a third person plural in *-s* is advocated, "which may well have arisen from the northern E.E. third person plural in *-s*." Whatever the truth may be, there is no doubt that this apparent solecism is very common in the Folio; thus in iii. 3. 27-29 we find:

we poore vuffle k'g'd

Haue neuer wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor *knucses* not

What Ayre's from home;

and in iv. 2. 25:

Th' emperious Seas breeds Monsters.

Steevens quotes Venus and Adonis, 1127, 1128:

She lifts the cover-lids that close his eyes,

Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness *lies*.

here, as in the text, *lies* is required by the rhyme.

104. Lines 25, 26:

*And winking MARY-BUDS begin  
To ope their golden eyes*

Mr. Ellacombe (Plant-Lore and Garden-craft of Shakespeare, p. 120) identifies the *Mary-bud* with the garden marigold (*Calendula officinalis*): "The two properties of the Marigold—that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting—made it a very favourite flower with the poets and emblem writers."

105. Line 27: *With every thing that pretty is*.—Hamnet unnecessarily altered *is* to *bin* for the sake of a rhyme.

106. Lines 32, 33: *if it do not, it is a VICE in her ears*.—So Rowe; the Folio has *voice*. Ingleby notes that the same misprint occurs in Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 81, where F. 1 has:

There is no *vice* so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of vertue on his outward parts

107. Line 34: *calves-guts*.—Altered by many editors to *cat's-guts* or *cat-guts*; but see A. Smythe Palmer, Folk-Etymology, p. 54: "CATGUT, the technical name for the material of which the strings of the guitar, harp, &c. are made. It is really manufactured from *sheep-gut* (*vide* Chappell's History of Music, vol. i. p. 26)!"

108. Line 35: *amend*.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *amed*.

109. Line 44: *I have assail'd her with MUSICS*.—Altered

by most editors to *music*; but compare All's Well, iii. 7. 39, 49:

Every night he comes  
With *music* of all sorts.

110. Line 52: *To orderly SOLICITS*.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *solicity*. Sidney Walker quotes Shirley, Arcadia, v. ii. (Gifford and Dyce, vol. vi. p. 245):

tir'd with his *solicits*  
I had no time to perfect my desires  
With his fair daughter.

111. Line 64: *his goodness forespent on us*; i.e. his kindness having been previously bestowed on us.

112. Lines 73-75:

*yea, and makes*  
*Diana's rangers FALSE themselves, yield up*  
*Their deer to the STAND o' THE STEALER.*

Editors have followed Steevens' suggestion that *false* is a verb here; see Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 95, and Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 1s2, with Mr. Marshall's notes; but it may very well be an adjective as usual: Diana's nymphs are false, if they are untrue to their mistress and her principles. The *stand o' the stealer* is the position the poacher takes up to shoot the deer as they pass.

113. Lines 102, 103:

*one of your great knowing*  
*Should learn, being taught, forbearance.*

A man of your experience should have the sense to learn forbearance when he is taught it.

114. Line 106:

Imo. *Fools CURE not mad folks.*  
Clo. *Do you call me fool!*

The Folio has "*Fooles are not mad Folkes.*" Theobald, to whom the correction is due, remarks, "But does she really call him Fool? The soundest Logician would be puzzled to find it out, as the [Folio] Text stands. The reasoning is perplex'd in a slight Corruption; and we must restore, as Mr. Warburton likewise saw, *Fools cure not mad folks.*"

115. Lines 119, 111:

*You put me to forget a lady's manners,*  
*By being so verbal.*

You make me so far forget a lady's manners as to speak out in plain words what is generally left to be understood by implication.

116. Lines 114, 115:

*And me so near the lack of charity,—*  
*To accuse myself,—I hate you.*

Imogen is accusing herself in telling Cloten that she is so uncharitable as to hate him (Ingleby).

117. Line 126: *and must not FOIL*.—The Folio has *foyle* with the point inverted; Ingleby thinks that this may be an error for *'fyle* or *'file*=defile. But *foil* in the sense of *defeat* is common, and this may be a figurative use: compare Pass. Pilgrim, 99:

She framed the love, and yet she *foil'd* the framing;

and in Othello, i. 3. 279, where the Folio has *seel* the Quartos have *foyles*. Hamner, followed by most, if not all, subsequent editors, printed *soil*. So in Antony and Cleo-

patra, i. 4. 24 the *foyles* (=blemishes) of the Folio has been changed into *soils*.

118. Lines 130, 131:

*Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more*  
*But what thou art besides;*

i.e. and at the same time no better man than you are at present.

119. Lines 133-135:

*if 't were made*  
*Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd*  
*The under-hangman of his kingdom.*

If the post of under-hangman was considered an adequate recognition of your virtues in comparison with his.

120. Lines 138-141:

*His meanest garment,*  
*That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer*  
*In my respect than all the hairs above thee,*  
*Were they all made such men.*

That seems to mean, that she respects her husband's meanest garment more than the lives of a thousand Clotens (Ingleby).

121. Line 142: "*His GARMENT!*"—So F. 2; F. 1 has *Garments*.

122. Line 146: *too casually*.—"By an accident," says Schmidt, "to which it ought not to have been exposed, and which is a reproach to me."

123. Line 149: *Of any KING'S*.—So Rowe, ed. 2; F. 1 has *Kings*.

124. Lines 153, 159:

*She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,*  
*But the worst of me.*

That is, as Ingleby explains, how deeply I detest the thought of my union with you.

## ACT II. SCENE 4.

125. Line 6: *in these FEAR'D HOPES*.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *hope*. For the use of the adjective compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 97, 98:

Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore  
To a most dangerous sea;

i.e. full of guile; and Schmidt, Shaks. Lex. p. 1417. Dyce, following a conjecture of Tyrwhitt's in his copy of the second Folio now in the British Museum, printed "*these sear'd hopes*;" and so the Globe. Knight made the same alteration.

126. Line 18: *The LEGIONS now in Gallia*.—Theobald's correction of the *Legion* of the Folio.

127. Lines 23, 24:

*their discipline*  
*Now MIXLED with their courages.*

So F. 2; F. 1 has "*wing-led* with."

128. Line 37: *PHI*.—So Capell. The Folio gives this speech to *Posthumus*.

129. Lines 41, 42:

*If I HAVE lost it,*  
*I should have lost the worth of it in gold.*

To make the sentence regular Dyce printed "If I had lost it," but see Abbott, §371: "The consequent does not always answer to the antecedent in mood or tense." Iachimo means *If I HAVE lost it* (as you seem to be so certain I have).

## 130. Lines 58-61:

*if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honours gains or loses  
Your sword or mine, or masterless LEAVES both  
To who shall find them.*

This is another of those passages which defy logical analysis, although the general sense is clear enough. Posthumus of course means that in the duel à l'outrance, by which Iachimo's foul opinion of his lady must be expiated, one of them will be killed or both; one of them in fact will gain the sword of the other, or leave both swords on the field, for the first comer to pick up. *Leaves* is Rowe's correction for *leave* of F. 1.

## 131. Lines 82, 83:

*never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves;*

*i. e.* to speak, and tell us who they were. Compare Timon of Athens, i. 1. 30-34, where a portrait is thus commended:

Admirable! how this grace  
*Speaks his own standing!* . . . to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.

## 132. Lines 83-85:

*the cutter  
Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.*

The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb; he gave everything that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech* (Johnson).

## 133. Lines 107, 108:

*It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't.*

See II. Henry VI. note 185. For the *basilisk* or cockatrice the reader may perhaps be gratified by the following quotation from Chambers's Encyclopedia (ed. 1888, vol. i. p. 775), where an engraving of the creature may be seen. "The fabulous *BASILISK* . . . was by ancient and mediæval authors believed to be hatched by a serpent from an egg laid by a cock. It inhabited the deserts of Africa, and, indeed, could inhabit only a desert, for its breath burned up all vegetation; the flesh fell from the bones of any animal with which it came in contact, and its very look was fatal to life; but brave men could venture into cautious contest with it by the use of a mirror, which reflected back its deadly glance upon itself. Trevisa calls it the 'king of serpents that with smile and sight slayeth beasts.' It is described as about a foot long, with a black and yellow skin, and fiery red eyes; and its blood was supposed to be of great value to magicians. The weasel alone could contend with it, curing and reinvigorating itself during the combat by eating rue."

134. Line 116: *Who knows if one of her women.*—So F. 2; F. 1 omits *of*.

135. Line 135: *Worthy the pressing.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has

"her pressing," which Capell defends as "a very delicate compliment."

## ACT II. SCENE 5.

136. Line 13: *As clust' as unsum'd snow.*—New-fallen snow has a purity of whiteness which it soon loses after exposure to the sun's rays (Ingleby).

137. Line 16: *Like a full-vein'd bear, a GERMAN one.*—*German* in F. 1 and F. 2 is spelt *Jermen*; in F. 3 and F. 4 *Jarmen*. The forests of Germany were, and in some parts still are, famous for their wild boars.

138. Line 25: *change of PRIDES.*—For *pride*, in the sense of extravagance, compare Lucrece, 862-864:

So then he hath it [gold] when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;  
Who in their *pride* do presently abuse it.

Sumptuous dresses, to which Ingleby thinks the *prides* refer, would of course be included in their extravagances.

139. Line 27: *All faults that may be nam'd.*—This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has "All Faults that name." Dyce conjectured (but did not print in his text) "All faults that have a name;" and Sidney Walker, "All fault- that *man* can (or *may*) name."

140. Line 32: *I'll WRITE against them.*—I will take up my testimony against them, protest against them (*not*, write a treatise against them!); in this sense *write*—subscribe, as in Merry Wives, i. 1. 9: "who *writes* himself arrigero." Compare Much Ado, iv. 1. 57:

Out on thy seeming! I will *write* against it.

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

141. Line 5: *Cassibelan, thine UNCLE.*—Cassibelan was the youngest brother of Lud, the grandfather of Cymbeline, and was therefore Cymbeline's *great uncle*. See note on Dramatis Personæ.

## 142. Lines 6, 7:

*Famous in Cesar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it.*

Not at all less famous in the praises Cesar bestowed on him than his exploits deserved.

143. Line 14: *For wearing our own noses.*—Ingleby thinks the allusion is to contrast between the British and Roman noses, the snub and the crook,—a subject to which Cloten returns (line 37): "other of them may have *crook'd* noses."

144. Line 18: *The natural BEAVERy of your isle.*—According to Schmidt *beaverly* here means "state of defiance," as in Othello, i. 1. 100, 101:

Upon malicious *beaverly*, dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

If this is not the meaning, it must be equivalent to "splendour," "strength," as in Sonnet XXXIV the sun is spoken of as hiding his *beaverly* in smoke.

145. Line 20: *With rocks unscalable.*—So Hammer; F. 1 has *Oakes*.

146. Line 27: *Poor ignorant haubles!*—*Unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas (Johnson).

147. Lines 30, 31:

*The faint Cassibellan, who was once at point—  
to master Cæsar's sword.*

Malone points out that Shakespeare has here transferred to Cassibellan an incident which Holinshed relates of his brother Nenius (Historie of England, book iii. chap. xiii.): "The same [British] historie also maketh mention of one Belinus that was generall of Cassibellanes armie, and likewise of Nenius brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him."

148. Line 32: *Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright.*—Holinshed (iii. xvi.) says that "after his [Cæsar's] comming a land, he was vanquished in battell, and constrained to flee into Gallia with those ships that remained. For joy of this second victorie (saith Galfrid) Cassibellane made a great feast at London, and there did sacrifice to the gods."

149. Lines 53, 54:

*a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be  
Clo. AND LORDS. We do.  
Cym. Say then to Cæsar.*

Thus the Globe editors. Dyce omits *and Lords*, following Collier's MS. The Folio assigns the whole to Cymbeline, and has:

*Our selves to be, we do. Say then to Cæsar.*

Ingleby prints, "be. We do! say."

150. Lines 60, 61:

*Who was the first of Britaine which did put  
His brows within a golden crown,*

The title of the 1st chapter of book iii. of Holinshed's England is: "Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britaine who was crowned with a golden crowne, his lawes, his foundations, with other his acts and deeds." Holinshed in this chapter says of Mulmucius: "He also made manie good lawes, which were long after used, called Mulmucius lawes. . . . After he had established his land, and set his Britains in good and convenient order, he ordeined him by the advise of his lords a crowne of golde, and caused himselfe with greate solemnitie to be crowned, according to the custom of the pagan lawes then in use: and because he was the first that bare a crowne here in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britaine, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."

151. Lines 72, 73:

*Which he to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep AT UTTERANCE.*

Which honour, he seeking to get from me again, it perforce becomes me to keep *à outrance*, at the extremest point of defiance, *i.e.* ready to defend to the uttermost. Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 71, 72:

*Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to th' utterance!*

This is certainly the most natural explanation. Ingleby, however, who says the phrase admits of no doubt, explains *at utterance* as = ready to be put out, or staked, like money

at interest, and, therefore, ready to be championed and fought for; *utterance* being a word used to express the putting out of money to interest.

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

152. Line 2: *What monster's her* ACCUSER?—This is Capell's correction, although, as usual, the later eighteenth-century editors did not give him the credit of it. The Folios have, "What Monsters her *accuse*."

153. Line 5: *As poisonous-tongu'd as handed.*—Whose speech is as ready to slander as his hands to administer poison (Ingleby). Hunter (New Illustrations, ii. 293) remarks that a great opinion prevailed in England in Elizabeth's time of the skill possessed by the Italians in the art of poisoning.

154. Lines 7-9:

*and UNDERGOES,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would TAKE IN some virtue.*

Ingleby illustrates *undergo* in this sense from John Davies of Hereford, Witte's Pilgrimage, No. 17 (Grosart, ii. p. 24):

*And then though Atlas on him Heav'n impose,  
He that huge Burden, staidly undergoes.*

To *take in*, it may be necessary to remind the modern reader, had not yet arrived at our familiar colloquial sense, but means to conquer, subdue, as towns or kingdoms; for instance, Coriolanus, i. 2. 24: "To *take in* many towns;" we have it again in iv. 2. 120, 121, below:

*Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore  
With his own single hand he'd take us in.*

155. Lines 10, 11:

*Thy mind to her is now as low as were  
Thy fortunes.*

As compared to her, thy mind is now as low as thy fortunes were in comparison with her rank.

156. Line 17: [Reading] "Do't: the letter, &c.—We have here in verse the substance of what is given afterwards in prose (iii. 4. 21-33), when the letter is read at length. Malone remarks that this is one of the proofs that Shakespeare did not contemplate the publication of his plays, for an inaccuracy which might easily escape the spectator could hardly fail to be noticed by an attentive reader.

157. Lines 20, 21:

*Senseless bauble,  
Art thou a FEDARY for this act.*

A *fedary* is a confederate, accomplice, from the Latin *foedus*; it occurs again in a difficult passage of Measure for Measure, see that play, note 105; and in The Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 89, 90, we have the variant *fedary*:

*More, she's a traitor and Camillo is  
A fedary with her.*

158. Line 23: *I'm ignorant in what I am commanded*—I must appear as if these instructions had not been sent to me (Hunter).

159. Lines 35-39:

*blest'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 clasp young Cupid's tables.*

The bees are not blessed by the man who, forfeiting a bond, is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters (Steevens). The bees are said to cast forfeiters into prison, because the wax seal was an essential part of the bond forfeited or broken.

160. Lines 40-43: *Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, AS you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*—I take this to mean,—your father could not do me so much harm by his cruelty, as you would do me good by a sight of you. Capell inserted *not* after *would* "to make the sentence grammatical;" Malone, who agreed with Capell, interpreted, "but that you, O dearest of creatures, would be able to renovate my spirits by giving me the happiness of seeing you;" Knight changed "as you" to "as you;" the Folio has a colon at *you*; and Ingleby explains, "Justice and your father's wrath, &c., are not capable of as much cruelty to me as yourself, for you can refuse to meet me," and suggests that the relative *who* should be understood immediately before *would*.

161. Lines 64-66:

*and for the gap*

*That we shall make in time, FROM our hence-going  
AND our return;*

*i.e.* from our hence-going to our return; the one preposition *from* has to serve for both objects, though in sense it belongs only to the first. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 240, 241:

He cannot temperately transport his horrors  
From where he should begin and end;

*i.e.* from where he should begin to where he should end.

162. Line 69: *How many SCORE of miles may we well RIDE.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has "How many *store* of Miles may we well *rid*."

163. Lines 80, 81:

*I see before me, man: nor here, NOR here,  
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them.*

I see the course that lies before me: no other whether here or there, nor what may follow, but is doubtful or obscure (Rolfe) For "nor here, *nor* here," F. 1 has "nor here, *not* here;" corrected in F. 2.

### ACT III. SCENE 3.

164. Line 2: *STOOP, boys.*—Hammer's certain conjecture. F. 1 has "Sleepe Boyes."

165. Lines 5, 6:

*that giants may JET through  
And keep their impious turbans on.*

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 (Johnson). For *jet*, see Twelfth Night, note 136.

166. Lines 16, 17:

*This service is not serv'ice, so being done,  
But being so allow'd.*

The doer of any particular service does not gain credit because he acted from good motives, but because he has happened to win the approval of the great.

167. Line 20: *The sharded beetle.*—The elytra or wing cases of the beetle were termed *shards*; thus, Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 20:

They are his *shards*, and he their *beetle*.

168. Line 22: *attending for a check.*—Doing service only to get a rebuke for it (Rolfe).

169. Line 23: *Richer than doing nothing for a BABE.*—All the emendations proposed being more or less unsatisfactory, I have retained the reading of the Folio, although it cannot be said that the sense is satisfactory: "doing nothing for a *babe*" perhaps means, dangle about in attendance on a youthful prince, and Belarius says that he is more truly rich than if such were his occupation. Steevens suggested that the words referred to the custom of wardship; since court favourites were often intrusted with the guardianship of wealthy infants, and while they administered the estates of the orphans they often did nothing for their education; but this is a very forced interpretation. Capell says *babe*=bauble, *i.e.* a title "the too frequent reward of worthless services;" and Malone, a puppet or plaything, to gain which the courtier wastes his time. As to the extension of the meaning of *babe*, it should be remembered that in legal phraseology an *infant* is any person under the age of twenty-one. Rowe altered *babe* to *bauble*, and he is followed by the Cambridge editors; Hammer, followed by Knight, Dyce, and others, printed *bribe*, which is explained to mean "such a life of activity is richer than that of the bribed courtier, even though he pocket his bribe without rendering any return." This again is rather elaborate.

170. Lines 25, 26:

*Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncrass'd.*

Such fellows are saluted by their tailor, although they have not paid him, and he has therefore not crossed their debt out of his ledger. "Makes 'em'" is Capell's reading; the Folio has "makes *hint*."

171. Line 28: *nor KNOW not.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *knowes*.

172. Line 34: *A prison FOR a debtor.*—So Pope. F. 1 has "A Prison, or a Debtor."

173. Lines 42, 43:

*We make a QUIRE, our cage*

Here of course the *quire* is the place; elsewhere in Shakepeare it means the company of singers or players.

174. Line 51: *I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search.*—As Ingleby remarks, it is the fame and honour which dies in the search, though the grammatical antecedent is *the name*. Most editors put a semicolon at *honour*, as if *which* referred to "the toil of the war," line 49.

175. Line 83: *I' the cave WHEREIN THEY BOW.* Warburton's emendation; the Folio has *whereon the Bows*.

176. Line 86: *This POLADORE.* Misspelt *Paladour* here in the Folio, which elsewhere spells *Polad-re*.

177. Line 103: *ref't st.*—See note 84 on i. 6. 147.

178. Line 105: *to her grave.*—See note 18 on i. 1. 117, 118.

## ACT III. SCENE 4.

179. Lines 12, 13:

*If't be summer news,  
Smile to't before.*

Steevens compares Sonnet xcviii. 5-7:

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any *summer's story* tell.

180. Line 39: *kings, queens, and STATES.*—According to Johnson *states* here signifies persons of the highest rank, a meaning it often bears.

181. Lines 51, 52:

*Some JAY of Italy,*

WHOSE MOTHER WAS HER PAINTING, *hath betray'd him.*

She owed all she had to boast of to painting, this was to her as a mother is to a virtuous woman; or, as Johnson explains it, she was "the creature, not of nature, but of painting." In this sense *painting* may not improperly be termed her *mother*," or as Ingleby says, "The courtesan had no mother-qualities but such as administered to her vicious calling." The expression is well illustrated by iv. 2. 81-83 below:

*Cl.* Know'st me not by my clothes?

*Gai.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

In Henry V. iv. 6. 31, 32, on the other hand, the mother-qualities are tenderness and sympathy:

And all my mother came into mine eyes  
And gave me up to tears.

Compare also Lear, ii. 4. 57, 58. The Cambridge editors, in note v. to this play, explain "whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade of seduction," an interpretation resting upon a passage in Middleton, A Mad World, my Masters, i. 1:

See here she comes,  
The close courtesan, whose *mother is her bawd*;

but, as Ingleby remarks, by no ingenuity is it possible to make "whose mother was her painting" mean "whose mother was her bawd." Hamner changed *mother* to *feathers*, and the Collier MS. gave the ingenious emendation "who smothers her with painting," against which Mr. Halliwell-Phillips put forth a pamphlet (A Few Remarks on the Emendation, "Who smothers her with painting," in the play of Cymbeline, &c. 1852). For *jay*=harlot, compare Merry Wives iii. 3. 44: "we'll teach him to know turtles from *jays*."

182. Lines 54, 55:

*And, for I'm richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripped.*

Because I am a garment too valuable to be hung up on the wall and neglected, I must be ripped up (slain). Steevens has an interesting note to the effect that in old times clothes which had gone out of use were not given away, but hung up in a room devoted to the purpose, and while articles of inferior quality were left to go to pieces, the

richer ones were ripped up for domestic uses: "when a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids) had been preserved, with superstitious reverence, for almost a century and a half. . . . When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent Garden Theatre, a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to King James I. When I saw it last, it was on the back of Justice Greedy, a character in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts."

183. Lines 60-62:

*True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,  
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear.*

The faithlessness of Æneas made people so suspicious in his day that every honest man was thought to be as false as he was. The epithet of course alludes to his desertion of Dido. For Sinon and his weeping, see the Æneid, book ii., especially lines 195-198:

Talibus insidiis peririurque arte Sinonis  
Credita res, captivæ dolis lacrimisque coactis,  
Quos neque Tydides, nec Iarissæus Achilles,  
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carine.

184. Lines 63, 64:

*so thou, Posthûmus,*

*Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men.*

Wilt infect and corrupt their good name (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass), and wilt render them suspected (Cypion). Compare Hamlet, i. 4. 29, 30:

some habit, that too much *èer-leavens*

The form of plausible manners.

185. Line 81: *Something's AFORE 'T.*—So Rowe; F. 1 has *a-foot*.

186. Line 82: *Obedient as the scabbard.*—That is, if you stab me, my bosom shall offer no more resistance to the sword than would the scabbard (Ingleby).

187. Lines 89-91:

*Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthûmus,  
That didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father.*

The Folio arranges these lines unmetrically, as follows:

Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthûmus*,  
That didst set up my disobedience 'gainst the King  
My Father, &c.

I have followed Ingleby's arrangement, who thinks that something has fallen out after *set up*, since Imogen accuses Posthûmus of having occasioned her disobedience, without first stating that he had won her affections, and so wrought upon her as to set her in rebellion to her father. Capell, followed by most editors, inserted a second *thou*, and printed:

Stands in worse case of woe.  
And thou Posthûmus, thou that didst set up  
My disobedience, &c.

188. Line 92: *And MAKE me put.*—So Malone; F. 1 has *makes*.

189. Line 95: *A STRAIN of rareness.*—Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 213, 214:

praise his most vicious *straw*,  
And call it excellent.

190. Lines 96, 97: *when thou shalt be discy'd by her*  
*That now thou TIRE'ST on.*

To *tire* was a word used of birds of prey, meaning to seize and feed ravenously; see III. Henry VI. note 76. For the figurative use compare Timon of Athens, iii. 6. 4, 5: "Upon that were my thoughts *tiring* when we encounter'd."

191. Line 104: *I'll WAKE mine eyeballs BLIND first.*—The word *blind* is not in the Folio, and was inserted by Hamner. Compare The Revenger's Tragedy, 1608 (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. x. p. 102), quoted by Steevens:

A piteous tragedy! able to *wake*  
An old man's eyes blood-shot.

Johnson conjectured, "I'll wake mine eyeballs *out* first," in support of which Steevens quotes The Bugbears (MS. Lands, s97):

I doubt  
Least for lacke of my slepe I shall *watche* my eyes oute;

Middleton, Roaring Girl, 1611, "I'll ride to Oxford and *watch* out mine eyes, but I'll hear the brazen head speak."

192. Line 111: *To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy STAND.*—*Stand* is used in the same sense as in ii. 3. 75 above; see note 112.

193. Lines 112, 113: *But to win time*  
*To lose so bad employment.*

It might be asked, why did Pisanio allow Imogen to leave the court at all on what he knew was a fool's errand? The answer of course is that as he had to send his master proof of Imogen's death, it was necessary to devise some means for getting her safely out of the way.

194. Line 118: *Nor TEXT to bottom that.*—For *text* compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 625-627:

I'll observe his looks;  
I'll *text* him to the quick: if he but blench,  
I know my course;

and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 15-17:

but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the *text* that searches  
To the bottom of the worst.

195. Line 135: *With that harsh, nothing noble, simple nothing.*—This is Ingleby's admirable conjecture. The Folio has defectively:

With that harsh, noble, simple nothing;

but unless in irony, which would be strained after the word *harsh*, Imogen would certainly not call Cloten noble. Theobald printed:

With that harsh, noble, simple, Nothing, Cloten;

and so Capell and Dyce. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson conjectures:

With that harsh, ignoble noble, simple nothing.

196. Lines 140-142: *I the world's volume*  
*Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;*  
*In a great pool a swan's nest.*  
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Britain seems to belong to the world's volume, but hardly to be *in* it; it is divided from it by its position in the ocean, like a swan's nest in a great pool is divided from the land. Ingleby says, "Mr. P. A. Daniel speciously proposes to transpose 'of it' and 'in't';" as if the following line repeated the same thought in a metaphor. But the 'great pool' stands for the ocean, and not for the world. Britain is 'in the world's volume,' but *seems* not to be so, being *divisa toto orbe* by the sea, as a swan's nest in a great pool is divided from the land."

197. Lines 146, 147: *now, if you could wear a MIND*  
*DARK as your fortune is.*

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* is *obscurity* (Johnson).

198. Lines 149, 150: *you should tread a course*  
*Pretty and FULL OF VIEW.*

Does *full of view* mean commanding a good prospect, having a good look-out, as we say ("affording fair prospect of turning out happily"—Capell), or enabling you to see and observe ("with opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes"—Johnson)? The Globe marks line 150 as corrupt.

199. Line 160: *Woman IT pretty self.*—It here is the older form of *its*; which latter crept into English near the end of the sixteenth century. The possessive *it* is usual in the early Quartos, and is found sixteen times in F. 1, viz. in eleven plays, in five of which it occurs twice . . . . The possessive *its* . . . . occurs ten times in Shakespeare; but not once in King James's Bible (1611), where *his*, as in F. 1, commonly does duty for the possessive of *it* (Ingleby).

200. Line 162: *As quarrelous as the weasel.*—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 3. 81, 82:

A *weasel* hath not such a deal of *spleen*  
As you are toss'd with.

201. Line 164: *but, O, the harder heart!*—Johnson and Capell refer the heart to Posthumus, but more probably it is Pisanio's own heart that he apostrophizes, as too hard applying such language to Imogen.

202. Lines 177, 178: *which you'll make him know,*  
*If that his head have ear in music.*

So Hamner. F. 1 has "which *will* make him know," &c., a reading which Ingleby retains, explaining, "which will make him know whether he has an ear for music."

203. Lines 184-187: *but we'll even*  
*All that good time will give us: this attempt*  
*I'M SOLDIER TO, and will ABIDE it with*  
*A prince's courage.*

We will keep pace with the time, and profit by all the advantage it gives us; I have enlisted myself like a soldier in this enterprise, and will undergo it with the courage befitting my birth. This is Warburton's explanation of *I'm soldier to*, and is much preferable to Malone's and





## 222. Lines 34, 35:

when *RESTY* sloth

*Finds the down-pillow hard.*

The word *resty* has been misunderstood by Schmidt, who explains it "stiff with too much rest," as if it came from *rest*=repose. In point of fact it is a variant of *restive*, a form which does not occur in Shakespeare, and is derived from the French *rester*, to remain (Eug. *rest*=to remain, be left over, a distinct word from *rest*=repose), the meaning being, as Johnson gives it in his dictionary, "obstinate in standing still," that is, stubborn, refusing to move (Cotgrave has *restif*, *restie*, stubborn, drawing backward); and this meaning suits the other two passages in which Shakespeare uses the word, viz. Sonnet c. 9:

Rise, *resty* Muse, my love's sweet face survey;

and Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 261-263, Quarto 1609:

A Prince call'd *Hector* . . .  
Who in his dull and long continued truce,  
Is *restie* grown: (The Folio has *rusty*.)

as well as the passage referred to by Schmidt in Edward III. iii. 3. 159-162:

Such as, but scant them of their chines of beefe  
And take awaie their downie featherbeds,  
And presently they are as *resty*-stiffe,  
As were a many overridden iades :

and the following, quoted by Ingleby, "I hope he is better than a *resty* iade that will not stir out of the stable."—Nicholas Breton, The Court and the Country, 1618 (Grosart, I, n. 9). So here "*resty* sloth" must=stubborn or lazy sloth, sloth which will not take the exercise necessary to enable it to "snore upon a flint." Nowadays we have confused *restive* with *restless*, but this seems to be quite a modern mistake, otherwise it would serve to explain our passage admirably.

223. Line 36: *Poor* HOUSE, that *KEEP'ST* THYSELF!—The best commentary on this line is As You Like It, iv. 3. S2, S3:

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;  
There's none within.

## 224. Lines 69-71:

Were you a woman, youth,

*I should woo hard* BUT *be your groom* in honesty:  
*I bid for you as I do buy.*

If you were a woman, I should woo hard to be (at any rate) your servant in an honourable way; I bid for your friendship on the same terms as I offer mine,—I hope to get as much as I give. The force of *but* is more easily appreciated than explained; perhaps the best suggestion is that of Dr. Abbott (Sh. Gr. § 126), that there is a confusion with the phrase, "It would go hard with me but . . ." Most modern editors remove the colon after "in honesty" and connect the words with the following line in the sense "in truth."

## 225. Lines 76-79:

Would it had been so, that they

*Had been my father's sons! then had my PRIZE*  
*Been less; and so more equal ballasting*  
*To thee, Posthumus.*

If they had been really my brothers I should not have been the heir, and Posthumus would not have captured so valuable a prize in me, for my freight would have been

less, and more of a counterbalance to his—Schmidt, comparing Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 183, 184:

Cesar's no merchant, to make *prize* with you  
Of things that merchants sold—

explains *prize* as=estimation.

## 226. Lines 85, 86:

laying by

*That nothing-gift of differing multitudes.*

Putting aside as of no account the barren honour or empty praise awarded by the mass, who lack the perception of true worth, and do not agree about it (Ingleby). Steevens compares II. Henry IV. Induction 19:

The still-discordant wavering multitude.

227. Line 89: *Since* Leonatus' false;—So Dyce (after Walker) to mark the elision of *is*. F. 1 has *Since* Leonatus false; Rowe and The Globe, Leonatus's.

## ACT III. SCENE 7.

228. Line 6: THE FALL'N-OFF Britons.—Compare I, Henry IV. i. 3. 93, 94:

Revolted Mortimer!  
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege

## 229. Lines 8-10:

to you the tribunes,

*For this immediate levy, he* COMMANDS  
*His absolute commission.*

Theobald, at the suggestion of Warburton, changed *commands* to *comands*, and so Dyce and The Globe; but compare iii. 5. 157 above: "that is the second thing I have commanded thee."

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

230. Lines 12, 13: *alike conversant* in GENERAL SERVICES, and more remarkable in SINGLE OPPOSITIONS.—The meaning of *single oppositions* will depend upon the meaning we assign to *general services*. If "conversant in general services" might be explained as=a man generally serviceable, able to make himself generally useful, as the advertisements say, we might adopt Schmidt's interpretation of "single oppositions" as=when compared as to particular accomplishments; but if the former expression=versed in military affairs in general, "single oppositions" will be, as usually explained,=single combats. Compare I, Henry IV. i. 3. 99-101:

In *single opposition*, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower

231. Lines 15, 16: *yet this IMPERSEVERANT thing loves him in my despite*.—*Imperseverant* is the contrary of *perseverant*, a word which means discerning, while the corresponding substantive *perseverance* means discernment. Compare Greene, The Pinner of Wakefield, p. 291 (ed. Dyce, 1 vol. ed.):

Why, this is wondrous, being I find of sight,  
His deep *perseverance* should be such to know us;

and Middleton, The Widow, iii. 2:

Metinks the words

Themselves should make him do't, had he but the *perseverance*  
Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip,  
And can not write nor read, poor fool!



The Folio has:

For defect of judgement  
Is oft the cause of Feare—

which Ingleby retains; but I cannot but think his explanation, which is to the following effect, rather forced: "It is the defect of judgment, i.e. its defective exercise, not its total absence, which is the cause of fear; Cloten had no judgment at all, and the words 'defect of judgment' do not apply to him." But surely, according to any natural reading of the passage, nothing is clearer than that they do. Malone and Dyce adopted Hamner's conjecture,

for defect of judgement  
Is oft the cure of fear.

249. Line 122: THANK the gods!—So Steevens. F. 1 has "thanks the Gods."

250. Lines 128, 129:  
*Play judge and executioner all himself,  
For we do fear THE law!*

i.e. because, forsooth, we are afraid of the law? F. 1 punctuates:

all himself?  
For we do feare the Law.

F. 2 has a plausible correction, "For we do feare no Law."

251. Line 132: *Though his HUMOUR.*—So Theobald. F. 1 has *Honor.*

252. Line 141: *He'd FETCH US IN.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 1. 12-14:  
within our files there are,  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in.

253. Line 170: *how thyself thou blazon'st.*—So Pope. F. 1 has *thou thy selfe thou.*

254. Line 186: *My INGENIOUS instrument!*—Spelt *ingenious* in the Folio, but the words are used indiscriminately in the old editions. Joseph Hunter suggested that the Æolian harp is the instrument intended.

255. Lines 205, 206:  
*to show what coast thy sluggish CRARE  
Might EASILEST harbour in!*

F. 1 has  
thy sluggish care  
Might'st easilest harbour in.

F. 2 has "Might *casilest.*" *Crare* was suggested by Symson in a note on Fletcher's *Captain* (ed. 1759, vol. vi. p. 441), act i. sc. 2 (p. 48, ed. 1647):

Let him venture  
In som decay'd *Crare* of his owne,

and was first introduced into the text by Steevens. According to Heath (Revisal, p. 485) "a *crare* is a small trading vessel . . . I myself have met with the word in ancient records above a thousand times. It is called in the Latin of those middle ages, *crayera.*" Steevens quotes Heywood, *Golden Age*, 1611 (ed. 1874, vol. iii. p. 12):

Behold a forme to make your *Crars* and Barkes,  
To passe huge streames in safety.

and Malone, Florio, Italian Dictionary, a *Vurchio*. A hulke, a crayer, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen." Warburton suggested *carrack*, which is printed by Theobald and Hamner.

256. Lines 207, 208:

*Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,  
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!*

Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, with great probability, conjectures, "but *ay!*" i.e. ah! the *I* of the Folio being the usual printing of *aye*, which word took the place of the original *ay* in the mind of the transcriber or compositor.

257. Lines 210, 211:

*Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at.*

Smiling as if he had been tickled in his sleep by some fly and was laughing at it, not looking as if he had been smitten with death's dart.

258. Line 214: *My CLOUTED BROGUES.*—*Brogues*, properly speaking, are rough shoes made of untanned leather; but all that is intended here is a heavy shoe patched with leather, such as the Gibeonites wore in Joshua ix. 5: "old shoes and clouted upon their feet." Rolfe quotes Latimer, *Sermons*: "he should not have clouting leather to piece his shoes with."

259. Line 217: *With FEMALE fairies will his tomb be haunted.*—Why *female!* Douce (Illustrations, ed. 1839, p. 380) says, "harmless and protecting spirits, not fairies of a mischievous nature."

260. Line 218: *And worms will not come to THEE.*—For the change of person see note 15 on i. 1. 118.

261. Line 222: *The AZUR'D HAREBELL, like thy veins.*—Compare ii. 2. 22, 23, of the eyelid:

Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own tinct.

By *harebell* Shakespeare meant the wild hyacinth or bluebell (*Scilla nutans*) with its delicately veined flowers, called by Gerard "Blew English *Hare-Bells.*" The name is now given to the "Round-leaved Bell-flower" of Gerard, called in Scotland the *Bluebell* (*Campanula rotundifolia*).

262. Line 224: *the ruddock.*—Spelt *Rudbocke* in F. 1. The word is used by Spenser, e.g. *Epithalamion* (p. 588 of Works, Globe ed.), quoted by Rolfe, "The *Ruddock* warbles soft."

263. Line 229: *To WINTER-GROUND thy corse.*—"To *winter-ground* a plant," says Steevens, "is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter season, by straw, dung, &c., laid over it. This precaution (known to gardeners as *mulching*) is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be." Warburton, followed by Capell, substituted *winter-guen*. Ingleby conjectured *twine around*, or *wind around*; the last was also suggested by Elze. The notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies, best known from the ballad of the "Babes in the Wood," seems to be an old one: Reed quotes Thomas Johnson, *Cornucopia*, 1596: "The robin redbreast if he find a man or a woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body also;" and Steevens, Drayton, *The Owl*:

Covering with moss the dead's unclose'd eye,  
The little red-breast teacheth charity.

264 Line 237: *As once our mother.*—So Pope. F. 1 has “to our Mother.”

265. Lines 247, 248:

REVERENCE—  
*That angel of the world.*

*Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world (Johnson).

266 Line 255: *we must lay his head to th' east.*—Rolle refers the reader to Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, Bohm's ed. vol. ii. p. 295. ff.

267. Line 267: *To thee the reed is as the oak; i. e.,* as Ingleby explains, weakness and strength are matters of indifference to you, and therefore “Care no more to clothe and eat.”

268 Line 275: *Consign to thee.*—For the thought Steevens aptly compares Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 113-115:

and, lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

269. Line 276: *No exercise harm thee!*—See All's Well, note 201. It is hardly necessary to refer the reader to Collins's well-known Dirge, “To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,” &c.

270. Line 280: *Quiet CONSUMMATION have.*—Steevens quotes Edward III. iv. 9. 41-43:

My soule should yeeld this Castle of my flesh,  
The mangled tribute, with all willingness,  
To darkenes, consummation, dust and Wormes.

271. Line 285: *Upon their faces.*—Cloten's clotpoll having been sent down the stream (line 184 above), Capell and Malone call attention to the fact that there was but one face on which the flowers could be strewed. Ingleby's gallant attempt to vindicate the poet's consistency by removing the period at *faces*, and explaining, “Upon the faces of the herbs you were as flowers now withered. Just so, these herblets, which we strew upon you, shall serve for flowers”—will commend itself to few. Even its author admits that “*shall* is an extraordinary ellipsis.”

272 Line 290: *so is their pain.*—So Pope. F. 1 has “so are their paine.”

273 Line 311: *The BRAWNS of Hercules.*—For *brawn*, i. e. brawny arm, compare Coriolanus, iv. 5. 125, 126:

and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy *brawn*.

274. Line 316: *HAST here cut off my lord.*—So Pope. F. 1 has *Hath*.

275 Line 329: *This is Pisanio's deed and CLOTEN'S.*—So Pope. F. 1 has “and Cloten.”

276 Line 336: *They are in readiness.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has “They are *heere* in readiness,”—the *heere* of the previous line having been accidentally repeated.

277. Line 337: *The senate hath stirr'd up the CONFINERS.*—As *confines* in Shakespeare means a district or territory, Schmidt is perhaps right in explaining *confiners* to be the inhabitants of such a district. The word is usually explained to mean *borderers*, i. e. those who live on the confines or borders, but Shakespeare does not use *confines* in this sense.

278. Line 347: *I FAST and pray'd.*—For the omission of the *-ed*, not uncommon in verbs which end in *t*, compare Exod. xii. 8, “*roast* with fire;” Ps. xxiv. 7, “*be ye lift up*, ye everlasting doors.”

279. Lines 399, 400:

*And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave.*

Ingleby, following Steevens, remarks: “Lucius intends to bury Cloten; but the event shows that, after all, the corpse is only superficially protected ‘from the flies.’ Is there an oversight here?”

### ACT IV. SCENE 3.

280. Lines 22, 23:

*We'll SLIP for a season; but our jealousy  
Does yet DEPEND.*

For *slip*, a hunting term, compare *The Taming of the Shrew*, v. 2. 52:

O, sir, Lucentio *slipp'd* me like his greyhound.

*Depend* perhaps contains the notions both of *impending* and *being in suspense*: for *depend* = *impend*, compare *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3. 21: “that, methinks, is the curse *dependant* on those that war for a placket.”

281. Lines 29, 30:

*Your preparation can AFFRONT no LESS  
Than what you hear of.*

What does *affront* mean here? Johnson's note—“Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us”—fails to explain the words *no less*. Murray (*New Eng. Dict.*) interprets, “to face anticipatively; to prepare to meet; look out for;” and if this is correct, we must explain, “your preparations have been made on such a scale that they can be on the look-out for no smaller force than that which we hear is coming against us;” but Ingleby's interpretation gives the best sense—“*affront* = bring to the encounter;” i. e. you can bring no less a force into the field than the one we hear of. I regret that I can find no parallel use of the word.

282. Line 36: I HEARD *no letter from my master.*—I have not heard a syllable from him. Hammer changed *I heard* into *I've had*: Mason conjectured *I had*, which Collier adopted. The original reading is supported by line 38: “Nor *hear* I from my mistress.”

### ACT IV. SCENE 4.

283. Line 2: *find we.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *we finde*.

284. Line 6: *For barbarous and unnatural REVOLTS.*—*Revolts*, in the sense of revolters or deserters, occurs twice in *King John*, v. 2. 151: “you ingrate *revolts*;” and v. 4. 7: “Lead me to the *revolts* of England here.”

285. Line 17: *the Roman horses.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *their*.

286. Lines 21-20:

*O, I am known  
Of many in the army, &c.*

This speech is a striking example of the compression of style so characteristic of Shakespeare's latest plays; compare Belarius' speeches in iv. 2. 130-145, 203-209, and 283-290.

287. Lines 26, 27:

*Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The CERTAINTY of this HARD life.*

Malone explains *certainty* as = the certain consequence of: can it mean the hard fact, stern necessity, of this kind of life? *Hard* is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has *heard*.

288. Line 33: *and thereto so o'ergrown*.—And in addition to that so overgrown with hair. Dyce compares v. 3. 16, 17, speaking of Belarius:

who deserv'd  
So long a breeding as his white beard came to.

Compare also *As You Like It*, iv. 3. 107:

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair.

Schmidt, comparing *Measure for Measure*, i. 3. 22:

Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,

thinks it may possibly mean *grown old*.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

289. Lines 1, 2:

*Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I AM wish'd  
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus.*

So F. 1. Pope, followed by most editors, unnecessarily read *I wish'd*. The cloth is the "bloody sign" which Pisanio said he would send to Posthumus in iii. 4. 128.

290. Lines 13-15:

*you some permit  
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,  
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.*

This is a very vexed passage, and the Globe editors mark line 15 as corrupt. Yet if the words are taken in their plain meaning they give satisfactory sense enough. "Each elder worse" must mean, each ill or crime worse than the one which had preceded it, the crime being termed *elder* because committed at a more advanced age. To make "each elder" refer to the ill-doer (the older every man gets the worse he gets) and not to the ill deed, is intolerably harsh. Rowe, without the shadow of an authority, substituted "each worse than other." We may then paraphrase the whole passage, with Monck Mason: "Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ill, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers." Theobald substituted *dreaded* for *dread it*, and took quite another view of the line, "which Enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their Advantage. Dignity, Respect, and Profit, accrue to them from Crimes committed with Impunity." Capell, who adopts Theobald's reading, explains, and "make the ills enormous and dreadful, to the great profit of those who do them."

291. Lines 32, 33:

*To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
The fashion,—less without and more within.*

Whereas the guise or fashion of the world is, more without and less within.

## ACT V. SCENE 3.

292. Lines 4, 5:

*the king himself  
Of his wings destitute, &c.*

The commentators point out that this incident of the Roman army being stopped in a lane by Belarius and his foster-sons is borrowed from Holinshed's Scotland (p. 155), where it is related of a father and two sons, called Haie, as having happened during the reign of Kenneth, A.D. 976: "The Danes, perceiving that there was no hope of life, but in victorie rushed forth with such violence upon their adversaries, that first the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was constrained to retire and flee backe, the middle warde stoutly yet keeping their ground; but the same stood in such danger, being now left naked on the sides, that the victorie must needs have remained with the Danes, had not a renewer of the battell come in time, by the appointment (as it is to be thought) of almighty God.

"For as it chanced, there was in the next field at the same time an husbandman, with two of his sons busie about his worke, named Haie, a man strong and stiffe in making and shape of bodie, but indued with a valiant courage. This Haie beholding the king, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle ward, now destitute of the wings, and in great danger to be oppressed with the great violence of his enemies, caught a plow-beame in his hand, and with the same exhorting his sonnes to doo the like hasted towards the battell. . . . There was nere to the place of the battell, a long lane fenced on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enimies in heapes.

"Here Haie with his sonnes, supposing they might best staie the fight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo: but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith diverse hardie personages cried unto their fellows to returne backe unto the battell."

293. Lines 16, 17:

*who deserv'd  
So long a breeding as his white beard came to.*

That is, who showed by his valour that he had profited by such long experience (in arms) as his long white beard cited (Ingleby).

294. Line 20: *The country base*.—According to the New English Dict. either a specific use of *base*, the starting-place of a race, or a corruption of *bars*. This game is not unfrequently mentioned in the writers of Shakespeare's time.

295. Line 24: "*Our Britain's HARTS die flying, not our men*."—So Pope in his 2nd ed. (1728), following a suggestion made by Theobald in his *Shakespear Restored* (1796). The Folio has *hearts*, which Ingleby defends, but unsuccessfully, for where is the antithesis between *hearts* and *men*!

296. Line 42: *Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles*.—F. 1 has *stoop*; Rowe, *stoop'd*.

297. Lines 42, 43:

*slaves,  
The strides THEY victors made.*

That is, retracing as slaves the onward strides they had made as victors (Rolfe). F. 1 has "the victors;" changed by Theobald to *they*.

298. Line 44: *fragments in hard voyages*.—Ingleby aptly illustrates by *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 39, 40:

After a voyage,  
dry as the remainder biscuit

299. Lines 46-48:

*heavens, how they wound!*  
SOME slain before; SOME dying; SOME their friends  
O'er-borne i' the former wave.

It is difficult to decide whether the three *some*s are nominatives or accusatives; the words "some their friends" would certainly seem to mean "some wound their friends" rather than "they wound some who were their friends," and therefore it is better perhaps to decide in favour of the nominative. The lines will then mean: heavens, how they wound! Some wound those slain before; some wound the dying; some wound their friends who had been overwhelmed in the former charge.

300. Line 64: *Still going?* i.e. you run away from me as you did from the enemy (Sidney Walker).

301. Lines 73-76:

*Well, I will find him:*  
FORTUNE being now a favourer to the Briton,  
No more a Briton, I've resum'd again  
The part I came in.

The Folio has

*For being now a Favourer to the Britaine,*

the only sense that can be extracted from which reading seems to be: "I am determined to find death, for though I am now on the side of the Britons, I have resumed the part I came in (death being more likely to be found on the side of the Romans, who are now the vanquished party) and am a Briton no longer." Capell's attempt to make *favourer* refer to death will not do; as Ingleby remarks, "Death could not, with any propriety of speech, be said to *favour* the side he was *sparing*." *Fortune* is the conjuncture of the late Mr. A. E. Brae, first printed by Ingleby (1886). In the words "No more a Briton," &c., Posthumus perhaps refers to his having resumed his "Italian weeds," which we must suppose him to wear when he is taken prisoner. In scene 2 he had been disguised as a "poor soldier" of the British army.

302. Line 78: *Once TOUCH MY SHOULDER*.—A token of arrest. Compare *As You Like It*, iv. 1. 47, 48: "it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder;" i.e. taken him prisoner.

#### ACT V. SCENE 4.

303. Lines 1, 2:

*You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;*  
*So graze as you find pasture.*

The wit of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned to pasture (Johnson).

304. Lines 11-17:

*Is't enough I'm 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. To satisfy?*

*If of my freedom 't is the main part, take*  
*No strieter render of me than my all.*

This very difficult passage does not seem to have been understood by any of the commentators before Ingleby, who found the key to it in the fact that Posthumus, who is here enlarging upon the means of repentance (the *penitent instrument*) which are to set him free, "is made to employ the language of the early divines, in distinguishing the three parts (primary, secondary, and 'main') of Repentance, as the condition of the Remission of Sins. 1. Attrition, or sorrow for sin: 'Is't enough, I am sorry?' 2. Penance; which was held to convert attrition into contrition, or godly sorrow: 'Must I repent?' 3. Satisfaction: 'Must I satisfy?' And he contends that as he has fulfilled the former requirements, he is willing to fulfil the last—to pay his debt, for having taken Imogen's life, by giving up his own." *To satisfy?* following *Must I repent?* = *Must I satisfy?* according to the usage familiar to all Shakespeare students, by which the *to* is omitted in the former of two clauses, and inserted in the latter (Abbott, § 350); so, to take one example out of many, Timon of Athens, iv. 2. 33, 34:

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live  
But in a dream of friendship?

Here *would* is replaced by *to* in the second clause, just as *must* is replaced by *to* in the text. The *it* in "If of my freedom 't is the main part" refers to *satisfaction* implied in "To satisfy?" and the line means, if this satisfaction is the principal condition of my spiritual freedom, of my pardon and absolution. Then in the next line *strieter* does not mean "more severe," but "more restricted, less exacting." Posthumus does not want the gods to remit any part of his debt; he wishes them to take his all, i.e. his life; he does not ask for any abatement, such as vile men give their broken debtors. This interpretation was suggested to Ingleby by Mr. A. E. Brae in 1854, and independently by Mr. Jos. Crosby in 1876. The Cowden-Clarks also (in their 3 vol. ed. of Shakespeare) believe this meaning to be "included" in *strieter*, and adduce the following illustration from Hooker, "As they took the compass of their commission *strieter* or larger, so their dealings were more or less moderate."

305. Lines 30-122: *No more, thou thunder-master, show,* &c.—Pope remarks, "Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophecy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and immeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakespeare." The critics (Schlegel and Prof. A. W. Ward are exceptions) are almost unanimously of Pope's opinion. But before deciding to condemn these lines it will be well to see what the condemnation involves. When Posthumus wakes he finds on his breast a tablet, which he produces and has explained by the Soothsayer at the end of the play; now his possession of this tablet has to be explained somehow or other, and therefore, on the supposition that the masque is an interpolation, either all the lines referring to the vision and the tablet are an interpolation also, or the whole masque, the apparition of the ghosts and the descent of Jupiter, were intended by Shakespeare to be acted in dumb-show; for it would be absurd to suppose that in v. 5. 426, &c.,

Posthumus is describing any other slumber than that which now takes place before the eyes of the audience. On the other hand, such masques were suited to the taste of the time, and we need not go further than *The Tempest* to find another instance. It must also be noticed that this is not the first time that we hear of the parents and brothers of Posthumus; throughout the play their history has been known to the audience; in fact it is given, at sufficient length to make the masque intelligible, in i. 1. 25-40, where the birth and antecedents of Posthumus are detailed.

George Fletcher, a critic less known than he deserves, has an eloquent defence of these lines; he says (*Studies of Shakespeare*, 1847, p. 66): "The suppression [of the masque] deprives us of the solemnly pathetic effect of that simple chorus, which is plainly introduced in order, by recalling the whole tenor of the story, to remind the auditor that the hero is much more unfortunate than criminal, and to relieve our feelings by announcing an approaching deliverance from adversity,—at the same time that curiosity is kept alive by the mysterious terms in which the prediction is made. The attendant music adds to the soothing solemnity of the scene. How beautiful, too, is the plaintive simplicity of the ballad verses reciting his fortune, chanted by the apparitions of his deceased relatives, not one of whom he has seen in life. . . . In fact both the sufferings and the deserts of the hero have now reached their climax; nor could they be more affectingly recalled to us than by thus evoking the spirits of his kindred, whose deaths had left him, at his very birth, a brotherless orphan."

306. Line 67: *geck*.—Compare *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 351:

And made the most notorious *geck* and gull.

From the Ang. Sax. *geac*; we still use colloquially the forms *gawk* and *gawk*.

307. Line 81: *look out*.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *looke, looke out*.

308. Line 118: *and CLOYS his beak*.—"Those who have kept hawks must often have observed the habit which they have of raising one foot, and wetting the beak against it" (*Harting*, Ornithology of Shakespeare, p. 31). The word *clay* is said to be a variant of *clay* or *claw*, but no other instance is known. For *cleys* Stevens quotes Ben Jonson, *Underwoods* (p. 259, ed. 1640):

to save her from the seize  
Of future death, and those relentless *clays*.

309. Line 134: *our FANGLED world*.—Malone says, "Perhaps this is the only instance in which the word occurs without *new* being prefixed to it."—or understood, for Halliwell quotes from Guilpin, *Skialetheia* (1598):

It is Cornelius, that brave gallant youth,  
Who is new printed t' this *fangled* age.

The history of the word will be found in Skeat.

310. Lines 168-170: *of this contradiction you shall now be quit*.—*O the charity of a penny cord!* So Dyce and the Globe editors. The Folio has "*Oh*, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: *Oh* the charity," &c.; the first *oh* having been evidently inserted by mistake, in consequence of the transcriber's or compositor's eye resting on the second one (Dyce).

311. Lines 171, 172: *you have no true DEBITOR AND CREDITOR but it*.—Compare *Othello*, i. 1. 28-32.

And I . . . must be bed-lee'd and calm'd  
By *debtor-and-creditor*, this counter-caster;  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be.

Rolle says the words "Debitor and Creditor" formed the title of certain old treatises on book-keeping.

312. Line 173: *your neck, sir, is*.—F. 2 has "necke sir is;" F. 1 "necke (Sis) is."

313. Line 187: *or to take*.—See note on "To satisfy?" in line 15 above.

314. Line 215: *my wish hath a preferment in t*.—In a better state of society I should be better off.

#### ACT V. SCENE 5.

315. Line 14: *the LIVER, HEART, and brain of Britain*.—The *liver* is the supposed seat of courage, as in *Twelfth Night*, iii. 2. 22: "to put fire in your *heart* and brimstone in your *liver*;" in i. 1. 37 of the same play it is the seat of the passions.

316. Line 31: *With horror, madly dying, like her life*.—The horror, the torture of the mind, that haunted her in her life, and which she had been powerless to dispel, haunted her in her death; therefore her death was like her life,—corresponded to it.

317. Line 50: *For you a MORTAL MINERAL*.—Rolle quotes the late R. Grant White: "There can be little doubt that the slow poisons of the 16th and 17th centuries were all preparations of white arsenic, the *mortal mineral* still most effective for the poisoner's purposes."

318. Line 54: *O'ercome you with her show; and in time*.—So F. 1; F. 2 has "yes and in time." Keightley conjectured, "in due time."

319. Line 64: *that HEARD her flattery*.—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have *heare*.

320. Line 95: *I know not why, wherefore*.—So the Folio. Rowe, followed by most editors, read "why, nor wherefore."

321. Lines 103, 104:

*I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death.*

The *thing*, as some of the commentators note, is the ring of Posthumus on Iachimo's finger.

322. Lines 120-122:

*One said another  
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad  
Who died, and was Fidele.*

We have had so many instances of condensation in this play, the thought outrunning the expression as it were, that, in spite of Ingleby, who calls it "impossible," and "in the last degree impossible," I do not hesitate to retain the reading of the Folio. The meaning is self-evident; one grain of sand does not resemble another more than he resembles Fidele. Ingleby, who is, however, not without a suspicion of some imperfection in the text, puts a colon at *resembles*, and understands "is this he?" after *Fidele*.

323. Line 126: *But we SAW him dead.*—So Rowe in his 2nd ed. The Folios have *see*.

324. Line 134: *OX, speak to him.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 spell "One speake to him."

325. Lines 139, 140:

*Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.*

Instead of torturing me to speak, thou wouldst (if thou wert wise, or aware) torture me to prevent my speaking that, &c. (Dyce).

326. Lines 153 and ff.: *Upon a time, &c.*—Ingleby notes that Iachimo's narrative rather follows the story of Boccaccio than the circumstances represented in i. 4 above. His inference is that this scene was written some years earlier than the account in i. 4; but, while the inconsistency is undeniable, this is surely making it prove too much.

327. Lines 163-165:

*for feature, laming  
The SHRINE of Venus, or straight-FIGHT Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature.*

For *shrine* compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 7. 39, 40, speaking of Portia:

From the four corners of the earth they come,  
To kiss this *shrine*, this mortal breathing saint.

*Pight* is an old form of *pitched*=fixed, set up. The ladies of Italy, says Iachimo, put to shame even the statues of Venus and Minerva, figures of superhuman beauty though these are, and such as Nature, as a rule, cannot attempt to rival with her short-lived handiwork. Warburton appositely quotes Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 205, 206, of Cleopatra:

O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature.

328. Line 205: *O cunning, how I got IT!*—So F. 2; F. 1 omits it.

329. Line 238: *The tune of Imogen!*—Ingleby compares iv. 2. 45, where Arviragus says of Imogen's voice: "How angel-like he sings!" and Lear, v. 2. 272, 273, of Cordelia:

Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.

330. Lines 261-263:

*Why did you throw your wedded lady FROM you?  
Think that you are upon a ROCK; and now  
Throw me again.*

All the previous commentators take *rock* in this passage to mean cliff or precipice, from which Posthumus may throw Imogen if he has the heart to. But it is far more natural to take the word, as Ingleby does, to mean a rocky eminence such as a man has found refuge on in shipwreck. "That Shakespeare meant this is proved by his recurrence to the nautical metaphor in line 303 *infra*: 'Posthumus anchors upon Imogen.' It is there he has found anchorage for his tempest-toss'd ship: and with this in mind she very touchingly adds to the above—'Now throw me from you'—*i. e.* cast yourself once more adrift." "From you" is Rowe's correction; the Folios have "*fro* you."

331. Line 297: *I'M SORRY for thee.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has

"*I am sorrow* for thee"—a reading which I do not discard without reluctance. Compare Tempest, v. 1. 139: "I am *woe* for't, sir."

332. Lines 310, 311:

*We will die all three,*

*BUT I will prove that TWO ON'S, &c.*

This is the punctuation of the Folio, the meaning being, "we will all three die, if I do not prove." For *but* in this sense compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 86: "It shall go hard *but* I'll prove it." *Two on's* is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has *two one's*.

333. Lines 334, 335:

*Your pleasure was my MERE offence, my punishment  
Itself, and all my treason.*

*Mere* is Tyrwhitt's conjecture; F. 1 has *neere*. Malone paraphrases: "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in and were founded on, your caprice only." "Your pleasure was my mere offence," seems to be a transposition of "your mere pleasure was my offence." In iii. 3. 65-68 Belarius tells the two princes that the real cause of Cymbeline's anger was the false testimony of two villains accusing him of confederacy with the Romans.

334. Line 351: *LIKE dew!*—So F. 2; misspelt *liks* in F. 1.

335. Lines 352-354:

*Thou weep'st, and speak'st.  
The service that you three have done is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st.*

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 (Johnson).

336. Lines 363-365:

*Guilderus had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
It was a mark of wonder.*

This "mark of wonder" resembles that on Imogen (ii. 2. 38, 39):

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
F the bottom of a cowslip.

We have here an unobtrusive note of Shakespeare's subtlety. The two marks are, as the Clarks so well express it, "twined in beauty with a poet's imagination and a naturalist's truth" (Ingleby)

337. Line 378: *When YE were so indeed.*—So Rowe in his 2nd ed. F. 1 has *we*.

338. Line 386: *How parted with your BROTHERS?*—So Rowe in his 2nd ed. F. 1 has *Brother*.

339. Line 405: *that so nobly fought.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *no*.

340. Line 407:

*The thankings of a king.  
Post. I am, sir.*

To mend the metre Pope printed, "*T is I am sir;*" Keightley conjectured "*great sir;*" Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, "*dread sir*" or "*sir king.*" But perhaps this is one of those cases where a defective syllable is supplied by a gesture.



341. Lines 431, 432:

*that I can*

*Make no COLLECTION of it.*

Shakespeare always uses *collection* in this sense of "inference," the only two other instances being Hamlet, iv. 5. 7-9:

her speech is nothing,  
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
The hearers to *collection*; they aim at it;

and v. 2. 199-201: "a kind of *yesty collection*, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions."

342. Lines 447, 448:

*and mollis aer*

*We term it mulier.*

Mr. Aldis Wright furnished Dr. Ingleby with an instance of the same fanciful etymology of *mulier* from A World

of Wonders, by Henry Stephen, translated by R. C. 1697, p. 292: "If any shall reply and say, that it is not to be wondered that the ancient Latinists never mentioned these Etymologies, considering the names were not then in use; I answer that they had no good dexteritie in giuing Etymologies of Ancient latin words; witness the notation of *Mulier, quasi mollis aer*."

343. Line 449: *Is THIS most constant wife; who, even now.*—In order to supply an antecedent to *who* Capell changed *this* to *thy*; but the Soothsayer here turns to Posthumus, so that *who* = *you* who.

344. Line 469: *Of THIS YET scarce cold battle.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have "Of *yet this*," &c., which Rolfe defends; he says: "the transposition of *yet* is so common in Shakespeare (cf. Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 76) that we are not justified in altering the original text."

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN CYMBELINE.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Accessible . . . . . iii. 2 84	Century <sup>5</sup> . . . . . iv. 2 391	Creek <sup>12</sup> . . . . . iv. 2 151	Fangled . . . . . v. 4 134
Adorer . . . . . i. 4 74	Chaffless . . . . . i. 6 178	Crystalline . . . . . v. 4 113	Fatherly (adv.) ii. 3 39
Adornment . . . . . ii. 2 26	Chaliced . . . . . ii. 3 25	Cutter . . . . . ii. 4 83	Feated (verb) . . . . . i. 1 49
	Chamber-hanging v. 5 204		Feeler . . . . . i. 6 101
Affirmation . . . . . i. 4 63	Chaser . . . . . v. 3 40	Daisied . . . . . iv. 2 398	Fitment <sup>18</sup> . . . . . v. 5 409
Affront (sub.) . . . . . v. 3 87	Chimney-piece ii. 4 81	Dalmatians . . . . . iii. 1 74	Fore-end . . . . . iii. 3 73
After-eye (verb) . . . . . i. 3 16	Cinque-spotted ii. 2 38		Foresay . . . . . iv. 2 146
After-inquiry . . . . . v. 4 189	Citizen <sup>6</sup> (adj.) . . . . . iv. 2 8	Definite . . . . . i. 6 43	Forfeiter . . . . . iii. 2 38
All-dreaded . . . . . iv. 2 271	Clement (adj.) . . . . . v. 4 18	Depender . . . . . i. 5 58	Freeness . . . . . v. 5 421
All-worthy . . . . . iii. 5 94	Cloys <sup>7</sup> . . . . . v. 4 118	Depending <sup>13</sup> . . . . . ii. 4 91	*Full-acorned . . . . . ii. 5 16
Audirons . . . . . ii. 4 88	Coiner . . . . . ii. 5 5	Derogate . . . . . ii. 1 48, 52	Full-hearted . . . . . v. 3 7
Approvers . . . . . ii. 4 25	Comb <sup>8</sup> . . . . . ii. 1 26	Derogation . . . . . ii. 1 47	Full-winged . . . . . iii. 3 21
Arm <sup>1</sup> (verb) . . . . . iv. 2 400	Commix <sup>9</sup> . . . . . iv. 2 55	Destitute <sup>14</sup> . . . . . v. 3 5	Furnaces (verb) . . . . . i. 6 96
Arrearages . . . . . ii. 4 13	Common-kissing iii. 4 166	Pieter . . . . . iv. 2 51	*Goer-back . . . . . i. 1 169
Ascension . . . . . v. 4 116	Company (verb) v. 5 408	Discourtesy . . . . . ii. 3 101	*Good-conceited ii. 3 17
Attemptible . . . . . i. 4 65	Confection . . . . . i. 5 15	Disged . . . . . iii. 4 96	Half-workers . . . . . ii. 5 2
Averting . . . . . v. 5 203	(v. 5 246)	Ditched . . . . . v. 3 14	Handed <sup>19</sup> . . . . . iii. 2 5
Azure <sup>2</sup> (adj.) . . . . . ii. 2 22	Confiners . . . . . iv. 2 337	Divineness . . . . . iii. 6 44	Handfast <sup>20</sup> . . . . . i. 5 78
	Consequence <sup>10</sup> ii. 3 126	Doomed <sup>15</sup> . . . . . v. 5 420	*Hand-in-hand i. 4 75
Backside . . . . . i. 2 14	Containing (sub.) v. 5 430	Drug-dammed . . . . . iii. 4 15	Hangings <sup>21</sup> . . . . . iii. 3 63
Backwards . . . . . v. 3 25	Cooked . . . . . iii. 6 39	Earth-vexing . . . . . v. 4 42	Harebell . . . . . iv. 2 222
Beseming (sub.) . . . . . v. 5 409	(v. 4 155)	Evil-eyed . . . . . i. 1 72	Hence-going . . . . . iii. 2 65
Bondage <sup>3</sup> . . . . . ii. 4 111	Corresponding . . . . . iii. 3 31	Exercise <sup>16</sup> (vb. tr.) v. 4 82	Herblets . . . . . iv. 2 287
Brain <sup>4</sup> (verb) . . . . . v. 4 147	Counterchange . . . . . v. 5 396	Exorciser . . . . . iv. 2 276	Horse-hairs . . . . . ii. 3 33
Brogues . . . . . iv. 2 214	Covelings . . . . . ii. 5 25	Eye-strings . . . . . i. 3 17	Hugeness . . . . . i. 4 157
By-dependencies v. 5 390	Crack <sup>11</sup> . . . . . iv. 2 236	Fallen-off . . . . . iii. 7 6	Hunt <sup>22</sup> . . . . . iii. 6 90
*By-peeping . . . . . i. 6 108	Crare . . . . . iv. 2 205	Fan <sup>17</sup> (verb) . . . . . i. 6 177	Illustrious <sup>23</sup> . . . . . i. 6 199
Carl . . . . . v. 2 4	Cravens (verb) . . . . . iii. 4 80		
Casually . . . . . ii. 3 146			
Cave (verb) . . . . . iv. 2 138	5 = a hundred. 6 = effeminate.	12 = a small river; = a narrow passage, Com. of Errors, iv. 2. 38.	18 = equipment; = duty, Pericles, iv. 6. 6.
Cave-keeper . . . . . iv. 2 298	7 = strokes with a claw.	13 = leaning.	19 = i. e. poisonous-handed.
	8 of a cock.	14 = deprived of; = forsaken.	20 = marriage-engagement.
	9 Lover's Complaint, 28.	Lucrece, 441.	21 = fruit.
	10 = succession; frequently used in other senses.	15 = decided; elsewhere used in its ordinary senses.	22 = the game killed.
	11 = change of voice; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.	16 = to perform. 17 = to try.	23 = with out lustre; elsewhere used = excellent, glorious.

1 = to take into the arms.  
2 Lucrece, 419.  
3 = obligation.  
4 = to understand.

WORDS PECULIAR TO CYMBELINE.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Imperseverant.	iv. 1 15	Out-peer	iii. 6 87	Sample	i. 1 48	Tabled	i. 4 7
Importantly.	iv. 4 19	Outprized	i. 4 88	Satiate	i. 6 48	Tablet	v. 4 109
Incivil	v. 5 292	Outsell	{ ii. 4 102	Scriptures <sup>11</sup>	iii. 4 83	Tanlings	iv. 4 29
Insultment	iii. 5 144		{ iii. 5 74	Self-danger	iii. 4 149	*Tavern-bills	v. 4 160
Irregularous	iv. 2 315	Outstood	i. 6 207	Self-explication	iii. 4 8	Testiness	iv. 1 24
Jack 1	ii. 1 2	Out-sweetened	iv. 2 224	Self-figured	ii. 3 124	Thief-stolen	i. 6 5
Jack-slave	ii. 1 22	Outvenoms	iii. 4 37	Sharded	iii. 3 20	Thunderer	v. 4 95
		Overbuys	i. 1 146	Short <sup>12</sup> (verb)	i. 6 200	Thunder-master	v. 4 30
				Sire (verb)	iv. 2 26	Tombboys	i. 6 122
Lack	{ iv. 2 374	Pannonians	{ iii. 1 74	Sky-planted	v. 4 96	Tongue <sup>19</sup> (verb)	v. 4 148
	{ v. 3 59		{ iii. 7 3	Slackly <sup>13</sup>	i. 1 64	True-man	ii. 3 76, 77
Law-breaker	iv. 2 75	Partnered	i. 6 121	Slaver	i. 6 105	Turbans	iii. 3 6
Leaping-time	iv. 2 290	Pervert <sup>6</sup>	ii. 4 151	Sluggish	iv. 2 295	Unbar	v. 4 8
Limb-meal	ii. 4 147	Pictured <sup>7</sup>	v. 4 185	Smallness	i. 3 21	Uncrossed	iii. 3 26
Low-laid	v. 4 103	Pittikins	iv. 2 293	Solicits (sub.)	ii. 3 52	*Under-hangman	ii. 3 135
Loyally	iv. 3 19	Pointed <sup>8</sup>	i. 3 19	South-fog	iii. 3 136	Under-peep	ii. 2 20
		*Poisonous-tongued	iii. 2 5	Speediness	ii. 4 31	Unkinglike	iii. 5 7
Main-top	iv. 2 320	Preserve <sup>9</sup>	i. 5 13	Spring <sup>14</sup>	ii. 2 47	Unlaid	iv. 2 278
Mapped (verb)	iv. 1 2	Prince (verb)	iii. 3 85	Sprited	ii. 3 144	Unparagoned	{ i. 4 87
Martial <sup>2</sup>	iv. 2 310	Prince-like	v. 5 293	Spritely <sup>15</sup>	v. 5 428		{ ii. 2 17
Mary-buds	ii. 3 26	Pro-consul	iii. 7 8	Stagger <sup>16</sup>	v. 5 233	Unpaved	ii. 3 34
*Meeting-place	iv. 1 28	Prohibition	iii. 4 79	Staid	iii. 4 10	Unprizable <sup>20</sup>	i. 4 99
Mercurial	iv. 2 310	Provider	iii. 6 53	Stepmothers	i. 1 71	Unscalable	iii. 1 20
Miracle (verb)	iv. 2 29	Pudency	ii. 5 11	Stomach-quadred	iii. 4 193	Unseduced	i. 4 172
Misery <sup>3</sup>	v. 3 64	Quarrellous	iii. 4 162	Story <sup>17</sup> (verb)	i. 4 34	Unspeaking	v. 5 178
Mountaineer 1.	iv. 2 71,	Quick-answered	iii. 4 161	Stowage	i. 6 192	Unspoken	v. 5 139
	100, 120, 370	Ramps (sub.)	i. 6 134	Straight-pight	v. 5 164	Unsunned	ii. 5 13
Niceness	iii. 4 158	Rangers	ii. 3 74	Strewings	iv. 2 285	Untendered	iii. 1 10
Not-fearing	ii. 4 19	Receiver	i. 1 44	Styled	ii. 3 134	Up-cast	ii. 1 2
Nothing-gift	iii. 6 86	Re-enforce (absol)	v. 2 18	Succession <sup>18</sup>	{ iii. 1 18	Vaulted	i. 6 33
Numbered <sup>5</sup> (adj.)	i. 6 36	Rejoicingly	iii. 5 149		{ iii. 3 102	Virgin-like	iii. 2 22
Nurse-like	v. 5 88	Resty <sup>10</sup>	iii. 6 34	Sunbeams	iv. 2 350	Wench-like	iv. 2 230
Nursery	i. 1 59	Revengeingly	v. 2 4	Suppliant (adj.)	iii. 7 14	Whereunto	{ iii. 4 109
O'erjoyed	v. 5 401	Rich-left	iv. 2 226	Supplyment	iii. 4 182		{ iii. 7 13
O'erlaboured	ii. 2 11	*Riding-suit	iii. 2 78	Sur-addition	i. 1 23	Winter-ground	iv. 2 229
O'er-rate	i. 4 41	Ripely	iii. 5 22			Winterly	iii. 4 13
O'er-values	i. 4 120	Romish	i. 6 152			Wonderfully	i. 4 21
O'ft-times	i. 6 62	Rowel	iv. 4 39			Wood-leaves	iv. 2 390
Openness	i. 6 88	Ruddock	iv. 2 224			Workmanship <sup>21</sup>	iv. 4 74
Out-craftied	iii. 4 15					Wrying	v. 1 5
Outlustres	i. 4 79					Zephyrs	iv. 2 172

1 In game of bowling; occurs elsewhere in other senses.

2 = resembling Mars; used repeatedly in its ordinary senses.

3 = contemptibleness.

4 Temp-st, iii. 3. 44.

5 = abundantly provided.

6 = to avert; used elsewhere in ordinary sense.

7 Son. xxiv. 6.

8 = sharpened, made thin and small; frequently used in other senses.

9 = to condite, to pickle.

10 Son. c. 9.

11 = writings.

12 Pass. Pilgrim, 210.

13 Lover's Complaiut, 35.

14 Of a lock.

15 = spectral; = lively, brisk, in other places.

16 = vertigo; = bewilderment, All's Well, ii. 3. 170; = a disease in horses, Taming of Shrew, iii. 2. 56.

17 Venus and Adonis, 1013; Lucrece, 106.

18 = heirs; frequently used in its ordinary sense.

19 = to speak; = to speak of, Measure, iv. 4. 28.

20 = invaluable.

21 = Ven. and Adon. 291, 734.

# THE TEMPEST.

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INTRODUCTION BY RICHARD GARNETT.

NOTES BY  
ARTHUR SYMONS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.

FERDINAND, his son.

SEBASTIAN, brother to Alonso.

PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.

GONZALO, an honest old counsellor.

ADRIAN, }  
FRANCISCO, } lords.

TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.

Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.

IRIS, }  
CERES, } presented by spirits.  
JUNO, }  
Nymphs, }  
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

---

SCENE—On board a ship at sea; afterwards various parts of an island.

---

HISTORIC PERIOD: Indefinite.

---

TIME OF ACTION.

One day.

# THE TEMPEST.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

The *Tempest* was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623, and occupies the first place in that collection. The text is far from accurate.

The only authentic record of any previous performance is the notice discovered by Malone, in Vertue's MSS., of the play having been acted at court in February, 1613, on occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, Elector Palatine. We shall shortly find good reason to conclude that this was also the date of composition. That this date was at all events not earlier than 1603 is evident from the fact that the leading features of Gonzalo's commonwealth (act ii. sc. 1) are derived from Florio's translation of Montaigne, published in that year. This entirely overthrows Mr. Hunter's theory, advanced in a special essay, that the date of composition was 1596. Elze's notion that it was 1604 avoids this particular objection, but has no groundwork except this critic's fixed idea that the last ten or twelve years of Shakespeare's life were spent in idleness. If this is not admitted, the internal evidence of the versification, clearly establishing that the play belongs to the last group of Shakespeare's creations, proves also that it must have been written after 1608 at all events. The metrical test is quite decisive on this point, the proportion of double endings being, roughly speaking, 33 per cent, against 25 per cent in *Antony and Cleopatra* (1608), and 12 per cent in *As You Like It* (1599). The value of such tests may be, and has been, exaggerated; but there can be no doubt that an approximation to Fletcher's system of versification in a Shakespearian play of early date, would be as great a prodigy as the occurrence of a mammal in the Silurian epoch.

Apart from the internal evidence of the metre, another kind of internal evidence proves that the play could not have been written before 1610 at the earliest. In act 1, sc. 2, Ariel speaks of

the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes.

In May, 1609, the fleet of Sir George Somers, bound for Virginia, was scattered by a tempest in mid-ocean, and one of the ships, driven out of her course, was wrecked on the Bermudas, thence sometimes called the Somers or Summer Islands. The exhausted sailors had given up all hope, when the vessel was found to be "jammed in between two rocks," in just such a nook as that described by Ariel. They spent nine months on the island; and having at length refitted their ship, arrived safely in Virginia. A narrative of their adventures was published in 1610 by Sylvester Jourdan, under the title of "A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called The Isle of Devils." Malone first pointed out the connection of this narrative with *The Tempest*, and it seems marvellous that any one should have disagreed with him. The scene of the drama, as we shall see, was not intended to be laid in the Bermudas, and Shakespeare could not, therefore, follow the pamphlet with perfect exactness. But there can, as Hudson expresses it, "be no rational doubt" that he derived hints from Jourdan, and he must accordingly have had the latter's pamphlet before him. The only question is, what interval elapsed ere he used it? The point was at one time thought to have been decided by an entry in the record of the Master of the Revels of a performance of *The Tempest* at Whitehall in 1611. But this is a forgery. We believe it to be demonstrable that Ver-

## THE TEMPEST.

tue's mention of its performance at court, on occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage, refers to its first representation anywhere, and indicates the date of composition also. We proceed to state the reasons for this conviction, first remarking that, if written for private representation in 1613, it had still found its way to the public stage by 1614, as proved by Ben Jonson's peevish allusion in "Bartholomew Fair" (1614) to "servant-monsters," and "those that beget *tempests* and such-like drolleries." This is the only literary reference to *The Tempest* prior to its publication in 1623.

The most likely reason why the editors of the first Folio placed *The Tempest* at the head of Shakespeare's works is their perception that his earliest comedies formed an unfitting portal to such a temple. It certainly indicates no idea on their part that it was a work of early date. Tradition, on the contrary, has always regarded it as his last work, appealing to Prospero's declaration of his purpose to break and bury his staff, and drown his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound." Shakespeare certainly could not have taken leave of the stage in more majestic or appropriate language, but the speech may well have begotten the tradition. We believe, however, that tradition is substantially though not literally right, and that the most recent editors and critics have placed the play too early by two or three years. With one consent they date it at 1610 or 1611, for no other reason than that the proportion of lines with double endings is slightly less than in *The Winter's Tale*. This is indeed to ride a hobby to death, and discredit a sound axiom. That Shakespeare's career as a dramatic artist is divided into well-marked periods by the peculiarities of his metre is true, and most important to be known; but it by no means follows that each successive play signalized a further development of the peculiarity. In the case of *The Tempest*, unless we greatly err, the date of the first representation can be fixed with absolute confidence at an early day in February, 1613, and the recognition of this fact gives the key to the drama, and reveals it as anything rather than an aimless sport

of fancy. We contend with Tieck that the piece was written for representation on occasion of the marriage of James the First's daughter, Princess Elizabeth, to Frederick, Elector Palatine, and that the chief human personages represent James himself and the princely bride and bridegroom. We have here only room for a brief abstract of the arguments advanced by us in the *Universal Review* for April, 1889.

*The Tempest*, in the first place, has all the marks of a play originally written for private representation before a courtly audience. It is shorter by a third than an average play of Shakespeare's. It has scarcely any change of costume or change of scene. It has two elaborate masques, of the description then habitually presented before persons of distinction on great occasions. The most important of these, the nuptial masque of Juno, Ceres, and Iris in the fourth act, would be an absolute impertinence on any other theory than that it formed part of a play represented on occasion of a marriage. Yet it is no interpolation to adapt the play to such a purpose, for, supposing it removed, the greater part of the fourth act disappears with it; and the noblest passage in the drama, "the cloud-capp'd towers," &c., grows out of it, and could not have been written if it had not existed. When, in addition to these indications that *The Tempest* must have been composed for private representation as a nuptial drama, we find, as we do from Vertue, that it actually was represented at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, it is fair to claim that the argument is effectually clenched, and that no reasonable doubt can remain. For, if the piece was not written for performance on this occasion, it must have been the revival of a play written for performance on some other similar occasion. We have seen, however, that it belongs to the latest period of Shakespeare's art, and cannot have been conceived before the narrative of the shipwrecked sailors, who arrived in Virginia about February, 1610, had been published in England. No incident to evoke such a drama had occurred between 1610 and the end of 1612, when the betrothal took place, and then the circumstances exactly

## INTRODUCTION.

fitted such a play as *The Tempest*. A foreign prince from beyond the seas espouses an island princess who has never left her home, the union being brought about by the wisdom of her sage father, potent in all lawful arts, but the inexorable enemy of witchcraft, precisely the character which James the First supported in his own estimation. Prospero is the idealization of James, not without strokes of delicate irony, showing that while Shakespeare sincerely honoured what was admirable in the king, he sees over him and through him. His art and his judgment are still more brightly displayed in another particular. The marriage followed close upon a funeral. Prince Henry had died in the preceding November; the calamity could not be left out of sight, and yet the nuptial joy must not be darkened. With exquisite skill Shakespeare images forth the bereavement in the supposed death of Ferdinand, which occupies so important a place in *The Tempest*. James's grief is thus not ignored, but is transferred from himself to his enemy; the sense of loss mingles almost imperceptibly with the general cheerfulness; and at last the childless Prospero gains a son in Ferdinand, as James was regaining one in Frederick. If this interpretation is correct, the play gains greatly in significance, and Shakespeare appears not only as the consummate poet, but as the accomplished courtier and well-bred man of the world. Our astonishment at his genius must be further heightened, were it possible, by the revelation of the briefness of the time required for the composition and production of so wonderful a work. The supposed death of Ferdinand is so central an incident that the play cannot have been planned prior to the death of Prince Henry on November 6, 1612, while it cannot have been represented later than the celebration of the marriage on February 14 following. All must have been done within three months at the utmost—probably considerably less.

We therefore feel justified in assigning *The Tempest* to the year 1613, thus making it at least two years posterior to *The Winter's Tale*. We are thus warranted in believing, if we please, that Shakespeare really did bid farewell to the stage in the person of Prospero.

One or two of his plays may possibly be later still; but the only one of which this can be positively asserted—Henry the Eighth—is but in part his.

Only one possible original of the plot of *The Tempest* has hitherto been pointed out, and it is uncertain whether Shakespeare and his supposed model did not derive their theme from a common source. The affinity, nevertheless, between the plot of his drama and that of Jacob Ayer's *Fair Sidea* is undeniable. The German play has been translated into English by Mr. Albert Cohn, in his "Shakespeare in Germany." In it Ludolph, like Prospero a banished prince and benevolent magician, is introduced dwelling in a forest with his daughter Sidea and a familiar spirit, Runcifal. The son of the usurper falls into his hands, like Ferdinand; is set, like Ferdinand, to carry logs; is, like Ferdinand, pitied by the magician's daughter; and, like him, finally united to her. It is impossible that Ayer should be the borrower, as he died in 1605. It is equally certain that Shakespeare did not read German; but an account of Ayer's piece may have been brought him by one of the English actors, who in that age were continually traversing Germany, or both plays may have been founded upon some ballad or chap-book yet to be discovered. A ballad entitled *The Incharnted Island*, which has been adduced as the source of the plot, is evidently a much later composition than the play, and founded upon it.

The scene of the action must be conceived to be an imaginary island in the Mediterranean, which the reader may locate anywhere he pleases between Tunis and Naples, the starting-point and terminus of Alonso's interrupted voyage. There is not the smallest reason for identifying it, as Mr. Hunter demands, with Lampedusa; and it would be perfectly irrational, with Chalmers and other commentators, to make Ariel fetch dew from Bermuda to Bermuda. The imagination which created Ariel and Caliban was assuredly equal to summoning an island from the deep, and remanding it thither when its purpose was fulfilled:

These let us *wish* away.

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The surpassing imagination of *The Tempest* has naturally recommended it to artists of creative power, especially Fuseli in last century and Poole in this. Three designs for it, with others illustrative of *Macbeth* and *King John*, were the only fruits of Kaulbach's ambitious undertaking of a complete pictorial illustration of Shakespeare. They are of the highest merit. The various adaptations and imitations will fall under another head, but a word must be said here on a remarkable companion drama, M. Renan's *Caliban*. In this brilliant satire *Caliban*, transferred with his master to Milan, is represented as the type of the new democracy. By playing on the baser passions of the multitude he overthrows culture and refinement personified in Prospero; but on obtaining the throne finds that he has need of them, and ends by becoming a very respectable specimen of spurious civilization.—R. G.

### STAGE HISTORY.

Some faint light is cast upon the early stage history of *The Tempest*. The play, though it stands foremost in the Folio, is held one of the latest works of its author. Malone's ascription of the date to a period subsequent to the appearance of Jourdan's *Discovery of the Barmydas*, otherwise called the *Ile of Divels*, 4to, 1610, is generally accepted; and Mr. Fleay is not alone in assuming *The Tempest* to be the last of Shakespeare's plays in the order of composition. October to November, 1610, is, Mr. Fleay supposes, the date of its first appearance (*Chronicle History*, 249). In the *Booke of the Revels*, extending from 31st Oct. 1611, to 1st Nov. 1612, a manuscript in the Audit Office, is a page containing the following entry: "By the Kings players Hallomas night was presented at Whithall before the Kings Majestie a play called the *Tempest*.—The Kings players the 5th of November, a play called the *Winter Nightes Tayle*." The authenticity of this entry has been disputed by paleographers. It is accepted, however, by Collier (*Hist. of Dram. Poesy*, i. 369), a somewhat dubious authority, and by Halliwell-Phillipps (*Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, i. 214). It concurs with, if it is not supported by, a statement of Malone, who, speak-

ing of *The Tempest* in the account of the incidents, says: "I know that it had a being and a name in the autumn of 1611," words which draw from Halliwell-Phillipps the observation, "he was not the kind of critic to use these decisive words unless he had possessed contemporary evidence of the fact." Supposing the authority for this performance of 1st Nov. 1611, to be inadequate, Malone points out, on the authority of the MSS. of Mr. Vertue, "that the *Tempest* was acted by John Hemminge and the rest of the Kings company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector in the beginning of the year 1613" (*Shakespeare*, by Boswell, ii. 464; *Collier, Hist. of Dram. Poetry*, i. 369).

Neither of these representations was, it may be assumed, the first. *The Tempest* was probably given at an earlier date at the Blackfriars' Theatre. Dryden, in his preface (dated Dec. 1, 1669) to *The Tempest*, or the *Enchanted Island*, of which more anon, says: "The Play itself had previously been acted with success in the Black-Fryers." The music to some of the lyrics was written by Robert Johnson, one of the royal musicians, "for the lutes," a fact which, with the introduction of the masque, emboldens Halliwell-Phillipps to conjecture that the play "was originally written with a view to its production before the court" (*Outlines*, ii. 309). Halliwell-Phillipps also thinks it "not at all improbable that the conspicuous position assigned to this comedy in the First Folio is a testimony to its popularity." That it was popular is proved by the imitations of portions of its story by Fletcher, Suckling, and succeeding writers.

After these appetizing but unsatisfactory glimpses, Shakespeare's *Tempest* recedes for a century and a half from observation.

On 7th November, 1667, Pepys witnessed at Lincoln's Inn Fields "The *Tempest*, an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day." It was acted in presence of the king and the court, and was, continues Pepys, "the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musique in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter, which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit,



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but yet good above ordinary plays." This, it is needless to say, is the alteration of Shakespeare by Dryden and D'Avenant, known as *The Tempest*, or the *Enchanted Island*, 1670, 4to. Of all the indignities to which Shakespeare was subjected this is, in some respects, the worst. Nothing in *The Tempest*, as subsequent experience has shown, called for alteration. The adapters have, however, vulgarized some of the most exquisite of human creations, have supplied Caliban with a female counterpart and sister in Sycorax, and Miranda with a sister who, like herself, has never seen a man, have coupled Ariel with Milcha, and have introduced Hippolyto, a rightful heir to the dukedom of Mantua, who has never seen a woman. Alterations do not end here; but there is no need to dwell upon the absurdities or abominations of a play that is easily accessible. Dryden boasts of his share in this work, and declares in the preface that from the first moment the scheme was confided to him by D'Avenant he "never writ anything with more delight." He is careful, however, to state that the counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely, the conception of a man who had never seen a woman, was due to D'Avenant. The entire preface, a sustained eulogy of D'Avenant, who at this time was dead, leaves room for no suspicion of interested motives. Following the preface comes the rhymed prologue, which is devoted to the praise of Shakespeare, and concludes:

But Shakespear's magic could not copy'd be,  
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

The compliment in the last line is one of the happiest and most ingenious ever paid. Strange that the disciple who paid it should dare himself to don the robes of the necromancer and imitate his art.

Of the first representation of this work, we know that Cave Underhill was the Trinculo, since it is so stated at a subsequent revival (*Genest, Account of the English Stage*, ii. 262). All else that is known is what is told in the preface, that the directors of the pageant

are fore'd to employ  
One of our women to present a boy.

This suggests that Hippolyto was then, as generally in subsequent performances, taken by a woman. It is probable that some attempt at scenic effect was made at the first production of *The Tempest*, or the *Enchanted Island*. When next seen at Dorset Gardens, in 1673, it was converted into what was then called an opera. Downes has passed with slight mention the previous performances of *The Tempest*, simply stating in a note that *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and *The Tempest* were acted in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and adding that *The Tempest* was altered by Sir William D'Avenant and Mr. Dryden before it was made into an opera. Not much more expansive is he concerning the revival. His words with their curious orthography and punctuation are: "The Year after in 1673. *The Tempest* or the *Inchanted Island* made into an *Opera* by Mr. *Shadwell*, having all *New* in it; as *Scenes*, *Machines*; particularly one scene *Painted* with *Myriads of Ariel Spirits*; and another flying away, with a *Table Furnisht* out with *Fruits*, *Sweet meats* and all sorts of *Viands*; just when *Duke Trinculo* (*sic*) and his *Companions*' were going to *Dinner*; all was things perform'd in it so *Admirably well*, that not any succeeding *Opera* got more *Money*" (*Roscus Anglicanus*, p. 35). Once more we are in ignorance as to the cast. The music was by Purcell. Concerning a third representation given at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 13th Oct. 1702, all that is known is that Cave Underhill repeated Duke Trinculo. Underhill, who retired from the theatre the following year, acted till he was past eighty. So excellent was he "in the part of Trinculo in *The Tempest* that he was called *Prince Trinculo*" (*Davies, Dram. Misc.* iii. 135). Davies is in error. It is Duke Trinculo that Underhill was called. In Tom Brown's clever and not very delicate *Letters from the Dead to the Living* are letters from Tony Lee to C—ve U—rh—l, and from C—ve U—rh—l to Tony Lee, from which Davies has taken carelessly his information. In these Underhill speaks of himself as Duke Trinculo the comedian (*Works of Tho. Brown*, ii. 141-147, ed. 1707). Duke is the title which Trinculo takes in Dryden's play.

Some contribution to a cast of *The Tempest*

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is furnished 4th June, 1714, when the play was produced at Drury Lane, with Powell as Prospero, Johnson as Caliban, Bullock as Trinculo, Ryan as Ferdinand, Mrs. Mountfort as Hippolyto, and Mrs. Santlow as Dorinda. Miranda and Ariel are not even named. At the same house, on 2nd Jan. 1729, Kitty Raftor, subsequently immortal as Mrs. Clive, played Dorinda. She was then at the outset of her career in London, and was in her eighteenth year. Mrs. Cibber, another delightful actress, was Hippolyto. Mills was Prospero, Wilks Ferdinand, Shepherd Stephano, Miller Trinculo, Norris Ventoso, Harper Mustacho. Miss Robinson, jun., Ariel, and Mrs. Booth Miranda. Caliban is omitted. This was an excellent cast, but unfortunately no details concerning the performance are traceable.

To the many iniquities of the same class of Garrick must be added the fact that Dryden and D'Avenant's alteration of *The Tempest* was given by him at Drury Lane on 26th Dec. 1747. The principal features in the cast are the Hippolyto of Peg Woffington, the Ariel of Kitty Clive, and the Trinculo of Macklin. Berry was Prospero, Lee Ferdinand, I. Sparks Caliban, Mrs. Green Dorinda, and Mrs. Mozeen Miranda. With this performance a few times repeated the adaptation of Dryden and D'Avenant, in its original shape, disappears. Previous to this, on 31st Jan. 1746, what is called Shakespeare's *Tempest*, "never acted there before," had been produced at Drury Lane. At this period the theatres were almost deserted, in consequence of the rising in Scotland and the north. The following is the first recorded cast of Shakespeare's play:

Prospero	= L. Sparks.
Ferdinand	= Delane.
Caliban	= I. Sparks.
Stephano	= Macklin.
Trinculo	= Barrington.
Antonio	= Goodfellow.
Alonzo	= Bridges.
Gonzalo	= Berry.
Boatswain	= Blakes.
Miranda	= Miss Edwards.
Ariel	= Mrs. Clive.

A musical entertainment, called Neptune and Amphitrite, was played at the conclusion, ap-

parently as a species of masque. This was very probably taken from D'Avenant and Dryden. Lacy, the manager of Drury Lane, who was the first to revive Shakespeare according to the original text, though not without additions, had applied, upon the descent of the Highlanders upon Derby, to raise two hundred men for the defence of the person and government of the king. In this body the whole company of Drury Lane was to be engaged.

When next *The Tempest* was revived by Garrick at Drury Lane, 11th Feb. 1756, it was as an opera, the authorship of which, on not quite convincing evidence, has been ascribed to Garrick. Prospero, a singing character, was taken by Beard. A species of interlude, spoken by Havard as an actor and Yates as a critic, appears in the *St. James's Magazine*, i. 144. The music to *The Tempest* is by John Christopher Smith, who was the amanuensis of Handel. Two songs in this, "Full fathom five" and "The owl is abroad," remained favourites. Into this version are interpolated, from Dryden's *Tyrannick Love*, the lines:

Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,  
Half tippled, at a rainbow feast.

Theophilus Cibber ascribes the adaptation to Garrick. He says, speaking of Garrick: "Were *Shakespeare's* Ghost to rise, would he not frown Indignation on this Pilfering Pedlar in Poetry, . . . who thus shamefully mangles, mutilates, and emasculates his Plays? *The Midsummer Night's Dream* has been minc'd and fricaseed into an indigested and unconnected Thing called *The Fairies*. . . . *The Winter's Tale* mammo'c'd into a Droll; *The Taming of the Shrew* made a Farce of; . . . and *The Tempest* castrated into an Opera. . . . oh what an agreeable Lullaby might it have prov'd to our Beaus and Belles to have heard *Caliban, Sycorax*, and one of the Devils trilling of Trios" (Theophilus Cibber to David Garrick, Esq., with *Dissertations on Theatrical Subjects*, 1759, p. 36). The plays mentioned were all published anonymously; but Cibber's charge was not denied, and Garrick, it is to be feared, cannot be acquitted of the

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responsibility. Cibber claims to have himself played in *The Tempest* (of Dryden's *Ventoso*, *Mustacho*, and *Trinculo*). Of the performances, however, no record is preserved.

When next Garrick produced *The Tempest* at Drury Lane, 20th Oct. 1757, Shakespeare's version was at length adopted. Mossop was then the *Prospero*, Holland *Ferdinand*, Berry *Caliban*, Woodward *Stephano*, Yates *Trinculo*, and Miss Pritchard *Miranda*. About 1760, in pursuit of the ruinous system of rivalry which distinguished them, the two theatres in Dublin, Crow Street and Smock Alley, produced *The Tempest* at the same time. The following is the cast at the two houses:

	Crow Street.	Smock Alley.
Prospero .....	Fleetwood .....	Mossop.
Stephano .....	Woodward .....	Brown.
Alonzo .....	Adcock .....	Sowdon.
Sebastian .....	Knipe .....	Heaphy.
Antonio .....	Morris .....	Heaton.
Gonzalo .....	Mynitt .....	(West) Digges.
Trinculo .....	————— .....	Griffith.
Caliban .....	Glover .....	Sparks.
Ariel .....	Mrs. Glover .....	Miss Young.
Miranda .....	————— .....	Miss Macartney.

Hitchcock says, "they continued playing it till both lost money by it;" and adds, "with respect to scenery, machinery, and decorations, Crow Street certainly was superior. Carver was then one of the first scene painters in Europe; Mr. Messink the first machinist ever known in this kingdom; and Finny, their carpenter, had infinite merit" (*Hist. View of the Irish Stage*, ii. 63, 64).

Edinburgh had been before Dublin in producing *The Tempest*, but it was in Dryden's version. The *Caledonian Mercury* of 27th December, 1733, reports: "Yesterday, at the Edinburgh Theatre, to the fullest audience that has been for some considerable time, was acted the *Tempest, or Incharnted Island*, with universal applause, every part, and even what required machinery, being performed in great order." No cast is preserved. It is probable that Barret played *Prospero*, Wycomb *Trinculo*, and Mrs. Miller *Hippolito*. This is, however, mere conjecture. On March 14, 1750, it was revived, "with all the original music composed by the late Mr. Purcell, and

all other decorations proper to the play." Salmon was *Trinculo*, Mrs. Salmon *Ariel*, Conyers *Neptune*, and Mrs. Hyde *Amphitrite*. Conyers was also "the Grand Singing Devil" (*Dibdin, Edinburgh Stage*, 65). At the outset of Digges's management of the Edinburgh theatre, December, 1756, the operatic version, with Smith's music, all but the recitative, was performed. The announcement states that "a principal scene of the *Tempest*, rais'd by magic, is new painted for the occasion, with a perspective representation of the ship, rocks, ocean, &c. The stage will be entirely darkened for the representation of the storm; the candles therefore cannot be lighted till after the commencement of the first act." Mrs. Hopkins was *Miranda*, Mrs. Ward *Dorinda*, and Mrs. Love *Ariel*. Heyman was *Prospero*, Love *Trinculo*, Younger *Ferdinand*, Stamper *Hippolito* (*sic*), and Caliban (with new song in character), and Sadler *Milcha* (*ib.* 93, 94).

The first representation of Shakespeare's *Tempest* at Covent Garden took place 27th Dec. 1776, with Hull as *Prospero*, Mattocks as *Ferdinand*, Wilson as *Stephano*, Quick as *Trinculo*, Dunstall as *Caliban*, Miss Brown as *Miranda*, and Mrs. Farel as *Ariel*. It was acted six times, Woodward being on one occasion, if not more, substituted for Wilson as *Stephano*. On the 4th of January following *The Tempest* was revived at Drury Lane. This was probably an arrangement of *The Tempest* by R. B. Sheridan, with music by Thomas Linley, jun., of which the songs only were printed, 8vo. 1777. Bensley was *Prospero*, Vernon *Ferdinand*, Moody *Stephano*, Baddeley *Trinculo*, J. Aikin *Gonzalo*, and Bannister *Caliban*. *Ariel* was announced as by a young lady (Miss Field), and *Miranda* also by a young lady (Mrs. Cuyler). When nine years later, at Drury Lane, 7th March, 1786, it was once more revived, the representatives of *Prospero*, *Caliban*, *Stephano*, *Gonzalo*, and *Ariel* were the same—a rather remarkable fact. Miss Field, however, having married, appeared as Mrs. Forster. Barrymore was *Ferdinand*, and Mrs. Crouch *Ariel*.

A new version of *The Tempest*, by John Philip Kemble, was produced at Drury Lane 13th Oct. 1789. It was announced as Shake-

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spere's, but the transparent inaccuracy is betrayed in the names of the characters. Kemble restored a good deal of Shakespeare, but kept far too much of Dryden. In some quarters, indeed, the play was spoken of as Dryden's. The cast was—

Prospero = Bensley.  
 Ferdinand = Kelly.  
 Caliban = Williames.  
 Stephano = Moody.  
 Trinculo = Baddeley.  
 Alonzo = Packer.  
 Gonzalez = J. Aikin.  
 Antonio = Phillimore.  
 Hyppolito (*sic*) = Mrs. Goodall.  
 Ariel = Miss Romanzini.  
 Miranda = Mrs. Crouch.  
 Dorinda = Miss Farren.

From Young's Memoirs of Mrs. Crouch, we learn that Miss Farren and Mrs. Crouch were dressed "in white ornamented with spotted furs; coral beads adorned their heads, necks, and arms. They looked beautiful, and rendered the characters uncommonly interesting" (i. 73, 74). Mrs. Goodall had a fine figure in male attire, Miss Romanzini sang "with great taste," and Mr. Kelly "evinced feeling and judgment throughout" (*ibid.*). The relative shares of Shakespeare and Dryden in the production and in Kemble's revised version are traced by Genest (*Account of the Stage*, vi. 575-578). The first version was printed in 8vo, 1789, and the second in 8vo, 1806 and 1807. On 22nd Feb. 1797, the earlier version of Kemble was revised at Drury Lane, with Miss Farren and Mrs. Crouch in their old characters, Mrs. Powell as Hippolito, Palmer as Prospero, Charles Kemble as Ferdinand, Bannister as Caliban, Bannister, jun., as Stephano, and Snett as Trinculo. Little interest was inspired by the performance. When revised 9th Dec. of the same year Miss De Camp was Ariel, Miss Miller Dorinda, and Mrs. Crouch Miranda. On May 4th, 1789, at the same house, Powell was Prospero, Sedgwick Caliban, Miss De Camp Hippolito, and Mrs. Jordan Dorinda.

Kemble's second version of *The Tempest* was produced at Covent Garden 8th Dec. 1806, Kemble playing Prospero. The cast also included—

Ferdinand = Charles Kemble.  
 Gonzalo = Murray.  
 Caliban = Emery.  
 Stephano = Munden.  
 Trinculo = Fawcett.  
 Hippolito = Miss Logan.  
 Miranda = Miss Brunton.  
 Dorinda = Mrs. C. Kemble.  
 Ariel = Miss Meadows (her first appearance on any stage).

This revival was successful, being acted twenty-seven times. It is pleasant, however, to hear that some of the introductions from Dryden were hissed by the public, and were in consequence withdrawn. Kemble's Prospero was popular in spite of the drawbacks of his pronunciation. Concerning it Leigh Hunt says: "The character of Prospero could not have been sustained by any one actor on the stage with so much effect as by Mr. Kemble. The majestic presence and dignity of the princely enchanter, conscious of his virtue, his wrongs, and his supernatural power, were displayed with an undeviating spirit, with that proud composure which seems a peculiar property of this actor" (*Critical Essays*, Appendix, p. 33). His perfectly accurate, if possibly pedantic, pronunciation of *aches* as *itches* in the lines—

I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
 Fill all thy bones with *aches*, make thee roar—

incurred much condemnation, and was severely censured by Leigh Hunt. Anxiety to hear it, and express disapproval of it, is said to have helped to fill the theatre, and *The Tempest* was consequently acted more frequently than it would otherwise have been. Cooke one night was substituted for Kemble in the part. Public curiosity was agog to know how he would treat the word. Cooke rather cleverly omitted the line. Genest also condemns strongly Kemble's obstinacy, and says he "might have retained his own opinion in private conversation, but as an actor it was his duty to conform to the sense of the public" (*Account of the Stage*, viii. 47), an opinion we venture to regard as heretical. Of Miss Meadows, the daughter of a well-known actor, Leigh Hunt speaks in terms of praise, though he confesses to not making sufficient allow-

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ance "for that look of corporeality which an actress, however light her motions may be, cannot avoid in the representation of a being who is air itself" (ib. Appendix, 32). Emery's Caliban he declares "one of the best pieces of acting we have ever seen. He conceived with infinite vigour that union of the man and the beast, which renders the monster so odious and malignant a being; nothing could be more suitable to the character than the occasional growlings which finished the complaints of the savage, and the grinning eagerness of malignity which accompanied his curses on Prospero" (ib.). With just criticism that has not obtained the attention it deserves he continues: "It appeared to us, however, that after he had drunk so much of a liquor to which he was unaccustomed, and indeed after he had acknowledged its power by reeling on the stage, he should not have displayed so sober a voice in his song: we think that Shakespeare intended the song to be given in the style of a drunkard, by the break which he has marked in the line—

ban—ban—Ca—Caliban—

which could hardly have been a chorus" (ib.). On Kemble's dalliance with Dryden and D'Avenant Hunt is justly severe. From the Monthly Mirror we learn that Stephano was played by Munden, and that he and Fawcett did justice to the characters assigned them. The critic continues:—"Trinculo appeared, for the first time, in a fool's coat: That he was a *jester* we know, for he is so called in the original *dramatis personæ*, and that he should wear a party-coloured dress appears proper, from the speech of Caliban, 'What a pied nunny's this?' We presume also that Mr. Kemble has some good reason for making him the king's jester; but of the authority for this we are not aware, unless the honour of being wrecked in the same vessel with the King may have been sufficient to entitle him to the distinction" (vol. xxii. p. 419). Kemble's later version was revived at Covent Garden under Fawcett's management 26th Oct. 1812, with Young as Prospero, C. Kemble Ferdinand, Mathews Stephano, Blanchard Trinculo, Emery Caliban, Mrs. H. Johnston Hippolito, Miss Bolton Ariel, Miss

Sally Booth Dorinda, and Miss Cooke Miranda.

Macready's first appearance as Prospero took place at Covent Garden 15th May, 1821, in a version compounded from Shakespeare and Dryden and D'Avenant, to which Reynolds contributed new songs and dialogue (Memoirs, ii. 411). Abbott was Ferdinand, Duruset Hippolito, Egerton Alonzo, Emery Caliban, W. Farren Stephano, Blanchard Trinculo, Miss Foote Ariel, Miss Hallande Miranda, and Miss Stephens Dorinda. It was acted eleven times (Genest; fifteen times, Reynolds). After uttering a further protest against the maintenance of Dryden's indecencies, a writer in the New Monthly (!Talfourd) condemns the mounting, in which the genius of pantomime triumphs over that of poetry, and Harlequin is the first of enchanters (iii. 277). Macready's declamation and the delicious singing of Miss Stephens and Miss Hallande are praised. Emery's Caliban "may," it is said, "be like a savage from the woods of Yorkshire, but breathes little of the wondrous isle:" while the writer goes into raptures over one character, regarding "the bright vision of Miss Foote, which glitters over the stage as the personified spirit of the beautiful story" (ib.). Gold's London Magazine (iii. 643) speaks of Prospero as "not the most favourable part for the development of Macready's talents." Macready reappeared as Prospero at Drury Lane 5th Oct. 1833. He "acted it but indifferently" (Reminiscences by Sir J. Pollock, i. 387), but "the play went off well."

Under his own management Macready at Covent Garden, 13th Oct. 1838, at length produced Shakespeare's *Tempest* in something approaching to its integrity. The following was the cast:—

Prospero	=	Macready.
Alonzo	=	Wardle.
Sebastian	=	Diddear.
Antonio	=	Phelps.
Caliban	=	Geo. Bennett.
Stephano	=	Bartley.
Trinculo	=	Harley.
Miranda	=	Miss Helen Faucit.
Ariel	=	Miss Priscilla Horton.
Iris	=	Mrs. Serle.
Juno	=	Miss Rainforth.

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A selection of music from Purcell, Linley, and Arne was given, and elaborate mounting was provided. It was acted fifty-five times to an average of over £230. The performance was generally approved, and recollections of the Miranda of Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) and the Ariel of Miss Priscilla Horton (Mrs. German Reed) are still preserved by a few playgoers with distant memories.

Phelps produced *The Tempest* 7th April, 1847, during his third season at Sadler's Wells, with much success. He played Prospero to the Ferdinand of Marston, the Caliban of Geo. Bennett, the Trinculo of Scharf, the Stephano of A. Younge, the Miranda of Miss Laura Addison, and the Ariel of Miss Julia St. George. It was revived at the same house with unimportant modifications in the cast 25th Aug. 1849, the opening of Phelps's sixth season. On 1st July, 1857, Charles Kean revived *The Tempest* at the Princess's with much splendour of *mise en scène*. Charles Kean was Prospero, Ryder Caliban, Harley Trinculo, and Matthews Stephano; Miss Carlotta Leclercq Miranda, Miss Bufton Ferdinand, and Miss Kate Terry Ariel. Miss Poole led an invisible choir. The literary interest of the revival was swallowed up in scenic effect, and the Ariel of Miss Terry (Mrs. Arthur Lewis) is the only performance that stands out in the recollection. "The task which Mr. Kean appears to have set himself is, to show Ariel in the greatest possible variety of situations, keeping up the notion of a spiritual being by the dazzling light with which he is surrounded, the suddenness of his appearance, and the swiftness with which he passes from spot to spot. . . . The part is taken by Miss Kate Terry, who brings to it youth, grace, and intelligence" (*The Saturday Review*, 4th June, 1857).

Other revivals are traceable. None of these is, however, of conspicuous interest. On account of requiring a certain amount of scenic and musical addition, and offering in the character of Prospero no great attractions to a tragedian, *The Tempest* has been rarely put up for a benefit. We dare not, in a series of notices intended to supply trustworthy information, deal much with conjecture; nor do

we venture without apology to put forward the following suggestion. After the production of *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* Shakespeare, in the opinion of Mr. Fleay, retired from theatrical life. It would add keen interest to the play if we could believe that he played in it the character of Prospero, and so took in it farewell of the stage as well as of dramatic literature. The lines spoken by Prospero—

I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

—Act v. sc. 1.

And those which follow—

And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.—II.—

have been connected with Shakespeare's retirement from active life. How keen an interest would have been felt had he appeared as Prospero. In favour of this there is, of course, no evidence; and we dare go no further than suggest that Prospero is of the declamatory character, like those parts which have been associated with Shakespeare as an actor, such as Adam and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and can scarcely be regarded as a rôle in which a tragedian would hope for a great addition to his reputation.—J. K.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

The quality of *The Tempest* which impresses first and most forcibly is its wonderful imagination. It has no basis in history or in contemporary manners. A wholly ideal world is called into being by the poet with such ease, grace, and decision, that his power seems boundless, and we feel that he could have created twenty *Tempests* as easily as one. Two of the characters lie outside the bounds of humanity, and are nevertheless so absolutely organic, so perfectly consistent in conception and faithful to the laws of their being, that it never occurs to us to doubt their existence any more than that of the human personages. Two of these latter are as ideal as the laws of humanity permit, one a supreme enchanter, who holds the rest in the hollow of his hand; the other the most subtle essence of

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innocent maidenhood. The other characters, though often ordinary people enough, gain poetry from their environment. Scene, plot, incidents, personages—all are out of the common; an enchanted world summoned into existence by the magician's wand, and ready to disappear at his bidding.

We can appreciate the supremacy of Shakespeare's genius by comparing *The Tempest* with a somewhat similar piece also written by a great poet—Calderon's *El Mayor Encanto Amor* (*No Magic Like Love*), one of the plays translated by the late Denis Florence McCarthy. The subject of this play is the sorceries of Circe, who, save that she is beautiful and her witcheries alluring, gives Ulysses and his companions much the kind of reception they might have expected from Sycorax. Ulysses is a kind of Prospero, and the humours of Gonzalo, Stephano, and Trinculo are combined in the *gracioso* Clarin. The piece is a constant stream of the most beautiful lyric poetry; but the plot and the characters are entirely conventional: there is ingenuity enough, but not a glimpse of Shakespeare's sublime invention, and we see that a rude narrative of a shipwreck was more to the Englishman than all Homer to the Spaniard. In most of his other plays Shakespeare has accommodated himself to restraints of time, place, and circumstance; in *The Tempest* he appears as absolute sovereign; yet fully as observant as elsewhere of the eternal laws of art. Here, more than anywhere else, we seem to see the world as, if it had depended upon him, Shakespeare would have made it.

The world of *The Tempest* being thus in so peculiar a degree the creation of Shakespeare's own mind, it is of especial interest to inquire what kind of a world it is. And this is the more important, as the play, coming at or near the close of his dramatic career, represents, as no other can, the ultimate conclusions of that mighty intellect, and the frame of mind in which he was prepared to take leave of the things of earth. The result of the investigation is exactly where we should have wished. *The Tempest* is one of the most cheerful of his dramas. Its cheerfulness is, moreover, temperate and matured, a cheerfulness all the more serious for having been

acquainted with grief. Unlike many writers, Shakespeare had not commenced his career under the influence of morbid feelings. There is nothing dismal even in *Romeo and Juliet* or the *Merchant of Venice*; *As You Like It* is the climax of innocent gaiety, and *Henry IV.* of humour. It is in middle life that melancholy and moodiness and obstinate questionings come upon him, and he produces his analogues of Werther and the Robbers. In *Hamlet* he propounds life's enigma only to give it up; in *Troilus and Cressida* he paints its deceptions, and in *Measure for Measure* its deformities; in *Timon* he brings the whole human race in guilty, and proscribes it. Then the cloud lifts, and in *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest* we find him returning to his old sunny creed, though the sunshine may be that of even rather than of morn. Especially is *The Tempest* a drama of reconciliation and peace, authoritatively confirmed by the verdict of the highest reason impersonated in Prospero:

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further.

In this point of view *The Tempest* is an advance even upon the two immediately preceding dramas, *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*. In both, enormous injuries resulting from causeless jealousy are obliterated, and, as concerns the minds of the sufferers, made as though they had never been. But in both these instances the wrong was not wilful, and sprang from the error of misguided affection. In *The Tempest* it is of far deeper dye, and Prospero, moreover, is an injured sovereign, not a tender and forgiving woman. Yet his mercy is as complete, but it is of another kind. It is rather the contemptuous indifference, not only of a prince who feels himself able to despise his enemies, but of a sage no longer capable of being very deeply moved by external accidents and the mutations of earthly fortune. He does not in his heart very greatly care for his dukedom, or very deeply resent the villainy that

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has deprived him of it. The happiness of his daughter is the only thing which touches him very nearly, and one has the feeling that even the failure of his plans to secure this would not have embittered his life. Nay, so far does he go in detachment from the affairs of the world, that without any external enforcement he breaks his staff, drowns his book, and, but for the imperishable gains of study and meditation, takes his place among ordinary men. That this Quixotic height of magnanimity should not surprise, that it should seem quite in keeping with the character, proves how deeply this character has been drawn from Shakespeare's own nature. Prospero is not Shakespeare, but the play is in a certain measure autobiographical. Unlike, perhaps, others of the later plays, *Othello* (if we are right in attributing this to 1609), *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, it alludes to no event in Shakespeare's life or that of any one dear to him, but it is nevertheless a chapter of mental history. It shows us more than anything else what the discipline of life had made of Shakespeare at fifty—a fruit too fully matured to be suffered to hang much longer on the tree. Conscious superiority untinged by arrogance, genial scorn for the mean and base, mercifulness into which contempt enters very largely, serenity excluding passionate affection, while admitting tenderness, intellect overtopping morality, but in no way blighting or perverting it, such are the mental features of him in whose development the man of the world had kept pace with the poet, and who now shone as the consummate example of both. We shall have to speak by and by of the little foibles which Shakespeare has allowed to mingle with Prospero's portrait, partly lest it should be said that the great delineator of character had striven to depict the undiscoverable perfect man, and partly because the purpose of his play compelled him to keep an eye on James the First. These failings are not his own. Nor are we to think that the lesson of the piece is a practical quietism; that "trust in God" excludes "keeping the powder dry." Shakespeare seems to have inserted a speech, otherwise insignificant, to guard against such a supposition:

I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.

Another great poet has portrayed for us an aged, potent, and benevolent enchanter. It is interesting to compare Prospero with the Faust of the Second Part; who, far more distinctly than Shakespeare's creation, impersonates the author, and sums up his final view of life. It is plain that the Time Spirit has been at work, and that either of these poets would have written differently in the century of the other. Though Shakespeare was a more practical man than Goethe, and quite exempt from what, did reverence allow, we might describe as the latter's "fads," the Faust of the Second Part is a more practical and energetic person than Prospero, and much more strongly impressed with the paramount duty of labouring for the common weal in his day and generation. On the other hand, although Goethe was a more highly cultivated man than Shakespeare, and much more advanced in years, his Faust does not possess the calm superiority and pure, thrice-defecated refinement of Prospero. The ex-manager of the Globe, with his constant eye to the main chance, has produced a pattern for scholars; the statesman and courtier has given a model for the ordinary man. We must ascribe this in great measure to the different circumstances of the periods of the respective authors. The gospel of work was very imperfectly understood in Shakespeare's time. So far as recognized, it had been intrusted to religious communities, by that time corrupted, and in Shakespeare's country extinct, nor did the problems of the age force it forward. Again, Shakespeare's purpose in writing *The Tempest* was, as we have seen, a merely temporary and occasional one. But for the royal marriage, and the accident of the bridegroom coming from beyond the seas, the piece would never have existed at all. It was necessary to exhibit a counterpart of James, and the qualities of James which the poet especially desired to bring forward were precisely those which experience and meditation had developed in himself. Shakespeare does not present Prospero as an ideal of humanity, but his own



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nature overflows into his creation. Goethe, on the other hand, knew perfectly what he was about when he was drawing Faust, and did mean to bequeath to the world a compendium of life's lesson as he had learned it. The wisdom of his eighty years is summed up in the immortal quatrain:

Ja, diesem Sinne bin ich ganz ergeben,  
Das ist der Weisheit letzter Schluss,  
Nur Der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben  
Der täglich sie erobern muss.

Evidently the fracture of his magic staff is the very last thing that would have occurred to Faust.

Neither Faust nor Prospero is a perfect character. Each has a past to be repented of. Prospero, indeed, has not, like Faust, committed crime, but neither has he, like Faust, been exposed to the temptations of a super-natural intelligence. His errors have been the product of his own nature; he has, like the monarch he shadows forth, been too bookish for a king:

for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel: those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies.

Prospero's narrative, in which this is confessed, is a subtle piece of dramatic irony; he does not blame himself, or suspect that he may be lowering himself in his daughter's opinion, or see anything except the treachery from which he has suffered, but which he has himself invited. There is, besides, a slight tinge of irony in Shakespeare's conception of his wisdom: it is admirable and adequate to the end it would attain, but a little too fussy and self-conscious to rank as the very highest manifestation of intellect. It is what one continually sees in men of great parts and long experience, intimately persuaded that no one can do anything so well as themselves, and perhaps not without ground for that conviction, but a trifle too obtrusive in the assertion of it. The remaining deductions from Prospero's perfection are also conspicuous in Faust. Shakespeare and Goethe, delineating aged men, have given them a tinge of petulance and peevishness.

In Faust this becomes unreasoning injustice, and makes him, contrary to his intention, re-enact the tragedy of Naboth's vineyard. In Prospero it is a mere foible, visible in his somewhat pedantic manner to his daughter; his susceptibility when she does not give him sufficient attention, though knowing that he has himself caused her drowsiness, and his tartness toward Ariel. One can imagine how a tamed and civilized Caliban might contrive to stir up the populace against him, though this is not M. Renan's idea.

If Prospero is imperfect, Miranda is perfection, with the abatement only that we see her in a peculiar and limited set of circumstances, and must take her on trust for the rest. She is not a Cordelia or an Imogen, so tried in the fire as to justify the confidence that she could not possibly come short in any circumstance of life. She is rather a Perdita, "a wave of the sea" caught and shown for an instant in so exquisitely graceful an attitude that we are only too thankful to be sure that "she will ever do nothing but that." In some respects this pair of heroines are the most wonderful of all Shakespeare's women, for nowhere else is such an effect obtained with so little apparent effort. Mere outlines produce the impression of elaborate paintings, and that seems the freest exuberance of the most careless genius which is in reality the reward of profoundest study and severest toil. It would be far easier to create or copy a Lady Macbeth than a Miranda. It is amazing with how few speeches and how little action this effect is produced. Certain it is that when Miranda offers to carry the logs for Ferdinand she seems to put all the grace and lovingness of womankind into that single act: and that no one ever stumbled at her frank surrender to, or rather appropriation of, a prince whom she has hardly seen:—

Hence, bashful cunning!  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

What volumes it speaks for Shakespeare's freshness of heart that Imogen, Perdita, and

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Miranda should be the last creations of the veteran dramatist!

The other human personages do not require much notice. Being Shakespeare's, they are exactly what they ought to be; but, unless Gonzalo be excepted, they have no other office than that of necessary wheels in the mechanism of the piece. Ferdinand is a gallant young lover, rewarded beyond his deserts as lovers sometimes are, and as his prototype was expected to suppose himself. Alonso's grief and remorse are conveyed with all the power of which a cheerful subject admitted. The conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian, which is, as Coleridge remarks, "an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout," is artfully managed so as not to shock us overmuch, and is in its turn parodied by the conspiracy of Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban. The whole of the dramatis persone, except the sailors, may be observed to arrange themselves into two camps, a camp of light and a camp of darkness, connected by the junction of the guilty but not ignoble Alonso with his sapient counsellor, in virtue of whose fidelity he still has a hold on the world of good. The full and extreme contrast is not between Caliban and Ariel, but Caliban and Miranda.

The two supernatural personages, Ariel and Caliban, are universally considered the most remarkable instances of Shakespeare's imagination when it absolutely transcends the limits of the knowable—bolder than the fairies of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, more original than the witches of *Macbeth*. "Ariel," says Coleridge, "has in everything the airy tint which gives the name." *Delicate*, his master's favourite epithet, is that which suits him best; he is graceful, dainty, volatile. Consorting with humanity, he has with all his levity learned in a measure to enter into its joys and sorrows; one can imagine him provoking and capricious, but not inhuman.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions?

his master says with something like surprise. Caliban, on the contrary, is gross and earthy,

without the rudiment of a moral sense. This constitutes his hopeless inferiority, for he is not devoid of intellect. His mistake in "taking a drunkard for a god" is rather the effect of ignorance than stupidity; he has very practical notions how to get rid of Prospero. Schlegel observes that he generally speaks in verse; it is further noticeable that one of the most poetical passages of the drama is put into his mouth:—

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt  
not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd  
I cried to dream again.

But all this merely appeals to the animal nature. With all his sensitiveness to physical impressions, Caliban is a moral idiot. He is not, as has been fancifully maintained, the "missing link" between man and brute; but he does indicate what man would be if his progress had been solely upon intellectual lines. (7)

The *Tempest* is not one of those plays whose interest consists in strong dramatic situations. The course of the action is revealed from the first. Prospero is too manifestly the controlling spirit to arouse much concern for his fortunes. Ferdinand and Miranda are soon put out of their pain, and Ariel lies beyond the limits of humanity. The action is simple and uniform, and all occurrences are seen converging slowly towards their destined point. No play, perhaps, more perfectly combines intellectual satisfaction with imaginative pleasure. Above and behind the fascination of the plot and the poetry we behold Power and Right evenly paired and working together, and the justification of Providence, producing that sentiment of repose and acquiescence which is the object and the test of every true work of art.

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples?

—R. G.



*Pros.* A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it.—(Act i. 2. 149-148.)

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### ACT I.

SCENE I. *On board a ship at sea: a storm, with thunder and lightning.*

*Enter Master and Boatswain severally.*

*Master.* Boatswain!

*Boatswain.* Here, master: what cheer?

*Master.* Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely,<sup>1</sup> or we run ourselves a-ground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boatswain.* Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare,<sup>2</sup> yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to the master's whistle! [*Exeunt Mariners.*—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men. 11

*Boatswain.* I pray now, keep below.

*Alon.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boatswain.* Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boatswain.* When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king! To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 11

*Boatswain.* None that I more love than myself. [You are a counsellor:—if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand<sup>3</sup> a rope more: use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.]—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Yarely, nimbly.

<sup>2</sup> Yare, ready.

<sup>3</sup> Hand, handle.

[*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the topmast! yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course! *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.*  
Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? *[Have you a mind to sink?*

*Seb.* A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog! 44

*Boats.* Work you, then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang! *[you whoreson, insolent noise-maker,]* we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, *[and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.]* 51

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!

*Re-enter Mariners wet.*

*Mariners.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! *[Exeunt.]*

*[Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I'm out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely<sup>1</sup> cheated of our lives by drunkards:—  
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning, 60

The washing of ten tides!]

*Gon.* *[He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him.]*

*[A confused noise within,—“Merely on us!” “We split, we split!”—“Farewell, my wife and children!”—*

“Farewell, brother!”—“We split, we split, we split!”] *[Exit Boatswain.]*

*[Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. *[Exit.]*

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. *[Exit.]*

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,—  
ling, heath, broom, furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *The island: before the cell of Prospero.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mir.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

*[The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,*

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out.] O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,  
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in

her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they  
perish'd!

*[Had I been any god of power, I would 10  
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and  
The fraughting souls within her.]*

*Pros.*

Be collected;

No more amazement:<sup>2</sup> tell your piteous<sup>3</sup> heart  
There's no harm done.

*Mir.*

O, woe the day!

*Pros.*

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,—  
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,—  
who

Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing  
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better  
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20  
And thy no greater father.

*Mir.*

More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pros.*

'Tis time

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,

<sup>1</sup> *Merely*, absolutely.

<sup>2</sup> *Amazement*, perturbation of mind. <sup>3</sup> *Piteous*, pitiful.

And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:  
 [Lays down his robe.  
 Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes;  
 have comfort.  
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
 I have with such prevision in mine art

So safely order'd, that there is no soul—  
 No, not so much perdition as an hair— 30  
 Beld in any creature in the vessel  
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st  
 sink. Sit down;  
 For thou must now know further.  
*Mir.* You have often



*Mir.* O, I have suffer'd  
 With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,  
 Dash'd all to pieces.—(Act i. 2. 5-8.)

Began to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,  
 And left me to a bootless<sup>1</sup> inquisition,  
 Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

*Pros.* The hour's now come:  
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:  
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
 A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast  
 not 10  
 Out<sup>2</sup> three years old.

*Mir.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pros.* By what? by any other house or  
 person?

Of any thing the image tell me that  
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mir.* 'Tis far off,  
 And rather like a dream than an assurance  
 That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
 Four or five women once that tended me?

*Pros.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. [But  
 how is it  
 That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou  
 else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?  
 If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st  
 here, 31  
 How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

*Mir.* But that I do not,

<sup>1</sup> *Bootless*, profitless.

<sup>2</sup> *Out*, full.

*Pros.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve  
year since, ]

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and  
A prince of power.

*Mir.* Sir, are not you my father?

*Pros.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father  
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir,  
A princess,—no worse issu'd.<sup>1</sup>

*Mir.* O the heavens!  
What foul play had we, that we came from  
thence? 60

Or blessed was't we did?  
*Pros.* Both, both, my girl:  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd  
thence;

But blessedly help hither.

*Mir.* O my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen<sup>2</sup> that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from<sup>3</sup> my remembrance! Please  
you, further.

*Pros.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd  
Antonio,—

I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put 69  
The manage<sup>4</sup> of my state; as, at that time,  
Through all the signiories<sup>5</sup> it was the first,  
And Prospero the prime<sup>6</sup> duke; being so  
reputed

In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel: those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being trans-  
ported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
[Dost thou attend me?

*Mir.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.* Being once perfected how to grant  
suits, 79  
How to deny them, who to advance, and who  
To trash<sup>7</sup> for over-topping,—new-created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd  
'em,

Or else new-form'd 'em; ] having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou at-  
tend'st not.

*Mir.* O, good sir, I do.

*Pros.* [I pray thee, mark me.]  
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, [all dedicated  
To closeness,<sup>8</sup> and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but<sup>9</sup> by being so retir'd, 91  
O'er-priz'd<sup>10</sup> all popular rate,<sup>11</sup>] in my false  
brother

Awak'd an evil nature; [and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans<sup>12</sup> bound. He being thus  
lorded,

Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact,—like one  
Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie,—he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitu-  
tion,<sup>13</sup>

And executing the outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative: ]—hence his ambition  
growing,—

[Dost thou hear?

*Mir.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pros.* To have no screen between this part  
he play'd

And him he play'd it for, ] he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal  
royalties 110

He thinks me now incapable; confederates<sup>14</sup>—  
So dry<sup>15</sup> he was for sway—with the King of  
Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
The dukedom, yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—  
The most ignoble stooping.

*Mir.* O the heavens!

*Pros.* [Mark his condition, and the event;  
then tell me

If this might be a brother.

<sup>1</sup> Issu'd, descended.    <sup>2</sup> Teen, sorrow.    <sup>3</sup> From, out of.

<sup>4</sup> Manage, management.

<sup>5</sup> Signiories, states.

<sup>6</sup> Prime, first.

<sup>7</sup> Trash, restrain, lop.

<sup>8</sup> Closeness, retirement.

<sup>9</sup> But, save.

<sup>10</sup> O'er-priz'd, undervalued.

<sup>11</sup> Rate, estimation.

<sup>12</sup> Sans, without.

<sup>13</sup> Out o' the substitution, because of the deputyship.

<sup>14</sup> Confederates, conspires.

<sup>15</sup> Dry, thirsty.

*Mir.* I should sin  
To think but nobly<sup>1</sup> of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pros.* Now the condition. ]  
This King of Naples, being an enemy 121  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;  
Which was, that he, in lieu<sup>2</sup> o' the premises,—  
Of homage, and I know not how much tri-  
bute,—

Should presently<sup>3</sup> extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of dark-  
ness, 130  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.

[*Mir.* Alack, for pity!  
I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint<sup>4</sup>  
That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Pros.* Hear a little further,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now 's upon 's; without the which, this  
story  
Were most impertinent.<sup>5</sup> ]

*Mir.* Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

*Pros.* [Well demanded, wench:  
My tale provokes that question. ] Dear, they  
durst not,— 140  
So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few,<sup>6</sup> they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they pre-  
par'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mir.* Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you!

<sup>1</sup> But nobly, other than nobly.

<sup>2</sup> In lieu, in consideration.

<sup>3</sup> Presently, immediately.

<sup>5</sup> Impertinent, irrelevant.

<sup>4</sup> Hint, subject.

<sup>6</sup> In few, in short.

*Pros.* O, a cherubin 172  
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst  
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd<sup>7</sup> the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me  
An undergoing stomach,<sup>8</sup> to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mir.* How came we ashore?

*Pros.* By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, 161  
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed  
Master of this design,—did give us; with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries.  
Which since have steaded much;<sup>9</sup> so, of his  
gentleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
From mine own library, with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mir.* Would I might  
But ever see that man!

*Pros.* Now I arise:—

[*Resumes his mantle.*

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here 171  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more  
profit<sup>10</sup>

Than other princess<sup>11</sup> can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Mir.* Heavens thank you for't! And now,

I pray you, sir,—

For still 't is beating in my mind,—your reason  
For raising the sea-storm!

*Pros.* Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—  
Now my dear lady<sup>12</sup>—hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon 181  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more ques-  
tions:

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dullness,

<sup>7</sup> Deck'd, sprinkled

<sup>8</sup> An undergoing stomach, an enduring courage

<sup>9</sup> Have steaded much, have stood us in good stead

<sup>10</sup> Made thee more profit, i. e. made thee profit more

<sup>11</sup> Princess, princesses (elision made on account of the metre)

<sup>12</sup> Now my dear lady, now my auspicious mistress

And give it way:—I know thou canst not  
choose.— [*Miranda sleeps.*]  
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now:  
Approach, my Ariel; come!

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!  
I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, 190  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds,—to thy strong bidding  
task

Ariel and all his quality.<sup>1</sup>

*Pros.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point<sup>2</sup> the tempest that I bade  
thee!



*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure.—(Act i. 2. 189, 190.)

*Ari.* To every article.  
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,<sup>3</sup>  
Now in the waist,<sup>4</sup> the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places: on the topmast,  
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,<sup>5</sup>  
Then meet, and join. [*Jove's lightnings,*  
the pre-cursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

<sup>1</sup> *Quality*, skill, ability.

<sup>2</sup> *To point*, exactly.

<sup>3</sup> *Beak*, bow.

<sup>4</sup> *Waist*, the part between the quarter-deck and the  
forecastle.

<sup>5</sup> *Distinctly*, separately.

And sight-outrunning were not:] the fire, and  
cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Nep-  
tune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves  
tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

[*Pros.* My brave spirit!  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil<sup>6</sup>  
Would not infect his reason?]

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd

<sup>6</sup> *Coil*, turmoil.



Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the  
vessel, 211

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Fer-  
dinand,

With hair up-staring,<sup>1</sup>—then like reeds, not  
hair,—

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is  
empty,

And all the devils are here."

*Pros.* Why, that 's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,  
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.

The king's son have I landed by himself; 221  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs

In an odd angle<sup>2</sup> of the isle, and sitting,

His arms in this sad knot.

*Pros.* Of the king's ship

The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,

And all the rest o' the fleet.

*Ari.* Safely in harbour

Is the king's ship; in the deep nook,<sup>3</sup> where  
once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd<sup>4</sup> Bermoothes, there she's  
hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd; 230  
[Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd

labour,

I have left asleep:] and for<sup>5</sup> the rest o' the  
fleet,

Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,

And are upon the Mediterranean floe,<sup>6</sup>

Bound sadly home for Naples;

Supposing that they saw the king's ship  
wreck'd,

And his great person perish.

*Pros.* Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd: but there 's more work.  
What is the time o' the day?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pros.* At least two glasses.<sup>7</sup> The time 'twixt  
six and now 240

Must by us both be spent most precious.

*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost  
give me pains,<sup>8</sup>

Let me remember thee<sup>9</sup> what thou hast pro-  
mis'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pros.* How now! moody!

What is 't thou canst demand?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pros.* Before the time be out? no more!

*Ari.* I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst  
promise

To bate me a full year.

*Pros.* Dost thou forget? 250

From what a torment I did free thee!

*Ari.* No.

*Pros.* Thou dost; and think'st it much to  
tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,

To do me business in the veins o' the earth

When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pros.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast  
thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy<sup>10</sup>  
Was grown into a hoop! hast thou forgot her!

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pros.* Thou hast. Where was she  
born? speak; tell me. 260

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pros.* O, was she so? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,

Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch  
Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible

[To enter human hearing,] from Argier,<sup>11</sup>

[Thou know'st,] was banish'd: for one thing  
she did

They would not take her life. [Is not this true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.]

<sup>1</sup> *Up-staring*, standing on end.

<sup>2</sup> *An odd angle*, an out-of-the-way corner.

<sup>3</sup> *Nook*, bay.

<sup>4</sup> *Still-vex'd*, constantly disturbed.

<sup>5</sup> *For*, as for.

<sup>6</sup> *Floe*, flood, sea.

<sup>7</sup> *Two glasses*, i.e. two hours. <sup>8</sup> *Pains*, tasks.

<sup>9</sup> *Remember thee*, remind thee.

<sup>10</sup> *Envy*, malice.

<sup>11</sup> *Argier*, Algiers.

*Pros.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought  
with child,

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my  
slave, 270

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her ser-  
vant;

And, for! thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests,<sup>2</sup> she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift—  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died,  
And left thee there; where thou didst vent  
thy groans 280

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this  
island—

Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes, Caliban her son.

*Pros.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the  
breasts

Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290  
Could not again undo; it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pros.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend  
an oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master:

I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spriting gently.

*Pros.* Do so; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

*Pros.* Go make thyself like to a nymph o'  
the sea; 301

Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,

And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;  
Awake!

*Mir.* [*Waking*] The strangeness of your story  
put  
Heaviness in me.

*Pros.* Shake it off. Come on;  
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

*Mir.* 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

*Pros.* But, as 'tis, 310  
We cannot miss<sup>3</sup> him; he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices  
That profit us.—What, ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

*Cal.* [*Within*] There's wood enough  
within.

*Pros.* Come forth, I say! there's other  
business for thee:

Come, thou tortoise! when?

*Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

*Pros.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil  
himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* As wicked<sup>4</sup> dew as e'er my mother  
brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er!

*Pros.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt  
have cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;  
urehins

Shall forth at vast of night that they may  
work

All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more sting-  
ing 329

Than bees that make 'em.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.

<sup>1</sup> For, because.

<sup>2</sup> Hests, commands.

<sup>3</sup> Miss, do without.

<sup>4</sup> Wicked, baneful.

*Pros.*  
 This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou  
 earnest first, 332  
 Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me;  
 wouldst give me  
 Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,

That burn by day and night: and then I  
 lov'd thee,  
 And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and  
 fertile: —  
 Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms  
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!



*Pros.* Thou most lying slave,  
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,  
 Filth as thou art, with human care.—(Act i. 2. 344-346.)

For I am all the subjects that you have,  
 Which first was mine own king: and here you  
 sty me 342

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
 The rest o' the island.

*Pros.* Thou most lying slave,  
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I  
 have us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; I lodg'd  
 thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
 The honour of my child. 348

[*Cal.* O ho! O ho!—would't had been done!

Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
 This isle with Calibans.

*Pros.* Abhorred slave,  
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
 Being capable of<sup>1</sup> all ill:] I pitied thee,  
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee  
 each hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not,  
 savage,  
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble  
 like

<sup>1</sup> Capable of, impassible by.

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known. [But thy  
vile race,<sup>1</sup>

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which  
good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast  
thou 360

Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock,  
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.]

*Cal.* You taught me language; and my  
profit on't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid  
you

For learning<sup>2</sup> me your language!

*Pros.* Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou,  
malice!

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old  
cramps,<sup>3</sup> 369

Fill all thy bones with aches,<sup>4</sup> make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee.—

[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,

And make a vassal of him.

*Pros.* So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and sing-  
ing; FERDINAND following.*

ARIEL'S song.

Come unto these yellow sands,

And then take hands:

Courtsied when you have and kiss'd

The wild waves whist:

Foot it fealty<sup>5</sup> here and there; 380

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.

The watch-dogs bark:

[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' the air  
or the earth? 387

It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion<sup>6</sup>  
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 't is gone.  
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes;

Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change 400

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

[*Burden, within.* Ding-dong.]

Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember<sup>7</sup> my drown'd  
father:—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes:<sup>8</sup>—I hear it now above  
me.

*Pros.* The fringed curtains of thine eye  
advance,<sup>9</sup>

And say what thou see'st yond.

*Mir.* What is 't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form:—but 't is a spirit.

*Pros.* No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and  
bath such senses 412

As we have, such. This gallant which thousee'st  
Was in the wreck; and, but<sup>10</sup> he's something  
stain'd

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou  
mightst call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find 'em.

*Mir.* I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,

As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit!

I'll free thee 420

Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess

<sup>1</sup> Race, nature.      <sup>2</sup> Learning, teaching.

<sup>3</sup> Old cramps, plenty of cramps

<sup>4</sup> Aches, pronounced as a dissyllable.

<sup>5</sup> Fealty, nimbly.

<sup>6</sup> Passion, grief.

<sup>7</sup> Remember, commemorate.

<sup>8</sup> Owe's, owns.

<sup>9</sup> Advance, lift up.

<sup>10</sup> But, except that.

On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my  
 prayer 422  
 May know if you remain upon this island;  
 And that you will some good instruction give  
 How I may bear me here: my prime request,  
 Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—  
 If you be maid or no!  
*Mir.* No wonder, sir;  
 But certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language! heavens!—  
 I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
 Were I but where 't is spoken.

*Pros.* How! the best!  
 What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard  
 thee! 431

*Fer.* A single<sup>1</sup> thing, as I am now, that  
 wonders  
 To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me:



*Fer.* Where should this music be? 't the air or the earth?—(Act i. 2. 387.)

And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;  
 Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb,  
 beheld

The king my father wreck'd,  
*Mir.* Alack, for mercy!

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke  
 of Milan

And his brave son being twain.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan

And his more braver daughter could control<sup>2</sup>  
 thee, 439

If now 't were fit to do 't.—At the first sight  
 They have chang'd eyes.—Delicate Ariel,

I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;  
 I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a

word.

*Mir.* Why speaks my father so ungently!

This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first

That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father  
 To be inclin'd my way!

*Fer.* O, if a virgin,  
 And your affection not gone forth, I'll make  
 you

The queen of Naples.

*Pros.* Soft, sir! one word more.—  
 [*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but  
 this swift business 449

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
 Make the prize light.—One word more; I  
 charge thee

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp  
 The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself  
 Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
 From me, the lord on 't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man,  
*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such  
 a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
 Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

<sup>1</sup> Single, weak.

<sup>2</sup> Control, confute.

*Pros.* Follow me.— [To Ferdinand.  
 Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come;  
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together: 461  
 Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be  
 The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and  
 husks  
 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*Fer.* No;  
 I will resist such entertainment till  
 Mine enemy has more power.  
 [Draws, and is charmed from moving.  
*Mir.* O dear father,  
 Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
 He's gentle, and not fearful.

*Fer. resists  
 but is  
 charmed*  
*mir looks for  
 mercy for  
 him*



*Fer.* No;  
 I will resist such entertainment till  
 Mine enemy has more power.—(Act i. 2. 464-466.)

*Pros.* What, I say,  
 My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;  
 Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy  
 conscience 470  
 Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy  
 ward;<sup>1</sup>  
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
 And make thy weapon drop.  
*Mir.* Beseech you, father!—

*Pros.* Hence! hang not on my garments.  
*Mir.* Sir, have pity;  
 I'll be his surety.  
*Pros.* Silence! one word more  
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.  
 What,  
 An advocate for an impostor! hush!  
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes  
 as he,  
 Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish  
 wench!

*mir looks  
 due to  
 Prospero  
 for  
 mercy*

<sup>1</sup> Ward, posture of defence.

To<sup>1</sup> the most of men this is a Caliban, 480  
And they to him are angels.

*Pros.* My affections  
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Pros.* Come on; obey: [*To Ferdinand.*]  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are:  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's  
threats 488

To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a-day  
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the  
earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough 492  
Have I in such a prison.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] It works.—[*To Ferdinand*]  
Come on.—

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[*To Fer-*  
*dinand*] Follow me.—

[*To Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

*Mir.* Be of comfort:  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

*Pros.* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.* To the syllable.

*Pros.* Come, follow.—Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,  
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have  
cause—

So have we all—of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. [Our hint of woe  
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,  
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us:] then wisely, good sir,  
weigh 8

Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of  
his wit; by and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One;—tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd that's  
offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed: you  
have spoken truer than you purpos'd. 20

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I  
meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his  
tongue!

*Alon.* I prithee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done: but yet,—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which, of he or Adrian, for a good  
wager, first begins to crow!

*Seb.* The old cock. 30

*Ant.* The cockerel.

*Seb.* Done! The wager!

[*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match!]

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert.—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inacces-  
sible.—

[*Seb.* Yet,—

*Adr.* Yet,—

*Ant.* He could not miss't.] 40

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and  
delicate temperance.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> To, compared to.

<sup>2</sup> Temperance, temperature.

[*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.  
*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.]

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

[*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or as 't were perfum'd by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True; save means to live. 50

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush<sup>1</sup> and lusty the grass looks! how green!

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green<sup>2</sup> in 't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.]

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are. 60

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being [rather new-dy'd than stain'd with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies!

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks our garments are now ] as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis. 71

*Seb.* 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

[*Adr.* Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.<sup>3</sup>

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in! widow Dido!

*Seb.* What if he had said "widower Æneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it! 80

*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you! you make me stody of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage!

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

<sup>1</sup> Lush, luxuriant.

<sup>2</sup> An eye of green, a tinge of green.

<sup>3</sup> To their queen, i. e. for their queen.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next? 89

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay.

*Ant.* Why, in good time.]

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

[*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. 100

*Ant.* O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?]

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; [and, in my rate,<sup>4</sup> she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, 110 I ne'er again shall see her.] O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

*From.* Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt 121 He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter;

<sup>4</sup> Rate, reckoning.

along  
at Tunis

to

Fra

Act  
to  
to



But rather lose her to an African; 125  
 [Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.* Prithce, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd  
 otherwise,

By all of us; and the fair soul herself  
 Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at  
 Which end o' the beam she'd bow.] We have  
 lost your son, 131

I fear, for ever: [Milan and Naples have  
 More widows in them of this business' making  
 Than we bring men to comfort them;]  
 The fault's your own.

*Alon.* So is the dear'st o' the loss.

*Gon.* My Lord Sebastian,  
 The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,  
 And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,  
 When you should bring the plaster.

[*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly. 140

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
 When you are cloudy.<sup>1</sup>

*Seb.* Foul weather!

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Ant.* He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king on't, what would  
 I do?

*Seb.* Scape being drunk for want of wine.

*Gon.* For the commonwealth I would by con-  
 traries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate; 149  
 Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
 And use of service, none; contract, succession,  
 Bourn, bound of laud, tilth, vineyard, none;  
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
 No occupation; all men idle, all;  
 And women too,—but innocent and pure;  
 No sovereignty,—

*Seb.* Yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth  
 forgets the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common nature should  
 produce 150  
 Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
 Would I not have; but nature should bring  
 forth,

Of its own kind, all foison,<sup>2</sup> all abundance,  
 To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Ant.* None, man; all idle,—whores and  
 knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
 To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzado!

*Gon.* And,—do you mark me, sir!—

*Alon.* Prithce, no more: thou dost talk  
 nothing to me. 171

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and  
 did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,  
 who are of such sensible<sup>3</sup> and nimble lungs  
 that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'T was you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who in this kind of merry fooling am  
 nothing to you: so you may continue, and  
 laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given! 180

*Seb.* An<sup>4</sup> it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle;  
 you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if  
 she would continue in it five weeks without  
 changing.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible; solemn music playing.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.]

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adven-  
 ture my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh  
 me asleep, for I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us. 190

[*All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and  
 Antonio.*

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine  
 eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts:  
 I find

They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:  
 It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,  
 It is a comforter.

<sup>1</sup> Cloudy, gloomy.

<sup>2</sup> Foison, plenty.

<sup>3</sup> Sensible, sensitive.

<sup>4</sup> An, if

*Ant.* We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.  
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses  
them! 199

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why  
Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not  
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble.  
They fell together all, as by consent;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What  
might,

Worthy Sebastian,—O, what might?—No  
more;—

And yet methinks I see it in thy face,  
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks  
thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown 208  
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; [and surely  
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,  
moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,  
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather;  
wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly;  
There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you  
Must be so too, if heed me;<sup>1</sup> which to do 220  
Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well, I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so: to ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O,  
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear or sloth.

*Seb.* Prithee, say on:  
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, 230  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance,  
this,—

Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earth'd,—hath here almost per-  
suaded,—

[For he's a spirit of persuasion, only]  
Professes to persuade,<sup>2</sup>—the king his son's  
alive,—

'T is as impossible that he's undrown'd  
As he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that "no hope"  
What great hope have you! [no hope, that  
way, is 240

Another way so high a hope that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink<sup>3</sup> beyond,  
But doubt discovery there.] Will you grant  
with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then, tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples?

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis; she that  
dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life; [she that from  
Naples

Can have no note,<sup>4</sup> unless the sun were post,—  
The man-i'-the-moon's too slow,—till new-born  
chins

Be rough and razorable; she from whom 250  
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast  
again;

And, by that destiny, to perform an act  
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,  
In yours and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this!—How say you?  
'T is true, my brother's daughter's queen of  
Tunis;

<sup>2</sup> Only professes to persuade, persuasion is his only profession.

<sup>3</sup> Wink=smallest space.

<sup>4</sup> Note, information

<sup>1</sup> If heed me, i.e. if you heed me.

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* ] A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake!"—Say, this were  
death 260

That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were  
no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule  
Naples

As well as he that sleeps; [lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily

As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat.] O, that you bore  
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

*Seb.* Methinks I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True:  
And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much feater<sup>1</sup> than before; my brother's ser-  
vants 273

Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience,—

*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a  
kibe,<sup>2</sup>

'T would put me to my slipper: but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied<sup>3</sup> be  
they,

And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your  
brother, 280

No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's  
dead;

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches  
of it,

Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. [For all the  
rest,

They'll take suggestion<sup>4</sup> as a cat laps milk;

<sup>1</sup> Feater, more trimly.

<sup>2</sup> Kibe, a sore heel.

<sup>3</sup> Candied, congealed.

<sup>4</sup> Suggestion, prompting, temptation.

They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.]

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword, one  
stroke 282

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou  
pay'st;

And I the king shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together;  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*]

*Musie.* Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the  
danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me  
forth,—

For else his project dies,—to keep them living.  
[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie, 300

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake, Awake!

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* [Waking] Now, good angels  
Preserve the king!

[*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why, how now!—  
[*To Alonso*] Ho, awake!—

[*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why are you  
drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking!

*Alon.* [Waking] What's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your  
repose, 310

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bel-  
lowing

Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

[*Ant.* O, 't was a din to fright a monster's  
ear,

To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.]

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a  
humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me:

I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes  
 open'd, 319  
 I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,  
 That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our  
 guard,  
 Or that we quit this place: let's draw our wea-  
 pons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground; and let's make  
 further search  
 For my poor son.  
*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these  
 beasts!  
 For he is, sure, i' the island.  
*Alon.* Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*]



*Trin.* What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.—(Act ii. 2. 25-28.)

*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I  
 have done:— 326  
 So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise  
 of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and  
 make him  
 By inch-meal<sup>1</sup> a disease! His spirits hear me,

And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor  
 pinch,  
 Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the  
 mire,  
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but  
 For every trifle are they set upon me; s  
 Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,  
 And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which  
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
 Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
 All wound with adders, who with cloven  
 tongues  
 Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now, lo!

<sup>1</sup> By *inch-meal*, inch by inch.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me. [*Lies down.*]

*Enter TRINULLO.*

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear  
off any weather at all, and another storm brew-  
ing; I hear it sing i' the wind; yond same black  
cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bom-  
bard<sup>1</sup> that would shed his liquor. If it should  
thunder as it did before, I know not where to  
hide my head; yond same cloud cannot choose  
but fall by painfuls.—What have we here? a  
man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells  
like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell;  
a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.<sup>2</sup> A  
strange fish! Were I in England now, as once  
I was, and had but this fish painted, not a  
holiday fool there but would give a piece of  
silver: there would this monster make a man;  
[any strange beast there makes a man:] when  
they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beg-  
gar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.  
Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms!  
Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my  
opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but  
an islander, that hath lately suffered by a  
thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is  
come again! my best way is to creep under  
his gaberdine; there is no other shelter here-  
about: misery acquaints a man with strange  
bed-fellows. I will here shroud<sup>3</sup> till the dregs  
of the storm be past. 43

[*Creeps under Caliban's garment.*]

*Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.*

*Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's  
funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

The master, the swabber,<sup>4</sup> the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Lov'd Mull, Meg, and Marian, and Margery, 50  
But none of us ear'd for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,<sup>5</sup>  
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

<sup>1</sup> *Bombard*, a large flagon.

<sup>2</sup> *Poor-John*, hake fish dried and salted.

<sup>3</sup> *Shroud*, take shelter.

<sup>4</sup> *Swabber*, one who mops the deck of a ship.

<sup>5</sup> *Tang*, twang.

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch;  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.  
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my  
comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*Cal.* Do not torment me:—O! 58

*Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils  
here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages  
and men of Ind, ha? I have not scap'd drown-  
ing, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it  
hath been said, As proper a man as ever went  
on four legs cannot make him give ground;  
and it shall be said so again, while Stephano  
breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me:—O!

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle with  
four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague.  
Where the devil should he learn our language?  
I will give him some relief, if it be but for  
that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame,  
and get to Naples with him, he's a present for  
any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, prithee: I'll bring  
my wood home faster. 75

*Ste.* He's in his fit now, and does not talk  
after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle:  
if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go  
near to remove his fit. If I can recover him,  
and keep him tame, I will not take too much  
for him; he shall pay for him that hath him,  
and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou  
wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now  
Prosper works upon thee. 84

*Ste.* Come on your ways; open your mouth:  
here is that which will give language to you.  
eat: open your mouth; this will shake your  
shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly  
[*gives Caliban drink*]: you cannot tell who's  
your friend: open your chaps again [*gives  
Caliban drink*].

*Trin.* I should know that voice: it should  
be—but he is drown'd; and these are devils:  
—O, defend me! 92

*Ste.* Four legs and two voices,—a most deli-  
cate monster! His forward voice, now, is to  
speak well of his friend; his backward voice  
is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all  
the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will  
help his ague.—[*gives Caliban drink.*] Come,

—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano!— 100

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me?—Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo, —be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Draws Trinculo out by the legs from under Caliban's garment.*] —Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How earnest thou to be the siege<sup>1</sup> of this moon-calf?<sup>2</sup> [can he vent Trinculos?] 111

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

*Ste.* Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. 120  
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How didst thou scape? How earnest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou earnest hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! [which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore. 128

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.]

*Ste.* Here; swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

*Trin.* Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book [*gives Trinculo drink*]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this!

*Ste.* The whole butt, man: my cellar is in

a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. —How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague? 139

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man-i'-the-moon when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:

My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book:— I will furnish it anon with new contents:—swear. [*Gives Caliban drink.*

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!—I afraid of him!—a very weak monster:—the man-i'-the-moon!—a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth. 150

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;

And I'll kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on, then; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,— 160

*Ste.* Come, kiss. [*Gives Caliban drink.*

*Trin.* But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

*Cal.* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

<sup>1</sup> *Siege*, excrement.

<sup>2</sup> *Moon-calf*, abortion.

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get  
thee 175  
Young scameles from the rock. Wilt thou go  
with me!

*Ste.* I prithee now, lead the way, without  
any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all  
our company else being drown'd, we will in-  
herit here. Here, bear my bottle: fellow  
Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.



*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way.—(Act ii. 2. 192.)

C.B.

*Cal.* [*Sings drunkenly*] Farewell, master; fare-  
well, farewell!

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken mon-  
ster!

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish; 184  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:  
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban  
Has a new master—Get a new man.

[Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! free-  
dom, hey-day, freedom! 191

*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way.]

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and  
their labour

Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's  
dead,

And makes my labours pleasures; O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's  
crabbed,—

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And he's compos'd of harshness! I must re-  
move

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,  
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such  
baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my  
labour;  
Most busiest when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO behind.*

*Mir.* Alas, now, pray you,  
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had

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Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!

{ Pray, set it down, and rest you: [when this burns,

{ T will weep for having wearied you. ] My father 19

Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:

He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress, The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

*Mir.* If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;

I'll carry't to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature; I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.* It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, 30 And yours it is against.

[*Pros.* [*Aside*] Poor worm, thou art infected! This visitation shows it.

{ *Mir.* ] You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you,— Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,— What is your name?

*Mir.* Miranda.—O my father, I have broke your hest<sup>1</sup> to say so!

*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration; worth What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard; [and many a time The harmony of their tongues hath into bond- age 41

Brought my too diligent ear: for several<sup>2</sup> virtues

{ Have I lik'd several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,<sup>3</sup> 3 And put it to the foil: ] but you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best!

*Mir.* [I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember, Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen 50

More that I may call men, than you, good friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad, I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,— The jewel in my dower,—] I would not wish

Any companion in the world but you; Nor can imagination form a shape,

Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's pre- cepts

I therein do forget.

*Fer.* I am, in my condition, A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,— 60 I would not so!—[and would no more endure This wooden slavery than to suffer The flesh-ty blow my mouth.] Hear my soul

Speak:

The very instant that I saw you, did My heart fly to your service; there resides, To make me slave to it; and for your sake Am I this patient log-man.

*Mir.* Do you love me?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event, [If I speak true! if hollowly, invert 70

What best is boded me to mischief!] I, Beyond all limit of what else<sup>4</sup> 't the world, Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mir.* I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] Fair encounter Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace On that which breeds between 'em!

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?

*Mir.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

What I desire to give; and much less take What I shall die to want. But this is trifling; And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80

The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!

I am your wife, if you will marry me;

<sup>1</sup> *Hest*, command. <sup>2</sup> *Several*, separate. <sup>3</sup> *Ow'd*, owned.

<sup>4</sup> *What else*, whatever else there may be.



When addressing  
Antonio her uncle scene 1

If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow<sup>1</sup>  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest;  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mir.* My husband, then?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't: and  
now farewell 59

Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand thousand!  
[*Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda severally.*]

*Pros.* So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing



*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true!—(Act iii. l. 68-70.)

At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;  
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II. Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,  
with a bottle.

*Ste.* Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we  
will drink water; not a drop before: there—

<sup>1</sup> Fellow, companion.

fore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster! the folly of this  
island! They say there's but five upon this  
isle: we are three of them; if the other two  
be brain'd like us, the state totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid  
thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head. 10  
[*Caliban drinks.*]

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he  
were a brave monster indeed, if they were set  
in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard. 20

*Ste.* We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou heest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.

I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster? 33

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* "Lord," quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity. 42

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island. 50

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

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*Ste.* Mum, then, and no more.—[*To Caliban*] Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle; 60  
From me he got it. If thy greatness will  
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st,  
But this thing dare not,—

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compass'd?  
Canst thou bring me to the party? *et. will give him to pier.*

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest; thou canst not. 70

*Cal.* What a pied nimby's this!—Thouscurvy patch!<sup>1</sup>—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,  
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,  
He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not  
show him

Where the quick freshes<sup>2</sup> are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off. 81

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that [*strikes Trinculo*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha! 90

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand further off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand further.—Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him  
P' the afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst  
brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

<sup>1</sup> Patch, fool.

<sup>2</sup> Quick freshes, springs of fresh water.

Or cut his wesand<sup>1</sup> with thy knife: remember,  
 First to possess his books; for without them  
 He's but a sot,<sup>2</sup> as I am, nor hath not  
 One spirit to command: they all do hate him  
 As rootedly as I:—burn but his books.  
 [He has brave utensils,—for so he calls  
 them,—

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:  
 And that most deeply to consider is  
 The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
 Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman,  
 But only Sycorax my dam and she;  
 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax  
 As great'st does least. 119



*Ari.* Thou liest.  
*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that [*strikes Trinculo*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.—(Act iii. 2. 93-95.)

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?  
*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I  
 warrant,  
 And bring thee forth brave brood. ]

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his  
 daughter and I will be king and queen,—  
 save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself  
 shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot,  
 Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.  
*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat  
 thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good  
 tongue in thy head. 121

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep:  
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.  
*Ari.* This will I tell my master.  
*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of  
 pleasure:

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch<sup>3</sup>  
 You taught me but while-ere!<sup>4</sup>

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do rea-  
 son, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us  
 sing. [*Sings.*  
 Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;  
 Thought is free. 132

*Cal. is a good  
 fellow  
 and a good  
 fellow*

<sup>1</sup> Wesand, windpipe.                      <sup>2</sup> Sot, fool.

<sup>3</sup> Troll the catch, sing the tune.  
<sup>4</sup> But while-ere, but a while ago.

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness; if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!

*Ste.* He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us! 141

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments



*Cal.* Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again.—(Act iii. 2. 146-149.)

Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open, and show riches 150

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd, I cried to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroy'd.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. 160

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

*Gon.* By'r lakin,<sup>1</sup> I can go no further, sir;

<sup>1</sup> *By'r lakin*, by our Lady.

{My old bones ache: [here's a maze trod, indeed,  
Through forth-rights<sup>1</sup> and meanders:] by  
your patience,

I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd<sup>2</sup> with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd  
[Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea  
mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.]

*Aut.* [*Aside to Sebastian*] I am right glad  
that he's so out of hope. 11

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.



*Seb.* [*Aside to Antonio*] The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

*Ant.* [*Aside to Sebastian*] Let it be to-night;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel,  
they

Will not, they cannot, use such vigilance  
As when they are fresh.

*Seb.* [*Aside to Antonio*] I say, to-night: no  
more. [*Solemn and strange music.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this!—My good  
friends, hark!

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music!

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter below,  
several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet:  
they dance about it with gentle actions  
of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c.  
to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens!—  
What were these? 20

[*Seb.* A living drollery.<sup>3</sup> Now I will believe

That there are unicorns; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one  
phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

<sup>1</sup> Forth-rights, straight paths.

<sup>2</sup> Attach'd, seized.

<sup>3</sup> Drollery, puppet-show.

*Ant.* I'll believe both;  
 And what does else want credit, come to  
 me,  
 And I'll be sworn 't is true: travellers ne'er  
 did lie,  
 Though fools at home condemn 'em.  
*Gon.* If in Naples  
 I should report this now, would they believe  
 me!  
 If I should say, I saw such islanders,—  
 For, certes, these are people of the island,—  
 Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,  
 note, 31  
 Their manners are more gentle-kind than of  
 Our human generation you shall find  
 Many, nay, almost any.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] Honest lord,  
 Thou hast said well; for some of you there  
 present  
 Are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse<sup>1</sup>  
 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound,  
 expressing—  
 Although they want the use of tongue—a kind  
 Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] Praise in departing.]

*Pros.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since  
 They have left their viands behind; for we  
 have stomachs.— 41  
 Will't please you taste of what is here?

[*Alon.* Not I.

*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear. When  
 we were boys,

Who would believe that there were moun-  
 taineers

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had  
 hanging at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such  
 men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which  
 now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us  
 Good warrant of.]

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed,  
 Although my last: no matter, since I feel 50  
 The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,  
 Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a  
 harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and,  
 with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, [whom Des-  
 tiny,—

That hath to instrument this lower world  
 And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea  
 Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island,  
 Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst  
 men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;  
 And even with such-like valour men: hang and  
 drown

Their proper selves.

[*Alonso, Sebastian, &c. draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows  
 Are ministers of Fate: the elements, 61  
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at  
 stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
 One dowle<sup>2</sup> that's in my plume: my fellow-  
 ministers

Are like<sup>3</sup> invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
 Your swords are now too massy for your  
 strengths,

And will not be uplifted. But remember,—  
 For that's my business to you,—] that [you  
 three]

From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70  
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
 Him and his innocent child: for which foul  
 deed

[The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the crea-  
 tures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
 They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,]

Lingering perdition—[worse than any death  
 Can be at once—] shall step by step attend  
 You and your ways; whose wraths to guard  
 you from,—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else  
 falls 80

Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-s-  
 sorrow

And a clear life ensuing.

<sup>1</sup> *Muse*, wonder at.

<sup>2</sup> *Dowle*, fibre of down.

<sup>3</sup> *Like*, alike.

*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and moves, and carry out the table.*

[*Pros.* [*Iside*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My high  
charms work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up  
In their distractions: they now are in my  
power; 90

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand, — whom they suppose is  
drown'd, —

And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*

*Gen.* P the name of something holy, sir,  
why stand you  
In this strange stare?

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous, monstrous!  
Methought the billows spoke, and told me  
of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper: it did bass<sup>1</sup> my trespass.  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet  
sounded, 101

And with him there lie muddled. [*Exit.*

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.  
[*Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.*

*Gen.* All three of them are desperate: their  
great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now gins to bite the spirits. — I do beseech you,  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,  
And hinder them from what this ecstasy<sup>2</sup>  
May now provoke them to.

*Abf.* Follow, I pray you. ] [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pros.* If I have too austere<sup>3</sup>ly punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends; for I  
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live: [who once again  
I tender to thy hand: ] all thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore  
Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,  
Do not smile at me that I boast her oif, 9  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

*Pros.* Then, as my gift, and thine own  
acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: [but  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,

No sweet aspersion<sup>3</sup> shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,  
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 't is now, — the murkiest den,  
The most opp'rtune place, the strong'st sug-  
gestion

Our worse<sup>4</sup> Genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust; to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration,  
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are  
founder'd, 10  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

*Pros.* Fairly spoke. ]  
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own. —  
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

<sup>1</sup> Bass, utter in a deep tone.    <sup>2</sup> Ecstasy, madness.  
<sup>3</sup> Aspersion, sprinkling.    <sup>4</sup> Can, i.e. is able to make.

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Pros.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you In such another trick. Go bring the rabble, O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place: Incite them to quick motion; for I must Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40 Some vanity<sup>1</sup> of mine art: it is my promise, And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently?

*Pros.* Ay, with a twink.<sup>2</sup>

*Ari.* Before you can say, "Come," and "Go," And breathe twice, and cry, "So, so," Each one, tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop and mow. Do you love me, master? no?

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. [Do not approach 49  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

*Pros.* Look thou be true; donot give dalliance Toomuch the rein; the strongest oaths are straw To the fire of the blood: be more abstemious, Or else good night your vow!<sup>3</sup>

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir; The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart Abates the ardour of my liver.<sup>4</sup>

*Pros.* Well.— Now come, my Ariel! ] bring a corollary,<sup>5</sup> Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly:<sup>6</sup>— No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

*Enter* IRIS.

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease; 61 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep, And flat meads thatch'd with stover,<sup>7</sup> them to keep; Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims, Which spongy April at thy hest betrim, To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,

<sup>1</sup> *Vanity*, illusion.

<sup>2</sup> *With a twink*, in a twinkling.

<sup>3</sup> *Good night your vow!* i.e. farewell to your vow.

<sup>4</sup> *Liver*, supposed to be the seat of love.

<sup>5</sup> *A corollary*, a surplus. <sup>6</sup> *Pertly*, briskly

<sup>7</sup> *Stover*, fodder for cattle.

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, Being lass-lorn;<sup>8</sup> thy pole-clipt vineyard;<sup>9</sup> And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard, Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky, Whose watery arch and messenger am I, 71 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace, Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain: Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter* CERES.

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter; Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers; And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 80 My bosky<sup>10</sup> aeres and my unshrub'd down, Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath my queen Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate; And some donation freely to estate<sup>11</sup> On the bless'd lovers.

*Cer.* [Tell me, heavenly bow, If Venus or her son, as thou dost know, Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot The means that dusky Dis<sup>12</sup> my daughter got, Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90 I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society Be not afraid: I met her deity Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid, Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain; Mars's hot minion is return'd again; Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows, 99 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows, And be a boy right out.]

*Cer.* High'st queen of state, Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

*Enter* JUNO.

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be, And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

*Juno.* Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you.

<sup>8</sup> *Lass-lorn*, forsaken of his mistress.

<sup>9</sup> *Pole-clipt vineyard*, vineyard where the poles are *clipt*, or embraced, by the vines. *Vineyard* is pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>10</sup> *Bosky*, woody.

<sup>11</sup> *Estate*, give as a possession.

<sup>12</sup> *Dis*, Pluto.



*Cer.* Earth's increase, foison plenty,<sup>1</sup>  
Barns and garners never empty;  
Vines with clustering bunches growing;  
Plants with goodly burden bowing;  
Spring come to you at the farthest  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

*Pros.* Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines<sup>2</sup> call'd to enact 121  
My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd<sup>3</sup> father and a wise  
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris  
on employment.*

*Pros.* Sweet, now, silence!  
[*Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;*]  
There's something else to do; hush, and be  
mute,

Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wan-  
dering brooks,  
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks.  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land  
Answer your summons; Juno does command: 131  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:  
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they  
join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance;  
towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts sud-  
denly, and speaks; after which, to a strange,  
hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pros.* [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul con-  
spiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140  
Against my life: the minute of their plot  
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits*] Well done;  
—avoid,<sup>4</sup>—no more.

<sup>1</sup> Foison plenty, i.e. plentiful abundance.

<sup>2</sup> Confines, abodes.

<sup>3</sup> Wonder'd, able to perform wonders. <sup>4</sup> Avoid, begone.

*Fer.* This is strange: your father's in some  
passion<sup>5</sup>  
That works him strongly.

*Mir.* Never till this day  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.<sup>6</sup>

*Pros.* You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air: 150

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit,<sup>7</sup> shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on;<sup>8</sup> and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;  
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is  
troubled:

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity: 160  
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,

And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mir.* We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

*Pros.* [*To Ariel*] Come with a thought!—  
I thank thee, Ariel: come!

*Re-enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy  
pleasure!

*Pros.* Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with<sup>9</sup> Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander: when I presented  
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd  
Lest I might anger thee.

*Pros.* Say again, where didst thou leave  
these varlets? 170

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with  
drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd  
their ears,

<sup>5</sup> Passion, strong emotion.

<sup>6</sup> Distemper'd, disturbed.

<sup>7</sup> Inherit, possess.

<sup>8</sup> On, of.

<sup>9</sup> To meet with, i.e. to encounter.

Advanc'd<sup>1</sup> their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
 As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,  
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through  
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and  
 thorns, 180  
 Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left  
 them

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
 [There dancing up to the chins, that the foul  
 lake

O'erstunk their feet.]

*Pros.* This was well done, my bird.  
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still:  
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,



*Pros.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Pros.* Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!—(Act iv. 1. 256-258.)

For stale<sup>2</sup> to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Erit.*

*Pros.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
 Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost; 190  
 And as with age his body uglier grows,  
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,  
 Even to roaring.—

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening  
 apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.<sup>3</sup>

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter  
 CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind  
 mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is  
 a harmless fairy, has done little better than  
 play'd the Jack<sup>4</sup> with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at  
 which my nose is in great indignation. 200

*Ste.* So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If

<sup>1</sup> Advanc'd, lifted. <sup>2</sup> Stale, a decoy. <sup>3</sup> Line, lime-tree.

<sup>4</sup> The Jack, the Jack-o'-lantern.

*Ste. says  
 the  
 ad them  
 says  
 the*

I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still. Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;—

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster. 212

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

*Cal.* Prithce, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 220

*Trin.* O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery<sup>1</sup>.—O King Stephano!

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean 230

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone, And do the murder first: if he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches,

Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

<sup>1</sup> *Frippery*, old-clothes shop.

*Trin.* Do, do; we steal by line and level, an't like your grace. 240

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level"<sup>2</sup> is an excellent pass of pate;<sup>3</sup> there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime<sup>3</sup> upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villanous low. 250

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hounds heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pros.* [Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Pros.* Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!]

[*Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews 260

With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard<sup>4</sup> or cat-o'-mountain.<sup>5</sup>

*Ari.* Hark, they roar!

*Pros.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little

Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *Pass of pate*, sally of wit.

<sup>3</sup> *Lime*, birdlime

<sup>4</sup> *Pard*, leopard.

<sup>5</sup> *Cat-o'-mountain*, wild cat.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the cell of PROSPERO.**Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

*Pros.* Now does my project gather to a head:  
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and  
Time

Goes upright with his carriage.<sup>1</sup> How's the day?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

*Pros.* I did say so,  
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and 's followers?

*Ari.* Confin'd together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
[Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,  
In the line-grove<sup>2</sup> which weather-fends<sup>3</sup> your  
cell:]<sup>10</sup>

They cannot budge till your release.<sup>4</sup> The king,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three dis-  
tracted;

[And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord,  
Gonzalo;"]

His tears run down his beard, like winter's-  
drops

From caves of reeds. ] Your charm so strongly  
works 'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pros.* Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pros.* And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,<sup>22</sup>

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply  
Passion as they, be kinder mov'd than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to  
the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

<sup>1</sup> Goes upright with his carriage, bends not under his burden.

<sup>2</sup> Line-grove, lime-grove.

<sup>3</sup> Weather-fends, protects from the weather.

<sup>4</sup> Till your release, till released by you.

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend<sup>29</sup>  
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Pros.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing  
lakes, and groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose  
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—  
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous  
winds,<sup>42</sup>

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promon-  
tory

Have I made shake; and by the spurs<sup>5</sup> pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves at my command  
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—  
To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a  
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO;  
SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner,  
attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they  
all enter the circle which Prospero had  
made, and there stand charmed; which  
Prospero observing, speaks.*

[A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,<sup>59</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Spurs, the roots, projecting like spurs.

*Pros.  
frantic  
title  
etc.*

Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There  
stand, 60  
For you are spell-stopp'd.—  
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops.<sup>1</sup>—[The charm dissolves  
apace;  
And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir 69  
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces  
Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act,—  
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh  
and blood.



Ariel. On the bat's back I do fly.—(Act v. l. 91.)

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse<sup>2</sup> and nature; who, with  
Sebastian,—  
Whose inward pinches therefore are most  
strong,—  
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,  
Unnatural though thou art.—Their under-  
standing  
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore, 81  
That now lies foul and muddy.] Not one of  
them  
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—  
Ariel,  
[Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:—]  
[Exit Ariel.]

<sup>1</sup> Fall fellowly drops, let fall companionable drops.

<sup>2</sup> Remorse, pity.

I will disease me,<sup>3</sup> and myself present  
As I was sometime<sup>4</sup> Milan:—quickly, spirit:  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Re-enter ARIEL; who sings while helping to  
attire Prospero.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie:  
There I couch when owls do cry. 90  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall  
miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

<sup>3</sup> Disease me, undress myself.

<sup>4</sup> Sometime, formerly.

Under the hatches; the master and the boat-  
swain

Being awake, enforce them to this place,  
And presently, I prithee. 101

*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

[*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and  
amazement,

Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country:']

*Pros.* Behold, sir king,  
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;  
And to thee and thy company I bid 110  
A hearty welcome.

*Alon.* Whether<sup>1</sup> thou be'st he or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle<sup>2</sup> to abuse<sup>3</sup> me,  
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse  
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw  
thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—  
An if this be at all—a most strange story.

Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs.<sup>4</sup>—But how should  
Prospero 119

Be living and be here?

*Pros.* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd or confin'd.

*Gon.* Whether this be  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

[*Pros.* You do yet taste  
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends  
all:—

[*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio*] But you, my  
brace of lords, were I so minded  
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,  
And justify<sup>5</sup> you traitors: at this time 125  
I'll tell no tales.

*Seb.* [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.]

*Pros.* [*No.—*]  
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive

Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require  
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,  
Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou be'st Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation;  
How thou hast met us here, who three hours  
since

Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have  
lost—

[How sharp the point of this remembrance  
is!—]

My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pros.* I am woe for't, sir.  
[*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss; and patience  
Says it is past her cure.

*Pros.* I rather think 141  
You have not sought her help; of whose soft  
grace,

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest myself content.

*Alon.* You the like loss!

*Pros.* As great to me as late; and, support-  
able

To make the dear loss, have I means much  
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you; for I  
Have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter!  
O heavens, that they were living both in  
Naples,

The king and queen there! that they were, I  
wish 150

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your  
daughter?

*Pros.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these  
lords

At this encounter do so much admire,<sup>6</sup>  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath: ] but, howsoe'er you have

Been justled from your senses, know for certain  
That I am Prospero, and that very duke

Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most  
strangely 160

Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was  
landed,

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;

<sup>1</sup> *Whether*, pronounced as a monosyllable.

<sup>2</sup> *Trifle*, phantom. <sup>3</sup> *Abuse*, deceive.

<sup>4</sup> *My wrongs*, i.e. the wrongs I have done.

<sup>5</sup> *Justify*, prove.

<sup>6</sup> *Admire*, wonder.

[For 't is a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting.] Welcome, sir;  
Thiscell's my court: here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing; 169  
[At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye  
As much as me my dukedom.]

*The cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and  
MIRANDA playing at chess.*

*Mir.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dear'st love,  
I would not for the world.

*Mir.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you  
should wrangle,  
And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.* If this prove  
A vision of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

[*Seb.* A most high miracle!]

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are  
merciful:

I have curs'd them without cause.

[*Kneels to Alonso.*

*Alon.* Now all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about! 180  
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

*Mir.* O, wonder!  
How many godly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new  
world,

That has such people in't!

*Pros.* 'T is new to thee.

*Alon.* What is this maid with whom thou  
wast at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together!

*Fer.* Sir, she's mortal;  
But by immortal Providence she's mine: 189  
I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before; of whom I have  
Receiv'd a second life; and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.* I am hers:

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness!

*Pros.* There, sir, stop:

Let us not burden our remembrance with  
A heaviness that's gone.

[*Gon.* I have inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down,  
you gods, 201

And on this couple drop a blessed crown!  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither.

*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his  
issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy! and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars,—In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his duke-  
dom 211

In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves  
When no man was his own!]

*Alon.* [*To Ferdinand and Miranda*] Give  
me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy!

*Gon.* Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain  
amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us;  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,

This fellow could not drown.—[*Now, blas-  
phemy,*

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on  
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? ] What is the  
news? 220

*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely  
found

Our king and company; the next, our ship—  
[Which, but three glasses since, we gave out  
split—]

Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

*Ari.* [*Aside to Prospero*] Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

<sup>1</sup> His own, master of himself.

*Pros.* [*Aside to Ariel*] My tricksy spirit!

[*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen

From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake, I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,

And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches; 231

Where, but even now, with strange and several noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains, And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,

We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:



*Re-enter ANCEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them,

And were brought moping hither. ]

*Ari.* [*Aside to Prospero*] Was't well done?

*Pros.* [*Aside to Ariel*] Bravely, my diligence.

Thou shalt be free. 241

[*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;

And there is in this business more than nature Was ever conduct<sup>1</sup> of: some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pros.*

Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single<sup>2</sup> I'll resolve you<sup>2</sup>—

Which to you shall seem probable—of every These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful, 250

And think of each thing well.— ] [*Aside to Ariel*] Come hither, spirit:

Set Caliban and his companions free;

Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel*].—How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company

Some few odd lads that you remember not.

<sup>1</sup> *Single*, by myself.

<sup>2</sup> *Resolve you*, explain to you.



*Re-enter* ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio,<sup>1</sup> bully-monster, coragio!

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight. 260

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

[*Seb.* Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
Will money buy 'em?

*Ant.* Very like; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pros.* Mark but the badges of these men,  
my lords,

Then say if they be true.—This mis-shapen  
knave,—

His mother was a witch; and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and  
ebbs, 270

And deal in her command, without her power.  
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-  
devil—

For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them  
To take my life: two of these fellows you  
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.  
*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken  
butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he wine?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe:<sup>2</sup> [where  
should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gild'd 'em?<sup>3</sup>—]  
How cam'st thou in this pickle? 281

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle, since I  
saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out  
of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano!

*Ste.* O, touch me not;— I am not Stephano,  
but a cramp.

*Pros.* You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one, then.

*Alon.* This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd  
on. [*Pointing to Caliban.*

*Pros.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners  
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell; 291  
Take with you your companions; as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise here-  
after,  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool!

*Pros.* Go to; away!

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage  
where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

*Pros.* Sir, I invite your highness and your  
train 300

To my poor cell, where you shall take your  
rest

For this one night; which—part of it—I'll  
waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall  
make it

Go quick away,—the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized; 309

And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*Pros.* I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to Ariel*] My  
Ariel,—chick,—

That is thy charge: then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw  
near. [*Exeunt.*

## EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own.—

<sup>1</sup> *Coragio* (Ital.), courage.

<sup>2</sup> *Reeling ripe*, drunk to the point of reeling.

<sup>3</sup> *Gild'd 'em*, made them drunk.

Which is most faint: [ now, 't is true,  
 I must be here confin'd by you,  
 Or sent to Naples. ] Let me not,  
 Since I have my dukedom got,  
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
 In this bare island by your spell;  
 But release me from my bands  
 With the help of your good hands:  
 Gentle breath of yours my sails

10

Must fill, or else my project fails,  
 Which was to please: now I want  
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;  
 And my ending is despair,  
 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,  
 Which pierces so, that it assaults  
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
 Let your indulgence set me free.

20



## NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

### ACT I. SCENE 1.

1.—Reference has been made in the Introduction to a play of Calderon's, *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, in which there is considerable similarity to *The Tempest*. It may be interesting to compare the first scene, which, like Shakespeare's, deals with a shipwreck—with how much less vivid an effect! I give it in McCarthy's translation (*Love the Greatest Enchantment*, 1861, pp. 21-23).

*Act the First.*—The Sea and Coast of Sicily.

*A ship is discovered struggling with the waves: in it are Ulysses, Antistes, Archelaus, Polydorus, Timantes, Florus, Lebrél, Clarin, and others.*

*Antistes.* We strive in vain,  
Fate frowns averse, and drives us o'er the main  
Before the elements.

*Archelaus.* Death wings the wind, and the wild waves immense  
Will be our graves to-day.

*Timantes.* Brace up the foresail.

*Polydorus.* Give the bow-line way.

*Florus.* The rising wind a hurricane doth blow.

*Antistes.* Hoist!

*Lebrél.* To the mainsheet!—

*Clarin.* Let the clew-lines go!—

*Ulysses.* O Sovereign Jove!

Thou who this gulf in mountainous foam dost move,

Altars and sacrifice to thee I vow,

If thou wilt tame these angry waters now.

*Antistes.* God of the Sea, great Neptune! in despite

Of Juno's care, why thus the Greeks affright.

*Archelaus.* And see the kindling Heavens are all ablaze,

With angry bolts and lightning-winged rays.

*Clarin.* Son of Silenus, truly called *divine*!

Save from a watery death these lips that lived on wine!

*Lebrél.* Let not, O Momus! 't is his latest wish,

A man who lived as flesh now die as fish!

*Timantes.* This day, these waves that round about us rise

Will be our icy tombs:—

*All.* Have pity, O ye skies!—

*Polydorus.* It seems that they have listen'd to our prayer!—

Our wild lament that pierced the darkness air—

Since suddenly the winds begin to cease.

*Archelaus.* Yes, all the elements proclaim a peace!—

*Antistes.* And for our greater happiness,

(Since good and evil on each other press)

See, on the far horizon's verge

The golden summits of the hills emerge

From out the mist that shrouds the lowlier strand.

*Timantes.* The clouds are scatter'd now;

*All.* The land! the land!

*Ulysses.* Beneath this promontory, which doth lie

A link of stone betwixt the sea and sky,

Turn the tired prow:

*Polydorus.* The rock bends beetling o'er!—

*Antistes.* All hands descend on shore:—

*All.* All hands on shore!

*Antistes.* After the war of waves the air grows bland!—

*Ulysses.* Shipwreck we have subduel.

*All.* To land! to land!

[*The vessel anchors and all the crew disembark.*]

2. Line 3: *Good, speak to the mariners.*—The word *good* here is evidently used in reference to the boatswain, not the *cheer*. Compare line 16 below: "Nay, *good*, be patient." The word is often thus used in Shakespeare, generally followed by *now*, as in *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 4. 22: "*Good, now*, hold thy tongue."

3. Lines 3, 4: *fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground.*—In a note at the end of *The Tempest* (Var. Ed. xv. 184-186) Malone gives the following very interesting communication from a distinguished naval officer, the second Lord Musgrave: "The first scene of *The Tempest* is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skillful seamen of that time. . . .

"The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety; and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

"The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

"He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable.

"The events certainly follow too near one another for the strict time of representation; but perhaps, if the whole length of the play was divided by the time allowed by the critics, the portion allotted to this scene might not be too little for the whole. But he has taken care to mark intervals between the different operations by exits.

*1st Position.*

Fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground.

*1st Position.*

Land discovered under the lee; the wind blowing too fresh to hawl upon a wind with the topsail set. Yare is an old sea term for briskly, in use at that time. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.

*2d Position.*

Yare, yare, take in the top-sail, blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

*2d Position.*

The topsail is taken in. "Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough." The danger in a good sea boat is only from being too near the land; this is introduced here to account for the next order.

## 3d Position.

Down with the top-mast.—Yare, lower, lower, bring her to try with the main course.

## 4th Position.

Lay her a hold, a hold; set her two courses, off to sea again, lay her off.

## 5th Position.

We split, we split.

## 3d Position.

The gale increasing, the top-mast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drift less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to.

## 4th Position.

The ship, having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hawled up; the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way.

## 5th Position.

The ship not able to weather a point, is driven on shore."

4. Line 11: *Play the men*.—Malone compares 2 Samuel x. 12: "let us *play the men* for our people."

5. Line 13: *Where is the master*, BOATSWAIN?—Ff. print *boson*, which is still the pronunciation of the word.

6. Line 15: *you do ASSIST THE STORM*.—Compare Pericles, iii. 1. 19:

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

7. Lines 17, 18: *What CARE these roarers for the name of king?*—Ff. have *cares*, which the Cambridge editors preserve as "probably from Shakespeare's pen," and because "in the mouth of a boatswain it can offend no one." But if Shakespeare wrote it, as is possible, it is certainly not probable that he would desire its preservation. A singular verb preceding a plural noun was never other than a vulgarism, however commonly used, and the Clarendon Press editor quotes a very apt instance in Richard II. iii. 4. 24, where F. 1 has "Here *comes* the gardeners," but Q. 1, the better text, has "Here *come* the gardeners."

The word *roarer*, which does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, was used in his time in the sense of bully, riotous fellow. See Kastril in Jonson's Alchemist, the "angry boy," as he is there called, for a specimen of the *roarer*.

8. Line 25: *we will not HAND a rope more; i.e. handle*. Compare Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 62, 63:

Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First *hand* inc.

Cotgrave renders *manier*, "to handle, *hand*," &c.

9. Line 32: *his complexion is perfect gallows*.—Here, and again below, line 49, and in v. 1. 217, 218, is an allusion to the proverb, "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned." Compare also The Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 156-158:

Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,  
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,  
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

10. Line 38: *Bring her to try with main-course!*—Steevens quotes from Smith's Seaman's Grammar, 1627, under the article, How to handle a ship in a storm: "Let us lie as *Trie with our maine course*; that is, to hale the tacke aboard, the sheat close aft, the haling set up, and the helme tied close aboard." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes from Edwards' Life of Raleigh the following illustrative passage describing the disasters which befel his ships at the outset of the Island voyage in 1597: "On Tuesday morning, my sealf, the Bonaventer, the Mathew, and

Andrew, were together, and steered for the North Cape, not doubtinge butt to have crost the fleet within six howres, butt att the instant the winde chaged to the south, and blew vehemently; so as wee putt our sealves under our fore courses, and stood to the west into the sea. Butt on Tuesday night I perceived the Mathew to labor very vehemently, and that shee could not indure that manner of standinge of, and so putt her sealf a *try with her mayne course*" (vol. ii. pp. 171, 172).

11. Line 52: *Lay her a-hold*.—To lay a ship *a-hold* is defined in Admiral Smyth's Sailors' Wordbook as "a term of our early navigators, for bringing a ship close to the wind, so as to hold or keep to it."

12. Lines 52, 53: *set her two courses! off to sea again*.—This is the punctuation introduced by Holt; Ff. have "set her two courses off to Sea again," which would mean, keep her two points further out from land—which may be the meaning. The *two courses* which were to be *set* are the mainsail and the foresail.

13. Line 63: *And gape at vid'st to GLUT him*.—The word *glut*, in the sense of englut, swallow, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Johnson compares Milton, Paradise Lost, x. 632, 633:

With suck'd and *glutted* offal.  
nigh burst

14. Lines 70, 71: *ling, heath, broom, furze*.—This is the emendation of Hanmer, which it is difficult not to accept. The Ff. have *long heath, Browne firrs*, which a few editors retain, though no satisfactory reason has yet been given why *heath* should be spoken of as *long* or *furze* as *brown*, at a time too when the speaker had other things than adjectives to think of. Farmer quotes from Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Holinshed (fol. 91a): "*Brome . . . heth, firze, brakes, whinnes, ling*," &c.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

15. Line 7: *Who had, no doubt, some noble CREATURES in her*.—Ff. print *creature*; the emendation adopted is Theobald's. It is obviously demanded by Miranda's words before and after: "*those that I saw suffer*," and "*Poor souls, they perish'd!*"

16. Line 13: *The FRAUGHTING souls within her*.—Theobald altered *fraughting* to *freighting*, but *fraught* was the word in use in Shakespeare's time. Compare Marlowe, The Jew of Malta, i. 1:

Bid the merchants and my men dispatch  
And come ashore and see the *fraught* discharg'd.

*Fraughting* is of course used in the sense of "making up the freight." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave: "Freteure: A *fraughting*, loading, or furnishing of a (hired) ship."

17. Line 19: *more better*.—Compare line 439 below, "more braver." Similar reduplications are not infrequent in Shakespeare, as in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 6. 76: "a *more larger* list of sceptres;" Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 17: "some *more fitter* place;" &c.

18. Line 29: *that there is no soTL*.—The sentence here is left unfinished—probably with an intentional abruptness. The sense is perfectly clear from the context, and

a slight break of this sort is very natural. Rowe mended the line by adding "lost," and Theobald proposed *foil* for *soul*, Johnson *soil*;—alterations not merely unnecessary, but improbable in themselves.

19. Line 41: *OUT three years old*; i.e. full three years old. Compare iv. 1. 101; "And be a boy right out."

20. Line 50: *In the dark BACKWARD and ABYSS of time!*—Shakespeare uses the adverb *inward* in a similar way as a noun. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 138: "I was an *inward* of his." *Abyss* is the earlier form of the word "abyss," showing more directly its origin from the Old French *abysme* (*abime*). It occurs in two other places of Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 147, and Sonnet cxii. 9.

21. Line 53: *Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since.*—This is the only place in Shakespeare where *year* is used instead of *years* in anything but an intentionally colloquial way. Perhaps its use here is intended to mark the unwonted familiar tone of Prospero's communication. I think something of the same effect is found in the particular rhythm of the line, which should not, in my opinion, be read (as we are usually instructed to read it) "Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since." Similar expansions and contractions are certainly to be found in Shakespeare, but anything of the sort is quite unnecessary here. Read simply, with a slight extra accent on the first word, the line has to my ear a very expressive rhythm, not unlike that of Tennyson in The Grandmother:

Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.  
—Works, 1379, p. 263.

22. Line 56: *Thy mother was a PIECE OF VIRTUE.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 28: "the piece of virtue," and see note 189 to that play.

23. Lines 57–59:

*and thy father*  
*Was Duke of Milan; AND his only heir*  
*A princess,—no worse issu'd.*

The reading here adopted, that of Pope, seems to me much the best, requiring as it does the least possible change of the original text, and giving at least as good sense as anything else that has been suggested. Fl. have "And Princess," which some retain, inserting *thou* before "his only heir" in the preceding line. This indeed is the final decision of the Cambridge editors, who in the Cambridge ed. print the Folio text verbatim, and in the Clarendon Press adopt the reading of Pope. But the omission of such a word as *thou* seems to me much less likely than the substitution of *And* for *A*, when there have been no less than three *And*s already in the sentence. Dyce, in his notes to the play, cites four similar misprints of *And* for *A*. He, however, adopts Hammer's reading, *thou* for *and*, in line 58, as well as the change of *And* to *A*.

24. Line 64: *teen.*—Shakespeare uses *teen* (meaning sorrow) five or six times (compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 13: "and yet, to my *teen* be it spoken"), though even then it was going out of use. Compare Chaucer, The Knightes Tale, 2247, 2248:

That nevere was ther no word hem bitweene  
Of jelousye, or any other *teen*.

Rossetti uses it in his translation of Villon's Ballade des Dames du temps jadis, where he renders:

Pour son amour eut cest essaye,  
by—  
From Love he won such dule and *teen*.

25. Line 70: *THE MANAGE of my state.*—Compare King John, i. 1. 37, 38:

Which now the *manage* of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate;

and Richard II. i. 4. 38, 39:

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,—  
Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege.

26. Line 71: *Through all the SIGNORIES it was the first.*—*Signories* are here used in the sense of principalities—"the states of Northern Italy, under the government of single princes originally owing feudal obedience to the Holy Roman Empire" (Clarendon Press ed.). Elsewhere in Shakespeare it is used for estates or manors.

27. Line 72: *And Prospero the PRIME duke; i.e. the first in rank.* Compare Henry VIII. iii. 2. 161, 162:

Have I not made you  
The *prime* man of the state?

In the present scene, line 425, it is used with the meaning of first in order: "my *prime* request."

28. Line 81: *To TRASH for OVER-TOPPING.*—The word *trash* is a term used chiefly in hunting, meaning to restrain. See note 5 to Taming of the Shrew, where the following quotation from Hammond's Works (vol. i. p. 23) is given: "That this contrariety always interposes some objections to hinder or *trash* you from doing the things that you would, i.e. sometimes the Spirit *trashes* you from doing the thing that the Spirit would have done." Some, influenced by the word *over-topping*, have understood *trash* as meaning "to top," a meaning which has never been given to it elsewhere. *Over-top*, certainly, is used of trees, as in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 12. 23, 24:

this pine is bark'd,  
That *overtopp'd* them all;

but, considering how extremely fond Shakespeare was of the word *top*, in all its senses and connections, there is no reason why he should not have used it here in the sense of "outstrip." This makes the hunting metaphor complete. Compare Othello, ii. 1. 312, 313, where, if Warton's emendation of *trash* for *trace* be accepted (as, in this edition, it is), we read:

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I *trash*  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on.

29. Lines 83, 84:

*having both the KEY*  
*Of officer and office.*

The *key* meant here is, as Sir John Hawkins states (Var. Ed. xv. 31), the key for tuning the harpsichord, spinet, or virginal.

30. Lines 89, 90:

*all dedicated*  
*To CLOSENESS.*

*Closeness*, in the sense of retirement, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Closeness, (Reservedness or Secrecy) *Reserve, Connexion, Circumspection*"

31. Line 92: O'ERPRIZ'D *all popular rate*; i.e. outvalued all popular estimation. Compare Cymbeline, i. 4. 87, 88: "Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle"—where *outpriz'd* is used with the same meaning.

32. Lines 93-96:

*and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
As my trust was.*

This is an allusion to the proverb, ἀνδρῶν ἕξωων τίνα τρυφᾶται, *heroin filii noxæ*, or, as Johnson puts it, "a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it."

33. Lines 99-102:

*like one  
Who having INTO truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie.*

This is the reading of the Ff., which has been greatly doubted, and altered in several ways, most plausibly by Warburton, who changed *into* to *unto*, by which, certainly, we get a very fair sense: "like one who having made such a sinner unto (or against) truth of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it." But is not the text of the Ff. quite intelligible, and not more contorted in construction, without alteration? The sense, taken thus, is: "like one who having made such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it into truth"—a peculiar expression certainly, but not without parallels enough. Arrowsmith, in his *Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, pp. 44-46 (cited by Dyce in his notes), gives several examples of similar constructions; e.g. The Times, Oct. 10, 1862: "Some feasible line of frontier which may also be discussed into familiarity;" Ben Jonson's Underwoods: "By thanking thus the courtesy to life." Malone quotes a passage closely parallel to that in the text from Bacon's account of Perkin Warbeck in his History of Henry VII. 1622, p. 120: "Nay himselfe, with long and continuall counterfeiting, and with oft telling a *Lye*, was turned by habite almost into the thinge hee seemed to be, and from a *Lyar*, to a *Believer*."

34. Lines 100, 110:

*ME, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough.*

Shakespeare sometimes, as here, omits the preposition; the meaning of course is "For me." Compare Cymbeline, v. 5. 464, 465:

*Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,  
Have laid most heavy hand;*

and Timon of Athens, v. 1. 63, 64:

*Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough.*

35. Line 111: *confederates*.—The verb *confederates* (i.e. conspires) is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare, but compare *confederacy*, in a similar sense, in Henry VIII. i. 2. 2, 3:

I stood i' the level  
Of a full-charged *confederacy*;

and so probably in II. Henry VI. ii. 1. 168, &c.

36. Line 112: *So DRY he was for sway*; i.e. thirsty, as in our common vulgarism. It is used again, without intentional colloquialism, in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 31:

When I was *dry* with rage and extreme toil,

"With the King of Naples" is printed in Ff. "with King of Naples," and some editors print *with the*. No doubt the mark of elision was accidentally omitted by the printer, who should have printed *with'*. A similar omission occurs in line 173 below. See note 49.

37. Line 122: HEARKENS *my brother's suit*.—*Hearkens* is again used transitively in II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 304: "Well, *hearken* the end," where, however, the Q. has *hearken at*.

38. Line 123: IN LIEU *o' the premises*.—Shakespeare only uses *in lieu* of in the present sense of "in consideration of, in return for." Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. I. 408-412:

Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties; *in lieu whereof*,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

39. Line 133: *I, not remembering how I eried OUT then*.—There is some plausibility in Stevens's conjecture, that *out* should be *on't*, but not enough certainty to make the change advisable.

40. Lines 134, 135:

*it is a HINT*

*That wrings mine eyes TO 't.*

That is, it is a subject that draws tears from mine eyes. *Hint* is used here as in ii. 1. 3: "Our *hint* of woe;" i.e. our theme of woe. *To't* means "to do it," that is, to cry; Stevens, through some misunderstanding, thought the words inappropriate or unnecessary, and omitted them, to the equal detriment of sense and metre.

41. Line 138: *impertinent*; i.e. irrelevant, the literal meaning of the word, now out of use, though we use *pertinent* in its original sense. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, except in a misapplication of it by Launeclot in the Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 146. *Impertinency* is used in Lear, iv. 6. 178:

O, matter and *impertinency* mix'd!

42. Line 139: *Well DEMANDED, WENCH*.—Both *demand* and *wench* are here used in somewhat other than the modern way: *demand* being merely "asked" (the French *demandé*), without any peremptory signification, and *wench* being equivalent to "my girl"—a term of affection, not of contempt. The word indeed is still used in some parts of the country with this meaning—certainly in Warwickshire.

43. Lines 145-147:

*where they prepar'd  
A rotten carcass of a BOAT, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast.*

Ff. print *Butt*, for which no satisfactory meaning has been found. The correction is obvious. It was introduced by Rowe from Dryden's version. Malone thinks that Shakespeare had in mind here the similar treatment undergone by Edwin at the hands of his brother Athelstane. See Hollinshed, 1586, vol. i. p. 155.

## 44. Lines 147-149:

*the very rats*  
Instinctively HAVE quit it: there they HOIST us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us.

Rowe, following Dryden, altered *have to had*, but the change from the past to the present seems intentional, as in the Latin "historical present." *Hoist*, in the next line, may be either past or present, probably the latter, thus carrying on the description with the same vividness, as if all were happening over again. Compare with line 149, Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 100: "how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them." In the same play a good example may be found of the change from past to present, v. 2. 83-85: "she *lifted* the princess from the earth; and so *locks* her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart."

45. Line 155: *When I have DECK'D the sea with drops full salt.*—*Deck'd* is usually explained as a provincialism for "sprinkled," and so it would seem to be, despite Schmidt's protest in his Lexicon. "To speak of floods," he says, "as being increased by tears is an hyperbole too frequent in Shakespeare. Prospero means to say that he shed so many tears as to cover the surface of the sea with them." But I do not see how *deck'd* can be taken in this large sense of "covered." In the other passages given in the Lexicon it means simply "dressed," and refers either literally or figuratively to clothes. No such meaning is possible here. Probably it is to be taken as equivalent to the North Country *deg*, which means to damp, used particularly of clothes damped before being ironed. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Carr's Glossary of the Craven Dialect, where *deg* is thus explained; Atkinson's Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect, where *daggy* or *degy* is defined "to sprinkle with water, to drizzle;" and Brockett's Glossary of North-Country words, where we find "*Dag*, to drizzle."

46. Line 157: *An undergoing STOMACH; i.e.* an enduring or sustaining courage. *Stomach* is more generally used in the sense of anger or resentment, occasionally as arrogance; in the present sense of dogged courage it occurs in Hamlet, i. 1. 99, 100:

some enterprise  
That hath a *stomach* in't;

and II. Henry IV. i. 1. 127-130:

The bloody Douglas . . .  
Gan vaill his *stomach*, and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backs.

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes II. Mac. vii. 21: "Yea, she exhorted every one of them in her own language, filled with courageous spirits; and stirring up her womanish thoughts with a manly *stomach*, she said unto them."

## 47. Lines 162, 163:

. . . WHO being then appointed  
Master of this design.

This parenthesis is of course inaccurate in construction, but the inaccuracy was probably Shakespeare's, not the printers'. Pope smoothened things by omitting *who*, and Capell by changing *who* into *he*.

48. Line 169: *Note I arise.*—Three explanations of these words have been given: (1) that Prospero, for some un-

known reason, accompanies the act of rising with this statement to his daughter; (2) that the words mean, "Now I rise in my narration," "now my story heightens in its consequence;" (3) that Prospero thus declares that the turning-point of his own fortunes was come, and that now he began to *arise*—"his reappearance from obscurity a kind of resurrection, or like the rising of the sun." This view seems the most reasonable, and it is probable that Prospero also literally rose from his seat, as in the next line he tells his daughter to *sit still*. To account for this movement Collier's MS. Corrector introduces the stage-direction, "Put on robe again," which, in the Cambridge editors' form, "Resumes his mantle," I have adopted.

49. Line 173: *Than other PRINCESS' can.*—The first three Ff. have *princesse*, F. 4 *princess*. The reading in the text was introduced by Dyce on a conjecture of Sidney Walker, who, rightly as I think, took the *princesse* of the Ff. for an instance of elision of final *ex or s*, for the sake of metre. Compare the Ff. text of Richard III. ii. 1. 137:

Looked pale when they did hear of *Clarence* death;

and of Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 357:

These two *Antipholus*, these two so like.

Compare, too, Macbeth, v. 1. 29: "Ay, but their *sense are* shut," and see note 236 to that play. Rowe reads *princes*, which seems more of an alteration of the original than the reading I have adopted, and, to say the least, no better in meaning, though *prince* in Shakespeare's day was sometimes used of women.

## 50. Lines 181-184:

*I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.*

Compare Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 218-221:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and m miseries.

51. Line 194: *Perform'd to point; i.e.* in every point, exactly. The expression occurs again in Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 254: "agree with his demands to the *point*." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave: "A Point. Aptly, fitly, conveniently."

52. Lines 196-206.—Capell (School of Shakespeare, p. 7) quotes the following passage from Hakluyt's Voyages, ed. 1598, vol. iii. p. 450: "I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came vpon the topp of our maine yarde and maine maste, a certaine little light, much like vnto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the Cierpo-santo, and saide it was S. Elmo, whom they take to be the advocate of Sailers. . . . This light continued aboard our ship about three houres, tlying from maste to maste, from top to top; and sometime it would be in two or three places at once." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes a similar account of the phenomenon known as St. Elmo's fire from Purchas his Pilgrimes, ed. 1625, Part I. lib. iii. c. 1. § 6. p. 133.

53. Line 196: *note on the BEAK; i.e.* the bow. Boyer, in

his French Dictionary, has: "The Beak, or Beak-head of a ship, *l'Éperon, le cap, le Poulaine, ou l'Avantage d'un Navire;*" and Coles, Latin Dictionary, renders *Rostrum*, "a bill, beak, snout, the beak of a ship."

54. Line 197: *the waist*; i.e. the hollow space between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle. Boyer has: "The Waist of a ship. (that Part between the Main-mast, and the Fore-castle) *le milieu d'un Navire.*"

55. Line 200: *bousprit*.—Ff. spell this word *Bore-spritt*, a misprint for *boltsprit* or *bouspritt*.

56. Line 201: *Jove's LIGHTNINGS, the precursors*.—Ff. have *lightning*; the correction is Theobald's.

57. Line 206:

Ari. *Yea, his dread trident shake.*

Pro.

*My brave spirit!*

Various expedients have been suggested for mending the metre of this line, which, however, is not more irregular than many of Shakespeare's. But the most amusing contribution to the question comes from Farmer, who gravely informs us in the solemn pages of the Variorum, that "lest the metre should appear defective, it is necessary to apprise the reader, that in Warwickshire and other Midland counties, *shake* is still pronounced by the common people as if it was written *shaake*, a dissyllable." Certainly the Warwickshire people do lengthen out their words in the most extensive manner—a drawl which to my ear is often musical—but can any mortal believe that Shakespeare in a play like *The Tempest* would introduce a provincial pronunciation to cke out a not quite long enough line!

58. Line 213: *With hair up-staring*.—Compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 279, 280:

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare!

i.e. to stand on end. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has, s.v. *Stare*: "His Hair stares up, (or stands on end) *Ses cheveux se dressent, on se herissent.*"

59. Line 218: *On their SUSTAINING GARMENTS not a blemish*.—*Sustaining garments* certainly means "garments that sustained them," as in Hamlet, iv. 7. 176, 177:

Her clothes spread wide,  
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up.

But from the context it seems rather more probable that what Shakespeare meant, inaccurately as he expressed it, was, as Monck Mason says, "garments which bore, without being injured, the drenching of the sea."

60. Line 224: *in this SAD KNOT*; i.e. thus folded, as if in melancholy. Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 2. 4:

Marcus, unknot that sorrow-creation knot;

and Sir John Suckling's famous description of FORD, in the Sessions of the Poets:

Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,  
With folded arms and melancholy hat.

61. Lines 228, 229:

*Thou call'st me up at midnight to FETCH DEW  
From the STILL-VEX'D BERMOUTHES.*

Compare Bermuda. A Colony A Fortress and a Prison.

. . . By a Field Officer. (Longman, 1857): "The dampness of the climate would be less remarked, if a more solid style of building were adopted as well as a more general use of the fire-places. But even from the earliest discovery of the islands, this peculiarity of the atmosphere must have been well known, otherwise Shakspeare would not have made Prospero call Ariel 'up at midnight to fetch dew' from so distant a spot—the first recorded article of export, by the way. It is to be regretted, that Ariel did not carry away with him more of the dew, for there is still a great deal too much" (pp. 35, 36). Henley remarks: "The epithet here applied to the Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous." Compare Heywood, *The English Traveller*, ii. 2:

*1st Gal.* Whence is your ship—from the *Bermoothes*!

*Keig.* Worse, I think from Hell:

We are all lost, split, shipwrecked, and undone.

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes the following passage from Stow's *Annals* (ed. Howe, 1631), p. 1020, relating to the fleet under Sir George Summers sent out by the Virginia Company in 1609: "Sir George Sommers, sitting at the stearne, seeing the ship desperate of reliefe, looking every minute when the ship would sinke, he espied land, which, according to his, and Captaine Newport's opinion, they indged it should be that dreadfull coast of the *Bermodes*, which Iland[s] were of all Nations, said and supposed to bee enchanted and inhabited with witches and deuills, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous Thunder, storme, and tempest, neere unto those Ilands, also for that the whole coast is so wonderous dangerous, of Rockes, that few can approach them, but with vn-speakable hazard of ship-wrack." References to the Bermudas are very common in the Elizabethan age, and the name of the islands is frequently coupled with tales of enchantment and witchcraft. Compare Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*, i. 2:

The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell  
To victual out a witch for the *Bermoothes*.

62. Line 234: *the Mediterranean FLOTE*.—*Flote*, meaning flood or sea, is by some derived from *float*, by others from the French *flot*. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Minshew's *Guide into Tongues*, 1617: "A Flote or waue. G. Flót. L. Fluctus." Compare Ford, *Love's Sacrifice*, i. 2:

Traitor to friendship, whither shall I run,  
That, lost to reason, cannot sway the *float*  
Of the unruly faction in my blood?

63. Lines 239-241:

Pros. *What is the time o' the day?*

Ari.

*Past the mid season.*

Pros. *At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciously.*

This passage has been supposed by some to be wrongly distributed, because Prospero is represented as answering his own question. Warburton, adopting the conjecture of Theobald and Upton, gives "Past the mid season at least two glasses" to Ariel. Johnson reasonably considered that the passage need not be disturbed, "it being common to ask a question, which the next moment



enables us to answer;" but he adds: "he that thinks it faulty, may easily adjust it thus:

*Pros.* What is the time o' the day? Past the mid season?

*Ari.* At least two glasses.

*Pros.* The time 'twixt six and now, &c."

Stamton, on the other hand, prints the passage thus:

*Pros.* At least two glasses—the time 'twixt six and now—  
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

But this, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks, would make it four in the afternoon, which hardly answers to Ariel's "Past the mid season." It would also, as Mr. Daniel points out in his Time-analysis of the play, reduce the time of the play to little more than two hours, while according to Prospero and Ariel it was a little above four, and on the testimony of Alonzo and the Boatswain about three.

64. Line 242: *Since thou dost give me PAINS; i.e. tasks.* Compare the expression "to take pains." See Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 11, 12:

Was it not to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies or his usual pain?

65. Line 248: *made no mistakings.*—I have followed Pope in omitting *thee*, which in the Ff. is redundant alike as to metre and sense, and has very obviously found its way into the text by confusion with the preceding clause, "Told *thee* no lies," and the word just above it in the preceding line: "done *thee* worthy service."

66. Line 249: *thou DIDST promise.*—F. 1 and F. 2 have *did*.

67. Line 261: *Argier.*—*Argier* or *Argiers* was the old form of Algiers. The King of *Argier* is a character in both parts of Marlowe's Tamburlaine. The word is found as late as Dryden, Limberham, iii. 1: "you *Argier's* man."

68. Lines 266, 267:

*for one thing she did*  
*They would not take her life.*

Boswell supposed that "the thing she did" was some circumstance found by Shakespeare in the novel from which he drew his story (if any such novel existed). But it seems to me that the allusion is merely to the fact, mentioned in line 269, that she was "with child."

69. Line 269: *This BLUE-EY'D hag.*—Stamton conjectured *blear-eyed*, but, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks: "*Blue-eyed* does not describe the colour of the pupil of the eye, but the livid colour of the eye-lid, and a blue eye in this sense was a sign of pregnancy. See Webster, Duchess of Malfi, ii. 1. 'The tins of her *eyelids* look most teeming *blue*.'" Enripides uses the word *κυανωπυς*—literally dark-blue-gleaming—in his description of Death in Alkestis, which Browning renders:

Hades' self,  
He, with the wings there, glares at me, one gaze  
All that *blue brilliance*, under the eye-brow!

—Balauston's Adventure, p. 46.

And on the next page Browning speaks of "the *blue-eyed* black-winged phantom." Here of course the reference is to the lurid blue-black colour of thunder-clouds, and it is possible Shakespeare may have meant this in describing his witch as *blue-eyed*.

70. Lines 270, 271: *Thou . . . WAST then her servant.*—So Rowe, after Dryden; Ff. print *wast*.

71. Lines 301-303:

*Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:*  
*Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible*  
*To every eyeball else.*

F. 1 has:

Go make thy selfe like a Nymph o' th' sea,  
Be subject to no sight but thine, and mine; inuisible  
To euery eye-ball else.

F. 2 inserts *to* in line 301, and Rowe, in his second edition, omits *thine and*, changes which I cannot but consider absolutely necessary, the first on account of the metre, the second on account both of metre and of sense. Malone arranges the lines thus:

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject  
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible  
To every eyeball else.

But such jolting lines are no more to be called rhythmical than the lines as they stand in F. 1. And, apart from the question of metre, why should Prospero say that Ariel should be invisible to every sight but "*thine and mine*"? The very idea seems ridiculous, not at all less so because Malone assures us that Ariel might look at his image in the water and then he would see himself! Prospero would show more consideration for the feelings of Ariel than is at all customary with him if he were to take all that trouble to explain to his spirit-slave that his invisible garb would not render him invisible to himself.

72. Line 311: *We cannot MISS him; i.e. do without him.* The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Lyly, Euphues and his England (ed. Arber), p. 264: "Bringing vnto man both honnye and wax, each so wholesome that wee all desire it, both so necessary that we cannot *miss* them."

73. Lines 323, 324:

*a SOUTH-WEST blow on ye,*  
*And blister you all o'er!*

The south was thought to be the quarter from which noxious vapours came. Compare Coriolanus, i. 4. 30:

All the contagion of the *south* light on you!

74. Line 326: *urchins*, literally hedgehogs, and thence, hedgehogs being uncanny creatures and sometimes the familiars of witches (as in Macbeth, iv. 1. 2), coming to have the signification of mischievous elves. Such is obviously the meaning in Merry Wives, iv. 4. 49: "Like *urchins*, omphs, and fairies." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1603, p. 14, where the word is used for hobgoblins: "And further, that these ill mannered *urchins*, did so swarme about the priests, in such troupes, and thronges, that they made them sometimes to sweat, as seemes, with the very heate of the fume, that came from the devils noses." In the passage in the text, *urchins* is probably used literally of hedgehogs. Compare ii. 2. 10-12:

then like *hedgehogs*, which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
Their prickes at my footfall.

75. Lines 326-328:

*urchins*  
*Shall forth at vast of night that they may work*  
*All exercise on thee.*

Ff. print:

Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke  
All exercise on thee—

which most if not all editors have punctuated;

Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee.

Steevens explains that different spirits were at liberty to act only during well-regulated periods, and thus the present passage would mean: "shall, for that void stretch of night during which they may work, practise mischief on thee." An emendation, however, has been proposed by Mr. Thomas White, which, without changing a letter (but only a "space") and without any alteration of punctuation, gives so very much better sense that I have adopted it. Everyone who has corrected proofs knows how common is an error of spacing such as that by which *forth at* becomes *for that*. The alteration is thus of the simplest. Dr. Ingleby, *The Still Lion*, 1874, p. 110, warmly recommending the emendation, says: "Three morsels of knowledge, indeed, are requisite for the full comprehension of the sense: *to forth* was a common phrase for *to go forth*; *vast of night* meant *dead of night*; and *exereise* meant *chastisement*. Ignorance of one or some of these things has hitherto hindered the reception of Mr. Thomas White's restoration. It has been argued by a very competent critic and editor [Mr. Aldis Wright, in the Clarendon Press ed.] that *exereise* must be a verb, because *to work exereise* would, otherwise, be a pleonasm which it would be impertinent to impute to Shakespeare. Nothing can be more fallacious than this style of argument. Pleonasm is the very stuff of the Elizabethan and Jacobian writers. In our Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures, for instance, St. Paul is made to say (2 Cor. viii. 11): 'Now therefore, perform ye the doing of it.' But nevertheless, *to work exereise* is not a pleonasm: it means *to inflict punishment*." Dr. Ingleby mentions on the following page that in the former edition of *The Still Lion* the line had appeared with an additional misprint:

Shall *forth at* vast of night, that they *make worke*—

which certainly shows the ease with which misprints creep in. With the expression *vast of night* compare Hamlet, i. 2. 19s (Q. 1603):

In the dead *vast* and middle of the night.

76. Line 332: *When thou CAMEST first*.—Ff. have *cam'st*; the emendation is Rowe's. Ritson conjectured *cam'st here*.

77. Line 334: *Water with berries in 't*.—This would seem to refer to coffee, then known only by report. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 4th ed. 1632, part ii. sect. 5. mem. 1. subs. 5: "The Turkes haue a drinke called *coffa* (for they use no wine), so named of a berry as blacke as soot, and as bitter, (like that blacke drinke which was in vse amongst the *Lacedemonians*, and perhaps the same) which they sip still of, and sup as warme as they can suffer." This passage first occurs in the 4th edition, 1632; it is evidently derived from Sandys' *Travels*, 1615, where, describing the fashions of the Turks, the writer says: "Although they be destitute of taverns, yet they have their *coffa-houses*, which something resemble them. There they sit chattering most of the day; and sippe of a drinke called *coffa*, (of the berry that it is

made of) in little china dishes, as hot as they can suffer it: blacke as soote, and tasting not much unlike it, (why not the black-broth, which was in use amongst the Lacedemonians,) which helpeth, as they say, digestion, and procureth alacrity" (p. 66).

78. Line 338: *brine-pits*.—This expression is used again in Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 129:

And made a *brine-pit* with our bitter tears.

79. Line 339: *Cursed be I that did so!*—F. 1 has *Curs'd be I that did so*, the later Ff. *Curs'd be I that I did so*. The reading in the text was introduced by Steevens.

80. Line 351.—This speech is in Ff. given to Miranda. The correction was made by Theobald after Dryden.

81. Line 369: *I'll rack thee with old cramps*.—*Old* is frequently used in Shakespeare and the Elizabethan writers as an intensive epithet. See note 107 to *Macbeth*, and compare S. Rowley, *When You See Me, You Know Me*, H 3, back: "heerle be *old* shuffling, then, ha, will there not?"

82. Line 370: *Fill all thy bones with ACHES*.—*Aches* is pronounced here as a dissyllable. See note 240 to *Much Ado*.

83. Line 373: *my dam's god*, SETEBOS.—Shakespeare probably found the name *Setebos* in Eden's *History of Travel*, 1577, from which Farmer quotes: "the gigantes, when they found themselves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them" (p. 434). Eden translated from Pigafetta's narrative of the voyage of Magellan, 1554. The passage is thus rendered in the Hakluyt Society's version by Lord Stanley of Alderley: "when they saw the trick that had been played them, they began to be enraged and to foam like bulls, crying out very loud '*Setebos*,' that is to say, the great devil, that he should help them" (p. 53). On p. 55 we read: "When one of them dies, ten or twelve devils appear, and dance all round the dead man. It seems that these are painted, and one of these enemies is taller than the others, and makes a greater noise, and more mirth than the others: that is whence these people have taken the custom of painting their faces and bodies, as has been said. The greatest of these devils is called in their language *Setebos*, and the others *Cheleule*." The same narrative is given in Purchas his *Pilgrimes*, 1636, Part I. book ii. ch. 2, p. 23. Those who wish to know the newest light upon the character of *Setebos* may be directed to Browning's poem, *Caliban upon Setebos*.

84. Lines 378, 379:

*Courtsied when you haue and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist.*

That is, when you have courtsied, and kissed the wild waves into silence—a far more beautiful reading than that introduced by Steevens, who puts a stop after *kiss'd*, and makes *The wild waves whist* parenthetical. As the Cambridge edd. say, the punctuation of the Ff. is supported by what Ferdinand says in lines 391-393:

This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air.

Boyer in his French Dictionary gives "Whist, (an Interjection of Silence) *St, Paix, Silence, Chut.*" Compare Lord Surrey's translation of book ii. of the *Æneid*, line 1:

They *whisted* all, with fixed face attent;

and Lyly, *The Maid's Metamorphosis*:

But everything is quiet, *whist*, and still.

Milton imitates the passage in the text very closely in his Hymn on the Nativity, line 64:

The winds, with wonder *whist*,  
Smoothly the waters kist.

85. Line 380: *Foot it FEATLY*.—Dyce compares Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589:

*Footing it featly on the grassie ground.*

Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 176, "She dances *feately*." Boyer has: "Featly, (*adv.* from feat) *Proprement, adroite-ment, gentiment.*"

86. Line 381: *the burden bear*.—This is Pope's correction of the Ff.'s transposition, *beare the burthen*. The arrangement of the burden is that of Capell. See note 94 to *As You Like It*.

87. Line 396: *fathom*.—Ff. print *fadom*.

88. Line 405: *The ditty does REMEMBER my drown'd father*.—*Remember* is used in the sense of commemorate or mention in I. Henry IV. v. 4. 101, and II. Henry IV. v. 2. 142. Compare our present use of the expression "Remember me to So-and-So," which occurs in Henry VIII. iv. 2. 160, 161:

*Remember me*  
In all humility unto his highness.

89. Line 408: *The FRINGED CURTAINS OF THINE EYE ADVANCE*.—Compare Pericles, iii. 2. 99-101:

Her *eyelids*, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Began to part their *fringes* of bright gold.

*Advance* is used, as often in Shakespeare, for lift. Compare iv. 1. 177 below:

*Advanc'd* their eyelids, lifted up their noses;

and King John, ii. 1. 207:

These flags of France, that are *advanced* here.

90. Line 427: *If you be MAID or no!*—F. 4 reads *made*, which Warburton elaborately defends as a poetical beauty, supposing Ferdinand to ask Miranda if she were mortal or no. But see lines 447-449:

O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

More than two pages of the Variorum Ed. are devoted to a discussion of this question.

91. Lines 437, 438:

*the Duke of Milan*  
*And his brave son being twin.*

This is the only reference we get in the play to any son of the Duke of Milan. The reference here must have slipped in accidentally, perhaps from a remembrance of such a character in the original story.

92. Lines 438-440:

*The Duke of Milan*  
*And his more braver daughter could CONTROL thee,*  
*If now 't were fit to do't.*

Stanton queries *control* as perhaps a misprint for "console," but the word is evidently used here in the sense of "confute." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Comptroll, S. (*or* Contradiction) *Contradiction*," and "To Comptroll, V.A. (*or* find Fault with) *Controler, trouver a redire*." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Bacon, *History of Henry VII.*, 1622: "As for the times while hee was in the *Tower*, and the manner of his Brothers death, and his owne escape; shee knew they were things a verie few could *control*." (p. 116)

93. Line 443: *I fear you have done yourself some WRONG*; i.e. I am afraid you have made a mistake, or misrepresented yourself. Compare *Merry Wives*, iii. 3. 221: "You do yourself mighty *wrong*, Master Ford;" and *Measure for Measure*, i. 2. 41: "I think I have done myself *wrong*."

94. Line 468: *He's GENTLE, and not FEARFUL*.—Both *gentle* and *fearful* may be interpreted in two ways, and so, perhaps, Shakespeare intended. One explanation, and I think the best, is, "He's of gentle birth, and therefore no coward;" according to the other, we should understand, "He's gentle, and not capable of inspiring fear, not terrible." Smollett says in *Humphry Clinker*: "To this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in the *Tempest* would express herself nearly in the same terms—Don't provoke him; for, being *gentle*, that is, *high-spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult."

95. Lines 468, 469:

*What, I say,*  
*My FOOT my tutor!*

Sidney Walker conjectured that *foot* was a misprint for *fool*, comparing Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, iv. 2:

When *fools* and mad-folks shall be *tutors* to me.

Dyce adopts this reading, but the change seems to me, to say the least, unnecessary. Compare Lyly, *Euphues and his England* (ed. Arber): "Then how vaine is it Euphues (too mylde a word for so madde a minde) that the *foote* should neglect his office to correct the *face*" (p. 261). And see *Timon of Athens*, i. 1. 92-94:

Yet you do well  
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen  
The *foot* above the *head*.

96. Line 478: *Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he*.—So Ff. Rowe printed *are*, which many editors have received. But this construction is very common in Shakespeare. Compare *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 371: "There is no more such masters." Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 335, says: "When the subject is as yet future and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular might be regarded as the normal inflection." He gives a number of examples.

97. Line 484: *Thy NERVES are in their infancy again*.—*Nerve* is used here in the sense of sinew. See note 25 to *Coriolanus*.

98. Lines 490-493:

*Might I but through my prison once a-day*  
*Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth*  
*Let liberty make use of; space enough*  
*Have I in such a prison.*

Compare Chaucer, *Knights Tale*, 370-375:

For elles hadde I dweld with Theseus  
I-fetere'd in his prison evere moo.  
Than hadde I ben in blisse, and nat in woo,  
Oonly the sighte of hire, whom that I serve,  
Though that I nevere hire grace may deserve,  
Welde han sufficed right ynough for me."

One of the most interesting parts of Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme* develops the same motive—the chapters where Fabrice is in prison.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

99. Line 5: *The MASTER of some merchant, and the merchant.*—Ff. have *Masters*, a reading which can only be understood if we accept so roundabout an explanation as that given by the Clarendon Press ed., that the *masters of some merchant* are "the joint owners of a merchant-man, who grieve for the loss of the vessel while the merchant laments the loss of the cargo." Johnson's emendation seems obvious. *Merchant* in the sense of "merchant-man" was commonly used. Compare Marlowe, *Tamburlaine*, part I. i. 2:

And Christian *merchants*, that with Russian stems  
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea,  
Shall vail to us, as lords of all the lake.

100. Lines 1s, 19.—There are similar plays upon the words *dollar* and *dolour* in Measure for Measure, i. 2. 50; and Lear, ii. 4. 54. Steevens quotes The Tragedy of Hoffman, 1637:

And his reward be thirteen hundred *dollars*,  
For he hath driven *dolour* from our heart.

101. Line 2s: *Which, of he or Adrian.*—Irregular as this construction is, there is no reason to suspect that it is not as Shakespeare wrote it. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 336, 337:

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Sidney Walker, in his *Critical Examination of Shakespeare's Text*, vol. ii. p. 353, incidentally quotes an illustrative passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*, ed. 1598, p. 63: "But then the question arising, who should be the former [*i.e.* the first to fight] against Phalantus, of the blacke, or the ill apparelled knight," &c.

102. Line 36: Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!*—*So, you're paid.*—This is the arrangement of Theobald. Ff. give *So, you're paid* to Antonio, which can only be understood if we take *paid* in an ironical sense, as in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 108: "I am *paid* for 't now." This does not seem a very probable meaning here.

103. Line 43: *Temperance was a delicate wench.*—Names such as *Temperance* were much used among the Puritans. Steevens quotes Taylor the Water-poet, who, describing some loose women, says:

Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,  
To be called Prudence, *Temperance*, Faith, or Grace.

Of these names, all but *Temperance* are still met with. Readers of *Mehalah* will remember that charming woman *Admonition*.

104. Line 52: *bush*; *i.e.* luxuriant, succulent. Malone quotes Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xv:

Then green, and voyd of strength and *bush* and foggy is the blade,  
And cheers the husbandman with hope;

where the original has,

Tunc herba recens, et roboris expers  
Turget, et insolida est, et spe delectat agrestes.

In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1, line 251 is generally read (as in this edition):

Quite over-canop'd with *bush* woodbine.

Qq. and Ff. have *luscious*. See note 124 to that play. Browning uses the word in the Prologue to his *Pacchiarotto*, line 5:

And *bush* and lithe do the creepers clothe  
You wall I watch, with a wealth of green

105. Line 55: *With an EYE of green in 't.*—An *eye* means a small tinge, a slight shade of colour. Steevens quotes Sandys, *Travels*, 1637, p. 73: "His [Sultan Achmet's] under and upper garments are lightly of white sattin, or cloth of silver tissued with an *eye of greene*, and wrought in great branches."

106. Line 86: *His word is more than the MIRACULOUS HARP.*—An allusion either to the harp of Amphiion, which raised the walls of Thebes, or to the harp of Apollo, which raised the walls of Troy.

107. Line 94: Gon. *Ay.*—Staunton gave this exclamation to Alonso, considering it a "sigh or exclamation on his awaking from his trance of grief." Perhaps it may be so, but there is no reason why it should not be uttered by Gonzalo, either in an inquiring tone, not knowing what they mean, or as a sort of "Yes, yes, have it so if you will."

108. Lines 118, 119:

OAR'D

*Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke.*

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Pope's *Odyssey*, xvi. 247:

And what bless'd hands have oar'd thee on the way.

Compare Tennyson, *To E. L.*, on his *Travels in Greece*, lines 16-18:

and Naiads oar'd  
A glimmering shoulder under gloom  
Of cavern pillars.

109. Lines 129-131:

and the fair soul herself

*Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at  
Which end o' the beam SHE'D bow.*

Ff. read *should*, which the Cambridge edd. retain, supposing an antecedent *she* or *it* to be omitted, as is sometimes the case in Shakespeare. Rowe, in his second ed., omits *o'*; Malone regards *should* as a contraction of *she would*, meant to be printed *sh'ould*. This seems the most reasonable supposition. On *loathness* (*i.e.* reluctance) see note 242 to Antony and Cleopatra.

110. Line 135: *the DEAREST o' the loss.*—*Dear* is frequently used in the sense of anything, pleasurable or the reverse, which touches one very closely. Compare Richard III. v. 2. 20, 21:

He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,  
Which in his *dearest* need will fly from him.

This is the reading of the Ff.; the Qq. have:

Which in his *greatest* need will shrink from him.

Compare, too, Fletcher, *The Maid in the Mill*:

You meet your *dearest* enemy in love  
With all his hate about him.

111. Lines 150-164.—This ideal commonwealth, as has often been pointed out, is one of Shakespeare's debts to Montaigne, *Livre I. ch. xxx*, "Des Cannibales" (ed. Lounandré, vol. i. p. 309). The passage in Florio's translation is as follows: "It is a nation, I would answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politique superioritie; no vse of service, of riches or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no vse of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them" (p. 102). Malone imagined that it was this essay which caused Shakespeare to make the scene of his play a desert island, and adds: "The title of the chapter, which is—'Of the Canibales'—evidently furnished him with the name of one of his characters. In his time almost every proper name was twisted into an anagram. Thus,—'I moyl in law,' was the anagram of the laborious William Noy, Attorney General to Charles I. By inverting this process, and transposing the letters of the word *Canibal*, Shakespeare (as Dr. Farmer long since observed) formed the name of *Caliban*."

112. Line 152: *till*; i.e. tillage. The word occurs only here and in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 1. 76. See note 162 to that play.

113. Line 181: *an it had not fallen FLAT-LOG*.—*Flat-logy* is used for a blow given, not with the edge, but with the side, of the sword. Compare *flattiny* in *The Faerie Queene*, v. 5. 18:

The with her sword on him she *flattiny* strooke.

114. Line 185: *We would so, and then go a BAT-FOWLING*.—*Bat-fowling* is defined in Boyer's French Dictionary: "Chasse aux oiseaux pendant la Nuit." A very elaborate description of the sport is given by Gervase Markham in his *Hunger's Prevention*, 1621: "For the manner of *Bat-fowling* it may be vsed either with Nettes, or without Nettes: If you vse it without Nettes (which indeede is the most common of the two) you shall then procede in this manner. First, there shall be one to cary the Cresset of fire (as was shewed for the *Lorbell*) then a certaine number as two, three, or foure (according to the greatnesse of your company) and these shall haue poles bound with dry round wispes of hay, straw, or such like stutte, or else bound with peeces of Linkes, or Hurdles, dipt in Pitch, Rosen, Grease, or any such like matter that will blaze.

"Then another company shal be armed with long poles, very rough and bushy at the vpper endes, of which the Willow, Byrche, or long Hazell are best, but indeede according as the country will afford so you must be content to take.

"Thus being prepared and comming into the Bushy, or rough ground where the haunts of Birds are, you shall then first kinde some of your tiers as halfe, or a third part, according as your prouision is, and then with your

other bushy and rough poles you shall beat the bushes, Trees, and haunts of the Birds, to enforce them to rise, which done you shall see the Birds which are rased, to flye and play about the lights and flames of the fier, for it is their nature through their amazednesse, and affright at the strangenes of the light and the extreme darknesse round about it, not to depart from it, but as it were almost to scorch their wings in the same; so that those who haue the rough bushye poles, may (at their pleasure) beat them down with the same, & so take them. Thus you may spend as much of the night as is darke, for longer is not conuenient; and doubtlesse you shall finde much pastime, and take great store of birds, and in this you shall obserue all the obseruations formerly treated of in the *Lorbell*; especially, that of silence, vntill your lights be kindled, but then you may vse your pleasure, for the noyse and the light when they are heard and scene a farre of, they make the birds sit the faster and surer" (pp. 98-100).

115. Line 221: *I am standing water*; i.e. neither flowing nor ebbing, midway, passive, easily influenced. Compare *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 168: "'Tis with him in *standing water*, between boy and man."

116. Line 226: *Ebbing men*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 43:

And the *ebb'd man*, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,  
Comes deard' by being lack'd.

117. Lines 230, 231:

a birth, *inveed*,

Which *THROES* *THEE* much to *yield*

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 7. s1, s2:

With news the time's with labour, and *throes* forth  
Each minute some.

118. Lines 242, 243:

*Ambition cannot pierce a wink be yond,*  
*But DOUBT discovery there.*

Capell reads *doubts*, and he has been generally followed. But the change does not seem to me to be necessary, as we may very well understand *doubt* as dependent on the preceding *cannot*—i.e. cannot but be doubtful as to discovering anything there.

119. Lines 250, 251:

she from whom

We all were sea-swallow'd

This is the generally accepted emendation of Rowe. Fl. print "She that from whom," of which several acute critics have tried hard to make sense. Accepting Rowe's emendation, the passage of course simply means "coming from whom." Spedding very ingeniously suggests that the reading should be punctuated: "She that—from whom? All were sea-swallow'd," &c.; that is, "From whom should she have note? The report from Naples will be that all were drowned. We shall be the only survivors." This punctuation has been finally adopted by the Globe edd. But it seems to me that the construction is incredibly broken, and though Spedding says that to him the break in the construction is characteristic of the speaker, I cannot think of any other speech of Antonio's at all similarly broken. Mr. Aldis Wright, in the *Claren-*

don Press ed., preserving the F. text *literatim*, suggests that "there is a confusion of two constructions; Antonio beginning a fresh sentence, as he had done the three previous ones, with 'she that,' and then changing abruptly to 'from whom,' which made the preceding relative superfluous." But is it not more probable that the repetition of the *that* came, not from Antonio, but from the printer? Nothing could be more natural.

120. Line 266: *A THOUGH of as deep chat*.—Compare All's Well, iv. 1. 22: "*choughs'* language, gabble enough, and good enough."

121. Line 273: *feater*; i.e. more trimly. See note 85.

122. Line 276: *a kibe*; i.e. a chilblain. Compare Hamlet, v. 1. 152, 153: "the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his *kibe*;" and Lear, i. 5. 8, 9: "If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of *kibes*?" See Jonson, the Alchemist, i. 1:

Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your *kibes*.

123. Lines 282-284:

*If he were that which now he's like, THAT'S DEAD;  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever.*

"The words *that's dead*," says Farmer, "are evidently a gloss, or marginal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a supplement is useless to the speaker's meaning, and one of the verses becomes redundant by its insertion." This conjecture seems to me a very reasonable one, though not certain enough to be adopted into the text.

124. Line 299: *to keep THEM living*.—Dyce prints *thee*, but the change, though plausible, seems unnecessary, as similar changes of construction are not uncommon in Shakespeare. *Them* evidently refers to Gonzalo and Alonso.

125. Lines 306-309.—In the distribution of these speeches I have followed Dyce, who partly followed Staunton. The Ff. print:

*Gen.* Now, good Angels preserve the King.

*Alc.* Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gen.* What's the matter?

Staunton made the change—rightly, as I think—on the authority of Gonzalo's words just after (317-320):

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:  
I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn.

It is evident from this that Gonzalo was the first to awake, and that he roused the king; which renders the redistribution of the speeches necessary.

126. Line 321: *That's VERILY*.—It is likely enough that this is a misprint for *verity*, and Pope's emendation right. But adverbs certainly were used by Shakespeare for adjectives, as in i. 2. 226, 227:

*Safety* in harbour

Is the king's ship;

and Coriolanus, iv. 1. 53: "That's *worthily*."

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## ACT II. SCENE 2.

127. Line 3: *By inch-meal*; i.e. inch by inch, as in *piece-meal*, which we still use. In Cymbeline, ii. 4. 147, Shakespeare uses *limb-meal* in a similar sense:

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

The termination "*-meal*" is from the Anglo-Saxon *mælum*, the dative of *mæl*, a part.

128. Line 9: *that mow and chatter at me*.—Compare iv. 1. 47, where the word is used as a noun. It is only used as a noun in two other places—Hamlet, ii. 2. 381, 382: "those that would make *mows* at him while my father lived," and Cymbeline, i. 6. 41: "'Contemn with *mows* the other.'" In the former passage the Qq. read "mouths," and the expression "to make mouths" (as we now say, "to make faces") occurs in Hamlet, iv. 4. 50, and Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 238. The original word was *mows*, which means grimaces. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives: "A mow [mock] *labrorum distortio*;" and "To mow, *labra diducere, vultum & os distorquere*."

129. Line 21: *bombard*; i.e. a large flagon made of leather. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 496, 497: "that swoll'n parcel of dropsies, that huge *bombard* of sack;" and Henry VIII. v. 4. 85, 86:

And here ye lie baiting of *bombards*, when  
Ye should do service.

130. Lines 28-34: *Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, &c.*—Such exhibitions were frequent in Shakespeare's time. Malone quotes from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert: "A license to James Seale to shew a *strange fish* for half a yeare, the 3d of September, 1632." The *dead Indian* may perhaps be an allusion to the Indians brought to England by Sir Martin Frobisher in 1576.

131. Line 40: *gaberdine*.—See Merchant of Venice, note 98.

132. Line 52: *For she had a tongue with a TANG*.—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 163: "let thy tongue *tang* arguments of state." In both places the word seems to be used of a loud unpleasant sound, like *twang*. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Tang, or tack; an ill taste in meat."

133. Line 65: *while Stephano breathes AT NOSTRILS*.—Ff. read *at nostrils*, which the Cambridge edd. print *at's nostrils*. But compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 254, 255: "He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd *at mouth*," &c.

134. Line 73: *any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather*.—Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 1. 29, 30: "As proper men as *ever trod upon neat's leather* have gone upon my handiwork." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Vache (ou Cuir de Vache) *Neats Leather*."

135. Lines 83, 84: *I know it by thy TREMBLING; now Prosper works upon thee*.—Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 4. 54:

Mark how he *trembles* in his ecstasy!

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1603: "All the spirits with much adoe being commaunded to goe downe into her left foote, they

did it with vehement *trembling*, and shaking of her leg" (pp. 58, 59).

136. Line 86: *here is that which will give language to you, CAT.*—An allusion to the proverb, that good liquor will make a cat speak. For *cat*, as a term of abuse, see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 260:

Hang off, thou *cat*, thou *burr!* vile thing, let loose.

137. Line 103: *I have no long spoon.*—Compare *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 3. 64, 65: "Marry, he must have a *long spoon* that must eat with the devil." The proverb is frequently alluded to in the old writers.

138. Line 110: *moon-calf.*—Nares quotes Holland's Pliny, vii. 15: "A false conception called *Mola*, i.e. a *moone calfe*, that is to say, a lump of flesh without shape, without life, and so hard withall, that uneth a knife will enter and pierce it either with edge or point." Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has "A moon-calf, *partus lunaris*," and Boyer renders *Mole*, "a Tympany or Moon-calf." Drayton has a poem called *The Mooncalf*.

139. Line 126: *sack.*—See note 41 to I. Henry IV.

140. Line 144: *My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.*—Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 136, 137:

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,  
Presenteth Moonshine.

The *bush* was the bundle of sticks for which the "Man in the Moon" was condemned to his exile, according to the story which identifies him with the Sabbath-breaking Israelite in Numbers xv.

141. Lines 175, 176:  
*sometimes I'll get thee  
Young SCAMELS from the rock.*

This is the reading of the Fl., but the word is quite unknown elsewhere. Ten substitutes have been proposed, such as *sea-mells*, *shamois*, *stannels*, *staniels*, but without any certainty or particular probability. Holt stated that *scam* was in some places used for a limpet, and that *scameles* was probably a diminutive. But he does not tell us where these places are. Since then, Stevenson, in his *Birds of Norfolk* (ii. 260), states that the gunners of Blakeney call the female Bar-tailed Godwit, *scamel*. But as these birds are not known to breed among the rocks, the identification is only partial—unless we suppose that Shakespeare made a mistake as to their habits, a supposition not so incredible as it has seemed to some.

142. Line 187: *trencher.* Fl. have *trenchering*, no doubt a misprint through confusion with the *firing* and *requiring* of the preceding lines. The correction was made by Pope, after Dryden.

143. Line 190: *hey-day!*—Fl. print *high-day*, and in other places of Shakespeare *hoy-day*.

#### ACT III. SCENE 1.

144. Line 2: *sets off.*—This is Rowe's correction; Fl. have *set off*.

145. Lines 14, 15:

*But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,  
Most BUSIEST when I do it.*

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The only real difficulty in this passage is in the last imperfect line. F. 1 reads:

*Most busiest* *lest*, when I do it

The question is whether *lest* really belongs to the word *busiest*, or whether it was meant to be another word, viz. *least*, or *left*. The numerous emendations, suggested by various editors and commentators, and what may be called the vast undisciplined army of amateur emendators, reflect more credit upon their ingenuity than upon their common sense. Among the various conjectures we may mention Spedding's

*Most busiest* when *allest*,

a very pretty antithesis; that of the Cambridge edd.:

*Most busy left* when *allest*;

and the most sensible of all, that of Bray:

*Most busy when least* I do it.

Some are content to adopt the meaning of the latter reading, but to leave the words as arranged in the text, merely altering the punctuation of F. 1 by adding a comma after *busy* instead of after *lest*, reading thus:

*Most busy, lest* when I do it;

Ferdinand's meaning being that he is *most busy*, i.e. "most occupied with his thoughts when *allest* with his hand." This is pretty nearly a paraphrase of the explanation of the line, as given by Verplanck and followed by Rolfe, who both adopted this arrangement of the words. This emendation (substantially) was proposed in *Notes and Queries* (7th S. vii. 504) by Mr. H. Wedgwood, who would read:

*Most busy least* when I do.

He says that the reading "occurred to him in sleep;" but it was hardly necessary, one would have thought, to go to sleep to arrive at such a very simple conclusion. In *Notes and Queries* (7th S. vii. 403) Mr. R. M. Spence proposes quite a new reading:

I forget

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours

Most busiest, when I do it;

which he explains thus: "In prose the whole passage would read thus: 'I forget everything but these sweet thoughts, and when I do so my busiest labours, instead of wearying, even refresh me.'" As far as the removal of the colon of F. 1 goes, and the inverted construction, awkward as it is, of *do even refresh my labours*—"my labours even do refresh me" this conjecture may be defended; but it seems to me that all these ingenious conjectures are utterly unnecessary. Because the word *lest* or *least*, in connection with *most*, suggests some antithesis, it does not follow that any was intended; while Shakespeare is so fond of the use of the double superlative, e.g. in the well-known passage in Julius Caesar (iii. 2. 187):

This was the *most unkindest* cut of all;

and Hamlet, ii. 2. 122: "O *most best*," especially where he wants to be emphatic, as he does here,—that it really seems to me unnecessary to go beyond the text, as it stands in F. 1, for the true reading of the passage. It is most probable that Shakespeare intended to write the superlative of *busily*, an adverb which he uses in two passages, I. Henry IV. v. 5. 38, and Titus Andronicus, iv. 1. 45. Mr. Spence, in his communication already referred to, mentions *busiliest* as having been suggested by Mr. John Bulloch;

and he remarks "to form *his* word, he has had to knock out of the text an *e* and insert an *i*." But really it is difficult to imagine a more likely blunder for the printer to fall into, than to print *busiestest* or *busiest* for *bus'lyest* or *bus'liest*, as the word might have been written in the MS. Mr. Holcombe Ingleby (Notes and Queries, 7th S. vii. 504): "Were *busiest* analogons to the *easilest* in 'Cymbeline' I should prefer that reading, as requiring only the slightest alteration; but as the analogy will not hold, perhaps *busiest* is the reading to be preferred." I must confess myself I do not see any difficulty about the form *busilest*; but, however, *busiest*'s is perhaps the word which Shakespeare really intended to write when he found that the superlative of the adverb, *busilest*, was not pleasant to the ear.

The reading we have adopted may seem, when compared with some of the various emendations given above, to be a little commonplace; but we prefer to rest under that imputation rather than to try and alter Shakespeare's text, when neither sound nor sense absolutely demands it. Speaking personally, if I ventured on any emendations in this passage it would be, in line 14, to substitute *ever* for *even*, by which slight alteration, perhaps, the sequence of Ferdinand's thoughts would be more easily followed. The meaning of the passage is clear: "I forget the task I have to do: but these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours—dull as they are"—or reading *ever* "do always refresh my labours;" then he adds, as a sort of after thought, "and they are most busy, *i.e.* *busiest* in refreshing them, when I am actually occupied in my labour." We might have expected *them* instead of *it*, but the change to the singular is very natural. Does it not refer to the *sole injunction* (line 11) or to the *meant task* (line 4) which her "crabbed father" enjoins him to do? Indeed if we give to *it* this meaning, and remember that it would include as a contrast to the *sweet tenderness* of his "sweet mistress," the equally sweet thoughts which her tender sympathy suggests, *it* is more forcible than *them*.—F. A. M.

## 146. Lines 37, 38:

*Admir'd Miranda!*

*Indeed the TOP of ADMIRATION.*

There is, of course, a play here upon the meaning of the name *Miranda*. With *top of admiration* compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 76: "He, which is the *top of judgment*." See note 74 to that play.

147 Line 53: *I am SKILLLESS of*.—*Skillless* is used for ignorant in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3. 132, and *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 1. 12. In *Twelfth Night*, iii. 3. 9, we have "*skillless* in these parts," *i.e.* unacquainted with them.

148. Line 62: *This wooden slavery than to suffer*.—This line is wanting in a foot, which Dyce supplied by *tanely*. Pope read "than *I would* suffer," which not only improves the metre, but makes the construction more regular. But apart from this emendation being a sheer conjecture, the faulty construction is quite common in Shakespeare. Compare *Timon of Athens*, iv. 2. 33, 34:

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live  
But in a dream of friendship?

149. Line 70: *hollowly*.—This word is used again in Measure for Measure, ii. 3. 22, 23:

And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or *hollowly* put on.

150. Line 93: *Who are surpris'd WITHAL*.—Ff. print *with all*, which some editors retain, to the clear damage, I think, of the sense. The sense evidently is: "I cannot be so glad of this as they, but I am not only glad but surprised too."

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

151. Line 3: *Servant-monster*.—There is an allusion to this in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, Induction: "If there be never a *servant monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries."

152. Line 29: *debosh'd*.—This is the only spelling of "debauched" used by Shakespeare. Coles, Latin Dictionary, has: "To debosh, *corrumpo, ad requitiam adduco*." *Deboshed* is still the vulgar pronunciation of the word.

153. Line 41: *mutineer*.—The more general form of the word in Shakespeare's time was *mutiner*. As such it occurs in *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 254. Cotgrave has "Mutinateur: m. A mutiner." Compare *muteters* in I. Henry VI. iii. 2. 68, and see note 223 to Antony and Cleopatra.

154 Line 79: *make a stock-fish of thee*.—The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave, s.v. Carillon: "Le te froterray à double carillon. I will beat thee like a stockfish, I will scourge thee while I may stand over thee."

155. Line 86: *I did not give the lie*.—F. 4 inserts *thee*, but unnecessarily. Trinculo's surly answer is more natural without the word than with it.

156. Line 96: THEN *thou mayst brain him*.—Ff. and most edd. read *there*. The emendation adopted occurred independently to Collier's MS. Corrector and to Dyce. It seems to me the correction of an obvious misprint. See too the subsequent "Wilt thou destroy him *then*!" There is no question of place, only of time—"the afternoon."

157. Line 101: *a sot*.—*Sot* is used here, as always in Shakespeare, in the sense of the French *sot*, a fool. The meaning we now attach to it is a secondary one. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, renders the French *sot*, "a Sot, or Fool, a silly Man, a simpleton, a block-head."

158. Line 105: *Which, when he has a house, he'll DECK withal*.—Hammer reads *deck't*, but the confused construction was probably Shakespeare's.

159. Line 127: *while-ere*; *i.e.* erewhile, formerly—the only use of the word in Shakespeare. In the Ff. it is spelt *whileare*. Compare Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. 9. 28:

That cursed wight, from whom I scapt *whyleare*,  
A man of hell, that calls himself Dispaire.

160 Line 131: *Flout 'em and SCOUT 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em*.—The first *scout* is printed in Ff. *cout*.

161. Line 132: *Thought is free*.—Compare *Twelfth Night*, i. 3. 73, and see note 25 to that play.

162. Line 136: *the picture of Nobody*.—Reed understands this as an allusion to "the print of *No-body*, as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of 'No-body and Some-body;' without date, but printed before the year 1600;" Halli-



well thinks it refers to a figure (consisting only of head, arms, and legs) illustrating a popular ballad, The Well-spoken Nobody.

163. Line 146: *a thousand TWANGLING instruments.*—See note 81 to The Taming of the Shrew.

164. Line 161: Trin. *Will come? I'll follow, Stephano.*—Ritson would give the first clause to Stephano, and he has much appearance of reason on his side; but on the whole I think the F. reading the best, and Heath right in his explanation that the *Will come* is addressed to Caliban, "who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the musick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the dispatching Prospero, seems, for some little time, to have staid behind."

## ACT III. SCENE 3.

165. Line 2: *aeh.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *akes*.

166. Lines 2, 3:  
*here's a maze trod, indeed,  
Through forth-rights and meanders!*

Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 157, 158:

if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct *forth-right*.

Knight explains that there is an allusion to an artificial maze, "sometimes constructed of straight lines (forth-rights), sometimes of circles (meanders)."

167. Line 21: *A living drollery; i.e.* a puppet-show in which the performers are alive. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, ii. 2: "I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty." The word is used again by Shakespeare, in II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 156: "a pretty slight *drollery*;" but this more probably means a humorous painting.

168. Lines 22, 23:

*in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne.*

Malone quotes Lyly's *Euphues* [ed. Arber, p. 312]: "For as there is but one Phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia, where-in she buyldeth." Steevens cites Holland's *Pliny*, book x. ch. 2: "I myself verily have heard strange things of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird Phoenix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree [called in Greek, *φοινίξ*]; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itself as the tree sprung again." Compare The Phoenix and the Turtle, 1-3:

Let the bird of foulest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be.

169. Line 29: *islanders.*—F. 1 has *Islands*; the error is corrected in F. 2.

170. Line 39: *Praise in departing.*—This was a proverbial expression. Hazlitt (*English Proverbs*, p. 318) gives: "*Praise at parting*, and behold well the end."

171. Lines 44, 45:

*mountainers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls.*

Evidently an allusion to the sufferers from *goitre* among the Alps and other mountainous districts. Steevens re-

fers to an account of them, accessible to Shakespeare, in Mammerville's *Travels*, 1593.

172. Lines 46, 47:

*such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts.*

Compare *Othello*, i. 3. 144, 145:

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Steevens quotes Holland's *Pliny*, bk. v. ch. 8: "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breasts;" and Malone cites Hakluyt's *Voyages*: "On that branch which is called *Caora* are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts."

173. Line 48: *Each putter-out of FIVE FOR ONE.*—Steevens says: "In this age of travelling, it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So, Puntarvolo, (it is Theobald's quotation,) in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* [ii. 1]: "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some *five thousand pound*, to be paid me *five for one*, upon the return of myself and wife, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople." Thirby conjectured that the passage should be read: "Each putter-out of *one for five*," a reading adopted by Malone; Theobald read "*on five for one*." But as it stands the meaning is obvious: "*at the rate of five for one*."

174. Line 52: Stage-direction. "Enter Ariel, like a harpy," &c.—Steevens quotes Phæar's translation of Virgil, *Æneid*, iii :

*fauste to meate we fall.*

But soderly from downe the hills with grisly fall t'syght,  
The harpies come, and beating wings with great noys out thei slaight,  
And at our meate they snatch.

Milton adopts the same device in *Paradise Regained*, ii. 401-403:

with that  
Both tables and provisions vanish quite,  
With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard.

175. Line 65: *One DOWLE that's in my plume*—*Dowle* is used for a thre of down: the words *down* and *dowle* are apparently equivalent. Steevens (*Var. Ed.* xv. 128) gives the following communication from Mr. Tollet: "In a small book, entitled *Humane Industry; or, A History of most Manual Arts*, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following passage: 'The wool-bearing trees in Ethiopia, which Virgil speaks of, and the Eriophori Arbores in Theophrastus, are not such trees as have a certain wool or *dowl* upon the outside of them, as the small cotton; but short trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call *Cott*, the Grecians *Gossypium*, the Italians *Bombagio*, and we *Bombace*.' The Clarendon Press ed. says that the word is still used in Gloucestershire. See *Notes and Queries*, Second Series, viii. 483: "the plumage of young goslings before they have feathers is called *dowle*;" Coles, in his *Latin Dictionary*, has: "Young dowl, *lanugo*." Boyer (*French Dictionary*) gives: "Dowl, *r. Down*, au premier sens."



occurring by the side of an ordinary English stream. *Lilied* might perhaps be allowed—if flags were lilies; but even the lily of the valley does not grow by the side of English streams; while the only member of the *Lilium* family found wild in England (*Lilium Martagon*, or Turk's-cap lily), is not native, and grows only in woods. Shakespeare had often walked alongside the streams of Warwickshire; and he had observed how the action of the water, as well as that of the water-rats or water-voles, makes holes in the banks; and by constantly turning fresh earth up to the surface, which fresh earth is kept moist by the action of the water, furnishes the most fertile ground for wild flowers to grow. Who has ever gone botanizing near a river, and has not instinctively sought for the richest and most luxurious specimens nearest the bank? Nature there supplies of itself the labour of tillage, which I take to be Shakespeare's exact meaning in this passage; namely, that the ground, prepared for the reception of the flowers, is filled with flowers by April, the first month in which our beautiful wild flora really commences to bloom.

As for *pioned* used for *digged*, see Spenser's Fairy Queen, bk. ii. c. 11:

Which to outbarre, with painefull *pyonings*  
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound.

*Twilled* presents far more difficulty than *pioned*; it does not seem to appear in any of the old dictionaries, from the Promptorium Parvulorum downwards. It is not even to be found in Johnson; and "was first added by Todd," according to Skeat, who further says: "The word is Low German, and has reference to the peculiar method of doubling the warp-threads, or taking two of them together; it was probably introduced by Plattdeutsch workmen into the weaving trade, which connected us so much with the Low Countries." I have not succeeded in finding any instance of the use of the word in any other of the Elizabethan writers, or even in those of the seventeenth century. Richardson gives "*Twecell*. Written by Holland, *twill*. Fr. *Tuiuu*, *tuijau*, a pipe, quill, cane, reed, camel (Cotgrave)." The Imperial Dictionary gives: "[Perhaps a corruption of *quill*; comp. *twilt* for *quilt*] A reed; a quill; a spool to wind yarn on. [Provincial.]" Compare *quill* (see II. Henry VI. note 65). If we take this derivation of the word, it might mean "banks covered with reeds," or banks "in which holes of tubular shape had been made;" either sense would agree with our explanation of the passage.—F. A. M.

190 Line 66: *BROOM-groves*.—"Broom, in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium*, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gaultingay in Cambridgeshire it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it; and in places where it is cultivated, still higher; a circumstance that had escaped my notice, till I was told of it by Professor Martyn" (Steevens). Hammer, thinking that *broom* could not be spoken of as a *grove*, conjectured "*broen* groves."

191. Line 68: *thy pole-clipt vineyard*; i.e. vineyard in which the poles are elipt, or embraced, by the vines. The word *clipt* in Shakespeare is in all but three instances used in the present sense, that of embrace.

192. Line 78: *saffron wings*.—Compare Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 700: "*Iris croceis . . . pennis*," which Phœr translates: Dame Rainbow down therfore with *saffron wings* of dropping shoors, Whose face a thousand sundry hewes against the sunne deuours, From heauen descending came.

193. Line 85: *to estate*.—See note 18 to *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

194. Line 89: *The means that dusky DIS my daughter got*.—Compare *Winter's Tale*, iv. 1. 116–118:

O *Proserpina*,  
For the flowers now, that frighted thou lett'st fall  
From *Dis's* wagon.

Compare Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 127: "*atri . . . Ditis*."

195. Line 90: *her blind boy's SCANDAL'd company*; i.e. disgraceful. Compare *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 74–76:

if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after *scandal* them.

196. Line 96: *bed-right*.—So Ff.; most editors adopt the reading "*bed-rite*." The words are often confused; in line 17 *rite* is spelt *right*. But here, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks, the reading of the Ff. is preferable. "*A right* may be paid, but a *rite* is performed."

197. Line 102: *Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait*.—Compare Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 46: "*divum incedo regina*;" and see *Pericles*, v. 1. 112: "*in pace another Juno*."

198. Line 110: *EARTH'S increase, foison plenty*.—Most editors insert, with F. 2, *and*; but *Earth's* is probably meant to be pronounced as a dissyllable, as *moones* in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 7:

Swifter than the *moones* sphere.

The attribution of the second stanza of this song to Ceres was the conjecture of Theobald, who saw that each deity was to sing of her own offices.

199. Lines 123, 124:

*So rare a wonder'd father and a wise*  
*Makes this place Paradise.*

Some copies of F. 1 read *wise*, some *wife*; the later Ff. all print *wise*. Most editors, following a conjecture of Rowe, made independently of the reading of the later Ff. read *wife*. The Cambridge ed. in the Cambridge and Globe editions adopt this reading; Mr. Aldis Wright in the Clarendon Press ed. prefers *wise*. I give his note, which seems to me entirely judicious: "Both readings of course yield an excellent sense, but it must be admitted that the latter seems to bring Ferdinand from his rapture back to earth again. He is lost in wonder at Prospero's magic power. It may be objected that in this case Miranda is left out altogether, but the use of the word 'father' shows that Ferdinand regarded her as one with himself."

200 Line 128: *WANDERING brooks*.—The Ff. have *windring*, which seems to be a misprint for either *wandring* or *winding*. The former, which I have adopted, is the reading of Steevens; the latter is Rowe's.

201. Line 130: *Leave your CRISP channels*.—This no doubt refers, as Steevens points out, to "the little wave or curl (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of the water"—in other words, the curl of the ripple. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 106, where Hotspur says the Severn "hid his *crisp* head in

the hollow bank." Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 237: "the *crisp'd* brooks;" and Tennyson, *Clariel*, line 19: "The babbling rannel *crispeth*."

202. Lines 155, 156:

*And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a RACK behind.*

It has always been a subject of marvel to me that it could have ever entered the mind of any person to alter the word *rack* in this sublime passage: yet such sound Shakespearian critics as Hamner and Malone the latter of whom Dyce, in some moment of temporary mental aberration, follows—wilfully substituted *track* in the first case, and in the latter case *wreck*. It is difficult to say which is the worse suggestion of the two; perhaps *wreck*, as it seems to introduce a more jarring element of shipwreck or other violent convulsion, which is entirely out of and remote from the beautiful picture that Shakespeare has here drawn. It will be noticed, by the careful reader or reciter, that it is the *cloudy* or vapourish element which dominates the passage, and is emphasized by the word *insubstantial*. *Rack* is a word so commonly used in connection with clouds, even to the present day, that it will suffice to recall the beautiful passage in Antony and Cleopatra, which we must quote at length in order to show that Shakespeare undoubtedly uses *rack* in the sense demanded by the text:

*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;  
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;  
They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.  
*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The *rack* dislimns, and makes it indistinct  
As water is in water.

—iv. 14 2-11.

Compare also Hamlet, ii. 2. 506.

For the benefit of those who believe in the eccentric myth that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, we may add from the former the following passage: "The winds in the upper regions which move the clouds above, (which we call the *rack*;) and are not perceived below, pass without noise" (*Naturall Historie*, § 115).—F. A. M.

203. Line 164: *Come with a thought!—I thank thee, Ariel: come!*—Theobald supposed that *I thank thee* was addressed to Ferdinand and Miranda, and altered *thee* to *you*, a change which Dyce strongly upholds (reading, however, *ye*). But I do not see the slightest reason for the change; indeed, it seems to me a distinct change for the worse. Why should not Ariel be thanked for the entertainment he has provided? He deserves it far more than Ferdinand and Miranda for their polite good wishes.

204. Line 166: *We must prepare to MEET WITH Caliban.*—*Meet with* is used here in the sense of encounter. Johnson compares Herbert's Country Parson, ch. x: "He knows the temper and pulse of every person in the house, and accordingly either *meets* with their vices, or advanceth their virtues."

205. Line 177: ADVANC'D *their eyelids.*—Compare i. 2. 408: The fringed curtains of thine eye *advance*.

And see note 89.

206. Line 182: *the filthy-MANTLED pool.*—Compare Lear, iii. 4. 139: "drinks the green *mantle* of the standing pool." Compare v. 1. 67 of the present play:

the ignorant fumes that *mantle*  
Their clearer reason.

207. Line 184: *my bird.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 113:

Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, *bird*, come.

See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, ii. iii., where the Citizen says to his wife, "Peace a little, *bird*," a term of endearment which alternates with mouse, duck, chicken, lamb, cony, honeysuckle, &c. Compare *Twelfth Night*, note 49.

208. Line 187: *stale; i.e. a decoy.* Compare Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 90:

To cast thy wandering eyes on every *stale*;  
and Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, iii. 10:

Dull stupid Lentulus,  
My *stale* with whom I stalk.

Cotgrave defines one of the meanings of *Estalon*: "a *stale* (as a Larke, &c.) wherewith Fowlers traine sillie birds vnto their destruction."

209. Lines 189, 190:

*on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost.*

Ff. print *all, all lost*, which seems an obvious misprint, altered by Hamner, on Malone's suggestion, to *are all lost*. Sidney Walker's conjecture, *all are lost*, seems to me preferable, both as sounding better and as more likely to have been misprinted.

210. Line 193: *hang THEM ON this LINE.*—Ff. have *on them*; the correction was made by Rowe. *Line* is used here for "*lime-tree*" (see below, v. 1. 10: "the *lime-grove*"). Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has: "A lime-tree, *tilia*."

211. Lines 197, 198: *play'd the JACK with us; i.e. the Jack-o'-lantern, or ignis fatuus.* Compare Much Ado, i. 1. 185, 186: "But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you *play the flouting Jack!*"—where to "play the Jack" seems to be used in the sense of play the knave. See note 34 to that play.

212. Line 221: *O King Stephano! O peer!*—There is an allusion here to the famous song of King Stephen, two stanzas of which are quoted in Othello, ii. 3. 92. (See note 108 to that play.) The stanza alluded to in the text is thus printed in Percy's Reliques:

King Stephen was a worthy peere,  
His breeches cost him but a crowne,  
He held them sixpence all too deere:  
Therefore he call'd the taylor Lowne.

213. Line 225: *a frippery; i.e. an old-clothes shop.* Boyer, in his French Dictionary, gives: "Friperry, *Subst.* (a street of brokers) *Friperie*;" (Coles renders "a frippery, *officina vestiarius tritarum, forum interpolatorum*." Compare Massinger, *the City Madam*, i. 1, where, on Luke entering "with shoes, garters, fans, and roses," young Goldwire says: "He shows like a walking *frippery*."

214. Lines 231, 232:

*Let's ALONE,  
And do the murder first.*

Theobald changed *alone* to *along*, and has been very

generally followed. But it seems to me that by this change a point is lost. Caliban turns to Stephano, and says: "Let you and me set off by ourselves, and leave Trinculo, if he will, with his 'luggage.'" This seems to me the sense of *Let's alone*, which is of course equivalent to "Let's go alone."

215. Line 249: *And all be turn'd to BARNACLES or to apes.*—*Barnacles* is used here for the geese into which the shell-fish of that name were supposed to turn. Collins and Phillipps (Var. Ed. xv. 155) quote passages from Gerarde's Herbal: I give the longer quotation contained in the Clarendon Press ed.: "In Gerarde's Herbal (1597), p. 1391, is a chapter 'Of the Goose tree, Barnakle tree, or the tree bearing Geese,' in which it is said, 'There are founde in the north parts of Scotland, & the flands adiacent, called Orchades, certaine trees, whereon doe growe certaine shell fishes, of a white colour tending to russet; wherein are contained little living creatures: which shels in time of maturitie doe open, and out of them grow those little living things; which falling into the water, doe become foules, whom we call Barnakles, in the north of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree Geese.' Gerarde then goes on to tell what he had himself seen in 'a small Ilande in Lancashire called the Pile of Fouldres,' where branches of trees were cast ashore, 'whereon is found a certaine spume or froth, that in time breedeth vnto certaine shels, in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour.' In process of time the thing contained in these shells 'falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a foule, bigger then a Mallard, and lesser then a Goose; hauing blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such maner as is our Magge-Pie, called in some places a Pie-Annet, which the people of Lancashire call by no other name then a tree Goose; which place aforesaide, and all those parts adjoining, do so much abound therewith, that one of the best is bought for three pence: for the truth hereof, if any doubt, may it please them to repaire vnto me, and I shall satisfie them by the testimonie of good witnesses.'" *Apes* is also mentioned in the same work.

216. Line 262: *cat-o'-mountain.*—Compare Merry Wives, ii. 2. 27: "your *cat-a-mountain* looks." Boyer gives: "Cat-a-Mountain, (a Mongrel Sort of wild Cat) *Chat-pard.*" The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Topsell, History of Four-footed Beasts: "The greatest therefore they call Panthers, as Bellunensis writeth. The second they call Pardals, and the third, least of all, they call Leopards, which for the same cause in England is called a Cat of the Mountain" (p. 448).

217. Line 264: *LIE at my mercy all mine enemies.*—Ff. have *Lies*, which is perhaps what Shakespeare wrote. Rolfe mentions that *Lies* is found plural in Shakespeare at least five times, in three of which the rhyme forbids any change.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

218. Line 10: *In the LINE-GROVE which WEATHER-FENDS your cell.*—On *line-grove* (i.e. lime-grove) see note 210. *Weather-fends*=protects from the weather. Boyer (Fr. Dict.) has "To Fend off, *Verb Act.* (to keep off) *Parer, detourner;*" and Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "To Fend, *defendo,*

*proleto.*" The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, The Humorous Lieutenant, v. 4:

And such a call there is,  
Such *fending* and such *proving*.

"Fending and proving," however, was a familiar phrase, a sort of idiom. Boyer gives: "Don't stand fending and proving, (or justifying yourself) *Ne raisonnez pas tant, ne faites pas tant le raisonneur.*"

219. Line 16: *His tears RUN down his beard.*—F. 1 has *runs*.

220. Lines 23, 24:

*that relish all as sharply  
Passion as they.*

This is the punctuation of F. 3 and F. 4; F. 1 and F. 2 insert a comma after *sharply*, in which case *passion* would be a verb. The reading of F. 3 seems to give the better sense.

221. Lines 33–50.—Shakespeare's indebtedness to Ovid, Met. vii. 197–219, in this speech, was first pointed out by Warburton. I give the passage from Golliug's translation, which Shakespeare had evidently read:

Ye Ayres and Windes: ye Elues of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,  
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye euerychone.  
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)

I haue compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.  
By charmes I make the calme seas rough, & make the rough seas playne.

And couer all the Skie with clouds and chase them thence againe.  
By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers law.  
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.  
Whole woods and Forrests I remooue: I make the Mountaines shake,  
And euen the earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake.  
I call vp dead men from their graues, and thee, O lightsome Moore  
I darken off, through beaten braise abate thy perill soone.  
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes the Sun at Noone.  
The flaming reath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake  
And caused their vnwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.  
Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortall warre did set  
And brought asleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were neuer shet.

222. Line 37: *green-sour ringlets.*—This alludes to the fairy-circles in the grass, once thought to be the scenes of elfin revels, caused really by a fungous growth. Rolfe quotes Dr. Grey (Notes on Shakespeare), who says that they "are higher, *souerer*, and of a deeper green than the grass which grows round them." Compare, for allusions to the superstition, Merry Wives, v. 5. 69, 70:

And nightly, meadow-fairies, loek you sing,  
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring.

223. Line 39: *mushrooms.*—F. 1, F. 2 have *Mushrooms*, the old spelling of the word.

224. Line 43: *the AZURE vault.*—S. Walker conjectured *azure*, but such participles used for adjectives are common in Shakespeare. See the long list in Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, § 294.

225. Lines 59, 60:

*thy brains,  
None useless, BOILED within thy skull!*

Ff. have *boile*; the correction was made by Pope. Compare Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 64, 65: "Would any but these *boiled brains* of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?" and Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 4:

Lovers and madmen have such *seeing brains*

226. Line 62: *HOLY Gonzalo*.—Collier's MS. Corrector changes *Holy* to *Noble*, observing that Gonzalo was "in no respect *holy*." But, as Staunton observes, "the word '*holy*,' in Shakespeare's time, besides its ordinary meaning of *godly, sanctified*, and the like, signified also *pure, just, righteous, &c.*" Compare *Winter's Tale*, v. 1. 170, 171:

You have a *holy* father,  
A graceful gentleman;  
and Coriolanus, iii. 3. 111-113:  
I do love  
My country's good with a respect more tender,  
More *holy*, and profound, than mine own life.

227. Line 64: *FALL FELLOWLY drops*; i.e. let fall companionable drops. For *fall* used actively compare ii. 1. 296: "*To fall* it on Gonzalo." On *fellowly* see Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*, § 447, and compare "traitorily" in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 822. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, quotes from Tusser:

One seed for another, to make an exchange,  
With *fellowly* neighbourhood, seemeth not strange.  
—Ed. Mavor, p. 182.

Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "Fellow like, *socialiter*."

228. Lines 74-76:  
*Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.*  
*You, brother mine, that ENTERTAIN'D ambition,*  
*Expell'd remorse and nature; WHO, with Sebastian, &c.*  
Ff. have:

Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Flesh, and blood  
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,  
Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian.

The text I have adopted is that of Dyce, who in the first line follows Theobald, in the second the reading of F. 2, in the third the emendation of Rowe.

229. Line 85: *I will discease me*; i.e. undress myself. The word is used again in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 647-649: "therefore *discease thee* instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in't,—and change garments with this gentleman" "*Uncase*" is used in the same sense in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 707, 708: "Do you not see Pompey is *uncasing* for the combat?" and *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1. 212:

*Uncase thee*; take my colour'd hat and cloak.

230. Lines 91, 92:  
*On the bat's back I do fly*  
*After SUMMER merrily.*

Theobald altered *summer* to *sunset*, very unnecessarily, as Shakespeare doubtless meant to say that Ariel *flies after* (i.e. pursues) *summer* on the bird of summer evenings, the *bat*.

231. Line 111: *WHETHER thou be'st he or no*.—Ff. have *h'ere*, as the word is no doubt meant to be pronounced. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 1. 60:

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

232. Lines 123, 124:  
*You do yet taste*  
*Some subtilties o' the isle.*

Steevens observes: "This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtillty*. Dragons, castles, trees, &c., made out of sugar, had the like denomination." The Clarendon Press ed.

quotes *Fabian's Chronicle*, ed. 1542, ii. 366, where the author, describing the feast at the coronation of Katharine, queen of Henry V., speaks of "a *soytlyte* called a *Pellycane* sytting on his nest with the byrdes, and an ymage of saynte Katherync holdyng a boke and disputyng with the doctoures."

233. Line 128: *And JUSTIFY you traitors*.—*Justify* is here used in the sense of *prove*, as in *All's Well*, iv. 3. 64-66:

*Sec. Lord.* How is this justified?  
*First Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters.

234. Line 136: *who*.—F. I has *whom*; the correction is made in F. 2.

235. Line 139: *I am WOE for't, sir*.—Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14. 133: "*Woe, woe* are we;" *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 297 (F. 1): "*I am sorrow* for thee."

236. Line 171: Stage-direction.—Rolfé quotes from Professor Allen, who points out that Shakespeare may have introduced *chess* here because he knew "that there was a special appropriateness in representing a prince of Naples as a chess-player, since Naples, in the poet's day, was the centre of chess-playing, and probably famed as such throughout Europe."

237. Line 199: *Let us not burden our REMEMBRANCE with*.—Ff. have *remembrances*, which Pope corrected.

238. Line 226: *My TRICKSY spirit!*—The word *tricksy* occurs only here and in the *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 5. 74, 75:

that for a *tricksy* word

Defy the matter.

Compare the verb "trick" in *Henry V.* iii. 6. 79-81: "and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they *trick* up with new-tuned oaths." Nares quotes the anonymous play of Grim the Collier:

Marry indeed, there is a *tricksy* girl.

239. Line 230: *We were dead of sleep*; i.e. "on sleep," or "asleep." Dyce quotes, as an instance of the very common confusion between *of* and *on*, *The Warres of Cyrus King of Persia*, 1594, sig. A 4:

This stout Assyrian hath a liberall looke,  
And, of my soule, is farre from trecherie.

Compare, too, *Marlow, Jew of Malta*, iv. 4: "Upon mine own freehold, within forty feet of the gallows, coming his neck-verse, I take it, looking of a friar's execution."

240. Line 234: *more*.—Ff. have *no* and *moë*.

241. Line 236: *her*.—So Theobald, on the conjecture of Thirlby; Ff. print *our*.

242. Lines 243, 244:  
*more than nature*

*Was ever CONDUCT of.*

Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 116:

Come, bitter *conduct*, come, unsavoury guide!

and *Richard III.* i. 1. 43-45:  
His majesty,  
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This *conduct* to convey me to the Tower.

243. Line 258: *CORAGIO, bully-monster, coragio!*—Shakespeare uses *Coragio* again in *All's Well*, ii. 5. 97: "Bravely, *coragio!*" Steevens quotes the word from Florio's *Montaigne*: "You often cried *Coragio*." On *bully*, as a

familiar term, meaning "good fellow"—the only use of the word in Shakespeare—see note 144 to *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In Coles' Latin Dictionary the only meaning given to the word is "*vir fortis & amicus*."

244. Line 271: *And deal in her command, without her power*.—It is rather difficult to see which of two or three contradictory meanings should be assigned to this line. Stevens understands it as meaning "that Sycorax, with less general power than the moon, could produce the same effects on the sea." Malone supposes that Prospero meant to say "that Sycorax could control the moon, and act as her Vicegerent, without being commissioned, authorized, or empowered by her to do so." Staunton—with more reason—interprets *without her power* as "beyond her power," and compares *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1. 156-158:

our intent  
Was to be gone from Athens where we might,  
Be without peril of the Athenian law.

245. Line 279: *reeling ripe*.—This is best interpreted by Schmidt, who explains it in his *Lexicon* as "in a state of intoxication sufficiently advanced for reeling." Compare Love's *Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 274:

The King was *weeping-ripe* for a good word;  
and Beaumont and Fletcher, *Woman's Prize*, ii. 1:  
My son Petruccio, he's like little children  
That lose their bawbles, *craying-ripe*.

246. Line 280: *this grand liquor that hath GILDED 'em*.—*Gilded* was a slang term for "made drunk." The term

arose from certain jokes comparing sack with the *Aurum potable*, or grand elixir, of the alchemists. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 36, 37:

that great medicine hath  
With his tinct *gilded* thee—  
where the reference is solely to the elixir. For *gilded* in the sense of drunk, compare Beaumont and Fletcher's *Chances*, iv. 3:

*Duke*. Is she not drunk too?  
*Con*. A little *gilded* o'er, sir

The expression is one of the many polite ways of conveying a well-understood fact which abound in every language. Compare the Cape Dutch euphemism, "to be *nice*," and, nearer home, the singularly merciful and graceful French idiom, "être dans les vignes du Seigneur"—a delightful phrase which somehow has never become naturalized among us, favoured as we are with labourers in that vineyard.

247. Line 289: *This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on*.—Capell, improving the metre, but not rectifying the grammar so much as he thought, read:

This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

As for the metre, the lines preceding conform to no regular rhythm, and the present one need be supposed no more regular than they. So far as grammar is concerned, the first *as* was sometimes omitted in Elizabethan English. See Abbott's *Grammar*, § 276, and compare I. Henry IV, iii. 2. 167-169:

A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN THE TEMPEST.

NOTE.—The addition of sub, adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act. Sc. Line	Act. Sc. Line	Act. Sc. Line	Act. Sc. Line
Abstemious . . . iv. 1 53	*Blue-eyed . . . i. 2 269	Corollary . . . iv. 1 57	Ever-harmless . . . iv. 1 129
Acquisition . . . iv. 1 13	Bow <sup>3</sup> . . . iv. 1 89, 86	Correspondent . . . i. 2 297	Expeditious . . . v. 1 315
Afore (adv.) . . . ii. 2 78	Bow, wow . . . i. 2 382, 383	Courses <sup>6</sup> . . . i. 1 53	Extirpate . . . i. 2 125
African . . . ii. 1 125	Bowsprit . . . i. 2 200	Cradled . . . i. 2 464	Eye <sup>9</sup> . . . ii. 1 55
*A-ground . . . i. 1 4	Brained (adj.) . . . iii. 2 7	Cubit . . . ii. 1 257	Fellowly . . . v. 1 64
*A-hold . . . i. 1 52	Broom-groves . . . iv. 1 66	Dams <sup>7</sup> . . . ii. 2 184	Filberts . . . ii. 2 175
Angle <sup>1</sup> . . . i. 2 223	Bully-monster . . . v. 1 258	Dear-beloved . . . v. 1 309	Firing (sub.) . . . ii. 2 185
Aspersions . . . iv. 1 18	Calf-like . . . iv. 1 179	Demi-puppets . . . v. 1 36	Fish-like . . . ii. 2 27
Backward (sub.) . . . i. 2 50	Cellar . . . ii. 2 136	Deservedly . . . i. 2 361	Flat-long . . . ii. 1 181
Barley . . . iv. 1 61	Charmingly . . . iv. 1 119	Diversity . . . v. 1 234	Flesh-fly . . . iii. 1 63
Barnacles . . . iv. 1 249	Chick . . . v. 1 316	*Dove-drawn . . . iv. 1 94	Flute . . . i. 2 234
Baseless . . . iv. 1 151	Chirurgeonly . . . ii. 1 140	Dowle . . . iii. 3 65	Fly-blowing . . . v. 1 284
Bass (verb) . . . iii. 3 99	Closeness . . . i. 2 99	Down <sup>8</sup> . . . iv. 1 81	Footfall . . . ii. 2 12
Bat-fowling . . . ii. 1 185	Cloud-capped . . . iv. 1 152	Drowsiness . . . ii. 1 139	Footing <sup>10</sup> . . . iv. 1 138
Bedimmed . . . v. 1 41	Cock-a-liddle-dow <sup>4</sup> . . . i. 2 386	Earthed . . . ii. 1 234	Foot-licker . . . iv. 1 218
Bed-right . . . iv. 1 96	Compensation . . . iv. 1 2	Entertainer . . . ii. 1 17	Fresh-brook . . . i. 2 463
Bell <sup>2</sup> . . . v. 1 89	Confederates (vb.) . . . i. 2 111	Ever-angry . . . i. 2 289	Freshes . . . iii. 2 75
Betrims . . . iv. 1 65	Convulsions . . . iv. 1 269		Fringed . . . i. 2 498
Blasphemous . . . i. 1 41	Coral <sup>5</sup> (sub) . . . i. 2 397		

1 = a corner.  
2 = cup of a flower.

3 = rainbow.  
4 *cock-a-liddle-dow* in F. 1.  
5 SOL. CXXX 2.

6 = sails.  
7 For confining water.  
8 = a tract of naked hilly land; Venus and Adonis, 677.

9 = a tinge or shade.  
10 = dance; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

WORDS PECULIAR TO THE TEMPEST.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Frippery	iv. 1 226	Moon-calf	ii. 2 110, 116, 138 iii. 2 24, 25	Roarers	i. 1 18	Thunder-claps	i. 2 202
Furrow <sup>1</sup> (sub.)	iv. 1 135	Mop (sub.)	iv. 1 47	Rocky-hard	iv. 1 69	Thunder-stroke	ii. 1 204 ii. 2 112
Furtherer	v. 1 73	Mountaineers <sup>6</sup>	iii. 3 44	Rootedly	iii. 2 103	Toothed <sup>20</sup>	iv. 1 180
Furze	i. 1 70 iv. 1 189	Muddled	iii. 3 102 v. 1 151	Rye-straw	iv. 1 136	Topsail	i. 1 7
Gather <sup>2</sup>	v. 1 1	Muscles <sup>7</sup>	i. 2 463	Scamels	ii. 2 176	Totally	ii. 1 57
*Gentle-kind	iii. 3 32	Mushrooms	v. 1 39	Scout <sup>12</sup>	iii. 2 130	Trash <sup>21</sup> (verb.)	i. 2 81
Glut	i. 1 63	Mutineer <sup>8</sup> (sub.)	iii. 2 41	Sea-change	i. 2 400	Troll	iii. 2 126
Goss	iv. 1 189	Naiads	iv. 1 128	Sea-marge	iv. 1 69	Turfy	iv. 1 62
Grass-plot	iv. 1 73	Nettle-seed	ii. 1 144	Sea-nymphs	i. 2 402	Twilled	iv. 1 64
Grind <sup>3</sup>	iv. 1 259	*New-dyed	ii. 1 64	Sea-sorrow	i. 2 170	Unbaked <sup>22</sup>	iv. 1 176
Hag-born	i. 2 283	*New-formed	i. 2 83	Sea-swallowed	ii. 1 251	Undrowned	ii. 1 237, 239
Hag-seed	i. 2 365	Nimby <sup>9</sup>	iii. 2 71	Sedged	iv. 1 129	Uninhabitable	ii. 1 36
Heart's-sorrow	iii. 3 81	Noise-maker	i. 1 47	*Servant-monster	iii. 2 3, 5, 9	Unmitigable	i. 2 276
Heath <sup>4</sup>	i. 1 70	Oared (verb.)	ii. 1 118	*Short-grassed	iv. 1 83	Unnecessarily	ii. 1 264
Hey-day <sup>1</sup>	ii. 2 190	O'erprized	i. 2 92	Shroud <sup>13</sup> (vb. intr.)	ii. 2 42	Unrewarded	iv. 1 242
Honeycomb	i. 2 329	O'erstunk	iv. 1 184	Sicklemen	iv. 1 134	Unshrubbed	iv. 1 81
Honey-drops	iv. 1 79	Oozy	v. 1 151	Side-stitches	i. 2 326	Up-staring	i. 2 213
Horse-piss	iv. 1 199	Open-eyed	ii. 1 301	Siege <sup>14</sup>	ii. 2 110	Urein-shows	ii. 2 5
Incharitable	i. 1 44	Pailfuls	ii. 2 25	Sight-outrunning <sup>15</sup>	i. 2 203	Useless <sup>23</sup>	v. 1 60
Inch-meal	ii. 2 3	Paunch (verb.)	iii. 2 98	Sour-eyed	iv. 1 20	Vetches	iv. 1 61
Infest	v. 1 246	Peg (verb.)	i. 2 295	Speech <sup>16</sup>	i. 2 429	Villanous (adv.)	iv. 1 250
Insubstantial	iv. 1 155	Pig-nuts	ii. 2 172	Spell-stopped	v. 1 61	Waist <sup>24</sup>	i. 2 197
Irreparable	v. 1 140	Pinch-spotted	iv. 1 261	Spendthrift <sup>17</sup> (sub.)	ii. 1 24	Wallets <sup>25</sup>	iii. 3 46
Jingling	v. 1 233	Pioned	iv. 1 64	Spriting	i. 2 298	*Waspish-headed	iv. 1 99
Lass-lorn	iv. 1 68	Plantation	ii. 1 143	Stare (sub.)	iii. 3 95	Watch-dogs	i. 2 383
Legged	ii. 2 36	Pole-clipt	iv. 1 68	*Still-closing	iii. 3 64	Wave-worn	ii. 1 120
Level <sup>5</sup>	iv. 1 239, 244	Preciously	i. 2 241	Stover	iv. 1 63	Wearily	iii. 1 32
Line-grove	v. 1 10	Preenorsors	i. 2 201	Strengthen (vb. intr.)	v. 1 227	Weather-fends	v. 1 10
Log-man	iii. 1 67	Pricked <sup>19</sup>	iv. 1 176	*Strong-based	v. 1 46	Wesand	iii. 2 99
Lorded	i. 2 97	Printless	v. 1 34	Sty (verb.)	i. 2 342	While-ere	iii. 2 127
Lush	ii. 1 52	Puppy-headed	ii. 2 158	Subject <sup>18</sup> (verb.)	i. 2 114	Whist	i. 2 379
Main-course	i. 1 38	Putter-out	iii. 3 48	Substitution	i. 2 103	Wide-chapped	i. 1 60
Mallows	ii. 1 144	Razorable	ii. 1 250	Supportable	v. 1 145	Wondered <sup>26</sup>	iv. 1 123
Man-monster	iii. 2 14	Release (sub.)	v. 1 11	Taborer	iii. 2 160	Yards <sup>27</sup>	i. 2 200
Marmoset	ii. 2 174	Rifted <sup>21</sup> (vb. tr.)	v. 1 45	Tang (sub.)	ii. 2 52	Zenith	i. 2 181
Meanders	iii. 3 3			Temperance <sup>19</sup>	ii. 1 42		
Mill-wheels	i. 2 281						

1 Son. xvii. 3.  
2 = to become ripe.  
3 = to afflict cruelly; used elsewhere in other senses.  
4 = a plant; = a common. Macbeth, i. 1. 6; 3. 77.  
5 = an instrument; used in other senses elsewhere.

6 Used four times in Cymbeline.  
7 = shell-fish.  
8 *Mutineers* occurs in Coriolanus, i. 1. 254.  
9 = a fool.  
10 = erected, pointed; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.  
11 Used intrans. in Winter's Tale, v. 1. 66.

12 = to sneer at.  
13 = to take shelter; used repeatedly elsewhere in a transitive sense.  
14 = excrement.  
15 *sight out-running* in F. 1.  
16 = language, tongue.  
17 Used adjectively in Hamlet, iv. 7. 123.  
18 = to make subject; = to expose. As You Like It, ii. 3. 36.  
19 = temperature, climate; used elsewhere in its ordinary senses.

20 Venus and Adonis, 1117.  
21 = to lop; = to restrain. Oth. ii. 1. 312.  
22 Venus and Adonis, 320.  
23 Lucrece, 859.  
24 Of a ship.  
25 = protuberances; = a knapsack, Troilus, iii. 3. 145.  
26 = wonder-working.  
27 Of a ship.



# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

A. WILSON VERITY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS, )  
 QUINTUS, ) sons to Titus Andronicus.  
 MARTIUS, )  
 MUTIUS, )

YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.

SEMPRONIUS, )  
 CAIUS, ) kinsmen to Titus.  
 VALENTINE, )

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS, )  
 DEMETRIUS, ) sons to Tamora.  
 CHIRON, )

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.

Romans and Goths.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

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SCENE—Rome, and the country near it.

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HISTORIC PERIOD: Some time during the Empire; but when, we have no means of saying.

### TIME OF ACTION.

According to Daniel, the time analysis is as follows: four days, with, possibly, two intervals:—

Day 1: Act I. and Act II, Scene 1. Day 2: Act II, Scenes 2, 3, and 4; Act III, Scene 1. —Interval.		Day 3: Act III, Scene 2.—Interval. Day 4: Acts IV. and V.
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# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

The earliest extant<sup>1</sup> edition of Titus Andronicus was published in 1600. This edition, a Quarto, appeared with the following cumbersome title-page: "The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. | As it hath sundry times bene playde by the | Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the | Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lord Chamberlaine theyr | Seruants. | AT LONDON. | Printed by I. R. for Edward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600 | .

Of this edition only two copies are known to exist. A second Quarto, printed from the first, but introducing a few conjectural changes, dates from 1611. Titus Andronicus was included in the First Folio, and of the play as it there stands the Cambridge editors remark: "The First Folio text was printed from a copy of the Second Quarto which, perhaps, was in the library of the theatre, and had some MS. alterations and additions made to the stage-directions. Here, as elsewhere, the printer of the Folio has been very careless as to metre. It is remarkable that the Folio contains a whole scene, act iii. sc. 2, not found in the Quartos, but agreeing too closely in style with the main portion of the play to allow of the supposition that it is due to a different author. The scene may have been supplied to the players' copy of Q. 2 from a manuscript in their possession" (Cambridge Shakespeare, vol. vi. p. xii).

The date of Titus Andronicus we cannot determine. Several references, which look as

though they might lend us some assistance, are conflicting and confusing. Ben Jonson in the Induction to Bartholomew Fair, produced in 1614, says: "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." Now this would take us back to 1584 or 1589. The Titus Andronicus mentioned can scarcely be that before us. In 1594 Henslowe notes in his delightful diary—delightful in its old-world freaks of orthography—that he gained £3, 8s. on January 22nd by a new piece which he is pleased to call Titus and andronicus; and in the same year, on February 6th, the Stationers' Register yields the following entry:

"John Danter. Entered for his copye under handes of bothe the wardens a booke intituled, A Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus. vj<sup>l</sup>."

These three allusions cannot be concerned with the same work, and possibly not one of them really refers to the play printed in 1600, and subsequently assigned to Shakespeare. No, we must give up the date of Titus Andronicus as irrecoverable. Further, we need not try to discover whence came the grisly *conte*. Nothing can be added to Theobald's remarks: "The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek origin. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of the play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol" (Var. Ed. vol. xxi. p. 379). There is a ballad on the events dealt with in the play; but, unfortunately, it cannot be dated earlier than

<sup>1</sup> We say "extant," because Langbaine in his English Dramatick Poets, p. 464 (ed. 1691), tells us that Titus Andronicus was "first printed 4s. Lond. 1594;" of which edition, if it ever existed, no copy has survived.

the reign of James I. In fact, the ballad was probably based on the drama. My own conclusion is this, that there were several works, "bookes," plays,<sup>1</sup> ballads, and what not, telling the story of the mythical Titus Andronicus, these works being drawn from some original now lost or unknown; and this original may have been an Italian or Spanish collection of tales. The connection of Spanish with English Elizabethan literature is a field which, little worked hitherto, might yield very fruitful and valuable results. Not till a few years ago (1883) did we know that Marlowe was indebted to a Spanish original for much of his Tamburlaine. Perhaps in the courses of the revolving years the inevitable German will unearth a Spanish forerunner of Shakespeare's work.

I say "Shakespeare's work;" but in reality there can be little doubt that Titus Andronicus is no genuine, authentic play. Critics the most orthodox and rigidly conservative allow that only a small part of the drama which has come down to us under Shakespeare's name was written by him. The evidence is as follows. To take first the side of those who assert that the work should be unconditionally accepted. They have two facts—weighty facts it must be admitted, on which to rely; firstly, the inclusion of Titus Andronicus in the First Folio; secondly, the mention of it by Meres in *Palladis Tamia*. This is no slight testimony. Against it may be set the style of the piece, the description given on the title-page, and a stage tradition recorded by Ravenscroft. In 1687 Ravenscroft published an adaptation of Titus Andronicus, and in the preface he has some remarks which seem worth reproducing. Addressing the reader he says: "'Tis necessary I should acquaint you, that there is a Play in

Mr. Shakespears Volume under the name of Titus Andronicus, from whence I drew part of this. I have been told by some anciently conversant with the Stage, that it was not Originally his, but brought by a private Author to be Acted, and he only gave some Master-touches to one or two of the Principal Parts or Characters; this I am apt to believe, because 'tis the most incorrect and indigested piece in all his Works."

To my mind very considerable stress should be laid on this. The tradition is not likely to have arisen unless there was some basis for it. From 1616 to 1687 is not such a very long period, and actors of all people are tenacious of the *ana* of their profession. Again, the title-page is suggestive. Six plays appeared in Quarto form in 1600. Of some more than one Quarto was printed; e.g. of *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*. All these, Titus Andronicus excepted, bore Shakespeare's name on the title-page. Further, this play was not published at all during the poet's life with his name as author. We should note, too, with Mr. Fleay, the significant fact that Titus Andronicus was acted by the companies of Sussex, Pembroke, and Derby apparently before it came into the hands of the Chamberlain's company to which Shakespeare belonged; certainly so, if the reference in Henslowe quoted above alludes to the present play.

We come to the question of style—to the prevailing tone of the play, and the verse in which it is written. The blank verse is not the metre associated with any period of Shakespeare's work.

He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by th' heels.

—iv. 3. 42-44.

This is simply the "Ercles Vein," which Shakespeare himself ridicules in the mouth of Pistol. It is in the "high, heroic fustian" style, which Greene sneered at and afterwards adopted. It is "the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse," such as Marlowe sank to when he filled the stage with "pampered jades of Asia" and other eccentricities.

Titus Andronicus has scene after scene of

<sup>1</sup> There was, for instance, a German Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus, acted by the English players in Germany early in the seventeenth century, and published in 1620. Among the characters is one named Vespasian, from which perhaps we may conclude that the play was a rough version of the English "titus and vespacia" mentioned by Henslowe, April 11th, 1591; and Herr Cohn thinks that this Titus and Vespasian was the original of both the German Lamentable Tragedy and of Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus. See Shakespeare in Germany, pp. cxii, cxiii.

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this swelling rhetoric, "full of sound and fury," for which the author of *Tamburlaine* was partly responsible, and of which Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* affords a typical example. As Mr. Fleay says, the play is "built on the Marlowe blank-verse system," and if the extravagance of the style is a strong argument against the Shakespearian authorship of the piece, an even stronger argument the same way is the remarkably small proportion that the rhymed portions bear to the unrhymed. *Titus Andronicus* contains 2525 lines. Of these 43 are prose, 144 rhyme, and 2338 blank verse (Fleay). The figures speak for themselves. Even those who champion the genuineness of *Titus Andronicus* allow that it must have come very early in the list of Shakespeare's works: in what other early play of indisputable authenticity shall we find such a signal victory of the blank-verse system over its old rival, the rhymed couplet?

And then the play itself—the general æsthetic quality. Is there a single complete scene with the true Shakespearian ring? I confess I could not point to one. *Me judice* the drama is a mere maze of bloodthirsty melodrama, pervaded by a fine full-flavoured charnel-house atmosphere. The author dabbles in blood: it is blood, blood everywhere; and we are spared nothing that can revolt and disgust. Really if we are to assign *Titus Andronicus* to Shakespeare, we had better assume at once that the play was a direct attempt to reproduce and revive the sensational horrors of the Jeronimo type of play-writing. Saving this, most people will be content to believe that *Titus Andronicus* was written by some inferior dramatist, was just touched by Shakespeare, and then passed off by the theatrical manager, for obvious reasons, as a genuine work of the great poet. This would partially explain the reference to the play by Meres, and its inclusion in the *First Folio*; while the omission of Shakespeare's name from the title-page of the two Quartos leads us to infer that he did not regard the work as his own. It may be asked where especially in the play we should look for these additions and corrections that Shakespeare is supposed to have made. The following passages have

been pointed out as suggestive of Shakespeare's touch: i. 1. 9; i. 1. 70-76; i. 1. 117-119; i. 1. 140, 141; ii. 1. 82, 83; ii. 2. 1-6; ii. 3. 10-15; iii. 1. 82-86; iii. 1. 91-97; iv. 4. 81-86; v. 2. 21-27; v. 3. 169-168. In these places some critics see—*aut cœlisse putant*—the hand of the great dramatist, partly because of verbal coincidences with lines in the genuine plays, partly because of what we must vaguely call the Shakespearian style of the verse. But we have no scrap of definite, tangible evidence upon which to go; it is all a matter of the purest conjecture, and no agreement among critics is to be looked for.

Assuming, then, that the play is not Shakespeare's, except so far as some possible emendation and retouching of the work of another man is concerned, we have still to face the inquiry, Who was this "inferior dramatist?" Marlowe, say some critics. But I think not; for one main reason: *Titus Andronicus* does not contain a single example of that rapturous rhetoric which won for the poet Ben Jonson's immortal praise. In each of Marlowe's authentic dramas there is some one passage—such as the great lines in *Tamburlaine* on "beauty's worthiness"—that proclaims its authorship trumpet-tongued. Even a mangled and maimed fragment like the *Massacre at Paris* has the speech of Guise in the second scene: we may look in vain for a similar passage in *Titus Andronicus*. The play is not so much like Marlowe's own style, as the style of Marlowe's imitators; and among these imitators I should be inclined to pick out George Peele. Direct proofs, of course, in favour of this theory there are none—though a curious coincidence is pointed out in the note on act ii. scene 1. 5-7; but *Titus Andronicus*, it seems to us, is precisely the type of work that Peele might have written. Peele was, in certain ways, a very charming writer. We owe to him some pretty lyrics; there is much mellifluous verse—too mellifluous verse, Charles Lamb thought—in *David and Bethsabe*; and *The Arraignment of Paris* claims praise as a beautiful specimen of the court-play, half masque and half pastoral. But two at any rate of his dramas are full of dreadful rubbish: *Edward 1.* is coarse and

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offensive, just as Titus Andronicus is coarse and offensive; and the Battle of Alcazar rings from the first page to the last with the "hectoring rant"—to borrow Mr. Saintsbury's phrase—with which we are satiated in Titus Andronicus. In the face, then, of what Peele achieved in Edward I. and the Battle of Alcazar, is it unjust to his name to think that he may have been responsible for the mutilated Lavinia and the crazed Titus and the incidental murders and horrors that mark the progress of the piece before us? Perhaps the suggestion is worth a thought.

### STAGE HISTORY.

From the 27th December, 1593, to the 6th of the following February the Rose Theatre was held by the Earl of Sussex's men. By them Titus Andronicus was acted as a new play on 23rd January, 1594. The company consisted, according to Langbaine (Account of the English Dramatic Poets, p. 464), of "the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their servants." For *Essex* must be read *Sussex*. On the 6th Feb. 1594, the play was acted for the third time, and on the same day it was entered on the Stationers' Register for John Danter. It sprang into immediate popularity, the horrors with which it is now reproached having little to shock audiences that had been fed on the strong meat of Elizabethan tragedy; and it seems shortly after its appearance to have been played by different companies. With the statement of these facts the student has to be satisfied. The cast of the play is not known, and no incident connected with the representation is preserved. From those days to the present the original play has not been seen upon the English stage. For this fact it is not easy to account. Suspicion as to whether Shakespeare is responsible for the drama was, it is known, aroused from an early date. Into the question of authorship there is no call here to enter. Opinions vary, and will continue so to do. For the exclusion of Titus Andronicus from all subsequent revivals of Shakespeare, dubiety as to authority is not more responsible than the repulsive nature of much of

the action. In place of Shakespeare, then, or the author of Titus Andronicus, a mutilation of Ravenscroft alone has held, since the recommencement of histrionic entertainments with the Restoration, a brief nominal possession of the stage. Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia, altered from Shakespeare by Edward Ravenscroft, was printed in 4to, 1687, and was acted at the Theatre Royal, subsequently Drury Lane, near the close of 1678. It has had the fortune, rare among alterations of Shakespeare, to win the commendation of critics such as Steevens and Genest, and has received at the hands of Langbaine notice longer than that parsimonious and hide-bound chronicler of things theatrical is accustomed to offer. The praise is, however, undeserved except so far as regards the transposition of portions of the dialogue. To hear the declaration attributed to Steevens that "It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but Titus Andronicus has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings were congenial with those of the original author," is only less startling than to find Genest saying that Ravenscroft on the whole "has improved Shakespeare." Concerning the actors taking part in the early performances of Ravenscroft's play nothing is known, nor have we the full cast of any representation. Ravenscroft's prologue appears to have been lost. Refusing to engage in any controversy concerning Shakespeare and Titus Andronicus, Langbaine with a feeling that does him credit says he will leave it to his (Ravenscroft's) "rivals in the wrack of that great man, Mr. Dryden, Shadwell, Crown, Tate, and Dufey." He then continues: "To make Mr. Ravenscroft some reparation I will here furnish him with part of his prologue, which he has lost; and if he desire it, send him the whole." This precious composition, so far as it is preserved, is in the very vein of Tate or Shadwell, bespattering Shakespeare with praise that might almost be taken for satire, and dragging the great dramatist into dishonouring association with his mangler and despoiler:—

To day the Poet does not fear your Rage  
Shakspear by him reviv'd now treads the Stage :

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Under his sacred Lawrels he sits down  
Safe, from the blast of any Criticks Frown.  
Like other Poets, he'll not proudly scorn  
To own, that he but winnow'd Shakespear's Corn;  
So far he was from robbing him of 's Treasure  
That he did add his own to make full Measure.  
—Account of the English Dramatick Poets, p. 465.

Ravenscroft, it is well known, in his preface to his adaptation states that the earlier play was “not originally Shakespear’s, but brought by a private Author to be acted, and he only gave some Master-touches to one or two of the principal Parts or Characters.” It was no custom then to supply authorities; and whence Ravenscroft obtained his information cannot be conjectured. Writing with the boastfulness of all who in those days dealt with Shakespeare, he says in words quoted by Langbaine, that “if the Reader compare the old play with his Copy, he will find that none in all that Authors Works ever received greater Alterations, or Additions; the Language not only refined, but many Scenes entirely new: Besides most of the principal Characters heightened, and the Plot much increased.”

The performance was given on the stage, as Ravenscroft states, “at the beginning of the pretended Popish Plot, when neither wit nor honesty had any encouragement . . . yet it bore up against the Faction, and is confirmed a Stock-Play.” The prologue and epilogue were lost “in the hurry of those distracted times,” and others were supplied by Ravenscroft, in order to let “the buyer have his penny worth.” Langbaine, says Genest, had doubtless bought the prologue from which he quotes “at the door of the theatre, where Prologues and Epilogues (as Malone says) were usually sold on the first night of a new play” (Account of the Stage, i. 236).

Downes mentions Titus Andronicus with The Merry Wives of Windsor, Philaster, The Devil’s an Ass, The Carnival, The Merry Devil of Edmunton, &c., and says: “These being Old Plays, were Acted but now and then; yet being well Perform’d were very Satisfactory to the Town” (Roscius Anglicanus, 9). Genest assumes that Mrs. Marshall played Tamora, but the conjecture, though plausible, is unsupported by a tittle of evidence.

On 13th August, 1717, in a summer season at Drury Lane, Titus Andronicus “altered from Shakspeare” was given. This was announced as the first performance for fifteen years. A very meagre cast is supplied. Such as it is, as the earliest it is worth quoting.

Aaron = Quin.	Lucius = Ryan.
Titus = Mills.	Marcus = Boman.
Bassianus = Walker.	Saturninus = Thurmond.

The remaining characters are omitted. On this revival it was acted four times.

When at the same house, also in a summer season, 27th June 1721, “Titus Andronicus with the Rape of Lavinia” was once more revived, all mention of the female characters is again omitted. On this occasion Mills was Titus, Walker Aaron, Thurmond Saturninus, Boman Marcus, and Williams Lucius. Near the same period—21st Dec. 1720—Titus Andronicus or the Rape of Lavinia was for the first time acted at Lincoln’s Inn Fields. In this case again we have only a fraction of a cast, which, however, includes the women. Quin and Ryan, who had gone to the new house, played the same parts as before, Boheme was Titus, and Leigh Saturninus, Mrs. Gifford was Tamora, and Mrs. Knapp Lavinia.

Here the English stage record ends. No traceable comment upon any of these representations exists, and from this time forward no one has ventured to bring the play upon the stage. From the almost all-embracing series of revivals at Sadler’s Wells under the management of Phelps and Greenwood it was excluded, and under the changed conditions of existence it is not likely to see the light. Should it do so it will almost to a certainty be at a private performance.

It has been stated that a play called “Titus and Ondronicus which had never before been acted” was performed by the Earl of Sussex’s men Jan. 23, 1593-94 (Henslowe’s Diary, p. 33, ed. Shakespeare Society); and also (p. 35) that in June, 1594, an Andronicus was acted by the Lord Admiral’s and the Lord Chamberlain’s company.

Titus and Andronicus was not likely to attract French dramatists, who long resisted the introduction of deeds of violence on the stage,

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and no acted play in which any indebtedness to Shakespeare or to Ravenscroft is to be traced is to be found in French literature. The Titus of Debelloy, acted at the Théâtre Français 28 Feb. 1759, is drawn from La Clemenza di Tito of Metastasio. Titus Andronicus is assumably one of the plays acted in Germany by the English actors during their visits to that country. In the extravagant piece included in the first volume of *Englische Comedien vnd Tragedien*, 1620, v. 1624, 12mo, reprinted by Ludewig Tieck in the *Deutsches Theater*, vol. i. Berlin, 1817, and entitled "A Most Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus and the haughty Empress, wherein are found Memorable Events," the main lines of Titus Andronicus are closely followed. Herr Albert Cohn, who reprints this piece with a translation in his *Shakespeare in Germany*, pt. II. 159–236, draws in the preface observations to his volume the conclusion that Titus and Vespasian, acted, according to Henslowe's Register, 11th April, 1591, was the original on which Titus Andronicus is founded. In favour of this he can only advance the fact that Vespasian is introduced as a principal character in the German play, in which he appears as a partisan of Titus Andronicus, for whom he claims the empire of Rome. After the death of Titus he becomes his "son and avenger who at the conclusion obtains the crown" (*Shakespeare in Germany*, cxii). An argument resting on so slight a foundation will, of course, be taken for what it is worth. A Dutch imitation of Titus Andronicus appeared in 4to in 1641 with the title "Aran en Titus, of Wraak en Weerwraak," from the pen of Jan Vos. Eleven editions of this had seen the light by the year 1661. This play was popular on the Dutch stage until well into the eighteenth century. A version of it was given in 1712 by Salomon Van Rusting and another in 1716 by Jacob Rosseau. (See the *Athenæum* for 13th July, 1850, p. 738, and 4th January, 1851, p. 21.)—J. K.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

Titus Andronicus is not an inspiring subject of criticism. Looked at from any and every point of view it stands convicted of a

thousand shames—hopeless in its sheer crudity of construction; in its lack of even the average verbal eloquence and distinction of style which Shakespeare can at any moment command; in the grotesqueness of the characterization; above all, hopeless in its lavish display of everything that can revolt and disgust the reader, to say nothing of the spectator. Rudely robust must have been the nerves of the Elizabethan theatre-goer who could tolerate and possibly enjoy the spectacle of a maimed and mutilated heroine; and even more robust is the Shakespearian loyalty—rather a false loyalty—which, pinning its faith to the First Folio, approaches the play with a full belief in its authenticity, and straightway is able to find in it something more than a chaotic muddle of melodramatic horrors. It appears to me that if the internal evidence of style is ever to count for anything, this is essentially a place where the æsthetic test should apply; and if we may not in the case of Titus Andronicus deny the possibility of Shakespearian authorship on the ground of the utter, unredeemed badness of the work, why, then, æsthetic criticism must for ever hide its diminished head, and Francis Meres and the editors of the First Folio may triumph and rejoice greatly. If genuine, Titus Andronicus must in point of time have been closely connected with Lucrece. Conceive what Lucrece would have been if carried out in the Titus Andronicus spirit. There is nothing that we might not have had, no horror of incident and representation that might not have been inflicted on us. Shakespeare could write *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* and not shock us, though each in its theme and idea was full of unpleasant possibilities. Now it is not the function of the artist to disgust, and Shakespeare knew this: he never wantonly goes out of his way to pain the reader by the introduction of superfluously objectionable incidents. But Titus Andronicus is nothing if not nasty; and so stupidly nasty. The comedy makes us weep, and the tragedy not unfrequently laugh.

We are told that many German critics accept the play as authentic. It is quite possible. Schlegel firmly believed in the genuineness of



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Thomas Lord Cromwell. German critics are not infallible, and in any case it is late in the day to ask us to formulate our judgments solely by their *dicta*. We may be content—especially in a case like this where language, style, and literary quality of workmanship are the real points at issue—to fall back upon the opinions of our own great critics; and upon the genuineness or non-genuineness of Titus Andronicus English criticism speaks with no uncertain voice. By the judgment of such critics as Coleridge (whose word would countervail a legion of learned foreigners), Dyce, Hallam, and Sidney Walker, the play stands condemned; while other authorities—Malone, Staunton—hold that Shakespeare's hand is periodically traceable in the work. Believing, that is, that there must have been some original foundation for the theory that Shakespeare wrote the play, they credit Shakespeare with having undertaken the duty of revising the work of some unknown and manifestly incompetent dramatist. This, to my mind, is the safest ground to take up. Titus Andronicus, I believe, was written by a fifth-rate playwright who had read—and read not wisely but too well—the Spanish Tragedy of Thomas Kyd: hence the atmosphere of insensate melodrama which pervades the five acts; hence the rhapsody and rant, the profusion of blood and burlesque, the thousand and one incidental touches that remind us of the old-fashioned tragedy which Shakespeare himself effectually drove from the field. And then Shakespeare gave the work half an hour's revision and—far more important—his name; and the less critical of the “groundlings” may have accepted the piece in all sincerity and simplicity as a genuine and characteristic achievement of the great dramatist. We may admire their unquestioning faith, but personally I cannot imitate it.

Of the *dramatis persone* a word. In many respects the character-treatment, such as it is, follows that of Marlowe, though at a considerable distance, with much less unity of conception and sustained elevation of manner. The characters, so far as they have individuality, are almost all worked out on a few simple lines of passion, without complexity of motive,

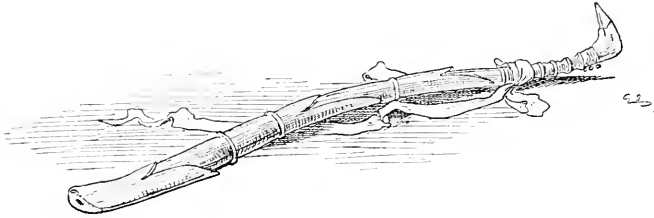
and in a manner not wholly unsuggestive of the personifications of single virtues and vices in the older drama. Some clue is given to the working of the author's mind in this regard when Tamora poses before Titus as Revenge, sent from below to join with him and right his wrongs, and points to her sons as her ministers Rapine and Murder. The allegorizing tendency shows most clearly through the thin guise of this wildly extravagant strategy, but from the very first scene, in which her eldest son is slain by the sons of Titus, it is always as Revenge, Rapine, and Murder, not as human beings, that Tamora and her sons cross the stage. She is the “heinous tiger,” beast-like and devoid of pity, and the “tiger's young ones” are always ready not only to gratify her revenge, but to suggest more brutal methods of carrying it out than she herself dreams. Of the other characters, two only are worth noticing, the deeply-dyed villain Aaron, and Titus Andronicus himself. There is a touch—far off, perhaps, but still a touch—of power in the latter. His paganstoical pitilessness in killing his son; his desperate, consuming desire of revenge, a desire that soon passes into actual madness; and this real madness, heightened, accentuated, relieved by the assumed insanity of the last scene: these are elements of impressiveness. But all is rough, unwrought. There is no continuity of effect, nothing more than a passing suggestion from time to time of inspiration; if we linger with pleasure over one speech, we are shocked by the next. And we need not wonder that it should be so. The theory that the play represents Shakespeare's careless, perfunctory revision of some hopelessly bad original would account for the irregularity and unevenness of the character of the protagonist of the drama. Titus Andronicus could never be anything more than what we find him—a melodramatic creation such as the unmerited in all ages have applauded. And Titus Andronicus has an appropriate counterpart in Aaron. Aaron is simply a vulgar embodiment of very inferior villainy. His vice has nothing of the artistic quality, the finish, the subtlety that lend such distinction to the motiveless malignity of Iago. And he cannot claim to be ori-

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ginal. He is a stock character of the Elizabethan stage in its earliest days; a piece of theatrical property, so to speak, a lay-figure which the un inventive playwright kept in his studio and periodically produced, with the certainty of touching an unlettered audience. There is little art in such a character, and less nature. At best Aaron can only possess a certain antiquarian interest for us as being a type of the conventional villain of the foot-lights, much such a monster, in fact, as Mar-

lowe made his Barabbas in the last three acts of *The Jew of Malta*.

Perhaps nothing more damning can be said of the play than this—that these characters are the only figures in the motley crowd of puppets that merit a single line of comment. The others are neither more nor less than dramatic machinery, and very bad machinery too; and it is with infinite relief that one turns from a work as dreary and depressing as any that dramatic literature can show.





*Lav.* O, bless me here with thy victorious hand.—(Act i. l. 163.)

## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

*The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, SATURNINUS and his Followers; and, from the other side, BASSIANUS and his Followers; with drums and colours.*

*Sat.* Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
 Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
 And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
 Plead my successive title with your swords:  
 I am his first-born son, that was the last  
 That wore th' imperial diadem of Rome;  
 Then let my father's honours live in me,  
 Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas.* Romans,—friends, followers, favourers  
 of my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son, 10  
 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,  
 To justice, continence,<sup>1</sup> and nobility:

But let desert in pure election shine;  
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

*Marc.* Princes,—that strive by factions and  
 by friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,—  
 Know that the people of Rome, for whom we  
 stand 20

A special party, have, by common voice,  
 In election for the Roman empery,  
 Chosen Andronicus, surnam'd 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 accitied<sup>2</sup> home  
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;  
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, 20  
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook  
 This cause of Rome, and chastis'd with arms  
 Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd

<sup>1</sup> *Continence*, temperance.

<sup>2</sup> *Accitied*, summoned.

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, 41  
 Whom you pretend<sup>1</sup> to honour and adore,—  
 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>2</sup>  
 In thy uprightness and integrity,  
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
 Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, 50  
 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled  
 all,

Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
 And to my fortunes and the people's favour  
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*]

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward  
 in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;  
 And to the love and favour of my country  
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me 60  
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—  
 Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus  
 go up into the Capitol.*]

*Enter a Captain.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way: the good Androni-  
 cus,

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 circumscrib'd<sup>3</sup> with his sword,  
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

<sup>1</sup> *Pretend*, intend.

<sup>2</sup> *Affy* = trust.

<sup>3</sup> *Circumscribed*, restrained.

*Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS  
 and MUTIUS; after them, two Men bearing  
 a coffin, covered with black; then LUCIUS  
 and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS AN-  
 DRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALAR-  
 BUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, and  
 other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People  
 following. The Bearers set down the coffin,  
 and TITUS speaks.*

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourn-  
 ing weeds! 70

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught  
 Returns with precious lading to the bay  
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel-boughs,  
 To re-salute his country with his tears,—  
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—  
 Thou<sup>4</sup> great defender of this Capitol,  
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—  
 Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons, 79  
 Half of the number that King Priam had,  
 Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!  
 These that survive let Rome reward with love;  
 These that I bring unto their latest home,  
 With burial amongst their ancestors:  
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe  
 my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—  
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.—

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's  
 wars! 91

O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,<sup>5</sup>  
 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*<sup>6</sup> sacrifice his flesh,  
 Before this earthly prison of their bones;  
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd, 100  
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou*, i.e. Jupiter Capitolinus.

<sup>5</sup> *In store*, in keeping.

<sup>6</sup> *Ad manes fratrum* = to the shades of my brothers.

*Tit.* I give him you,—the noblest that survives,<sup>102</sup>

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,<sup>110</sup>  
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;  
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
For valiant doings in their country's cause!  
O, if to fight for king and commonweal  
Were piety in thine, it is in these.  
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.<sup>121</sup>

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!<sup>130</sup>

*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous!

*Dem.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.  
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,  
The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,  
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,—  
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,—<sup>140</sup>

To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have perform'd<sup>142</sup>

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth<sup>1</sup> naught, but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud hurraums 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,<sup>151</sup>

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no daunted grudges; here are no storms,

No noise; but silence and eternal sleep:

*Enter* LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

*Luc.* 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;<sup>160</sup>

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,  
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

*Tit.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—

Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date,<sup>2</sup> for virtue's praise!

*Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes; re-enter SATURNINUS and BASIANUS, attended.*

*Marc.* Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!<sup>170</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Remaineth, i.e. there remaineth.

<sup>2</sup> And fame's eternal date, i.e. may you live longer than fame herself.

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother  
Marcus. 171

*Marc.* And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your  
swords:

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,  
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—  
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome, 179  
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,  
This palliament of white and spotless hue;  
And name thee in election for the empire,  
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:  
Be *candidatus*,<sup>1</sup> 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<sup>2</sup> should I don this robe, and trouble you?  
Be chosen with proclamations to-day, 180  
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.

*Marc.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the  
empire. 201

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst  
thou tell?

*Tit.* Patience, Prince Saturnine.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right;—  
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe  
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 210

The people's hearts, and wean them from  
themselves.

*Bus.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will do till I die:  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men  
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

*Tit.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes  
here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages:  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

*Tribunes.* To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome, 221  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I  
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal:  
Then, if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor!"

*Marc.* With voices and applause of every  
sort, 230

Patricians and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,  
And say, "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"

[*A long flourish.*]

*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,<sup>3</sup> Titus, to advance

Thy name and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my empress,<sup>4</sup> 240

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pántheon 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

<sup>1</sup> *Candidatus*, referring to the white toga worn by candidates for office.

<sup>2</sup> *What* = why.

<sup>3</sup> *For an onset* = as a beginning.

<sup>4</sup> *Empress*, a trisyllable.

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;  
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious 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. 260

*Sat.* [*Aside*] 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<sup>1</sup> make you greater than the Queen of  
Goths.—

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this? 270  
*Lav.* Not I, my lord; sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let  
us go:

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:  
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and  
drum. [*Flourish.*

[*Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb-show.*

*Bas.* Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid  
is mine. [*Seizing Lavinia.*

*Tit.* How, sir! are you in earnest, then, my  
lord?

*Bas.* Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal  
To do myself this reason and this right.

*Marc.* *Suum cuique*<sup>2</sup> is our Roman justice:  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own. 281

*Luc.* And that he will, and shall, if Lucius  
live.

*Tit.* Traitors, avaunt!—Where is the em-  
peror's guard?—

Treason, my lord,—Lavinia is surpris'd!

*Sat.* Surpris'd! by whom?

*Bas.* By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with  
Lavinia.*

*Mat.* 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. 280

*Mat.* My lord, you pass not here.

*Tit.* What, villain boy!  
Barr'st me my way in Rome!

[*Stabbing Matius.*

*Mat.* Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*

*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 thy stock: 300  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,<sup>3</sup>  
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of  
thine,

That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words  
are these?

*Sat.* But go thy ways; go, give that chang-  
ing piece 309

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 rattle in the commonwealth of Rome.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded  
heart.

<sup>1</sup> Can, i.e. that can.

<sup>2</sup> *Suum cuique*, i.e. to each that which is his own.  
Apparently *cuique* must be pronounced *cuique*.

<sup>3</sup> To make a stale, to make a dupe of.

*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 empress of Rome. 320  
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my  
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—  
Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—  
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead 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, 331  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords,  
accompany  
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:  
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt Saturninus attended, Tamora,  
Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and Goths.*]

*Tit.* I am not bid<sup>1</sup> to wait upon this bride:—  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challeng'd<sup>2</sup> of wrongs?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and  
MARTIUS.*

*Marc.* O Titus, see, O see what thou hast  
done! 341  
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: 351  
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors  
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—  
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

*Marc.* My lord, this is impiety in you:  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*Quin.* } And shall, or him we will accom-  
*Mart.* } pany.

*Tit.* "And shall?"! what villain was it spake  
that word?

*Quin.* He that would vouch<sup>3</sup> t in any place  
but here. 360

*Tit.* What, would you bury him in my despite?

*Marc.* No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon  
my crest,  
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast  
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;  
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Mart.* He is not with himself; let us withdraw.  
*Quin.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*]

*Marc.* Brother, for in that name doth nature  
plead,— 370

*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature  
speak,—

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will  
speed.

*Marc.* Renowned Titus, more than half my  
soul,—

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us  
all,—

*Marc.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman,—be not barbarous:  
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals: 381

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rise, Marcus, rise:—

[*Marcus and the others rise.*]

The dismal'st day is this that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

<sup>1</sup> Bid = invited.

<sup>2</sup> Challenged = accused.

<sup>3</sup> Vouch = make good.



Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

*All.* [*Knocking*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius; 389

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Marc.* [*Rising with the rest*] My lord,— to step out of these dreary dumps,—

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?

*Marc.* Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish.* *Re-enter, from one side,* SATURNINUS attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON; *from the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.

*Sat.* So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize: God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord! I say no more, 401

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; 409

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may

Answer<sup>1</sup> I must, and shall do with my life.

Only this much I give you 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: 420

Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself in all his deeds

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:

'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge.

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

*Tom.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all: 430

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What, madam! be dishonour'd openly, And basely put it up without revenge!

*Tom.* Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend

I should be author to dishonour you!

But on mine honour dare I undertake

For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;

Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose.

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

[*Aside to Saturninus*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last: 442

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,<sup>2</sup> take Titus' part.

And so supplant you for ingratitude,—

Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin.—

Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:

I'll find a day to massacre them all, 450

And raze their faction and their family,

The cruel father and his traitorous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life;

And make them know what 't is to let a queen

Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus, —

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Sat.* Rise, Titus, rise: my empress hath prevail'd. 459

*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord: These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

<sup>1</sup> Answer, i.e. answer for.

<sup>2</sup> Upon a just survey, i.e. after fairly considering the matter.

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopt'd happily, 463  
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<sup>1</sup>  
My word and promise to the emperor, 469  
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.

[*Marcus, Lavinia, and the sons of  
Titus kneel.*]

*Luc.* We do; and vow to heaven, and to his  
highness,  
That what we did was mildly as we might,  
Tendering our sister's honour and our own  
*Marc.* That, on mine honour, here I do protest.  
*Sat.* Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all  
be friends: 479

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;  
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's  
here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit<sup>2</sup> these young men's heinous faults.

[*Marcus and the others rise.*]

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. 491

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty  
To hunt the pautier and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound we'll give your grace  
*bonjour.*

*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and granericy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Rome. Before the palace.*

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning-flash;  
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 glistering coach,  
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;  
So Tamora:  
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, 10  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph  
long  
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes  
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!

I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
To wait upon this new-made empress. 20  
[To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,  
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.—  
Holla! what storm is this?]

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.<sup>3</sup>*

*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 over-ween in all;  
And so<sup>4</sup> in this, to bear me down with braves.  
'T is not the difference of a year or two 31  
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.

<sup>1</sup> *Pass'd* = pledged.

<sup>2</sup> *Remit*, pardon.

<sup>3</sup> *Braving* = threatening each other.

<sup>4</sup> *So* = also.

*Aar.* [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends? 40

Go to; have your lath glu'd 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.* [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:  
I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most concerns; 50

Nor would your noble mother for much more  
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

*Dem.* Not I, till I have sheath'd  
My rapier in his bosom, and withal  
Thrust these 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!— 60

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jet upon<sup>1</sup> a prince's right?

[*What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,*

*Or Bassianus so degenerate,*

*That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd  
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?*]

Young lords, beware! an should the empress  
know

This discord's ground, the music would not  
please. 70

*Chi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the  
world; 71

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.



*Chi.*

Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

—(Act II. 1. 43, 44.)

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 t' achieve her whom I love.

*Aar.* T' achieve her!—how!

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd: 82

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

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: 83

<sup>1</sup> Jet upon = encroach on.

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have worn<sup>1</sup> Vulcan's badge.<sup>2</sup>

*Aar.* [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus  
may. 90

*Dem.* Then why should he despair that  
knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?  
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aar.* Why, then, it seems, some certain  
snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* Would you had hit it too!

Then should not we be tin'd with this ado.  
Why, bark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools  
To square for this! would it offend you, then,  
That both should speed! 101

*Chi.* Faith, not me.

*Dem.* Nor me, so I were one.

*Aar.* For shame, be friends, and join for  
that you jar:

'T is 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. 109

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>3</sup> for rape and villany: ]

Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by words:  
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred<sup>4</sup> wit  
To villany and vengeance consecrate, 121

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;  
And she shall file our engines with advice,  
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
But to your wishes' height advance you both.

[The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,  
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and  
dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take  
your turns;

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's  
eye, 130

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

*Chi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

*Dem.* *Sit fas aut nefas,*<sup>5</sup> till I find the stream  
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
*Per Stygia, per mænes rehor.* [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *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,<sup>6</sup>

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,  
T' attend 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. Enter* SATURNINUS, TAMORA,  
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON,  
*and Attendants.*

Many good morrows to your majesty;— 11  
Madam, to you as many and as good:—  
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

*Sat.* And you have rung<sup>7</sup> it lustily, my lord;  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

*Bas.* Lavinia, how say you?

*Lav.* I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.  
*Sat.* Come on, then; horse and chariots let  
us have,

And to our sport.—[*To Tamora*] Madam, now  
shall ye see 19  
Our Roman hunting.

*Marc.* I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

<sup>1</sup> *Worn*, pronounce as a dissyllable.

<sup>2</sup> *Vulcan's badge*=the cuckold's horns.

<sup>3</sup> *Kind*=nature. <sup>4</sup> *Sacred*, i.e. cursed: Lat. *saecr.*

<sup>5</sup> *Sit fas, &c.*; be it right or wrong.

<sup>6</sup> *Bay*=barking. <sup>7</sup> *Rung*, i.e. on the horn.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where  
the game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the  
plain.

*Dem.* Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse  
nor hound,

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. ]  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A lonely part of the forest.*

*Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.*

*Aar.* He that had wit would think that I  
had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit<sup>1</sup> it.  
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villany:  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest  
[*Hides the gold.*  
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

*Enter TAMORA.*

*Tam.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st  
thou sad, 10  
When everything 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 wit  
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 yelping noise;  
And—after conflict such as was suppos'd 21  
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;  
Whilst hounds and horns and sweet melodi-  
ous birds  
Be unto us as is a nurse's song  
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.]

<sup>1</sup> *Inherit*, to possess.

*Aar.* [Madam, though Venus govern your  
desires, 50

Saturn<sup>2</sup> is dominator over mine:  
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls  
Even as an adder when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs:  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering<sup>3</sup> in my  
head.]

Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul, 10  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in  
thee,—

This is the day of doom for Bassianus:  
[His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;  
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.]  
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,  
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—  
Now question me no more,—we are espied;  
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

*Tam.* Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me  
than life! 51

*Aar.* No more, great empress,—Bassianus  
comes:  
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be.  
[*Exit.*

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

*Bas.* Who have we here? Rome's royal  
empress,  
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?  
Or is it Dian, habited like her,  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves  
To see the general hunting in this forest?

*Tam.* Saucy controller of our private steps!  
Had I the power that some say Dian had, 61  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

[*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle empress,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in homing;

<sup>2</sup> *Saturn*, a malignant planet

<sup>3</sup> *Hammering*, being plotted

And to be doubted that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments:  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-  
day! 70

'T is pity they should take him for a stag. ]

*Bas.* [ Believe me, queen, your swarth<sup>1</sup> Cim-  
merian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable. ]

Why are you séquester'd from all your train,  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly  
steed,

And wander'd hither to an óbscure plot,  
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

[ *Lac.* And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated 81  
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.

*Lac.* Ay, for these slips have made him  
noted long:

Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all  
this?

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign and our  
gracious mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look  
pale? 91

These two have tie'd me hither to this place:—  
A barren<sup>2</sup> 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>3</sup>  
Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
As any mortal body hearing it 103  
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

<sup>1</sup> *Swarth*, i.e. black.

<sup>2</sup> *Barren*; a monosyllable.

<sup>3</sup> *Urchins*, hedgehogs.

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: ] 111

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 not henceforth call'd my children.<sup>4</sup>

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

[ *Stabs Bassianus.*

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show  
my strength.

[ *Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

*Lac.* Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous  
Tamora,

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard;—you shall  
know, my boys, 120

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's  
wrong.

[ *Dem.* Stay, madam; here is more belongs  
to her;

First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw:  
This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
And with that painted<sup>5</sup> hope she 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 de-  
sire, 121

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. ]

*Lac.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's  
face,—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away with  
her!

*Lac.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but  
a word.

<sup>4</sup> *Children*, a trisyllable.

<sup>5</sup> *Painted*, specious.

*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. 141

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach  
the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath,—she taught it thee;  
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to  
marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—  
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:  
[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman  
pity.

*Chi.* What, wouldst thou have me prove  
myself a bastard?

*Lav.* 'Tis true,—the raven doth not hatch  
a lark:

Yet have I heard,—O could I find it now!—  
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure 151  
To have his princely paws par'd all away:  
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish<sup>1</sup> in their  
nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

*Tam.* I know not what it means.—Away  
with her!

*Lav.* O, let me teach thee! for my father's  
sake,

That gave thee life, when well he might have  
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160

*Tam.* Hadst thou in person ne'er offended  
me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless.—

[Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain  
To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andromicus would not relent:  
Therefore, away with her, 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. 171

*Tam.* What begg'st thou, then? fond wo-  
man, let me go.

*Lav.* 'Tis present death I beg; and one  
thing more

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell;  
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,  
Where never man's eye may behold my  
body:

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of  
their fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

*Dem.* Away! for thou hast stay'd us here  
too long.

*Lav.* No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly  
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!<sup>2</sup>  
Confusion fall—

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring  
thou her husband;

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.]

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus  
into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and  
Chiron, dragging off Lucina.*]

*Tam.* Farewell, my sons: see that you make  
her sure:—

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed  
Till all th' Andronici be made away. 189

[Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull delour.]  
[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter AARON, with QUIXTUS and MARTIUS.*

*Aar.* Come on, my lords, the better foot before.  
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit  
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it  
bodes.

*Mart.* And mine, I promise you; were 't not  
for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.  
[*Falls into the pit.*]

*Quin.* What, art thou fall'n!—What subtle  
hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing  
briers,

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed  
blood 200

As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me.—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

<sup>1</sup> *Famish*, starve.

<sup>2</sup> *General name*, i.e. to womanhood in general.

*Mart.* O brother, with the dismall'st object  
hurt 204  
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!  
*Aar.* [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to  
find them here,  
That he thereby may give a likely guess  
How these were they that made away his  
brother. [*Exit.*]

*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help  
me out 209  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?  
*Quin.* I am surprised with an uncouth fear;  
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.  
*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true-divining  
heart,



*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband.—(Act ii. 3. 185.)

Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Quin.* Aaron is gone; and my compassionate  
heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:  
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now 220  
Was I a child to fear! I know not what.

*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know  
't is he?

*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear

A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit: 230  
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. 240  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

<sup>1</sup> To fear = so as to fear.



*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without  
thy help. 212

*Quin.* Thy hand once more; I will not loose  
again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:  
Thou canst not come to me,—I come to thee.  
[*Falls in.*]

*Enter SATURNINUS with AARON.*

*Sat.* Along with me: I'll see what hole is  
here,

And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

*Mart.* Th' unhappy son of old Andronicus;  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour, 251  
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.

*Re-enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS  
ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord the king?

*Sat.* Here, Tamora; though griev'd with  
killing grief. 260

*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search  
my wound:

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
[*Giving a letter to Saturninus.*]

The complot of this timeless<sup>1</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-  
somely,—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,—  
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him: 270  
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward  
Among the nettles at the elder-tree  
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit  
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.  
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."—

<sup>1</sup> *Timeless*, untimely.

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, 281

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 won-  
drous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee  
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,  
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,— 290  
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 reverent 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 mur-  
derers: 300

Let them not speak a word,—the guilt is plain;  
For, by my soul, were there worse end than  
death,

That end upon them should be executed.

*Tam.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king:  
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

*Tit.* Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk  
with them.

[*Exit Saturninus, Tamora, Aaron,  
and Attendants, with Quintus, Mar-  
tius, and the body of Bassianus; then  
Andronicus and Lucius.*]

[*SCENE IV. Another part of the forest.*]

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHERON, with LAVINIA,  
ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue  
cut out.*

*Dem.* So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can  
speak,

Who 't was that cut<sup>1</sup> thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

*Chi.* An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.

*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!— 11

Cousin, a word; where is your husband!—

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—

Speak, gentle niece,—what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare  
Of her two branches,—those sweet ornaments,  
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to  
sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness 20  
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 deflowered thee,  
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy  
tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face

Blushing to be encounter'd with a clond. 32

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 't is so?

O that I knew thy heart! and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met, 41

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss  
them,

He would not, then, have touch'd them for his  
life!

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony

Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet. 51

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.*]

## 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 't is thought.

For two-and-twenty sons I never wept, 10

<sup>1</sup> *Cut, i. e.* cut out.

Because they died in honour's lofty bed. 11  
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad  
tears:

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetites;  
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,  
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.— 20

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—  
*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you  
speak.

*Tit.* Why, 't is no matter, man: if they did  
hear,

They would not mark me; or if they did mark,  
They would not pity me. Yet plead I must:  
And bootless unto them since I complain,  
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones:  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they're better than the tri-  
bunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale: 40  
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;  
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard  
than stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,—  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men  
to death.— [Rises.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon  
drawn?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their  
death:

For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment. 51

*Tit.* Ohappy man! they have befriended thee.  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?

Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey  
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,  
From these devourers to be banished!—

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

*Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.*

*Marc.* Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break: 60  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me! let me see it, then.

*Marc.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ay me, this object kills me!

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look  
upon her.—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?  
What fool hath added water to the sea, 65  
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.—  
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;  
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath mar-  
tyr'd thee? 81

*Marc.* O, that delightful engine of her  
thoughts,

That blabb'd them with such pleasing elo-  
quence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet-varied notes, enchanting every ear!

*Luc.* O, say thou for her, who hath done  
this deed?

*Marc.* O, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer 89  
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring<sup>1</sup> 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, 101

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul,—  
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,  
It would have madded me: what shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so?  
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears;  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:  
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by  
this.<sup>2</sup>— 109

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.

*Marc.* Perchance she weeps because they  
kill'd her husband;  
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be  
joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips; 120  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some foun-  
tain,

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,  
With miry slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clear-  
ness,

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 121

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,  
Plot some device of further misery,  
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at  
your grief,  
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Marc.* Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus,  
dry thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I  
wot  
Thy napkin<sup>3</sup> cannot drink a tear of mine,  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with  
thine own. 141

*Luc.* Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.  
*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand  
her signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
That to her brother which I said to thee:  
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,—  
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy  
sons, 151

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 uprising?  
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor 160  
My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

*Luc.* Stay, father! for that noble hand of  
thine,

<sup>1</sup> *Unrecuring*, incurable.      <sup>2</sup> *By this* = by this time.

<sup>3</sup> *Napkin*, handkerchief.

That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:  
My youth can better spare my blood than you:  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers'  
lives.

*Marc.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe, 169  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?<sup>1</sup>  
O, none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Marc.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go!

*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, 180

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Marc.* And, for our father's sake and mother's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Marc.* But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: 190

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

*Tit.* Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:  
Tell him it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it:

More hath it merited,—that let it have.

As for my sons, say I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price; 199

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 villany  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*]

*Tit.* O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call!—[*To Lavinia*] What, wilt thou  
kneel with me! 210

Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear  
our prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Marc.* O brother, speak with possibility;<sup>2</sup>

And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Are not my sorrows deep, having no  
bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Marc.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes: 221

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-swollen  
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 mov'd with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd: 230

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

<sup>1</sup> Castle, helmet.

<sup>2</sup> With possibility = reasonably

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 sport, thy resolution mock'd;  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes 240  
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*]

*Marc.* Now let hot *Etna* cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!  
Those miseries are more than may be borne.  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some  
deal;

But sorrow flouted-at<sup>1</sup> 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 Titus.*]

*Marc.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless  
As frozen water to a starved snake. 252

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have  
an end?

*Marc.* Now, farewell, flattery: die, An-  
dronicus;

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 261  
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal  
sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes:  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Marc.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not  
with this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes, 269  
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 threaten 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<sup>2</sup> 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.— 281  
*Lavinia*, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between  
thy teeth.

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:  
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:  
And, if you love me, as I think you do,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exit Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*]

*Luc.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble fa-  
ther,— 289

The wofull'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 tofore hast been!  
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives  
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.  
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs;  
And make proud *Saturnine* and his empress  
Beg at the gates, like *Tarquin* and his queen.  
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
To be reveng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A room in Titus's house. A banquet  
set out.*

*Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and YOUNG  
LUCIUS.

*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*, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot:  
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our  
hands,  
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;  
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,  
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10

<sup>1</sup> *Flouted-at* = jeered at.

<sup>2</sup> *Heavy* = sorrowful.

Then thus I thump it down.— 11  
 [To *Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost  
 talk in signs!

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous  
 beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;  
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall  
 May run into that sink, and, soaking in,  
 Drawn the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

*Marc.* Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus  
 to lay 21  
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now! has sorrow made thee dote  
 already?

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 *Eneas* tell the tale twice o'er,  
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?  
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands, 29  
 Lest we remember still that we have none.—  
 Fie, fie, how frantiely I square my talk,—  
 As if we should forget we had no hands,  
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—  
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—  
 Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she  
 says;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—  
 She says she drinks no other drink but tears,  
 Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd<sup>1</sup> upon her  
 cheeks;—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;  
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40  
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:  
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to  
 heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
 But I of these will wrest an alphabet,  
 And by still<sup>2</sup> practice learn to know thy mean-  
 ing.

*Young Luc.* Good grandsire, leave these  
 bitter deep laments:  
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

*Marc.* Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling; thou art made  
 of tears, 50

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—  
 [*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*  
 What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy  
 knife!

*Marc.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—  
 a fly.

*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<sup>3</sup> my company.

*Marc.* Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*Tit.* But how, if that fly had a father and  
 mother? 60

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
 And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

Poor harmless fly,  
 That, with his pretty buzzing melody,  
 Came here to make us merry; and thou hast  
 kill'd him.

*Marc.* Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-  
 favour'd fly.

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

*Tit.* O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
 For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70  
 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 think, we are not brought so low  
 But that between us we can kill a fly  
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

*Marc.* Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought  
 on him, 79

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 begin to  
 dazzle. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Mesh'd*, i.e. mashed, as though the tears and sorrow  
 were mixed together, like malt and water.

<sup>2</sup> *Still*, constant.

<sup>3</sup> *For* = fit for.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. The garden of Titus's house.*

*Enter* TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter* YOUNG LUCIUS, *running, with books under his arm, which he lets fall, and* LAVINIA *running after him.*

*Young Luc.* Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia

Follows me every where, I know not why:—  
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—  
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*Marc.* Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Young Luc.* Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

*Marc.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean:— 9

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.

*Marc.* Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

*Young Luc.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:  
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,  
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;  
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20  
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,<sup>1</sup> perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.  
*Marc.* Lucius, I will.

[*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*

*Tit.* How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this? 30

Some book there is that she desires to see.—  
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—  
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:  
Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—  
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

*Marc.* I think she means that there was more than one 38  
Confederate in the fact;—ay, more there was;  
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

*Tit.* Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

*Young Luc.* Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;

My mother gave it me.

*Marc.* For love of her that's gone,  
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

*Tit.* Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!  
[*Helping her.*

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?  
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,  
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

*Marc.* See, brother, see; note how she quotes<sup>2</sup> the leaves. 50

*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,  
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
Fore'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.*]

*Marc.* O, why should nature build so foul a den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60

*Tit.* Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

<sup>1</sup> *Causeless*, an adverb.

<sup>2</sup> *Quotes*, observes.



What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:  
 [Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
 That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed!]

*Marc.* Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit  
 down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
 Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here:—look here, Lavinia:  
 This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,  
 This after me, when I have writ my name  
 Without the help of any hand at all. 71

[*He writes his name with his staff, and  
 guides it with his feet and mouth.*

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—



*Tit.* O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?—(Act iv. 1. 77.)

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 stamps, and writes.*

*Tit.* O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath  
 writ!—

“*Stuprum*<sup>1</sup>—*Chiron*—*Demetrius*.”

*Marc.* What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora  
 Performers of this heinous, bloody deed!—so

*Tit.* *Magni dominator poli,  
 Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus cides?*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Stuprum* = violation.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* lord of great heaven, are you so slow to hear, so  
 slow to see, crimes?

*Marc.* O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know  
 There is enough written upon this earth  
 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
 And arm the minds of infants to exclams.  
 My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;  
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;  
 And swear with me,—as, with the woful *ferē*<sup>3</sup>  
 And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
 Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' rape,—  
 That we will prosecute, by good advice, 92  
 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 hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:  
 The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,

<sup>3</sup> *Ferē* = spouse, mate; the husband being Collatinus.

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't alone;  
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass, 102  
 And with a gad of steel<sup>1</sup> will write these words,  
 And lay it by: the angry northern wind  
 Will blow these sands, like Sibil's leaves, abroad,  
 And where's your lesson, then?—Boy, what  
 say you?

*Young Luc.* I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe  
 For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

*Marc.* Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath  
 full oft 110  
 For his ungrateful country done the like.

*Young Luc.* And, uncle, so will I, an if I live. ]

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armory;  
 Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy,  
 Shalt carry from me to the empress' sons  
 Presents that I intend to send them both:  
 Come, come: thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou  
 not?

*Young Luc.* Ay, with my dagger in their  
 bosoms, grandsire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another  
 course.— 119

Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:  
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;  
 Lucius, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Young Lucius.*]

*Marc.* 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, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, and  
 CHIRON; from the other side, YOUNG  
 LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle  
 of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

*Chi.* Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;  
 He hath some message to deliver us.

<sup>1</sup> *Gad of steel* = the *stylus* used by the ancients in writing on wax.

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad  
 grandfather.

*Young Luc.* My lords, with all the humble-  
 ness I may,

I greet your honours from Andronicus,—  
 [*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound  
 you both!

[*Dem.* Gramerey, lovely Lucius: what's the  
 news?

*Young Luc.* [*Aside*] That you are both  
 decipher'd,<sup>2</sup> that's the news,  
 For villains mark'd with rape. ]—May it please  
 you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me  
 The goodliest weapons of his armory 11  
 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 Young Lucius and Attendant.*]

*Dem.* What's here? A scroll; and written  
 round about?

Let's see:—

[*Reads*] “*Integer vito, scelerisque parus,* 20  
*Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*”<sup>3</sup>

*Chi.* O, 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:  
 I read it in the grammar long ago.

*Aar.* Ay, just,<sup>4</sup>—a verse in Horace;—right,  
 you have it.—

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!  
 Here's no sound jest! th' old man hath found  
 their guilt;

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with  
 lines

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.  
 But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit: 30  
 But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
 Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
 Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace-gate  
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

<sup>2</sup> *Decipher'd*, i. e. discovered.

<sup>3</sup> The man of stainless life and free from sin needs not the darts or the bow of the Mautrian.

<sup>4</sup> *Just* = just so.

*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 41

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 within.*

*Dem.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus? 49

*Chi.* Belike for joy the emperor hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in her arms.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, lords: O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

*Aar.* Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all, Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

*Nur.* O gentle Aaron, we are all undone! Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

*Nur.* O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,

Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!— 60

She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.

[*Aar.* To whom?

*Nur.* I mean, she's brought a-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. 70

*Aar.* Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue!—

Sweet blowse,<sup>1</sup> 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 her.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend! ]

*Chi.* It shall not live. 80

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

*Aar.* What, must it, nurse! then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll broach<sup>2</sup> the tadpole on my rapier's point:—

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

*Aar.* [Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up. ]

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.* Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

[*Now, by the burning tapers of the sky. That shone so brightly when this boy was got. ]*

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point 91

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Encecladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it seems to bear another hue; 100

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress<sup>3</sup> from me, I am of age

To keep mine own,—excuse it how she can.

<sup>1</sup> *Blowse* = wench.

<sup>2</sup> *Broach*, i.e. pierce, as with a spit; *F. broche*.

<sup>3</sup> *The empress*, pronounce *th' emperress*.

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

[*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress; this,<sup>1</sup> myself,—

The vigour and the picture of my youth:  
This before all the world do I prefer; 109  
This mangre 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>2</sup>

*Nur.* The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignomy.

*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father; 120

As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."<sup>3</sup>

[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

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: 130  
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety. [They sit.

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his!

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords!<sup>3</sup> when we join in league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—

But say, again, how many saw the child? 140

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife and myself;

And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The empress, the midwife, and yourself:—

Two may keep counsel when the third's away:—

Go to the empress, tell her this I said:—

[*He stabs her: she screams and dies.*

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

*Aar.* O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy:

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,—

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no:

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman; 152

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;

His child is like to her, fair as you are:

Go pack<sup>4</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, 159

To calm this tempest whirling in the court;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physick,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow<sup>5</sup> 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, 170  
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron bearing off the dead 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 179

To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> *This, i. e.* the child.    <sup>2</sup> *Escorte* = transgression, shame.

<sup>3</sup> *Lords*, a dissyllable.

<sup>4</sup> *Pack* = make an arrangement with.    <sup>5</sup> *Bestow* = see to.

SCENE III. *The same. A public place.*

*Enter* TITUS, *bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is the way.—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;  
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.—

*Terras*<sup>1</sup> *Astræa reliquit:*

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.—

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;  
Happily you may catch her in the sea;  
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—  
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;  
'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade, 11

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; 23

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Marc.* O Publius, is not this a heavy ease,  
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns

By day and night t' attend him carefully,  
And feel his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy. 30

*Marc.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

<sup>1</sup> *Terras, &c.*, Astræa has left the earth.

*Tit.* Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What,  
Have you met with her?

*Pub.* No, my good lord; but Plato 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, 19

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 th' heels.—  
Mareus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,  
No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size;  
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,  
Yet wrung<sup>2</sup> with wrongs more than our backs  
can bear:

And, sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods

To send down Justice for to wreak<sup>3</sup> our  
wrongs.— 51

Come, to this gear.—You're a good archer,  
Mareus; [*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, not to Saturnine;

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—  
To it, boy.—Mareus, loose when I bid.—

Of my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited. 60

*Marc.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into  
the court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*]—

O, well said, Lucius!—

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

*Marc.* My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

[*Tit.* Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou'st shot off one of Taurus' horns.

*Marc.* This was the sport, my lord; when

Publius shot, 70

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

<sup>2</sup> *Wrung*—pressed.

<sup>3</sup> *Wreak*—revenge.

{ That down fell both the Ram's horns in the  
court; 72

And who should find them but the empress'  
villain!

She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not  
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

*Tit.* Why, there it goes: God give his lord-  
ship joy! ]

*Enter a Clown with a basket, and two pigeons  
in it.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is  
come.—

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?  
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter? 79

*Clo.* O, 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.

*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,  
to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle  
and one of the imperial's men. 94

*Marc.* Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to  
serve for your oration; and let him deliver the  
pigeons to the emperor from you.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to  
the emperor with a grace?

*Clo.* Nay, truly, sir, I never could say grace<sup>1</sup>  
in all my life. 101

*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 suppli-  
cation?

*Clo.* Ay, sir. 108

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you.

<sup>1</sup> *Grace*, an obvious quibble on the two meanings of the  
word.

And when you come to him, at the first ap-  
proach you must kneel; then kiss his foot;  
then deliver up your pigeons; and then look  
for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see  
you do it bravely.

*Clo.* I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let  
me see it.—

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;

For thou hast made it like an humble sup-  
pliant:—

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. 120

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius,  
follow me. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS,  
CHIRON, Lords, and others; Saturninus  
with the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.*

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these!  
was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for th' extent  
Of egal 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 naught hath  
pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons  
Of old Andronicus. And what an if 9

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<sup>2</sup> our injustice every where?

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords? 19

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,

<sup>2</sup> *Blazoning*, proclaiming.

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, 30  
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 with all:  
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,  
Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.—

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak  
with us?

*Clow.* Yea, forsooth, an your mistress-ship be  
emperial. 40

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the  
emperor.

*Clow.* 'T is he.—God and Saint Stephen give  
you godden:<sup>1</sup> I have brought you a letter and  
a couple of pigeons here.

[*Saturninus reads the letter.*]

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him pre-  
sently.

*Clow.* How much money must I have?

*Tam.* Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

*Clow.* 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 villany! 51  
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 wrong-  
fully!—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;  
Nor age nor honour shall shape<sup>2</sup> privilege:—  
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;  
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me  
great, 59

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

<sup>1</sup> *Godden*, "good evening."

<sup>2</sup> *Shape*, procure him.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

What news with thee, Æmilius?

*Æmil.* Arm, arm, my lord,—Rome never  
had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a  
power<sup>3</sup>

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 his 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: 71

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
'T is 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  
emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not your  
city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,  
And will revolt from me to succour him. 80

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious, like  
thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings  
He can at pleasure stint their melody:  
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus  
With words more sweet, and yet more dan-  
gerous, 90

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 irreparable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—

[To *Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador: 100

Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting  
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

*Sat.* *Æmilius*, do this message honourably;

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.]

*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus,  
And temper him, with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices. 112

*Sat.* Then go successantly, and plead to him. [Exit.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS, and an army of Goths, with drums 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 scathe,<sup>1</sup>

Let him make treble satisfaction.

*First Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort; 10

Whose high exploits and honourable deeds  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,

Behold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flowered fields,—  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

*Goths.* And as he saith, so say we all with him.

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his Child in his arms.

*Sec. Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd 20

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly

I heard a child cry underneath a wall.

I made unto the noise; when soon I heard  
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:

[“Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:  
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white, 31

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 th' incarnate devil 40

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;

<sup>1</sup> *Scathe* = harm.



[This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;

And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—]

Say, wall-ey'd<sup>1</sup> slave, whither wouldst thou convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face!  
Why dost not speak! what, deaf? not a word!—  
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aar.* Touch not the boy,—he is of royal blood.

*Luc.* Too like the sire for ever being good.—  
First hang the child, that he may see it  
sprawl,—

A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—  
Get me a ladder.

[A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.

*Aar.* Lucius, save the child,  
And bear it from me to the empress.  
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear:  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more but—vengeance rot you all!

*Luc.* Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

[*Aar.* An if it please thee! why, assure thee,  
Lucius,

'T will 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<sup>2</sup> perform'd:  
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.

*Luc.* Who 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<sup>3</sup> for a god,  
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,



*See Goth.* With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him, surpris'd him suddenly.—(Act v. l. 37, 38.)

That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—  
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;  
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my god I swear to thee I will.  
*Aar.* [First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

*Luc.* O most insatiate and luxurious! woman!

*Aar.* Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.  
'T was 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.

<sup>1</sup> Wall-ey'd=fierce-eyed.

<sup>2</sup> Piteously, i.e. in such a way as to excite pity.

<sup>3</sup> Bauble—plaything.

<sup>4</sup> Luxurious, lustful.

*Luc.* O détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 't was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luc.* O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:

That coddling<sup>1</sup> spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set;<sup>2</sup> 100

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me, As true a dog as ever fought at head.— ]

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen and her two sons:

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart, 112

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

*First Goth.* What, canst thou say all this, and never blush? 121

*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:

As, kill a man, or else devise his death;

[ Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it; ] 129

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle stray and break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night, And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd-up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Even when their sorrow almost was forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters

“Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.” 140

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things

As willingly as one would kill a fly;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*Luc.* Bring down the devil; for he must not die

So sweet a death as hanging presently.

[*Aaron is brought down from the ladder.*

*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. 151

*Enter a Goth.*

*Third Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.

*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, 160

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*First Goth.* What says our general?

*Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come.—March, away!

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> *Coddling*, lustful.

<sup>2</sup> *Set* = game, match.

SCENE II. *Rome. Before Titus's house.*

*Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habili-  
ment,

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 ruminate 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, 10  
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 now am come to talk with  
thee.

*Tit.* No, not a word: how can I grace my  
talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?  
Thou hast the odds<sup>1</sup> of me; therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou didst know me, thou wouldst  
talk with me. 20

*Tit.* I am not mad; I know thee well enough:  
Witness this wretched stump, witness these  
crimson lines;

Witness these trenches<sup>2</sup> 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 Ta-  
mora;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend: 25  
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 vade,  
[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 offenders  
quake. 49

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge! and art thou sent  
to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies?

*Tam.* I am; therefore come down, and wel-  
come me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

[Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder  
stand;]

Now give some surance that thou art Re-  
venge,—

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, 51

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<sup>3</sup> and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come  
with me. 60

*Tit.* Are these thy ministers? what are they  
call'd?

*Tam.* Rapine and Murder; therefore called  
so,

'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good Lord, how like the empress's 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. 69

*[Exit above.*

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy:

<sup>1</sup> Odds = advantage.

<sup>2</sup> Trenches, i.e. the lines on his cheeks.

<sup>3</sup> Rapine, equivalent to rape

Whate'er I forge<sup>1</sup> 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, *below*.

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee; 81

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<sup>2</sup>  
But in her company there is a Moor;  
And, would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil: 90  
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

[*Tam.* What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Chi.* Show me a villain that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be 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, 102

Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.—

Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court  
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;

Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee:

I pray thee, do on them some violent death;

They have been violent to me and mine. ]

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do. 110

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house;  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
What says Andronicus to this device? 120

*Tit.* Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter* MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;  
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths;  
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;  
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:  
Tell him the emperor and the empress too  
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.  
This do thou for my love; and so let him,  
As he regards his aged father's life. 130

*Marc.* This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business,  
And take my ministers along with me.

[*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;

Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

*Tam.*] [*Aside to Demetrius and Chiron*] What say you, boys? will you bide 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. 141

*Tit.* [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,—  
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

*Dem.* [*Aside to Tamora*] Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

*Tam.* Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes

To lay a plot to betray thy foes.

*Tit.* I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. [*Exit Tamora.*

*Chi.* Tell us, old man, how shall we employ'd? 149

<sup>1</sup> *Whate'er I forge*, i.e. whatever story I invent.

<sup>2</sup> *Wags*, stirs.

*Tit.* Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—  
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

*Enter* PUBLIUS, CAIUS, and VALENTINE.

*Pub.* What is your will?

*Tit.* Know you these two?

*Pub.* The empress' sons,

I take them,<sup>1</sup> Chiron and Demetrius.

*Tit.* [Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much  
deceiv'd,= 156

The one is Murder, Rape is th' 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,



*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—(Act v. 2. 167.)

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;  
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit.*

[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and  
Demetrius.*

*Chi.* Villains, forbear! we are the empress'  
sons.

*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are  
commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a  
word.

Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter* TITUS, with LAVINIA; *he bearing  
a knife, and she a basin.*

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are  
bound.—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;  
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—  
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! 170

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd  
with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.  
You kill'd her husband; and for that vile fault  
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,  
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;

[ Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that  
more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
What would you say, if I should let you speak?  
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace. ]

<sup>1</sup> Take them = take them to be.

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 183

The basin that receives your guilty blood.  
You know your mother means to feast with me,  
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me  
mad:—

Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,  
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;  
And of the paste a coffin I will rear, 189  
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>1</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,  
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; 200  
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
Come, come, be every one officious<sup>2</sup>  
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove  
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' 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. *Court of Titus's house: tables set out.*

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON  
prisoner, and his Child in the arms of an  
Attendant; other Attendants.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's  
mind

That I repair to Rome, I am content.

*First Goth.* And ours with thine, befall  
what fortune will.

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous  
Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accurs'd devil;  
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
For testimony of her foul proceedings:

And see the ambush of our friends be strong;  
I fear the emperor means no good to us. 10

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me that my tongue may utter  
forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd  
slave!—

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt some Goths, with Aaron. Flourish  
within.*

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with ÆMILIUS,  
Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more suns  
than one?

*Luc.* What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

*Marc.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break<sup>3</sup>  
the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to  
Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take  
your places.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit  
down at table.*

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA,  
veiled, YOUNG LUCIUS, and others. TITUS  
places the dishes on the table.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome,  
dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;  
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,  
'T will fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your highness and your empress.

*Tam.* We are beholding to you, good An-  
dronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart,  
you were.—

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius

<sup>1</sup> Increase, i.e. produce.

<sup>2</sup> Officious, eager.

<sup>3</sup> Break, commence.

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? 49

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive  
her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,  
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—  
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*Kills Lavinia.*]

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural and  
unkind?

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have  
made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was, 50  
And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage;—and it now is 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; 't was Chiron and Demetrius:

[*They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;*]  
And they, 't was they, that did her all this  
wrong.

*Sat.* Go fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in  
that pie; 60

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp  
point. [*Kills Tamora.*]

*Sat.* Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed  
deed! [*Kills Titus.*]

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father  
bleed!

There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius,  
Marcus, and their Partisans go up into a  
gallery.*]

*Marc.* You sad-faced men, people and sons  
of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,  
O, let me teach you how to knit again 70

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body;  
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,  
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,  
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—  
[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as  
erst our ancestor, 80

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse  
To love-sick Dido's sad-attending ear  
The story of that baleful-burning night  
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's  
Troy,—

Tell us what Simon 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, 89  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my utterance, even in the time  
When it should move you to attend me most,  
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is our 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 bro-  
ther; 98

And they it were that ravished our sister;  
For their fell fault our brothers were beheaded;  
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd!  
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel  
out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave.  
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,  
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;  
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:  
I am the 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,

<sup>1</sup> *Cozen'd*, i. e. he was cozened.

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.  
 Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I; 113  
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
 That my report is just and full of truth.  
 But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,  
 Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;  
 For when no friends are by, men praise them-  
 selves.

*Marc.* [Now is my turn to speak. Behold  
 this child,—

[Pointing to the Child in the arms of an  
 Attendant.

Of this was Tamora delivered; 120  
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes:  
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.  
 Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge  
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,  
 Or more than any living man could bear. ]  
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you,  
 Romans?

Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,  
 And, from the place where you behold us now,  
 The poor remainder of Andronici 131  
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,  
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
 And make a mutual closure of our house.  
 Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,  
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Æmil.* Come come, thou reverend man of  
 Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
 Lucius our emperor; for well I know  
 The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140

*Romans.* Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal em-  
 peror!

*Marc.* [To Attendants] Go, go into old Titus'  
 sorrowful house,  
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
 To beadjudg'd some direful-slaughtering death,  
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

[Exeunt some Attendants.

LUCIUS, MARCUS, *dc.*, descend.

*Romans.* Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious  
 governor!

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans: may I gov-  
 ern so,  
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!

But, gentle people, give me aim<sup>1</sup> awhile,—  
 For nature puts me to a heavy task:— 150

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,  
 [Kissing Titus.  
 These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd  
 face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!

*Marc.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for  
 kiss,

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:  
 O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

*Luc.* Come hither, boy; come, come, and  
 learn of us 160

To melt in showers: thy grandsire 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,

Because kind nature doth require it so:  
 Friends should associate<sup>2</sup> friends in grief and  
 woe: 169

Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;  
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

*Young Luc.* O grandsire, grandsire! even  
 with all my heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again!—  
 O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;  
 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Re-enter Attendants with AARON.*

*Æmil.* You sad Andronici, have done with  
 woes:

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and  
 famish him;

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for  
 food: 180

If any one relieves or pities him,  
 For the offence he dies. This is our doom:  
 Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

<sup>1</sup> Give me aim, i.e. direct me.    <sup>2</sup> Associate, join.



*Aar.* O, why should wrath be mute, and  
fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evils I have done;  
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did  
Would I perform, if I might have my will:  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul. 190

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the em-  
peror hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:  
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument.

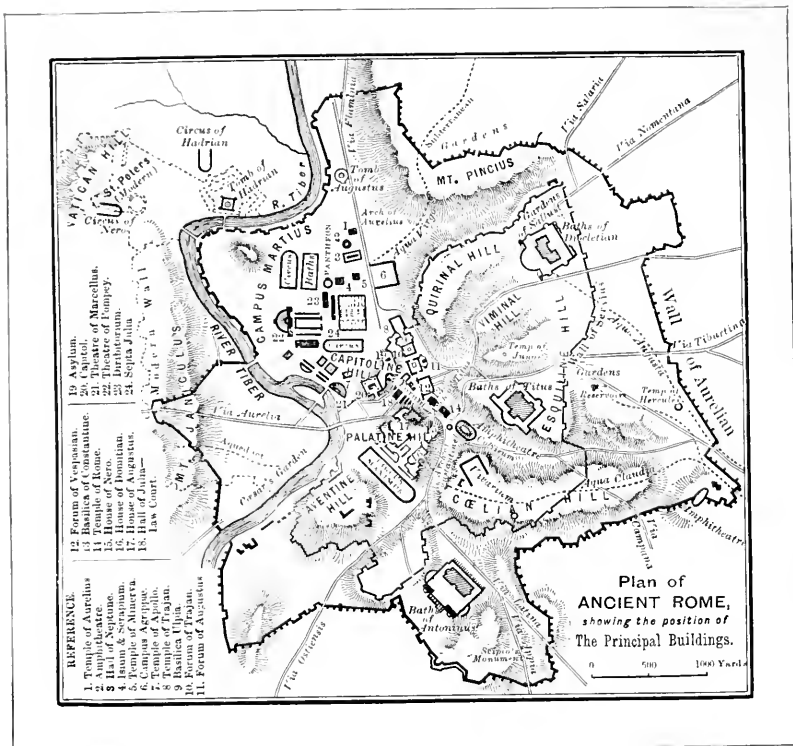
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,  
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:  
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;  
And, being so, shall have like want<sup>1</sup> of pity.  
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:  
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt.*]

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<sup>1</sup> Want, i. e. lack.  
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## NOTES TO TITUS ANDRONICUS.

### ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 4: *Plead my SUCCESSIVE title*.—That is, the title which gives me a right to succeed. Shakespeare has the expression “*successive heir*” twice: II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 49, and Sonnet cxxvii. 3.

2. Line 9: *Romans,—friends, followers*.—An anticipation, perhaps, of the great speech in Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. 75.

3. Line 27: *is ACCITED home*.—Only here and twice in II. Henry IV., ii. 2. 64 (where it looks like a misprint for *excited*) and v. 2. 141.

4. Line 32: *and CHASTISED*.—Accentuate *châstisé*, and cf. Richard III. iv. 4. 331:

And when this arm of mine hath *châstisé*.

—Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, p. 392.

5. Line 69: *the enemies of Rome*.—In the Variorum Edition this is treated as the end of the first scene.

6. Line 70: *victorious in THY mourning weeds*.—War-

burton changed to *my*; but, to quote Johnson’s words, “We may suppose the Romans, in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits.” Dyce followed Warburton.

7. Line 80: *Half of the number that King Priam had*.—In Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 175, the number is given as fifty-one.

8. Lines 87, 88:

*Why suffer’st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx!*

A reminiscence, probably, of the Sixth Æneid, lines 325–330; the idea is entirely classical.

9. Lines 100, 101: *That so the shadows, &c.*—Alluding to the classical belief that the spirits of unburied men returned to the world and demanded of the relations of the dead the rites of burial. So the sailor in Horace’s famous ode, i. xxviii, asks of Archytas a handful of “wandering sand.”

10. Line 106: *in* PASSION *for her son*.—For *passion* = the expression of grief, cf. Hamlet, ii. 2. 541:

And *passion* in the gods.

11. Line 119: *Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge*.—We may remember Portia's great speech, The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 184-205.

12. Line 121: PATIENT *yourself*—*Patient* as a verb = to compose one's self, is ἀπαζέ ληγοματων in Shakespeare.

13. Line 131: *was ever* SCYTHIA.—For Scythia, taken as a type of barbarism, see Lear, note 32.

14. Line 138: *Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent*.—Strictly it was the tent in which Ilecuba and the other Trojan women were confined; hence some editors read "*her tent*." The story is told in Euripides' Hecuba; the tyrant in question was Polymestor.

15. Line 151: *repose you here* IN REST.—I do not see why *in rest* should be omitted; the words occur in Q<sub>4</sub> and Ff. Pope omitted.

16. Lines 159, 160:

Lo, at this tomb my TRIBUTARY TEARS  
I render.

The phrase is repeated later on, iii. 1. 270:

And make them blind with *tributary tears*.

17. Line 177: *That hath aspir'd to SOLON'S HAPPINESS*.—Alluding to the Greek maxim, "Call no man happy till he die." Compare the opening lines of Sophocles' Trachinie for a famous version of the proverb:

There is a saying, time-honoured among men,  
That of a man's life, till the day he dies,  
Whether it be good or evil, none may know.

—Whitclaw's Translation.

18. Line 192: *And set* ABROAD.—"Trouble all the people with business that should be the care of one only or a few" (Schmidt). Q. 1 and F. 1 agree in reading *abroad*; F. 2 and F. 4 have *set abroad* = cause, a phrase which occurs in three passages: II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 14; Richard III. i. 3. 325; and Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 111. One meets with it outside Shakespeare, e.g. in Loctrine, v. 5:

Turmoil our land, and *set* their broils *abroad*.

—Tauchnitz ed. of Doubtful Plays, p. 194

Compare, too, the same play, ii. 4:

And *set* that coward blood of thine *abroad*; —p. 152.

where the idea is that of broaching a cask or vessel.

19. Line 242: *in the sacred* PÁNTHÉON.—The Quartos and Folios print a strange variant, *Pathan*.

20. Line 309: *that changing* PIECE.—*Piece* sometimes, as here, conveyed an idea of contempt; cf. Troilus and Cressida, iv. 1. 62:

The lees and dregs of a flat tamed *piece*,

where the meaning is extremely offensive. Usually, however, the word is used (according to Schmidt) to denote excellence; e.g. "a *piece* of virtue," in Pericles, iv. 6. 118; and "O ruin'd *piece* of nature!" Lear, iv. 6. 137; and so on through several passages equally to the point.

21. Line 313: *To* RUFFLE *in the commonwealth of Rome*.—*Ruffle* in the sense of "be boisterous and turbulent," is of not infrequent occurrence in the dramatists, and occa-

sionally the verb is transitive; e.g. Wit Without Money, v. 3:

Can I not go about my meditations, ha!  
But such companions as you must *ruffle* me?  
—Beaumont and Fletcher, Works, iv. 159;

and The False One, v. 4:

They *ruffled* me;  
But that I could endure.  
—Beaumont and Fletcher, vi. p. 159.

In other places the idea is merely swaggering, pretentious behaviour, as in Cynthia's Revels, iii. 3:

Lady, I cannot *ruffle* it in red and yellow.  
—Ben Jonson, Gull-ord's ed. ii. p. 250.

For Shakespeare, note Lear, iii. 7. 41; and same play, ii. 4. 304, where, however, Q<sub>4</sub> read *russel*.

22. Line 359: "*And* SHALL!" *What villain was it spake that word!*—Rather a similar touch occurs in Tamburlaine, part I. iii. 3. 40, 41:

Tamb. Well said, Theridanas; speak in that mood;  
For *will* and *shall* best fitteth Tamburlaine.  
—Marlowe's Works, Bullen's ed. i. p. 57.

23. Line 368: *not* WITH *himself*.—As we should say, "be-side himself." A curious idiom, that does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Ff. omit *with*.

24. Line 380: *wise* Læertes' son.—Compare Sophocles, Ajax, 1332-1345.

25. Line 381: *for his* FUNERALS.—The plural form, as in Julius Caesar, v. 3. 105:

His *funerals* shall not be in our camp.

Compare *nuptial* and *nuptials*: e.g. Tempest, v. 1. 308:

Where I have hope to see the *nuptial*;

and Pericles, v. 3. 89: "We'll celebrate their *nuptials*." Since writing the above I have come across the form *funerals* in one of Peele's plays, viz. The Battle of Alcazar, v. last line:

So to perform the prince's *funerals*.  
—Dyce's Greene & Peele, p. 442.

26. Lines 389, 390:

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Evidently, says Steevens (Var. Ed. xxi. p. 280), a translation of the distich of Ennius:

Nemo me lacrimis decorat, nec funera fletu  
Facit. cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

"Let no one honour me with tears, or celebrate my funeral with weeping. For why? Alive I flit from mouth to mouth of men."

27. Line 391: *these* DREARY dumps.—So the Quartos; the Folios give *sudden*, which seems less satisfactory.

28. Line 398: *Yes, and will, &c.*—Only in Ff., where it is given to Titus; assigned to Marcus by Dyce, I think rightly.

29. Line 399: *PLAY'D* your PRIZE.—A term borrowed from fencing, and of frequent occurrence; cf. The Family of Love, v. 3: "At that he hath *play'd* his doctor's prize" (Middleton's Works, iii. p. 116). So The Humorous Lieutenant, v. 2:

That fit with a vengeance;  
It *play'd* his prize.  
—Beaumont and Fletcher, Works, vi. p. 579;

and Dekker, The honest Whore, part I. scene xi.: "nay



50. Lines 23, 24:

*When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,  
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave.*

The reference is to Virgil, *Aeneid*, iv. 460-172.

51. Line 31: SATURN is dominator over mine.—The implication being that he (Aaron) is in no mood for love, since Saturn was the planet of hate and moroseness; cf. Much Ado, i. 3. 12: "born under Saturn."

52. Line 64: should DRIVE upon; i.e. rush upon; but the word is very strange. A good correction is *thrive*.

53. Line 75: Why are you SÉQUESTER'D.—Compare As You Like It, ii. 1. 33, with note 36.

54. Line 95: and BALEFUL mistletoe.—*Baleful* because of the old superstition that the berries of the plant were poisonous; or perhaps because of the connection of mistletoe with the savage rites of Druidism. See Thielston Dyer's *Folklore of Shakespeare*, p. 249

55. Line 97: or FATAL RAVEN.—The raven is always mentioned in some gloomy or opprobrious context: cf. Macbeth, i. 5. 39; and Hamlet, iii. 2. 264: "the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge;" not to mention many other equally apposite passages. See *Othello*, note 181.

56. Line 102: Would make such fearful and confused cries.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, iv. 3. 47, note 179.

57. Line 149: the raven doth not hatch a lark.—The writer may have remembered Horace's

neque imbellem feroces  
Progenerant aquilæ columban.

—Odes, bk. iv. 31. 37;  
i.e. "Nor do fierce eagles breed the unwarlike dove."

58. Line 187: see that you MAKE HER SURE.—Properly to make sure=to affiancè: thus Cotgrave gives "the betrothing or making sure of a man and woman together" as the equivalent of *accordailles*. The expression is not uncommon; cf. for instance, *The Jew of Malta*, ii. 3. 239:

That ye be both *made sure* ere you come out,

In the present passage the irony is obvious.

59. Line 231: So pale did shine the moon on PYRAMUS.—The story of Pyramus and Thisbe (for which see *Midsummer Night's Dream*) is given in Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iv. 55-166. For the pale moon, cf. *Merchand of Venice*, v. 1. 125, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 104.

60. Lines 266, 267:

*And wonder greatly that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.*

Re-echoed in Hamlet, i. 5. 108.

61. Line 287: How easily murder is discovered!—As Launcelot says, "murder cannot be hid long" (*Merchand of Venice*, ii. 2. 87). So Marlowe's Edward II. v. 6. 46:

I feared as much; murder can not be hid.  
—Works, vol. ii. p. 232.

#### ACT II. SCENE 4.

62. Line 5: she can SCOWL.—Fl. have scowl: scowl looks like a mistake for scrawl, which, indeed, Delius reads.

63. Line 13: If I do dream, &c.—"If this be a dream,

I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking" (Johnson).

64. Line 21: As HAVE thy love.—Q<sup>u</sup>. and F 1 and F 2 read *halfe*: the quite certain correction is due to Theobald.

65. Line 26: *But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee.*—Apart from Ovid's account (which would be accessible in Golding's translation) the story of Tereus must have been familiar to an Elizabethan audience from Gascoigne's poem, *The Complaynt of Philomene*, 1576, reprinted by Arber with The Steele Glas.

66. Line 46: And make the silken strings delight to KISS them.—Compare Sonnet cxxviii 1-6.

67. Line 51: As CERBERUS at the Thracian poet's feet—Compare the great passage in the fourth *Georgic*—the Orpheus and Eurydice episode; in particular, line 483:

tenutique inlians tria Cerberus ora;  
"and Cerberus held wide his triple mouth."

#### ACT III. SCENE 1.

68. Line 11: Because they died in HONOUR'S LOFTY BED—Compare Edward II. iv. 5. 7:

And in this bed of honour die with fame.  
—Marlowe, ii. p. 176.

69. Line 17: two ancient ERNS.—This is Hammer's correction of the old copies, which read *ruins*.

70. Line 22: So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.—The line is not unsuggestive of III. Henry VI. ii. 3. 15:  
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk.

71. Line 71: like NILUS.—Referring, obviously, to the annual overflow of the Nile; so Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2. 50: "E'en as the overflowing Nilus presageth famine." Shakespeare uses both forms, *Nilus* and *Nile*.

72. Lines 2: O, that delightful ENGINE OF HER THOUGHTS.—So Venus and Adonis, 367:

Once more the engine of her thoughts began.

73. Line 90: some UNRECCRING wound; i.e. some wound that cannot be cured, the use of the adjective being parallel to that of *unexpressive* in As You Like It, iii. 2. 10. See Abbott, *Grammar*, p. 19.

74. Line 91: my DEER.—Quibbling, perhaps, as Johnson suggested, on *deer* and *dear*, a pun that occurs several times; cf. Venus and Adonis, 231:

I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer.

So Macbeth, iv. 3. 206; Merry Wives, v. 5. 18; with other passages given by Schmidt.

75. Line 112: as doth the HONEY-DEW.—This was "a secretion deposited by a small insect which is distinguished by the generic name of Aphis" (Thielston Dyer, p. 86).

76. Line 149: As far from help as LIMBO is from bliss!—The full phrase, *Limbo Patrum*, occurs in Henry VIII. v. 4. 67, with which we may compare *The Captain*, iv. 2: all the rest.

Except the captain, are in *Limbo patrum*.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, Works, iii. p. 288.

So Middleton's *The Black Book*: "I told him in plain terms that I had a warrant to search from the sheriff of *Limbo*" (Bullen's ed. viii p. 12)

77. Lines 160, 161:

*With all my heart, I'll send the emperor  
My hand.*

Perhaps, with Capell, we should arrange thus:

With all my heart I'll send the king my hand:

king and emperor being throughout the play applied to the same person.

78. Line 170: *the enemy's CASTLE*.—Grose, in his Treatise on Ancient Armour, p. 243 (ed. 1801), says: "The castle was perhaps a figurative name for a close head-piece, deduced from its enclosing and defending the head, as a castle did the whole body; or a corruption from the old French word *casquetel*, a small or light helmet." This is decidedly vague, but it is all that can be quoted in favour of the reading *castle*. Theobald printed *casque*, Hamer *eask*, and Walker proposed *erest*.

79. Lines 203, 204:

*O, how this villany  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!*

Not unlike Faustus' exclamation when he has determined to sell himself to Mephistophelis, scene i. 76:

How am I glutted with conceit of this.

—Marlowe, i. p. 216.

80. Line 212: *breathe the welkin dim*.—We are reminded of a line in Doctor Faustus, scene iii. 4:

*And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath.*

—Marlowe's Works, i. p. 223.

The Clown in Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 65, thought that *welkin* was much preferable to the more hackneyed *element*.81. Line 261: *Rend off thy SILVER hair*.—For *silver* as an epithet applied to hair, cf. Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 296; and Sonnet xii. 4, note 29.82. Line 269: *And would USURP UPON*.—Compare the following from Florio's Montaigne: "In my youth, I ever opposed myselfe to the motions of love, which I felt to *usurpe upon* me, and laboured to diminish its delights" (ed. 1632, p. 572). In much the same way we find "command *upon*;" e.g. in Macbeth, iii. 1. 16, 17:

Let your highness

*Command upon me.*

See Abbott, p. 127.

83. Line 282: *Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these THINGS*.—Qq. and F. 1 begin the line with *and*, a repetition, perhaps, of the *and* in the previous verse. Qq. end the line with *armes*, which in the Folios is changed to *things*; upon this latter point the Cambridge editors have an ingenious note. "Perhaps," they say, "the original MS. had as follows:

*And thou, Lavinia, shalt be employ'd,  
Beare thou my hand sweet wench between thy teeth.*

The author, or some other corrector, to soften what must have been ludicrous in representation, wrote 'armes' above 'teeth' as a substitute for the latter. The printer of the First Quarto took 'armes' to belong to the first line, and conjecturally filled up the lacuna with 'in these,' making, also, an accidental alteration in the position of 'thou.' Then a corrector of the Second Quarto, from which the First Folio was printed, made sense of the passage by substituting 'things' for 'armes' (Cambridge Shakespeare, vi. p. 534).

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

84. Line 4: *that sorrow-wreathen KNOT*; meaning his folded arms; cf. Tempest, i. 2. 224: "His arms in this *sad knot*."85. Line 6: *And cannot PASSIONATE our tenfold grief*.—*Passionate* here is equivalent to "passionately express;" it does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; but we find in the Faerie Queene, bk. i. canto xii. stanza xvi. 1, 2:

Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull regard  
That goodly King and Queene did *passionate*.

—Spenser's Works, Globe ed. p. 75.

86. Line 12: *map of woe*.—A common turn of expression; see Richard II. note 281.87. Line 15: *WOUND it with SIGHING*.—There was a common idea that to sigh exhausted the strength; hence the various epithets applied to sighs, "blood-consuming," "blood-drinking," "blood-sucking," &c. See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 184.88. Line 27: *To BID ÆNEAS tell*, &c.—Certainly a reference to the opening lines of the second book of the Æneid.89. Line 29: *O, HANDLE not the theme, to talk of HANDS*.—The same quibble occurs in Troilus and Cressida, i. 1. 55:

*Handiest in thy discourse, O, that her hand.*

90. Line 37: *she'drinks no other DRINK but TEARS*.—We may remember Venus and Adonis, 949:

Dost thou *drink tears*, that thou provok'st such weeping?

91. Line 54: *thou KILL'ST my HEART*.—So in Henry V. ii. 1. 92, the hostess says of Falstaff: "The king has *kill'd his heart*."92. Line 62: *lamenting DOINGS*.—Theobald suggested, ingeniously enough, *dollings*.93. Line 76: *YET, I think*.—*Yet*=as yet, and the emphatic position of the monosyllable makes it equivalent to two syllables; cf. Lear, i. 4. 365:

Though I condemn not, *yet*, under pardon.

94. Line 78: *a COAL-BLACK Moor*.—We find this epithet several times in Shakespeare; e.g. in Lucrece, 1009; Venus and Adonis, 533; Richard II. v. 1. 49. So Loerine, iv. i.: "all the *coal-black* Ethiopians" (Doubtful Plays, p. 170).

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

95. Line 12: *CORNELIA never with more care*.—Cornelia, we need scarcely say, was the mother of the Gracchi.96. Line 14: *and Tully's ORATOR*; i.e. Cicero's treatise *De Oratore*.97. Line 42: *t is Ovid's Metamorphoses*.—A book which, apart from the fact of its use as a text-book in the schools of the time, was sufficiently familiar to Shakespeare's contemporaries from Golding's well-known translation, published in 1564.98. Line 46: *What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?*—In Qq. and Ff. the line stands as follows:

Helpe her, what would she finde? Lavinia shall I read?

It seems pretty clear that the words *helpe her* represent the stage-direction out of its place; the arrangement in the text is that of Dyce.

99. Line 53: *Fore'd in the RUTHLESS, vast, and gloomy woods.*—A curious touch of "pathetic fallacy."

100. Lines 81, 82:

*Magni dominator poli,*

*Tam lentus audis scelerata tam lentus vides!*

From the Hippolytus of Seneca, act ii. 671, where, however, the first line runs rather differently—*Magne Regnator deum.*

101. Line 89: *the awful FERE.*—So Pericles, prologue 21. The word is variously spelt *ferre* and *phere*. Compare The Silent Woman, ii. 3: "her that I mean to choose my bed-*phere*," with Gifford's note; Ben Jonson, Works, iii. pp. 385, 386. Mr. Charlton Collins prints yet another form in Tourneur's The Transformed Metamorphosis:

Awake, O heav'n and all thy pow'rs awake,  
For Pan hath sold his flocks to Thetis' *pher*.

—Cyril Tourneur's Works, ii. p. 204.

For a further reference, see Hero and Leander, Fourth Sestiad, 227 (Marlowe's Works, iii. p. 66).

102. Line 97: *if she WIND you once.*—As we should say, get wind of you, *i.e.* scent you; not elsewhere in Shakespeare.

103. Line 103: *GAD of steel.*—That is, a sharp point of metal. *Gad* and *gad* are cognate. For the phrase "upon the *gad*," see Lear, note 73.

104. Line 105: *It'll blow these sands, like SIBYL'S LEAVES, abroad.*—Referring obviously to Æneid, vi. 74, 75:

*Folis tantum ne carmina manda,*

*Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis:*

"Only entrust not your prophetic words to leaves, lest they fly abroad the sport of the wanton winds."

The speaker is Æneas, who has gone to consult the Sibyl at Cumæ. I suppose this is the origin of Coleridge's title for some of his poems—"Sibylline Leaves."

105. Line 129: *Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!*—Qq. and Ff. read *Revenge the heavens*; the correction (made by Johnson) has been generally adopted.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 2.

106. Line 22: *a verse in HORACE.*—The quotation is from the first book of the Odes, xlii. lines 1, 2.

107. Line 23: *the GRAMMAR.*—What Grammar? Lilly's, which Shakespeare quotes from in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 3?

108. Line 27: *WEAPONS WRAPP'D about with lines.*—Just as in King John, ii. 1. 227, we have "*bullets wrapp'd in fire*," an expression which in turn can be traced back to Marlowe's Jew of Malta, ii. 2. 54:

We'll send thee *bullets wrapp'd* in smoke and fire.

—Bulen's ed. ii. p. 40.

109. Line 31: *let her REST in her UNREST awhile.*—Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 29:

*Rest thy unrest* on England's lawful earth.

See, too, the Sonnets, note 380

110. Line 43: *A charitable wish, &c.*—Walker (Crit. Exam. ii. p. 187) assigns this line to Aaron, and Dyce adopts the suggestion; unnecessarily, I think.

111. Line 65: *she's the DEVIL'S DAM.*—Compare I. Henry VI. i. 5. 5:

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*Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee.*

In Doctor Faustus (scene vi. 96, 97). Lucifer bids Faustus think of the *Devil*,

And of his *dam* too.

—Marlowe, i. p. 144.

112. Line 89: *by the BURNING TAPERS of the SKY.* We may remember how Iago swears by the "ever-burning lights above;" see Othello, note 169.

113. Line 93: *not ENCELADUS.*—The "jauculator audax" of Horace, Odes, III. iv. 56; he was one of the Giants; cf. Æneid, iii. 578.

114. Line 94: *TYPHOON'S brood.*—The more common form of the name was *Typhoeus*; see Æneid, ix. 716: "Inarime . . . imposta *Typhoea*;" so bk. i. 665. He too was one of the Giants who made war on the Gods.

115. Line 98: *ye alchouse painted signs!*—A term of contempt which only occurs here and in another doubtful play, viz. II. Henry VI., where it is found twice—iii. 2. 51, and v. 2. 67.

116. Line 119: *of another LEER.*—For *leer* = face, see As You Like It, note 130.

117. Line 152: *Not far, &c.*—Qq. and Ff. have *not farre, one Malitews my Country-man.* Some correction seems necessary; the reading here given is that of Steevens, adopted by the Globe ed.

118. Lines 177, 178:

*I'll make you FEED on berries and on roots,  
And FEED an eards and whey.*

It looks as if in one line or other *feed* were wrong; Hamner substituted *feast* in line 178.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 3.

119. Line 4: *TERRAS ASTRÆA reliquit.*—From Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 149, 150:

*Victa jacet Pictus; et virgo cede mac lentes,*

*Ultima celestium, terras Astræa reliquit.*

"Goodness lies conquered, and, last of the immortals, the virgin Astræa has left the blood-stain'd earth."

It is superfluous, perhaps, to add that "Astræa Redux" furnished Dryden with the title of a poem, and that Peele was responsible for Descensus Astræe.

120. Line 29: *And FEED his HUMOUR.*—In Dido, Queen of Carthage, iii. 1. 50, we have:

*I go to feed the humour of my love.*

—Marlowe, ii. p. . .

121. Line 39: *some CAREFUL remedy.*—It is tempting to follow Walker (Crit. Exam. iii. p. 221) and read *careful*.

122. Lines 43, 44:

*I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.*

This couplet is not unsuggestive of Marlowe's Tamburlaine, part II. ii. 4. 98-100:

And we descend into the infernal vaults,

To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,

And thrash them in the triple mill of hell.

—Marlowe's Works, Bulen's ed. i. pp. 144, 145,  
with Bulen's n. 16.

123. Line 56: *To Saturn, CAIUS, not to Saturnine!*—Qq.

and Fl. have to *Saturnine, to Caius*; but Caius, as Capell notices, is one of Titus' kinsmen.

124. Line 65: BEYOND THE MOON.—This seems to have been a proverbial expression for anything extravagant or out of reach; cf. Heywood's *A Woman Killed With Kindness*:

But, oh! I talk of things impossible,  
And cast beyond the moon.

—Heywood's *Select Plays*, *Mermaid* ed. p. 53.

Compare, too, Drayton, *Eclogue*, 5, quoted by Nares:  
whither art thou rapt

*Beyond the moon*, that strivest thus to strain?

where rhapsody, extravagance of language, is the idea suggested.

125. Line 92: *the TRIBUNAL PLEBS*.—As it stands a meaningless phrase; probably a blunder for *tribunus plebis*.

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

126. Line 11: *in his WREAKS*.—*Wreaks*, which Collier's MS. corrector altered to *freaks*, must here = fits of rage.

127. Line 17: *What's this but LIBELLING*.—*Libelling* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; cf. however, *Edward II.* ii. 2. 34, 35:

What call you this but private *libelling*  
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother.

—Marlowe, ii. p. 155.

128. Line 37: *Thy life-blood out*.—So *Qq.* and *F. 1*; *F. 2* has *out*. The text is not very satisfactory; I suppose it must mean "I have touched (*i.e.* as it were, *lanced*) thee to the quick, so that thy life-blood is out."

129. Line 76: *was WRONGFULLY*.—The adverb is curious, but not without parallel; cf. *Tempest*, ii. 1. 321: "That's *ev'ily*." It is easy to understand some participle from the context.

130. Lines 81-86: *King, be thy thoughts, &c.*—Professor Dowden (*Shakspeare Primer*, p. 62) remarks that "no lines in the play have more of a Shaksperian ring" than these, and Mr. Swinburne speaks to the same effect.

131. Line 81: *thy thoughts IMPERIOUS*.—For *imperious* = *imperial*, cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 996. In some places, *e.g.* in this play, i. 1. 259, *imperial* is substituted in the Folios for the *imperious* of the Quartos. So *Hamlet*, v. i. 236.

132. Line 91: *or HONEY-STALKS to sheep*.—Probably by *honey-stalks* some sweet-tasted kind of clover is meant, and as Mr. Thibetson Dyer says "it is not uncommon for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover and die; hence the allusion by Tamora," which he proceeds to quote (*Folklore of Shakespeare*, p. 201).

133. Line 113: *Then go SUCCESSANTLY*.—Changed to *successfully* and *necessantly*, all three being, to my mind, equally pointless.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

134. Line 42: *This is the PEARL that pleas'd your empress' EYE*.—Alluding, says Malone, to the proverb, "A black man is a *pearl* in a fair woman's eye." Compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, v. 2. 12:

*Black men are pearls in beautiful ladies' eyes.*

So in the *Anatomy of Melancholy* we find, "*A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye*, and is as acceptable as lame Vulcan was to Venus."—The Ninth Edition of the *Anatomy* (1800), vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

135. Line 44: *Say, WALL-EY'D slave*.—So King John, iv. 3. 49: "*wall-ey'd wrath*," where see note 242.

136. Line 88: *LUXURIOUS woman*.—For *luxurious* = *lustful*, see *Troilus and Cressida*, note 298; and *Much Ado*, note 262.

137. Line 102: *as ever fought AT HEAD*.—Compare Epigrams by J. D., in *Publium*, xliii. 3-6:

To Paris-garden doth himself withdraw;  
Where he is ravish'd with such delectation,  
As down amongst the bears and dogs he goes;  
Where, whilst he skipping cries, "*to head, to head*."

—Marlowe's *Works*, iii. p. 241.

There to *head* evidently signifies the cry with which the dogs were encouraged; and Nares (*sub voce*) mentions a very similar phrase "to run on head," the sense being the same.

138. Line 103: *Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth*.—The confession, or rather boastful enumeration, of crimes, which follows, is entirely in Marlowe's manner; cf. *The Jew of Malta*, ii. 3. 177-215 (*Bullen*, ii. pp. 48, 49).

139. Line 107: *For up and down*.—That is, "completely;" cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 124, "Here's his dry hand *up and down*."

140. Line 119: *SHE SWOONED*.—So *Folio 3*; the earlier copies have *sounded*, a mistake, I suppose, for *sounded*. The form *sounded* = swoon is common enough; cf. *The Faerie Queene*, bk. iv. canto vii. st. ix. 8, 9:

She almost fell againe into a *swoound*,  
Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

—Spenser, *Globe* ed. p. 263.

Thus we find in *Dryden*, *Palamon and Arcite*, bk. i. lines 55, 56:

The most in years of all the mourning train  
Began; but *sounded* first away for pain:

where, by the way, Mr. Christie remarks (*Globe* ed. p. 513): "in the first folio edition the word is *sounded*, which must be a misprint for *sounded*," an interesting parallel to the present passage. Compare in the same poem, same book, line 537; also book iii. line 982.

141. Line 121: *What, canst thou say all this, and never blush!*—So Oxford asks in *111. Henry VI.* iii. 3. 95-97:

Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,  
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,  
And not bewray thy treason with a *blush*?

142. Line 122: *Ay, like a black dog, &c.*—In Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 218.

143. Line 132: *Make poor men's cattle STRAY AND break their necks*.—The line as it stands in the copies is defective; Dyce adds the words *stray and*, which give good sense.

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

144. Line 8: Stage-direction. Enter Titus, above.—"From what ensues, it appears that Titus came out into the elevated balcony at the back of the stage" (Collier).

145. Line 18: *wanting a HAND to give it ACTION*.—



Middleton refers to this line in his *Father Hubbard's Tales*: "Nevertheless, for all my lamentable action of one arm, like old Titus Andronicus, I could purchase no more than one month's pay" (*Hullen's ed. of Middleton*, viii. pp. 94, 95).

146. Line 19: *Thou hast the odds of me; i.e. advantage.* Compare *As You Like It*, i. 2. 169, with note 18.

147. Lines 21-60.—Coleridge expresses the opinion that these lines were written by Shakespeare "in his earliest period." See the *Lectures on Shakspeare* (Bohn's ed. 1884, p. 304).

148. Line 48: *And then I'll come and be thy waggoner, &c.*—This speech reads like a burlesque version of Mercutio's "O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you" (*Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4. 53-95).

149. Line 52: *And find out MURDERERS in their guilty CAVES.*—Q<sub>1</sub> and F<sub>1</sub> all have *murder*; Capell corrected. Also, Q<sub>4</sub> and F<sub>1</sub> read *cares for caves*.

150. Line 56: *HYPERION'S rising.*—The early copies make the most curious blunders over the name; both Quartos, for example, read *Epeon's*. Shakespeare always accents the word on the second syllable, as in *Hamlet*, i. 2. 140 and iii. 4. 56. Strictly the penultimate syllable should be long.

151. Line 172: *This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.*—Mr. Simpson (*The School of Shakspeare*, i. p. 188) compares a line in *The Play of Stukeley*, 754:

*Mix not my forward summer with sharp breath.*

152. Line 189: *And of the PASTE a COFFIN I will rear.*—*Coffin* was regularly used of the crust of a pie; cf. *The Staple of News*, ii. 1:

I love it still; and therefore if you spend  
The red-deer *fies* in your house, or sell them forth, sir,  
Cast so, that I may have their *coffins* all  
Return'd here, and piled up.

—Ben Jonson, v. p. 209.

Shirley makes the word a verb; see *The Sisters*, ii. 2:

Cold as the turkies *coffin'd up* in crust.

—Gifford's Shirley, v. p. 373.

Compare, too, the foot-note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3. 82.

153. Line 192: *her own INCREASE.*—That is, offspring, produce. Every one will recollect, "then shall the earth bring forth her increase."

154. Line 204: *the CENTAURS' FEAST.*—For a description of the Centaurs at a banquet we may turn to Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xii. 219-535. They could not agree with the Lapithæ.

### ACT V. SCENE 3.

155. Line 13: *The venomous malice of my swelling heart!*—Obviously a variation on *I. Henry VI.* iii. 1. 25, 26:

The King, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
From *envious malice of thy swelling heart.*

156. Line 38: *Because she was enforc'd.*—Not according to the legend; cf. Macaulay's poem in the *Lays*.

157. Line 63: *'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.* This is decidedly poor in comparison with Ravenscroft's brave couplet:

Thus crym'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,  
And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up. (*Stat's the empress.*  
—Var. Ed. xxi. p. 37.)

158. Line 81: *he did discourse, &c.*—Compare *The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage*, ii. 1. 143 to end of act (*Marlowe*, ii. pp. 322-329).

159. Line 86: *the FATAL ENGINE.*—Referring, of course, to the story of the Trojan horse.

160. Line 124: *DAMN'D as he is.*—Q<sub>1</sub> and F<sub>1</sub> read *Dad*; the correction is due to Theobald, who reminds us of Brabantio's

O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?  
*Damn'd as thou art*, thou hast enchanted her.  
—Othello, i. 2. 62, 63.

The Globe edition, while printing the old reading, marks the line as corrupt.

161. Line 149: *GIVE me AIM.*—To *give aim* was a phrase signifying "to direct;" it is fully explained by Gifford in a note on Massinger's *Bondman*, i. 3, and the substance of his explanation is this: "he who *gave aim* was stationed near the butts, and pointed out, after every discharge, how wide or how short the arrow fell of the mark" (Gifford's *Massinger*, ii. p. 25). The expression, therefore, as we see, came from archery; its use may be illustrated by various passages; e.g. *The Spanish Gipsy*, ii. 1. 92: "I can tell you great bubbers (*i.e.* bilblers) have shot at me, and shot golden arrows, but I myself *gave aim*" (*Bulken's Middleton*, vi. p. 139). So *A Mad World My Masters*, i. 1. 116, 117:

plotting his own abuse,  
To which himself *gave aim*.

—Middleton's Works, iii. 257.

and Edward 1.:

Good master, an if you love the friar,  
*Give aim* awhile, I you besire.

—Dyce's Greene & Peele, p. 42.

Compare also Dyce's Webster (1877), page 29; and note the parallel expression "to *cry aim*" in *King John*, ii. 1. 196 (note 87); and *Merry Wives*, iii. 2. 45.

162. Line 182: *This is our doom.*—The revised Restoration version of *Titus Andronicus* provided a robust, more romantic form of poetic justice. In Steevens's words, "That justice and cookery may go hand in hand to the conclusion of the play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once racked and roasted on the stage."—Var. Ed. vol. xxi. p. 378.

163. Line 204: *my ne'er'd RUISTATE.*—So *Lucrece*, 944:  
To *ruinate* proud buildings with thy hours.

Also in *Sonnet X. 7*:

Seeking that beatitudes of *ruinate*.

Compare, too, *Marlowe, The Massacre at Paris*, scene 2. 71:

If I repair it what he *ruinates*.

—Works, ii. p. 144.

WORDS PECULIAR TO TITUS ANDRONICUS.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TITUS ANDRONICUS.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
*A-bed <sup>1</sup> ..... iv. 2 62	Dismallest..... ( i. 1 384	Libelling..... iv. 4 17	Scrowl..... ii. 4 5
Abjectly..... ii. 3 4	( ii. 3 204	Love-day..... i. 1 491	*Sea-salt..... iii. 2 20
Alphabet..... iii. 2 44	Dreary..... i. 1 391	Lovingly..... i. 1 165	*Shallow-hearted iv. 2 97
Anchorage..... i. 1 73	Brought..... iii. 1 19	*Lurking-place v. 2 35	Sheaf <sup>19</sup> (sub.)... v. 3 71
Architect..... v. 3 122	Effectually <sup>8</sup> ... iv. 4 107	*Man-of-war <sup>16</sup> iv. 3 22	Shive..... ii. 1 87
Aries..... iv. 3 71	Ezal..... iv. 4 4	Martyred (adj.) iii. 2 36	Smoke <sup>20</sup> ..... iv. 2 111
Auditory..... v. 3 96	*Elder-tree..... ii. 3 272, 277	Massacre (verb) i. 1 450	Somewhither... iv. 1 11
Battle-axe..... iii. 1 169	Emperial <sup>9</sup> ..... ( iv. 3 94	Meshed..... iii. 2 38	Sorrow-wreathen iii. 2 4
Bay- (sub.)..... ii. 2 3	( iv. 4 40	Mightful..... iv. 4 5	Stanch (verb)... iii. 1 14
Beast-like..... v. 3 199	Enacts (sub.)... iv. 2 115	Miller..... ii. 1 86	Substituted <sup>21</sup> .. iv. 2 159
Bewet..... iii. 1 146	Execrable..... v. 3 177	Misbelieving... v. 3 143	Successantly... iv. 4 113
Big-boned..... iv. 3 46	Extent <sup>19</sup> ..... iv. 4 3	Mistletoe..... ii. 3 95	Sumptuously... i. 1 351
Blowse..... iv. 2 72	*Fatal-plotted ii. 3 47	Mistress-ship.. iv. 4 40	Surance..... v. 2 46
Bonjour..... i. 1 494	Feebleness..... i. 1 188	New-shed..... ii. 3 200	Swarth (adj.)... ii. 3 72
*Breast-deep... v. 3 179	Flourish <sup>11</sup> (verb) iv. 2 49	*New-transformed ii. 3 64	Thick-tipped... iv. 2 175
*Bright-burning iii. 1 69	Footman <sup>12</sup> ..... v. 2 55	Nice-preserved.. ii. 3 135	Thrash <sup>22</sup> ..... ii. 3 123
Cabin <sup>3</sup> (verb)... iv. 2 179	*Foul-spoken... ii. 1 58	Obscurity <sup>17</sup> ... v. 2 33	Tied..... ii. 3 92
Chaps <sup>4</sup> ..... v. 3 77	Frantically <sup>13</sup> ... iii. 2 31	Overshade..... ii. 3 273	Trenches <sup>25</sup> ... v. 2 23
Chase <sup>5</sup> (sub.).. ii. 3 255	Gad <sup>14</sup> (sub.)... iv. 1 103	Palliament..... i. 1 182	*True-betrothed i. 1 406
Chilling..... ii. 3 212	Gibbet-maker... iv. 3 89	Pantheon..... i. 1 242, 333	*True-divining.. ii. 3 214
Cimmerian..... ii. 3 72	Gleeful..... ii. 3 11	( i. 1 493	Unappeased... i. 1 100
Cleanly <sup>6</sup> (adv.) ii. 1 94	Grammar..... iv. 2 23	( ii. 2 21	Uncurls..... ii. 3 34
Closure <sup>7</sup> ..... v. 3 134	Hay-stacks..... v. 1 133	Panther..... ( ii. 3 194	Unrecuring... iii. 1 90
Codding..... v. 1 99	Headless <sup>15</sup> ... i. 1 186	( iii. 2 6	Unroll..... ii. 3 35
Compassion (vb.) iv. 1 124	Highest-peering ii. 1 8	Passionate (verb) iii. 2 6	Unsearched... iv. 3 22
Complainer... iii. 2 39	*High-resolved iv. 4 64	Patient (verb)... i. 1 121	Uprightness... i. 1 48
Contenance... i. 1 15	*High-witted... iv. 4 35	Plebs..... iv. 3 92	Vaunter..... v. 3 113
Counsel-keeping ii. 3 24	*Honey-dew... iii. 1 112	Plotter..... v. 3 122	Veneral..... ii. 3 37
Crevice..... v. 1 114	*Honey-stalks.. iv. 4 91	Popish..... v. 1 76	*Waggon-wheel v. 2 54
Dawning (verb) ii. 2 10	*Hornig (verb) ii. 3 67	Rapine..... v. 2 59,	Weighed <sup>24</sup> .... i. 1 73
*Deadly-standing ii. 3 32	Interrupter... i. 1 298	62, 83, 106	Weke!..... iv. 2 146
Devoid..... v. 3 199	Languor..... iii. 1 13	*Raven-coloured ii. 3 83	*Well-tuned <sup>25</sup> ii. 3 18
Devourers..... iii. 1 57		Remunerate... i. 1 398	Whey..... iv. 2 178
		Reproachful... ( i. 1 398	White-limbed.. iv. 2 98
		( ii. 1 55	Wind <sup>26</sup> (verb).. iv. 1 97
		Re-salute..... i. 1 75, 326	
		*Rude-growing ii. 3 199	
		Rue <sup>18</sup> (verb)... i. 1 105	
		*Sad-attending v. 3 82	
		*Sad-faced.... v. 3 67	

1 "brought a-bed" = delivered; = in bed, in other passages.  
 2 = barking; frequently used elsewhere in other senses.  
 3 = to lodge; Mach. iii. 4. 24.  
 4 = wrinkles, cracks; Lucrece, 1452.  
 5 = ground stoned with game; used in other senses elsewhere.  
 6 = quite, entirely, Venus and Adonis, 694; = without stain, I. Henry IV. v. 4. 169.  
 7 = conclusion, end.

8 = efficaciously; = in reality, Son. cxiii. 4.  
 9 Used by the Clown.  
 10 = application, use, maintenance; in other senses the word occurs four times.  
 11 Of trumpets.  
 12 = a hired runner.  
 13 Venus and Adonis, 1659.  
 14 = a sharp point of metal; = spur (of the moment), Lear, i. 2. 26.  
 15 = having no chief.

16 = a ship of war.  
 17 Venus and Adonis, 760.  
 18 = to pity; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

19 The pl. occurs in Son. xii. 7.  
 20 = to suffer.  
 21 Also in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 84.  
 22 *i.e.* corn; = to beat, drub, Troilus, ii. 1. 51.  
 23 furrows on the cheeks, wrinkles; used figuratively here and in Son. ii. 2.  
 24 Of an anchor.  
 25 Lucrece, 1080; Son. viii. 5.  
 26 = to scut.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

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NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY  
ARTHUR SYMONS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.  
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.  
CAMILLO, }  
ANTIGONUS, } Four Lords of Sicilia.  
CLEOMENES, }  
DION, }

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.  
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.  
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.  
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.  
Clown, his son.  
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.  
A Mariner.  
A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.  
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.  
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.  
EMILIA, a lady attending on the Queen.  
MOPSA, }  
DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE—Partly in Sicilia and partly in Bohemia.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Indefinite.

### TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play, according to Mr. Daniel, comprises eight days represented on the stage, with intervals.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.

Day 2: Act II. Scene 1.—Interval of 23 days.

Day 3: Act II. Scenes 2 and 3; Act III. Scene 1.

Day 4: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval (Antigonus' voyage to Bohemia).

Day 5: Act III. Scene 3.—Interval (Act IV. Scene 1) of 16 years.

Day 6: Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3.

Day 7: Act IV. Scene 4.—Interval (the journey to Sicilia).

Day 8: Act V. Scenes 1, 2, 3.

# THE WINTER'S TALE.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

The Winter's Tale was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it is placed last among the comedies. In the diary of Dr. Simon Forman, among the Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian, there is a curious reference to a performance of this play at the Globe in 1611:

"In the Winters Talle at the glob, 1611, the 15 of maye. Obserue ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Ciellia was overcom with Ielosity of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contriued his death, and wold haue had his cupberer to haue poisoned, who gaue the King of bohemia warning ther-of, & fled with him to bohemia | Remember also howe he sent to the Orakell of appollo, & the Aunswer of appollo, that she was gittles, and that the King was Ielouse, &c, and howe Except the child was found Again that was loste, the Kinge should die with-out yssue, for the child was caried into bohemia, & ther laid in a Forrest, & brought vp by a sheppard. And the Kinge of bohemia his sonn married that wentch, & howe they fled in Ciellia to Leontes, and the sheppard hauing showed the letter of the nobleman by whom Leontes sent away that child, and the Ieweltes found about her. she was knowen to be leontes daughter, and was then 16 yers old.

"Remember also the Rog. that cam in all tottered like coll pixei | and howe he feyned him sick & to haue bin Robbed of all that he had, and how he cosened the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop sher with a pedlers packe, & ther cosened them Again of all ther money. And how he changed apparell with the Kinge of homia his sonn, and then how he turned Courtiar, &c | beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellows" (Ashmole MSS. 208, pp. 201, 202).

This entry shows that the Winter's Tale was being played in the early part of 1611. A memorandum in the Office Book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, gives some ground for supposing that it was then a new play. The entry is as follows:

"For the King's players. An olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemmings his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, though the allowed booke was missinge; and therefore I returned itt without a fee, this 19 of August, 1623."

Sir George Bucke, though he is known to have licensed plays at an earlier period, did not obtain his official appointment till August, 1610; so that it is not improbable that the play was licensed at the end of that year, or early in 1611.

A passage in the Induction to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, 1614, has been thought to be a side-hit at the Winter's Tale and the Tempest: "If there be never a servant-monster of the Fair, who can help it? he says; nor a nest of Antiques. He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like drogeries." If this is really meant for Shakespeare, I fail to see anything at all spiteful in it: nor can the remark made to Drummond in 1619, and carefully noted down by that diligent person, be thought surprising, or even really ill-natured, from so scrupulous a preserver of the unities, and, in his own way, so thorough an artist, as Ben Jonson. "He said," Drummond notes, "that Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles."

The sources of Shakespeare's plot are to be found in a tale of Greene's, named in 1588,

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

when it was first published, Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, but re-christened in 1636, *The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia*. It was extremely popular, and was reprinted in edition after edition, till in 1735 it attained the seventeenth in the form of a chap-book. Its popularity was natural. The style is a modification of the fashionable euphuism of the day, sufficiently euphuistic to please by its ornamentation, but not so overloaded with conceits as to swamp the story. With the story itself, in its main outlines, we are all familiar. Shakespeare has followed the narrative, at all events the first part of it, very closely. Certain verbal resemblances will be pointed out in the notes; they are slight enough, and of little importance. As for human interest, the old story has but little of it, and at the most but scanty hints for the conception or development of the dramatis personæ. Words here and there in the speeches of Bellaria (Shakespeare's Hermione) may have thrown out a fructifying hint or two; and Pandosto affords some traits of Leontes. But practically, for all the characters as characters, and for the invention of Paulina and her husband, Autolycus and the shepherd's son, Shakespeare alone is responsible. In following the narrative with an almost conscientious exactness, adopting and dramatizing the smallest suggestion, he at the same time replaces several awkward contrivances of Greene by much more probable and dramatic expedients. The whole conclusion is entirely remodelled; Greene makes Pandosto first fall in love with his unrecognized daughter, and then, after the recognition has been happily effected, the reconciliation of the kings and the marriage of their children brought about. Pandosto, for no conceivable purpose, has a return of his moody madness, and kills himself, so "closing up the Comedie with a Tragical stratageme." In Pandosto the injured queen really dies; and it is for this important modification of the original story that Shakespeare invented the character of Paulina. Autolycus, a roguish *deus ex machina*, is invented in order to bring about the final explanations, which in Pandosto are very tamely effected. Shakespeare has boldly accepted all Greene's anachronisms, and has

even added to them. For some not very obvious reason he has exactly transposed the kings and kingdoms as we have them in the novel, so that Pandosto, king of Bohemia, becomes Leontes, king of Sicily, and Egistus, king of Sicily, appears as Polixenes, king of Bohemia.

### STAGE HISTORY.

The first recorded performance of *The Winter's Tale* took place at the Globe Theatre, 15th May, 1611, when it was seen by Dr. Simon Forman, who, as in the case of *Macbeth* and *Cymbeline*, is at the pains to give the plot. Its first appearance on the stage probably belongs to the previous year. Sir Henry Herbert mentions it in the office-book under the date 19th Aug. 1623, as "an olde playe called *Winters Tale*, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewise by mee on Mr. Hemmings his worde. that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge; and therefore I returned itt without a fee." Sir George Bucke, who obtained, in 1603, a reversionary grant of the office of the Master of the Revels, expectant on the death of Tylney, who died in 1610, "did not really succeed to the office, as is shown by documents at the Rolls, before August, 1610; in short, a few weeks previously to the decease of Tylney" (Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, ii. 300. Ed. 1886). As Deputy to the Master of the Revels, Sir George licensed dramas for publication some years previously, and probably for acting also. Mr. Fleay states that his powers to "allow" plays dated from 1607 onwards (*Life of Shakespeare*, 247). He does not dispute, nor does he mention, what Halliwell-Phillipps takes for granted, that the comedy was not produced until after the month of August, 1610. Mr. Fleay also believes it to be, with the *Tempest*, Shakespeare's last play, and adds, "He (Shakespeare) began his career with the Chamberlain's company (after his seven years' apprenticeship in conjunction with others, 1587-94) with a *Midsummer Dreame* (*sic*), he finishes with a *Winter's Tale*, and so his play-wright's work is rounded; twenty-four years, each year an hour in the brief day of work, and then the rounding with a sleep" (ib. 249, 250).

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No fact in connection with the performance, except that it took place at the "Glob," is chronicled by Forman, who little knew how future ages would grudge him his reticence. For a period of one hundred and thirty years we hear nothing further. In the revival of interest in things theatrical following the Restoration it had no share; it is unmentioned by Cibber in his "Apology" and by Pepys in his "Diary," and is not included among the revivals of Betterton. This neglect was probably due to the fact that the defiance of the unities was such as daunted the seventeenth-century sticklers for such observance. Not wholly loss is it, at least, that Dryden, D'Avenant, Tate, and Shadwell, and the entire crew of patchers, botchers, and manglers left it severely alone.

At Goodmans Fields on 15th Jan. 1741, *Winter's Tale*, written by Shakespeare, and announced as not acted one hundred years, was played, the tickets being advertised as one, two, and three shillings. Far from a strong cast was that assigned it. Goodmans Fields was a second-rate theatre, which had been transferred from Odell, the dramatist, to Giffard, had not yet been open more than a dozen years, and was to wait, in order to become famous, for the advent of Garrick. As the first-recorded cast, however, the names of the performers may be given in full. These were as follows:—

Leontes	=	Giffard (the manager).
Polixenes	=	Marshall.
Florizel	=	W. Giffard.
Camillo	=	Paget.
Antigonus	=	Walker.
Shepherd	=	Julian.
Autolyeus	=	Yates.
Clown	=	Dunstall.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Giffard.
Perdita	=	Miss Hippisley.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Steel.
Emilia	=	Mrs. Yates.
Mopsa	=	Mrs. Dunstall.
Dorcus	=	Mrs. Jones.

With the exception of Giffard and his wife, who were respectable actors, and Yates, who, though destined to develop into an admirable comedian, was then in a chrysalis state, there is little in the performers to arrest attention,

and nothing is known concerning a representation that should yet have had some interest if only on the score of novelty.

When once its merits received the illumination of the stage, the piece was not allowed to sleep. Writing forty years later, Tom Davies, while asserting the superiority of Shakespeare over Fletcher, and expressing the judicious opinion that, without considerable alterations, fine music, gay scenes, beautiful decorations, and excellent performers, he would not, in those "cultivated times," hazard *The Faithful Shepherdess* upon a London stage, says: "It will give strength to my argument in favour of the superior skill of Shakspeare to govern the spirit of the public, to observe, that the pastoral part of *The Winter's Tale*, Florizel and Perdita, without any assistance from the autients, or of modern Italy, perpetually triumphs over the passions of an English auditory" (*Dramatic Miscellanea*, ii. 401). It was of Garrick's adaptations from Shakespeare, however, rather than of the poet's own work, that Davies was speaking.

Covent Garden was not long in following the lead of Goodmans Fields. It produced *The Winter's Tale* on 11th Nov. 1741, and acted it on the four following days. Later in the season, 21st Jan. 1742, it was once more given. The cast of the first revival is not given. It probably did not differ greatly from that of the second, which, so far as it is preserved, was as follows:—

Leontes	=	Stephens.
Polixenes	=	Ryan.
Florizel	=	Hale.
Camillo	=	Bridgewater.
Antigonus	=	Rosco.
Clown	=	Hippisley.
Autolyeus	=	Chapman.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Horton.
Perdita	=	Mrs. Hale.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Pritchard.

When first seen at Drury Lane *The Winter's Tale* was in Garrick's alteration. It was then, 21st Jan. 1756, announced as "A Comedy altered from Shakespeare, called *The Winter's Tale*, or *Florizel and Perdita*." To this version was prefixed a prologue by Garrick, written in that tone of mingled depreciation

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of censure and eulogy of self which distinguishes the trespassers upon Shakespeare's domain, among whom Garrick ranks as a chief offender. After bidding the spectators welcome to a hostelry which he calls the "Shakespeare's Head," and poking some not very humorous fun at

The learned Critics brave and deep  
Who catch at words and, catching, fall asleep,

he explains what has been his task in the following disingenuous lines:—

The five long acts from which our three are taken,  
Stretched out to sixteen years, lay by forsaken.  
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,  
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.  
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,  
To lose no drop of that immortal man.

—Poetical Works of Garrick, 1785, i. 142.

The sixteen years refers, of course, to the period over which the action of *The Winter's Tale* extends. As to losing no drop of Shakespeare Garrick spilled more than half of his work. Garrick, who played Leontes, spoke the prologue. The remainder of the cast was as follows:—

Florizel	=	Holland.
Polixenes	=	Havard.
Camillo	=	Davies.
Clown	=	Woodward.
Autoliceus ( <i>sic</i> )	=	Yates.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Pritchard.
Perdita	=	Mrs. Cibber.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Bennett.

The representation was a thorough success. Mrs. Cibber's singing as Perdita took the town. Mrs. Pritchard and Woodward were said to be excellent, and Yates almost ideal. Garrick's own acting, especially in the statue scene, is declared to have been masterly. Garrick's additions are, of course, contemptible. A verse of one of Perdita's songs supplies one of the most characteristic stories in Boswell's Johnson. The verse is as follows:—

That giant ambition we never can dread,  
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;  
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,  
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

Praising Garrick's talent for light, gay poetry, Mrs. Thrale repeated the poem from

which the above is taken, and dwelt with emphasis on the line, which she misquoted,

I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the door.

"Nay, my dear lady," said Johnson, "this will never do. Poor David smile with the simple;—what folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich." The comment repeated to Garrick caused him considerable annoyance (see Boswell's Johnson, ed. Birkbeck Hill, ii. 79). The story is worth quoting as illustrative of the kind of tinsel with which Garrick would "gild" the "refined gold" of Shakespeare.

In Garrick's play the jealousy of Leontes, the death of Hermione, and the exposure of Perdita are narrated at the outset by Camillo. In an attempt at correctness the scene is changed from Bohemia to Bithynia.

Garrick had not been the first to hit upon the idea of shortening the story of *The Winter's Tale*. For Barry's benefit at Covent Garden on 25th March, 1754, *The Sheep-shearing*, or *Florizel and Perdita*, attributed to Macnamara Morgan, author of the tragedy of *Philoclea*, was produced. In this the action is principally concerned with the love-making between Florizel and Perdita and the rogueries of Autoliceus (*sic*). The additions are in wretched taste, but the whole hit the public taste and was not infrequently revived. Barry was Florizel, Miss Nossiter Perdita, Shuter Autoliceus, and Sparks Alcon. To finish with this mutilation it may be said that on 13th March, 1758, Mrs. Bellamy was Perdita to the Florizel of Barry, who the following day resigned the part to Smith. On 12th April, 1774, at Drury Lane, Catherley was Florizel, King Autoliceus, and Mrs. Canning Perdita. So Genest. It is not quite clear, however, that this was not Garrick's play. Moody was the Clown. On 11th Feb. 1790, at Covent Garden, Holman was Florizel, King (for his benefit) Autoliceus, Aikin Polixenes, Hull Antigonus, Powell Camillo, Cubit Clown, and Miss Brunton Perdita. Miss Murray made at Covent Garden, 12th May, 1798, her first appearance on the stage as Perdita, Munden being Autoliceus, Murray Polixenes, and Holman once more Florizel.



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A fresh adaptation, with the same title, was acted once at the Haymarket in 1777. Edwin was Autolycus, Jackson Clown, Du Bellamy Florizel, Bannister Servant, Mrs. Collis Perdita, and Mrs. Poussin Paulina. It was reproduced, 20th Aug. 1783, with Mrs. Bannister as Perdita, Bensley as Polixenes, and Bannister, jun., in Florizel. To 1756, when it was printed in 8vo, belongs an alteration of *The Winter's Tale* by Charles Marsh. In this version, as in Garrick's, the first fifteen years of Shakespeare's action are cut off, and the scene is transferred from Bohemia to Bithynia. Some resentment against Garrick for preferring his own rendering is said to have been felt by Marsh. As his adaptation was never acted, Mr. Marsh may be left to the protection of his obscurity.

Before returning to Shakespeare's play the principal repetitions of Garrick's adaptation may conveniently be dismissed. It was revived at Drury Lane 27th Jan. 1762, with Garrick, Holland, Yates, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Cibber in their former characters, and King as the Clown; and produced for the first time at Covent Garden for Woodward's benefit, 12th March, 1774. Smith was the Leontes, Lewis Florizel, Bensley Polixenes, Hull Camillo, Woodward the Clown, and Quick Autolycus. Miss Dayes, an actress of little note, was Perdita, and "the beautiful" Mrs. Hartley Hermione. Mrs. Robinson played Perdita and Mrs. Hartley Hermione at Drury Lane 20th Nov. 1779; and eleven days later Miss Farren for the first time essayed Hermione. About this time the adaptation was at the height of its popularity. Henderson played Leontes for the first time at Covent Garden 19th May, 1783, with Aikin also for the first time as Polixenes, Lewis as Florizel, Edwin as Autolycus, Quick as Clown, Miss Satchell, subsequently Mrs. Elizabeth Kemble, as Perdita, and Mrs. Yates for the first time as Hermione. For Mrs. Wilson's benefit it was given at Drury Lane 1st May, 1788. Wroughton was Leontes, Bensley Polixenes, Barrymore Florizel, Dodd Autolycus, Suett Clown, Miss Farren Hermione, and Mrs. Crouch Perdita. It reappears at Covent Garden 11th May, 1792, with Harley as Leontes, Holman as Flori-

zel, Munden as Autolycus, Quick as Clown, Mrs. Pope as Hermione, and Mrs. Mountain for the first time as Perdita, and at the same house disappears finally so far as records can be traced on 22nd December, 1795, when Pope was Leontes, Holman Florizel, Harley Polixenes, Mrs. Pope Hermione, and Miss Wallis Perdita.

Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, announced as not having been acted for thirty years, was revived at Covent Garden 24th April, 1771, the occasion being the benefit of Hull, who played Camillo and Chorus; Mrs. Hull was, "by particular desire," Paulina. Other features of interest were the Hermione of Mrs. Mattocks and the Perdita of Mrs. Bulkeley. Du Bellamy was Autolycus and Kniveton the Old Shepherd.

Another long pause appears to have occurred before, on 25th March, 1802, it was revived at Drury Lane by Kemble. An interesting cast may be given. It was as follows:—

Leontes	=	Kemble.
Florizel	=	C. Kemble.
Polixenes	=	Barrymore.
Camillo	=	Powell.
Antigonus	=	Downton.
Autolycus	=	Bannister, jun.
Clown	=	Suett.
Old Shepherd	=	Waldron.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Siddons.
Perdita	=	Miss Hickes (her first appearance on any stage).
Paulina	=	Mrs. Powell.

Hermione was the last of Mrs. Siddons' new characters. She still had beauty enough left "to make her so perfect in the statue scene, that assuredly there was never such a representative of Hermione. Mrs. Yates had a sculpturesque beauty that suited the statue. I have been told, as long as it stood still; but when she had to speak, the charm was broken, and the spectators wished her back to her pedestal. But Mrs. Siddons looked the statue even to literal illusion; and, whilst the drapery hid her lower limbs, it showed a beauty of head, neck, shoulders, and arms, that Praxiteles might have studied. This statue scene has hardly its parallel for enchantment even in Shakespeare's theatre. The star of his genius was at its zenith when he composed it; but it

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was only a Siddons that could do justice to its romantic perfection. The heart of every one who saw her when she burst from the semblance of sculpture into motion, and embraced her daughter, Perdita, must throb and glow at the recollection." Thus writes Campbell (*Life of Mrs. Siddons*, ii. 265, 266). In a similar vein Boaden writes: "She stood one of the noblest statues, that even Grecian taste ever invented. The figure composed something like one of the Muses in profile. The drapery was ample in its folds, and seemingly stony in its texture. Upon the magical words, pronounced by Paulina, 'Musick; awake her: strike,' the sudden action of the head absolutely *startled*, as though such a miracle had really vivified the marble; and the descent from the pedestal was equally graceful and affecting" (*Life of John Philip Kemble*, ii. 314). The same authority declares with faint praise that Mr. Kemble in Leontes "was every thing that either feeling or taste could require," states that the affection of Paulina never had a representative equal to Mrs. Powell, and credits the exponent of Perdita with being "a very delicate and pretty young lady." The *Monthly Mirror*, xiii. 282, declared Kemble remarkably great in Leontes, and lavished upon him terms of eulogy. Bannister's Autolycus is described to be exceedingly pleasant. The revival was on an elaborate scale, though little effort seems to have been made after archaeological accuracy. It was followed with much interest and was accounted one of the most successful experiments in its class of the time. In playing Hermione Mrs. Siddons swept her skirts across the footlights. But for the promptitude of a carpenter, who crept on his knees and extinguished the flames which burned the bottom of her train without the knowledge of the actress, she must have been burned to death. She declared that in consequence of this experience she could never think of *The Winter's Tale* without palpitation of the heart.

Kemble revived *The Winter's Tale* at Covent Garden, 11th Nov. 1807, resuming the part of Leontes, and was once more supported by Mrs. Siddons as Hermione and Charles Kemble as Leontes. Pope replaced Barry-

more as Polixenes and Munden Bannister as Autolycus. Miss Norton was Perdita, Mrs. Charles Kemble Paulina, Murray Antigonus, Creswell Camillo, Blanchard Old Shepherd, and Liston Clown. Upon a further revival, 28th Nov. 1811, Egerton was Antigonus and Fawcett Autolycus, Mrs. H. Johnston being Perdita and Mrs. Powell Paulina. An announcement was made that *The Winter's Tale*, *revised*, could only be had in the theatre. The "revisions" included the termination of Garrick's version, which was subsequently maintained by Macready. Genest witnessed a performance of *The Winter's Tale* in Bath, 27th April, 1813, with Bengough as Leontes, Stanley as Florizel, Chatterley as Autolycus, Woulds as Clown, Mrs. Campbell as Hermione, and Mrs. Weston as Paulina. He remarks Mrs. Siddons alone could have played Paulina better than "Mrs. Weston" (*Account of the Stage*, viii. 388).

Upon the revival of *The Winter's Tale* at Covent Garden, 7th Jan. 1819, Young was Leontes, Charles Kemble was again Florizel, and Egerton once more Polixenes, Liston, Fawcett, and Blanchard also reappearing respectively as Clown, Autolycus, and Old Shepherd; Abbott was Antigonus, Miss Somerville, subsequently Mrs. Bunn, Hermione, Miss Beaumont Perdita, and Mrs. Yates Paulina. It was twice acted. The *Theatrical Inquisitor*, which speaks of this as one of Shakespeare's least popular plays, says it was revived for the purpose of introducing Miss Somerville in the character of Hermione. Miss Somerville was, it states, "throughout dignified, commanding, and impressive; and in the scene where she appears as the statue, her fine figure produced a charming effect." Young's Leontes is said to have been "an admirable piece of acting," and Fawcett's Autolycus was "highly amusing." As Perdita Miss Beaumont displayed "a fascinating artlessness and naïveté," which recommend her greatly (vol. xiv. p. 74). Macready made at Drury Lane his first appearance as Leontes, 3rd Nov. 1823. The piece was then announced as not acted (at Drury Lane) for eighteen years. Archer was Polixenes, Wallack for the first time Florizel, Munden

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Autolycus, Harley Clown. Miss Somerville (now Mrs. Bunn) Hermione, Mrs. W. West for the first time Perdita, and Mrs. Glover Paulina. This performance the *Monthly Mirror*, ix. 538, dismisses with short but eulogistic comment. "It has been attended with much success" (it was in fact acted twelve times), "Munden being rich in Autolycus, Mrs. Bunn dignified in Hermione, and Macready fervid and impetuous in Leontes. The statue scene is quite perfect." So completely overshadowed, however, was the revival by the production, a fortnight later (18th Nov.), of Knowles' tragedy of Caius Gracchus, that Macready abstains from any comment upon or mention of his own impersonation. One more revival of this play is chronicled by Genest. It took place at Covent Garden, 5th Dec. 1827. Young was again Leontes and Egerton Camillo. Diddear made as Polixenes his first appearance at Covent Garden, Bartley was Antigonus, Keeley the Clown, Mrs. Faucit Hermione, Miss Jarman Perdita, and Mrs. Chatterley Paulina. Kean was now at Covent Garden, and in the blaze of his popularity. This revival, like other representations on off-nights, attracted little attention.

On 30th September, 1837, Macready began with a revival of *The Winter's Tale* his management at Covent Garden. He played Leontes, according to his own declaration, "artist like, but not until the last act very effectively" (*Reminiscences*, ed. Pollock, ii. 90). Mr. Anderson, the well-known tragedian, made his debut as Florizel, and Miss Taylor, subsequently Mrs. Walter Laey, was Perdita. Macready, with characteristic reticence, mentions none of the actors except himself. In May, 1843, Macready once more revived the play, Miss Helen Faucit being assumably the Perdita. Phelps produced *The Winter's Tale*, 19th November, 1845, during the second year of his tenure of Sadler's Wells. He acted Leontes, George Bennett was Antigonus, Henry Marston Florizel, A. Younge Autolycus, Mrs. Warner Hermione, Miss Cooper Perdita, and Mrs. Henry Marston Paulina. It does not appear to have been subsequently revived at Sadler's Wells.

Mrs. Warner had previously revived *The Winter's Tale* at the Marylebone Theatre during her management of that house, and her Hermione had attracted a public different from that which ordinarily attended the theatre.

Charles Kean's revival of *The Winter's Tale* was one of the most ambitious of his Shakespearean experiments, and may perhaps be regarded as the most famous representation ever given of the play. It was exhibited 28th April, 1856. The version was Shakespeare's, Charles Kean having contented himself with necessary excisions and re-arrangement. Somewhat pedantically, however, he adhered to Hammer's suggestion, and transferred to Bithynia the portion of the action supposed to pass in Bohemia. The views in Syracuse were especially picturesque and elaborate: a large amount of dancing and pageantry was introduced; and a "classic allegory" representing the course of Time formed a much-discussed feature. Thanks to these attractions rather than to any supreme merit of interpretation the revival had a success then regarded as "phenomenal," the play being given over one hundred times. A large number of supernumeraries was concerned in the production. Charles Kean's Leontes was a careful and an adequate performance. Like most of his Shakespearean impersonations it came short of greatness, but it had picturesqueness, variety, and intelligence, and a certain measure of fire. Mrs. Charles Kean's Hermione had an engaging womanliness. The actress was no longer young, but her appearance in the statue scene was effective and justified the customary allusions to "the chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles." A feminine representative was found for Florizel in the person of Miss Heath, subsequently Mrs. Wilson Barrett, Perdita being played by Miss Carlotta Leclercq. Mr. Ryder was a stalwart Polixenes.

The twelfth season of Chatterton's management of Drury Lane opened 28th September, 1878, with *The Winter's Tale*. Miss Wallis was the Hermione; Mrs. Hermann Vezin the Paulina, a character in which in recent years she has had no equal; and Miss Emily Fowler the Perdita. Charles Dillon was a

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melodramatic Leontes; Cowper, Edgar, Compton, and Ryder also took part in the interpretation.

Many other revivals might be dragged from their obscurity. One only calls, however, for mention. During her tenure of the Lyceum Miss Mary Anderson revived *The Winter's Tale*, 10th September, 1887. On this occasion she ventured upon a unique and dangerous experiment which nothing short of success could have justified. This consisted in doubling the rôles of Hermione and Perdita. That gain as well as loss attended this experiment must be owned. The resemblance between Hermione and Perdita, amounting practically to identity, simplifies the action. It is difficult to conceive what Shakespeare would have held concerning such treatment of his play, but pardonable to think he would pardon a procedure the result of which was to secure for the play a triumph and a run greater than it had previously known. Experiments of the kind were unheard of in Shakespeare's days. Modern sticklers for the text are bound to resent what has been done. With memories of the grace and beauty of the representation still fresh it is difficult to be stern in condemnation. Comparatively little meddling with the text was involved, and it was only in the last act that it was necessary to resort to the clumsy expedient of a double. Miss Anderson's performance of Hermione had a full measure of dignity and some intensity. In tenderness it failed. Her Perdita meanwhile was bewitching. The virginal grace and charm of Miss Anderson told with singular effect. Nothing could be more beautiful than the pastoral scenes; and the dance of the shepherdesses, led off by the actress, dwells caressingly in the memory. It had a delightful rusticity and grace, and might be seen again and again with increasing admiration and enjoyment. Mr. Forbes Robertson depicted in excellent fashion the soul-consuming jealousy of Leontes; Miss Sophie Eyre was Paulina, a part in which she was after a time succeeded by Mrs. Billington; Mr. F. H. Macklin was Polixenes; Mr. Fuller Mellish, Florizel; Mr. J. Maclean, Camillo; Mr. W. H. Stephens, the Old Shepherd; Mr. Charles Collette, Autolycus; Mr.

George Warde, Antigonus; and Mr. J. Anderson, a brother of the exponent of Hermione and Perdita, the Clown. To such small characters as Mopsa and Dorcas, agreeably played by Misses Tilbury and Ayrton, the care of the management extended. For some hundreds of nights in England and America Miss Anderson repeated her double performance.

A revival of *The Winter's Tale* a dozen or more years ago in Liverpool, in which Miss Rose Leclercq played Hermione, attracted some attention, but does not call for much notice. It was transferred to Edinburgh 6th November, 1876.—J. K.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

*The Winter's Tale* is a typically romantic drama, a "winter's dream, when nights are longest," constructed in defiance of probabilities, which it rides over happily. It has all the license and it has all the charm of a fairy tale; while the matters of which it treats are often serious enough, ready to become tragic at any moment, and with much of real tragedy in them as it is. The merciful spirit of Shakespeare in his last period, grown to repose now after the sharp sunshine and storm of his earlier and middle years—the delicate art which that period matured in him, seen at its point of finest delicacy in this play and in *The Tempest*, alone serve to restrain what would otherwise be really painful in the griefs and mistaken passions of the perturbed persons of the drama. Something—the very atmosphere, the dawning of light among the clouds at their blackest—at first a hint, then, distinctly, a promise, of things coming right at last, keeps us from taking all these distresses, genuine as they are, too seriously. It is all human life, but life under happier skies, on continents where the shores of Bohemia are washed by "faery seas." Anachronisms abound, and are delightful. That Delphos should be an island, Giulio Romano contemporary with the oracles, that Puritans should sing psalms to hornpipes, and a sudden remembrance call up the name of *Jove* or *Proserpina* to the forgetful lips of Christian-speaking characters—all this is of no more importance than a trifling error in the count of miles traversed by a witch's broom-

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stick in a minute. Too probable figures would destroy the illusion, and the error is a separate felicity.

It is quite in keeping with the other romantic characteristics of the play, that, judged by the usual standard of such a Romantic as Shakespeare himself, it should be constructed with exceptional looseness, falling into two very definite halves, the latter of which can again, in a measure, be divided.—The first part, which takes place in Sicilia, is a study of jealousy; the whole interest is concentrated upon the relations of the “usual three—husband and wife and friend”—Leontes, Hermione, and Polixenes. The jealousy is in possession when we first see Leontes: it bursts out, comes to a climax, almost at once: in its furious heat runs through its whole course with the devouring speed of a race-horse: and then has its downfall, sudden and precipitate, and so dies of its own over-swiftness. Act iii. scene 2 ends the first part of the play; and with the third scene begins part ii., taking us from Sicilia, where the widowed and childless king is left mourning, to Bohemia, where the children, not long born when we last saw Sicilia, are now come to years of love. Then, all through the fourth act, we are with Florizel and Perdita—a sweet pastoral, varied with the dainty knaveries of a rogue as light-hearted as he is light-fingered; that too, the pastoral, coming to a sudden and disastrous end, not without a doubtful gleam of hope for the future. With act v. we return to Sicilia, having from the beginning a sense that things are now at last coming to a desired end. Leontes’ proved faithfulness, his sixteen years’ burden of “saint-like sorrow,” gives him the right, one feels, to the happiness that is so evidently drawing near. All does, indeed, fall well, as the whole company comes together at the court of Sicilia, now re-united at last, husband with his lost wife (another *Alcestis* from the grave), father and mother with child, lover with lover (the course of true love smooth again), friend with friend, the faithful servants rewarded—with each other, the worthless likeable knave, even, in a good way of getting on in the world.

☞The principal charm in *The Winter’s Tale*,

its real power over the sources of delight, lies in the two women, true mother and daughter, whose fortunes we see at certain moments, the really important crises of their lives. Hermione, as we have just time to see her before the blow comes, is happy wife, happy mother, fixed, as it seems, in a settled happiness. Grave, not gay, but with a certain quiet playfulness, such as so well becomes stately women, she impresses us with a feeling, partly of admiration, partly of attraction. It is with a sort of devoted reverence that we see her presently, patient yet not abject, under the dishonouring accusations of the fool her husband. “Good my lords,” she can say—

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have  
That honourable grief lodged here which burns  
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The king’s will be perform’d!

All Hermione is in those words, no less than in the calm forthrightness of her defence, spoken afterwards in the Court of Justice. She has no self-consciousness, is not aware that at any time in her life she is heroic; “a very woman,” merely simple, sincere, having in reverence the sanctity of wifehood and in respect the dignity of queenship. In Perdita, the daughter so long lost and in the end so happily restored to her, we see, in all the gaiety of youth, the frank innocence and the placid strength of Hermione. She is the incarnation of all that is delightful and desirable in girlhood, as her mother incarnates for us the perfect charm of mature woman. And, coming before us where she does, a shepherdess among pastoral people, “the queen of curls and cream,” she seems to sum up and immortalize, in one delicious figure, our holiday loves, our most vivid sensations of country pleasures. It is the grace of Florizel that he loves Perdita; he becomes charming to us because Perdita loves him. In these young creatures the old passion becomes new; and for an hour we too are as if we had never loved, but are now, now, in the first moment of the unique discovery.

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

This charm of womanhood, this purely delightful quality, of which the play has so much, though it remains, I think, the predominant feeling with us after reading or seeing the course of action, is not, we must remember, the only quality, the whole course of the action. Besides the ripe comedy, characteristic of Shakespeare at his latest, which indeed harmonizes admirably with the idyl of love to which it serves as background, there is also a harsh exhibition, in Leontes, of the meanest of the passions, an insane jealousy, petty and violent as the man who nurses it. For sheer realism, for absolute insight into the most cobwebbed corners of our nature, Shakespeare has rarely surpassed this brief study, which, in its total effect, does but throw out in brighter relief the noble qualities of the other actors beside him, the pleasant qualities of the play they make by their acting. With Othello there is properly no comparison. Othello could no more comprehend the workings of the mind of Leontes than Leontes could fathom the meaning of the attitude of Othello. Leontes is meanly, miserably, degradedly jealous, with a sort of mental alienation or distortion—a disease of the brain like some disease of vision, by which he still “sees yellow” everywhere. The malady has its course, disastrously, and then ends in the only

way possible—by an agonizing cure, suddenly applied. Are those sixteen years of mourning, we may wonder, really adequate penance for the man? Certainly his suffering, like his criminal folly, was great; and not least among the separate heartaches in that purifying ministry of grief must have been the memory of the boy Mamillius, the noblest and dearest to our hearts of Shakespeare's children. When the great day came (is it fanciful to note?) Hermione embraced her husband in silence; it was to her daughter that she first spoke.

The end, certainly, is reconciliation, mercy—mercy extended even to the unworthy, in a spirit of something more than mere justice; as, in those dark plays of Shakespeare's great penultimate period, the end came with a sort of sombre, irresponsible injustice, an outrage of nature upon her sons, wrought in blind anger. We close *The Winter's Tale* with a feeling that life is a good thing, worth living; that much trial, much mistake and error, may be endured to a happier issue, though the scars, perhaps, are not to be effaced. This end, on such a note, is indeed the mood in which Shakespeare took leave of life—in no weakly optimistic spirit, certainly, but with the air of one who has conquered fortune, not fallen under it—with a genial faith in the ultimate result of things.



*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.—(Act i. l. 6-8.)

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. Antechamber in Leontes' palace.

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*Arch.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed— 10

*Cam.* Beseech you,—

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely. 19

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhood; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed<sup>1</sup> with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves! 35

*Arch.* I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note. 40

<sup>1</sup> *Attorneyed*, performed by proxy.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. 50

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A state-room in Leontes' palace.*

*Enter* LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

*Pol.* Nine changes of the watery star<sup>1</sup> hath been

The shepherd's note since we have left our throne

Without a burden: time as long again

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;

And yet we should, for perpetuity,

Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,

Yet standing in rich place, I multiply  
With one "We-thank-you" many thousands  
moe

That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks awhile,  
And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may  
chance 11

Or breed upon our absence; that may blow

No sneaping<sup>2</sup> winds at home, to make us say,  
"This is put forth too truly:" besides, I have

stay'd

To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leon.* We'll part the time between's, then:  
and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

*Pol.* Press me not, beseech you, so.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'  
the world, 20

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,  
Were there necessity in your request, although  
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,  
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay,  
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,  
Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my  
peace until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay.

You, sir,

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure  
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction 31

The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,  
He's beat from his best ward.

*Leon.* Well said, Hermione.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son, were  
strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go;

But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,

We'll thrack him hence with distaffs.

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure 35

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission  
To let<sup>3</sup> him there a month behind the gest<sup>4</sup>

Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,  
I love thee not a jar<sup>5</sup> o' the clock behind

What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

*Pol.* No, madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will?

*Pol.* I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars  
with oaths,

Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,

You shall not go: a lady's "verily" is 50  
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees<sup>6</sup>

When you depart, and save your thanks. How  
say you?

My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread  
"verily,"

One of them you shall be.

<sup>1</sup> Let, hinder.

<sup>4</sup> Gest, stopping-place, limit.

<sup>5</sup> Jar, tick.

<sup>6</sup> As debtors did.

<sup>1</sup> The watery star, i.e. the moon.    <sup>2</sup> Sneaping, nipping.



*Pol.* Your guest, then, madam:  
To be your prisoner should import offending;  
Which is for me less easy to commit  
Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your gaoler, then,  
But you kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were  
boys: 61

You were pretty lordings then!

*Pol.* We were, fair queen,  
Two kids that thought there was no more  
behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord  
The verier wag o' the two!



*Pol.* Your guest, then, madam:  
To be your prisoner should import offending.—(Act i. 2. 56, 57.)

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs that did  
frisk i' the sun,  
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine<sup>1</sup> of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
That any did. Had we pursued that life, 70  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd  
heaven  
Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition clear'd  
Hereditary ours.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Doctrine* should be pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>2</sup> "Not guilty," setting aside original sin.

*Her.* By this we gather  
You have tripp'd since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to's;  
for

In those unledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young playfellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot!<sup>3</sup> 80  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say  
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on:

<sup>3</sup> *Grace to boot!* i.e. God help us!

The offences we have made you do, we'll answer,  
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd  
not

With any but with us.

*Leon.* Is he won yet?

*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

*Leon.* At my request he would not.  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose.

*Her.* Never?

*Leon.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What! have I twice said well? when  
was't before? 90

I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and  
make's

As fat as tame things: one good deed dying  
tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:  
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:

What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you: O would her name were  
Grace! 99

But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?  
Nay, let me have't; I long.

*Leon.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves  
to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter,  
"I am yours for ever."

*Her.* 'T is Grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose  
twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

The other for some while a friend.

*Leon.* [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
I have tremor cordis on me; my heart dances;  
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment  
May a free face put on; derive a liberty 112  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;  
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,  
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,  
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as  
't were

The mort' o' the deer; O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

[*Leon.* I' fecks! 121  
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd  
thy nose? 121

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginaling  
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf?  
Art thou my calf?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.] 121

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash,<sup>3</sup> and the  
shoots that I have,

To be full like me: yet they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130  
That will say any thing: [but were they false?  
As o'er-dyed blacks,<sup>4</sup> as wind, as waters, false  
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true  
To say this boy were like me.] Come, sir page,  
Look on me with your welkin<sup>5</sup> eye: sweet  
villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—  
may't be?—

Affection!<sup>6</sup> thy intention stabs the centre:  
[Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this  
be!— 140

With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing: then 't is very credent,  
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou  
dost,

And that beyond commission, and I find it,

And that to the infection of my brains

And hardening of my brows.]

*Pol.* What means Sicilia?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How, my lord!

*Leon.* What cheer? how is't with you, best  
brother?

*Her.* You look as if you held a brow of much  
distraction: 149

Are you mov'd, my lord?

<sup>1</sup> Mort, death.

<sup>2</sup> I' fecks! In faith!

<sup>3</sup> Pash, head.

<sup>4</sup> Blacks, mourning garments.

<sup>5</sup> Welkin, blue, or heavenly.

<sup>6</sup> Affection, natural instinct.

*Leon.* No, in good earnest.  
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts<sup>1</sup> I did recoil  
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash,<sup>2</sup> this gentleman. Mine honest  
friend, 160  
Will you take eggs for money?

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leon.* You will? why, happy man be 's dole!  
My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.* If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all: 168  
He makes a July's day short as December;  
And with his varying childness cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*Leon.* So stands this squire  
Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,  
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's  
welcome;

[Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:]  
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's  
Apparent to my heart.

*Her.* If you would seek us,  
We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend  
you there?

*Leon.* To your own bents dispose you: you'll  
be found,  
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling  
now, 180  
Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
Go to, go to!

[How she holds up the neb,<sup>3</sup> the bill to him!  
& And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
& To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*  
Gone already!

<sup>1</sup> *Methoughts*, i.e. methought, by false analogy from *methinks*.

<sup>2</sup> *Squash*, an unripe peascod.

<sup>3</sup> *Neb*, mouth.

luch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a  
fork'd one!

Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I  
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and  
clamour

Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There  
have been, 190

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;  
And many a man there is, even at this present,  
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the  
arm,

That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's  
absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort  
in 't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates  
open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there  
is none; 200

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful,  
think it,

From east, west, north, and south: be it con-  
cluded,

No barricado for a belly; know 't;

It will let in and out the enemy  
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's  
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy?

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leon.* Why, that's some comfort. ]  
What, Camillo there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord. 210

*Leon.* Go, play, Mamillius: thou'rt an  
honest man. [*Erit Mamillius.*  
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor  
hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

*Leon.* Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions;  
made

His business more material.

*Leon.* Didst perceive it?—  
[*Aside*] They're here with me already: whisper-  
ing, rounding,

"Sicilia is a—so-forth:" 't is far gone,

When I shall gust<sup>1</sup> it last. How came 't,  
Camillo,

That he did stay?

[*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

*Leon.* At the queen's be't: "good" should be  
pertinent; 221

But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?  
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in  
More than the common blocks:<sup>2</sup> not noted, is 't,  
But of the finer natures? by some severals  
Of head-piece extraordinary! lower messes  
Perchance are to this business purblind! say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord? I think most  
understand

Bohemian stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ha!

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ay, but why? ] 231

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the en-  
treaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leon.* Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd 240  
In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon.* To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,  
Which hoxes<sup>3</sup> honesty behind, restraining  
From course requir'd; or else thou must be  
counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent; or else a fool  
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake  
drawn,

And tak'st it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful; 250

In every one of these no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,

Among the infinite doings of the world,

Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out 260  
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty  
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
'T is none of mine.

*Leon.* Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—

[ But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-  
glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,— ] or heard,—  
For, to a vision so apparent, rumour 270

Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think,—  
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
Or else be impudently negative,

[ To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say  
My wife 's a hobby-horse; deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts-to  
Before her troth-pledge: say 't, and justify 't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less 283  
Than this; which to reiterate were sin

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing?

Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?

Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible

Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?

Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web,<sup>4</sup> but thirs, theirs

only, 291

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?

Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is

nothing;

The coveringsky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;

My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these

nothings,

If this be nothing. ]

<sup>1</sup> Gust, taste.

<sup>2</sup> Blocks, blockheads.

<sup>3</sup> Hoxes, houghs, hamstrings.

<sup>4</sup> Pin and web, diseases of the eye.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cured  
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 't is most dangerous.

*Leon.* Say it be, 't is true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.* It is; you lie, you lie;  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300

Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: [ were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who does infect her!



*Leon.* It is; you lie, you lie;  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee.—(Act I. 2. 299, 300.)

*Leon.* Why, he that wears her like her  
medal,<sup>1</sup> hanging  
About his neck, Bohemia; who, ] if I 305  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,  
His cupbearer,—whom I from meener form  
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who  
mayst see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth and earth sees  
heaven,

How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink:  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash<sup>2</sup> potion,  
But with a lingering dram, that should not  
work 320

Maliciously like poison: but I cannot

<sup>1</sup> Her medal, i.e. a medal (portrait) of her.

<sup>2</sup> Rash, hasty.

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have lov'd thee,—

*Leon.* Make that thy question, and go rot!  
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint<sup>1</sup> myself in this vexation; [sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;] 329  
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,  
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,  
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?<sup>2</sup>

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir:  
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;  
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your high-  
ness

Will take again your queen as yours at first,  
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for  
sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.* Thou dost advise me  
Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My lord, 342  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with  
Bohemia

And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all:  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast  
advise'd me. [Exit.

*Cam.* O miserable lady! But, for me, 351  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master; one  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his so too. To do this deed,  
Promotion follows: if I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since

Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not  
one, 360

Let villainy itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

*Re-enter POLIXENES.*

*Pol.* This is strange; methinks  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?  
Good day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Pol.* What is the news i' the court?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a counten-  
ance

As he had lost some province, and a region  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met  
him 370

With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speaks from me, and  
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding  
That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How! dare not? do not? Do you know,  
and dare not?

Be intelligent to me. 'Tis thereabouts;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,  
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I  
must be 382

A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with't.

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How! caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped  
the better 389

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—  
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto  
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns  
Our gentry<sup>3</sup> than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success<sup>4</sup> we are gentle,—I beseech you,

<sup>1</sup> *Appoint*, attire.

<sup>2</sup> *Blench*, start or fly off

<sup>3</sup> *Gentry*, rank as gentlemen.

<sup>4</sup> *Success*, succession.

If you know aught which does behove my  
knowledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not  
In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer,

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400  
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the  
least

Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I will tell you;  
Since I am charged in honour, and by him  
That I think honourable: therefore mark my  
counsel, 408

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as  
I mean to utter 't, or both yourself and me  
Cry "lost," and so good night!

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence  
he swears,

As he had seen 't, or been an instrument  
To vice<sup>1</sup> you to 't, that you have touch'd his  
queen

Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly, and my name  
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to 420  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard or read!

*Cam.* Swear his thought over<sup>2</sup>  
By each particular star in heaven and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,

As or by oath remove or counsel shake  
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue 430  
The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow!

*Cam.* I know not: but I'm sure 't is safer to  
Avoid what's grown than question how 't is  
born.

If, therefore, you dare trust my honesty,  
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!  
Your followers I will whisper to the business;  
And will by twos and threes at several posterns  
Clear them o' the city: for myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For, by the honour of my parents, I 442  
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,  
thereon

His execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago. This jealousy 451  
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd<sup>3</sup> to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er shades  
me:

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but  
nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;  
I will respect thee as a father if 461  
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns: please your high-  
ness

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Vice, screw, force.

<sup>2</sup> Swear . . . over, i.e. over swear.

<sup>3</sup> Profess'd, i.e. professed friendship

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in Leontes' palace.**Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

*Her.* Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

*First Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.  
*First Lady.* Why, my sweet lord!

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard, and speak to  
me as if

I were a baby still. I love you better.

*Sec. Lady.* And why so, my lord!

*Mam.* Not for because



*Her.* Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.—(Act ii. 1. 1, 2.)

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows,  
they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be  
not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

*Sec. Lady.* Who taught you this?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's faces.

Pray now

What colour are your eyebrows?

*First Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's  
nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

[ *First Lady.* Hark ye;

The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince  
One of these days; and then you'd wanton  
with us,  
If we would have you.

*Sec. Lady.* She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her! ]



> *Her.* [What wisdom stirs amongst you?  
 ~~~~~ Come, sir, now 21

> I am for you again:] pray you, sit by us,  
 ~~~~~ And tell's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry or sad shall't be!

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter: I have one  
 Of sprites and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, good sir.  
 Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best  
 To fright me with your sprites; you're power-  
 ful at it.

*Mam.* There was a man—

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it  
 softly; 30  
 Yond crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on, then,  
 And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter* LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and Guards.*

*Leon.* Was he met there? his train? Camillo  
 with him?

*First Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met  
 them; never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them  
 Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How blest am I  
 In my just censure,<sup>1</sup> in my true opinion!  
 Alack for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd  
 In being so blest! There may be in the cup  
 A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,  
 And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge  
 Is not infected: but if one present 42

The abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known  
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his  
 sides,

With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen  
 the spider.

[Camillo was his help in this, his pander:]  
 There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
 All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain  
 Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:  
 He has discover'd my design, and I 50  
 Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick  
 For them to play at will. How came the posterns  
 So easily open?

*First Lord.* By his great authority;

Which often hath no less prevail'd than so  
 On your command.

*Leon.* I know't too well.

Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse  
 him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
 Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? sport?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence; he shall not come  
 about her;

[Away with him! and let her sport herself 60  
 With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes  
 Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say he had not,  
 And I'll besworn you would believe my saying,  
 Howe'er you lean to the wayward.

*Leon.*] You, my lords,  
 Look on her, mark her well; be but about  
 To say, "She is a goodly lady," and  
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
 "Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:"

[Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
 Which, on my faith, deserves high speech, and  
 straight 70

The shrug, the hum, or ha, these petty brands  
 That calumny doth use; O, I am out,

That mercy does, for calumny will sear  
 Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,  
 When you have said "she's goodly," come  
 between,

Ere you can say "she's honest:" but] be't known,  
 From him that has most cause to grieve it  
 should be,  
 She's an adulteress.

*Her.* [Should a villain say so,  
 The most replenish'd<sup>2</sup> villain in the world,  
 He were as much more villain: you, my lord,  
 Do but mistake.

*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,  
 Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing! 82

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
 Should a like language use to all degrees,  
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
 Betwixt the princee and beggar: I have said  
 She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:]  
 More, she's a traitor and Camillo is  
 A federary<sup>3</sup> with her; [and one that knows,

<sup>2</sup> *Replenish'd*, complete, consummate.

<sup>3</sup> *Federary*, confederate, accomplice.

<sup>1</sup> *Censure*, judgment.

What she should shame to know herself 91  
But with her most vile principal, that she's  
A bed-swerger, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles: ]ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

*Leon.* No, if I mistake 100  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre is not big enough to bear  
A schoolboy's top. Away with her, to prison!  
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty  
But that he speaks.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable. Good my  
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have  
That honourable grief lodged here which burns  
Worse than tears down: beseech you all, my  
lords, 112

With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The king's will be perform'd!

*Leon.* Shall I be heard?

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me? Beseech  
your highness,  
My women may be with me; for, you see,  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good  
fools;

There is no cause: when you shall know your  
mistress 119

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears  
As I come out: this action I now go on  
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:  
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now  
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have  
leave.

*Leon.* Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exeunt Hermione, guarded, and Ladies.*]

*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the  
queen again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir, lest your  
justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones  
suffer; 128

Yourself, your queen, your son.

*First Lord.* For her, my lord,  
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,  
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless  
P' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

[*Ant.* If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;  
Than when I feel and see her no further trust  
her;

For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
If she be.

*Leon.* Hold your peaces.

*First Lord.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:  
You are abused, and by some putter-on<sup>1</sup> 141  
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the  
villain,

I would land-damn him. Be she honour-  
flaw'd,—

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;  
The second and the third, nine and some five;  
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't: by mine  
honour,

I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;  
And I had rather glib myself than they 149  
Should not produce fair issue.

*Leon.* Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and  
feel't,

As you feel doing thus, and see withal  
The instruments that feel.

*Ant.* If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty:  
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth. ]

*Leon.* What! lack I credit?

*First Lord.* I had rather you did lack than  
I, my lord, 158

Upon this ground; and more it would content me  
To have her honour true than your suspicion,  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

<sup>1</sup> Putter-on, instigator.

*Leon.* [Why, what need we  
Commune with you of this, but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness  
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupified  
Or seeming so in skill,<sup>1</sup> cannot or will not  
Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all  
Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege, 170  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.<sup>2</sup>

*Leon.* How could that be? ]  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity,  
[Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation<sup>3</sup>  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed, ]—doth push on this pro-  
ceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180  
For, in an act of this importance 't were  
Most piteous to be wild,<sup>4</sup> I have dispatch'd in  
post<sup>5</sup>

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

*First Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leon.* Though I am satisfied, and need no  
more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190  
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth. So have we thought  
it good

From our free person she should be confin'd,  
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in public; for this business  
Will raise<sup>6</sup> us all.

*Ant.* [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Skill, cunning.

<sup>2</sup> Overture, disclosure.

<sup>3</sup> Approbation, attestation.

<sup>4</sup> Wild, i.e. rash.

<sup>5</sup> In post, in haste, as we say now post-haste.

<sup>6</sup> Raise, i.e. rouse.

## SCENE II. A prison.

*Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman, and Attendants.*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison, call to him;  
Let him have knowledge who I am.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good lady,

No court in Europe is too good for thee;  
What dost thou then in prison?

*Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.*

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not?

*Gaol.* For a worthy lady,  
And one who much I honour.

*Paul.* Pray you, then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

*Gaol.* I may not, madam:  
To the contrary I have express commandment.

*Paul.* Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from 10  
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray  
you,

To see her women? any of them? Emilia!

*Gaol.* So please you, madam,  
To put apart these your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.

*Paul.* I pray now, call her.  
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*]

*Gaol.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

*Paul.* Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*]  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain  
As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman, 20

How fares our gracious lady?

*Emil.* As well as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,  
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*Paul.* A boy!

*Emil.* A daughter: and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in 't: says, "My poor prisoner,  
I am innocent as you."

*Paul.* I dare be sworn:

These dangerous unsafe lures<sup>1</sup> i' the king,  
 beshrew them! 50  
 He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office  
 Becomes a woman best: I'll take 't upon me:  
 If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,  
 And never to my red-look'd anger be  
 The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,

Commend my best obedience to the queen:  
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
 I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be  
 Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know  
 How he may soften at the sight o' the child:  
 The silence often of pure innocence 41  
 Persuades when speaking fails.



*Emil.* A daughter; and a goodly babe,  
 Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives

Much comfort in 't; says, "My poor prisoner,  
 I am innocent as you."—(Act ii. 2. 26-29.)

*Emil.* Most worthy madam,  
 Your honour and your goodness is so evident,  
 That your free undertaking cannot miss  
 A thriving issue: there's no lady living  
 So meet for this great errand. Please your  
 ladyship  
 To visit the next room, I'll presently  
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;  
 Who but to-day hammered of this design,  
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 50  
 Lest she should be denied.

*Paul.* Tell her, Emilia,

I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't,  
 As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted  
 I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you bless'd for it!  
 I'll to the queen: please you, come something  
 nearer.

*Paul.* Madam, if 't please the queen to send  
 the babe,  
 I know not what I shall incur to pass it,  
 Having no warrant.

[*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir:  
 The child was prisoner to the womb, and is  
 By law and process of great nature thence 60  
 Freed and enfranchised; not a party to

<sup>1</sup> *Lures*, frenzies.

{The anger of the king, nor guilty of,  
{If any be, the trespass of the queen.

{*Geol.* I do believe it. }

*Paul.* Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I  
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Leontes' palace.*

*Enter* LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and*  
*Servants.*

*Leon.* Nor night nor day no rest: it is but  
weakness  
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If  
The cause were not in being,—[part of the cause,  
She the adulteress; for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank<sup>1</sup>  
And level<sup>2</sup> of my brain, plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me: ] say that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

*First Serv.* My lord?

*Leon.* How does the boy?

*First Serv.* He took good rest to-night;  
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged. 11

*Leon.* To see his nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely; go,  
See how he fares. [*Exit Servant.*] Fie, fie!  
no thought of him:

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty, 20  
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,  
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them;  
nor  
Shall she, within my power.

*Enter* PAULINA, *with a Child.*

*First Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second  
to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,

Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
More free than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough.

*Sec. Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-  
night; commanded 21  
None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir:  
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings, such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
Do come with words as medicinal as true,  
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour  
That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho!

*Paul.* No noise, my lord; but needful con-  
ference 40  
About some gossips<sup>3</sup> for your highness.

*Leon.* How!  
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,  
I charged thee that she should not come about  
me;

I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leon.* What, canst not rule her!

*Paul.* From all dishonesty he can: in this,  
Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me for committing honour, trust it.  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* La you now, you hear:  
When she will take the rein, I let her run;  
But she'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come;  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient councillor, yet that dares  
Less appear so in comforting<sup>4</sup> your evils.  
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen!

*Paul.* Good queen, my lord,  
Good queen; I say good queen; 50  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leon.* Force her hence.

<sup>1</sup> *Blank*, the white or bull's-eye of a target; mark.

<sup>2</sup> *Level*, aim.

<sup>3</sup> *Gossips*, sponsors.

<sup>4</sup> *Comforting*, encouraging.

*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;  
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a  
daughter:

Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.

[*Lays down the Child.*]

*Leon.* [Out!]

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'  
door:

A most intelligencing bawd!

*Paul.* Not so:

I am as ignorant in that as you  
In so entitling me, and no less honest 70  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll  
warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leon.* Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the  
bastard.

[*To Antigonus*] Thou dotard, thou art woman-  
tir'd,<sup>1</sup> unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;  
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

*Paul.* For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness  
Which he has put upon 't!

*Leon.* He dreads his wife.

*Paul.* So I would you did; then 't were past  
all doubt 80

You'd call your children yours.

*Leon.* A nest of traitors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.* Nor I; nor any,

But one that's here, and that's himself; for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and  
will not—

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to 't—once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten  
As ever oak or stone was sound.

*Leon.* A callat<sup>2</sup> 90

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her  
husband,

And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;  
It is the issue of Polixenes: ]

Hence with it; and together with the dam  
Commit them to the fire!

*Paul.* It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your  
charge,

So like you, 't is the worse. [Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;

The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the  
valley, 100

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his  
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:  
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast  
made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all  
colours

No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's! ]

*Leon.* A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

*Leon.* I'll ha' thee burnt.

*Paul.* I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you  
tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen—

Not able to produce more accusation

Than your own weak-hing'd fancy—some-  
thing savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you, 120  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leon.* On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,

If she did know me one. Away with her!

*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me; I'll be  
gone.

Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove  
send her

<sup>1</sup> *Woman-tir'd*, henpecked.

<sup>2</sup> *Callat*, trull.

A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands!  
 You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
 Will never do him good, not one of you. 129  
 So, so: farewell; we are gone. [Exit.  
*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

[My child! away with it! Even thou, that hast  
 A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence  
 And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
 Even thou and none but thou. Take it up  
 straight:  
 Within this hour bring me word 't is done,  
 And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,



*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.  
 Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours.—(Act II. 3. 125, 126.)

With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,  
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
 The bastard-brains with these my proper hands  
 Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire; 140  
 For thou sett'st on thy wife.]

*Ant.* I did not, sir:  
 These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
 Can clear me in 't.

*First Lord.* We can; my royal liege,  
 He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leon.* You're liars all,

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*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us  
 better credit:

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech  
 you

So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,  
 As recompense of our dear services 150

Past and to come, that you do change this  
 purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
 Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that blows:  
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
 And call me father? better burn it now

Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.  
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;  
[You that have been so tenderly officious  
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,  
To save this bastard's life.—for 't is a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's gray,—] what will you  
adventure 162

To save this brat's life?

*Aut.* Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much:  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left  
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

*Leon.* It shall be possible. Swear by this  
sword

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Aut.* I will, my lord.

*Leon.* Mark, and perform it: [seest thou?  
for the fail 170

Of any point in 't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,  
Whom for this time we pardon.] We enjoin  
thee,

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence, and that thou  
bear it

To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to its own protection  
And favour of the climate. As by strange for-  
tune 179

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,  
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
That thou commend it strangely<sup>1</sup> to some place  
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it  
up.

*Aut.* I swear to do this, though a present  
death

Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and  
ravens

To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require! And  
blessing 190

Against this cruelty fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!<sup>2</sup>

[*Exit with the Child.*

*Leon.* No, I'll not rear  
Another's issue.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please your highness, posts  
From those you sent to the oracle are come  
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both  
landed,

Hasting to the court.

*First Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*Leon.* Twenty-three days  
They have been absent: 't is good speed; fore-  
tells

The great Apollo suddenly will have 200  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath  
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives  
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,  
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *A town in Sicilia.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION, attended.*

*Cleo.* The climate's delicate, the air most  
sweet,  
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
Methinks I so should term them, and the  
reverence  
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was! the offering!

<sup>1</sup> *Commend it strangely, i.e. commit it as a stranger.*

<sup>2</sup> *Loss, casting away.*



*Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle, —<sup>9</sup>  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,  
That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so!—  
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on 't.

*Cleo.* Great Apollo  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,  
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,  
Shall the contents discover, something rare  
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh  
horses!<sup>21</sup>  
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A court of justice.*

*Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.*

*Leon.* This sessions, to our great grief we  
pronounce,  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,  
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one  
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,  
Even<sup>1</sup> to the guilt or the purgation.  
Produce the prisoner.

*Offi.* It is his highness' pleasure that the  
queen  
Appear in person here in court. Silence!<sup>10</sup>

*Enter HERMIONE, guarded; PAULINA and  
Ladies attending.*

*Leon.* Read the indictment.

*Offi.* [*Reads*] "Hermione, queen to the worthy  
Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and  
arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery  
with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring  
with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign  
lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence<sup>2</sup>  
whereof being by circumstances partly laid open,  
thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance  
of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for  
their better safety, to fly away by night."<sup>22</sup>

*Her.* Since what I am to say must be but  
that<sup>23</sup>

Which contradicts my accusation and  
The testimony on my part no other  
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce  
boot me

To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine  
Behold our human actions, as they do,<sup>20</sup>  
I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,  
Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, though devis'd  
And play'd to take spectators. [For behold me,  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe<sup>3</sup>  
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daugh-  
ter,<sup>4</sup>

The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  
To prate and talk for life and honour fore  
Who please to come and hear.] For life, I  
prize it  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for  
honour,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter<sup>4</sup> so uncurrent I<sup>5</sup>  
Have strain'd,<sup>5</sup> to appear thus: if one jot be-  
yond

The bound of honour, or in act or will  
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry fie upon my grave!

[*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That 's true enough;  
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leon.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of

<sup>1</sup> *Even*, possess.

<sup>2</sup> *Encounter*, behaviour or intercourse.

<sup>3</sup> *Strain'd*, swerved.

<sup>1</sup> *Even*, equal, impartial.

<sup>2</sup> *Pretence*, design.

Which comes to me in name of fault, I must  
not

61

At all acknowledge. ] For Polixenes,  
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess  
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,  
With such a kind of love as might become  
A lady like me, with a love even such,  
So and no other, as yourself commanded:  
Which not to have done, I think had been in  
me

Both disobedience and ingratitude  
To you and toward your friend; whose love  
had spoke,

70

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd  
For me to try how: all I know of it  
Is that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leon.* You knew of his departure, as you  
know what

79

You've underta'en to do in 's absence.

*Her.* Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not:  
[ My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down. ]

*Leon.* [ Your actions are my dreams;  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dream'd it. ] As you were past all  
shame,—

Those of your fact<sup>1</sup> are so,—so past all truth:  
Which to deny concerns more than avails;  
[ for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee than it,—so ] thou 90  
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage  
Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats:  
The bug<sup>2</sup> which you would fright me with I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity;<sup>3</sup>  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went. My second joy  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third  
comfort,

99

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
Haled out to murder: [ myself on every post  
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred  
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
To women of all fashion; ] lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.  
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,  
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,  
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd  
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else 113  
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,  
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all,  
I do refer me to the oracle:  
Apollo be my judge!

*First Lord.* This your request  
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[ *Exeunt some Officers.*

*Her.* The emperor of Russia was my father:  
O that he were alive, and here beholding 121  
His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge!

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.*

*First Offi.* You here shall swear upon this  
sword of justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have  
brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest; and that since then  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal  
Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleo. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leon.* Break up the seals and read. 132

*Offi.* [ *Reads* ] "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes  
blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous  
tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the  
king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost  
be not found."

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo!

*Her.* Praised!

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth?

*First Offi.* Ay, my lord; even so  
As it is here set down. 140

<sup>1</sup> Those of your fact, i.e. those who have done as you have done.    <sup>2</sup> Bug, bugbear.    <sup>3</sup> Commodity, profit.

*Leon.* There is no truth at all i' the oracle:  
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere false-  
hood.

*A Servant rushes in.*

*Serv.* My lord the king, the king!

*Leon.* What is the business?  
*Serv.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it!  
The prince your son, with mere conceit<sup>1</sup> and tear  
Of the queen's speed,<sup>2</sup> is gone.

*Leon.* How! gone?  
*Serv.* Is dead.



*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen: look down,  
And see what death is doing.—(Act iii. 2. 149, 150.)

*Leon.* Apollo's angry; and the heavens them-  
selves  
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*]  
How now there!

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen:  
look down, 149  
And see what death is doing.

*Leon.* Take her hence:  
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:  
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:  
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Her-  
mione.*]

Apollo, pardon  
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,  
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;  
For, being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
Camillo for the minister, to poison 151  
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,  
But that the good mind of Camillo tarried  
My swift command, though I with death and  
with

<sup>1</sup> With mere conceit, i.e. with the mere conception.  
<sup>2</sup> Speed, fortune.

Reward did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane,  
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest  
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,  
Which you knew great, and to the hazard  
Of all incertainties himself commended, 170  
No richer than his honour: how he glisters  
Through my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*Paul.* Woe the while!  
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

*First Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast  
for me?

What wheels! racks! fires? what flaying?  
boiling

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny  
Together working with thy jealousies,— 181  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine,—O, think what they have  
done,

And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant  
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,  
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's  
honour,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses, 190  
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,  
To be or none or little; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't:  
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince, whose honourable  
thoughts,

Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart  
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,  
When I have said, cry "woe!"—the queen, the  
queen, 201

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and ven-  
geance for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

*First Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul.* I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If  
word nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture<sup>1</sup> or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you  
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!  
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier  
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee  
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

*Leon.* Go on, go on:  
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*First Lord.* Say no more:  
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I' the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for't:  
All faults I make, when I shall come to know  
them, 220

I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much  
The rashness of a woman! he is touch'd  
To the noble heart. What's gone and what's  
past help

Should be past grief: do not receive affliction  
At my petition; I beseech you, rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:  
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;  
I'll not remember you of my own lord, 231  
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

*Leon.* Thou didst speak but well,  
When most the truth; which I receive much  
better

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:  
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear, unto  
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there  
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long 242

<sup>1</sup> Tincture, colour.

I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me  
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country  
near the sea.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS with the Child, and  
a Mariner.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect,<sup>1</sup> then, our ship hath  
touch'd upon  
The deserts of Bohemia!

*Mar.* Ay, my lord; and fear  
We have landed in ill time: the skies look  
grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my con-  
science,

The heavens with that we have in hand are angry  
And frown upon 's.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done! Go, get  
aboard;

Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before  
I call upon thee. 9

*Mar.* Make your best haste; and go not  
Too far ' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey that keep upon 't.

*Ant.* Go thou away:  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Come, poor babe:  
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o'  
the dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow 21  
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,  
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia, 31

There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the  
babe

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,  
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more." And so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Allrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself, and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:  
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40  
I will be squar'd<sup>2</sup> by this. I do believe  
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
Either for life or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!  
There lie, and there thy character:<sup>3</sup> there these;  
Which may, if fortune please, both breed<sup>4</sup> thee,  
pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor  
wretch, 49

That, for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd  
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I  
To be by oath enjoind to this. Farewell!  
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like  
to have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw  
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!  
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:  
I am gone for ever. [*Exit pursued by a bear.*]

*Enter a Shepherd.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age between  
ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would  
sleep out the rest; [for there is nothing in  
the between but getting wenches with child,  
wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting—]  
Hark you now! Would any but these boiled  
brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt  
this weather! They have scard away two  
of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will  
sooner find than the master: if any where I  
have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing of  
ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have  
we here? Mercy on 's, a barme:<sup>5</sup> a very pretty  
barme! A boy or a child, I wonder! A pretty

<sup>2</sup> Squar'd, regulated

<sup>3</sup> Thy character, i.e. the writing concerning thee

<sup>4</sup> Breed, keep

<sup>5</sup> Barme, i.e. bairn, child.

<sup>1</sup> Perfect, well assured.

one; a very pretty one: [sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here.] I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho, ho!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!

80

*Shep.* What, art so near? [If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,] come hither. What ailest thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it



*Shep.* Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a burne; a very pretty burne!—(Act iii. 3. 69-71.)

is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

88

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest<sup>1</sup> and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said

his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

104

*Shep.* Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now: I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman: he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!

111

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship-side,

<sup>1</sup> Yest, foam.

to have help'd her: there your charity would  
have lack'd footing. 111

*Shep.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but  
look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou  
mettest with things dying, I with things new-  
born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a  
bearing-cloth<sup>1</sup> for a squire's child! look thee  
here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let's  
see: it was told me I should be rich by the  
fairies. This is some changeling: open 't.  
What's within, boy? 123

*Clo.* You're a made old man: if the sins of  
your youth are forgiven you, you're well to  
live. Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove  
so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the

next<sup>2</sup> way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so  
still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my  
sheep go: come, good boy, the next way  
home. 131

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your find-  
ings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the  
gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they  
are never curst,<sup>3</sup> but when they are hungry:  
if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed. If thou mayest  
discern by that which is left of him what he  
is, fetch me to the sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to  
put him i' the ground. 141

*Shep.* 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we'll do  
good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Enter TIME, the Chorus.*

*Time.* I, that please some, try all, both joy  
and terror

Of good and bad, that make and unfold error,  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried  
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10  
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to  
The times that brought them in; so shall I do  
To the freshest things now reigning, and make  
stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing  
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving  
The effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving  
That he shuts up himself. Imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20  
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,  
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel

I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues,  
I list not<sup>4</sup> prophesy; but let Time's news  
Be known when 't is brought forth. A shep-  
herd's daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,<sup>5</sup>  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;  
If never, yet that Time himself doth say 31  
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.*

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

*Pol.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more  
importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee any  
thing; a death to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen years since I saw my coun-  
try: though I have for the most part been  
aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there.  
Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath  
sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might  
be some allay, or I o'erween<sup>6</sup> to think so, which  
is another spur to my departure. 10

*Pol.* As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not

<sup>2</sup> Next, highest, nearest.      <sup>3</sup> Curst, savage.

<sup>4</sup> I list not, i. e. I do not choose to

<sup>5</sup> Allow, approve.

<sup>6</sup> O'erween, presume.

<sup>1</sup> Bearing-cloth, i. e. christening-cloth

out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: [the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.<sup>1</sup>] Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues. 32

*Com.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

*Pol.* I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Com.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage. 50

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question<sup>2</sup> with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy<sup>3</sup>

to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Com.* I willingly obey your command. 60

*Pol.* My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,

With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,

With, heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!

Doth set my pugging<sup>4</sup> tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,

With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay,

Are summer songs for me and my aunts, 11

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile;<sup>5</sup> but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget, 20

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus; who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. [With die and drab I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat.] Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize! 32

*Enter Clown.*

*Clow.* Let me see: every 'leven wether tod; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

<sup>1</sup> *Friendships*, friendly services.

<sup>2</sup> *Question*, conversation.

<sup>3</sup> *Not uneasy*, i.e. easy, not difficult

<sup>4</sup> *Pugging*, thievish.

<sup>5</sup> *Three-pile*, i.e. three-pile velvet.



*Aut.* [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

*Clo.* I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast! Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice! But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man songmen<sup>1</sup> all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means<sup>2</sup> and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies; mace; dates, none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

*Aut.* O that ever I was born!

[*Grovels on the ground.*]

*Clo.* P the name of me!

*Aut.* O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

*Clo.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horseman or a footman?

*Aut.* A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

*Aut.* O, good sir, tenderly, O!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul!

*Aut.* O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now! canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want:



*Aut.* Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.—[*Act iv. 3. 79, 80.*]

offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames;<sup>3</sup> I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

<sup>1</sup> *Three-man songmen*, i.e. singers of catches in three parts.

<sup>2</sup> *Means*, tenors.

<sup>3</sup> *Troll-my-dames*, Fr. *trou-madame*, an old game.

*Aut.* Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion<sup>1</sup> of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolyceus.

*Clo.* Out upon him! prig,<sup>2</sup> for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel. 111

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you now?

*Aut.* Sweet, sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way? 122

*Aut.* No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

*Clo.* Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd,<sup>3</sup> and my name put in the book of virtue! 131

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way, [*Sings.*

And merrily hent<sup>4</sup> the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV. *The Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,

And you the queen on't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me:  
O, pardon that I name them! Your high self,  
The gracious mark o' the land, you have ob-  
scur'd

With a swain's wearing,<sup>5</sup> and me, poor lowly  
maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd<sup>6</sup> up: but that our  
feasts 10

In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,  
To show myself a glass.

*Flo.* I bless the time

When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground.

*Per.* Now Jove afford you cause!  
To me the difference forges dread; your great-  
ness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think your father, by some accident, 19  
Should pass this way as you did: O the Fates!  
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or  
how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence?

*Flo.* Apprehend

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30  
As I seen now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
[Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires  
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.]

*Per.* O but, sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is  
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king;  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak, that you must change  
this purpose,  
Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita, 40

<sup>1</sup> Motion, puppet-show.

<sup>2</sup> Prig, thief.

<sup>3</sup> Unroll'd, struck off the roll of thieves.

<sup>4</sup> Hent, clear.

<sup>5</sup> Wearing, dress.

<sup>6</sup> Prank'd, drest.

With these fore'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not  
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's; for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are  
coming:

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50  
We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O Lady Fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!

*Flo.* See, your guests approach:  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO  
disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and  
other Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Shep.* Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,  
upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,  
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd  
all;

Would sing her song and dance her turn; now  
here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;  
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60  
With labour, and the thing she took to quench  
it

She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes and present your-  
self

That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come  
on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* [To Polixenes] Sir, welcome:  
It is my father's will I should take on me 71  
The hostess-ship o' the day. [To Camillo]  
You're welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Rever-  
end sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep

Seeming and savour all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol.* Shepherdess,  
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* [Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the  
season 81

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For<sup>1</sup> I have heard it said  
There is an art which in their piedness shares  
With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,

But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art 91  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we  
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race: this is an art  
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but  
The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gilly-  
vors, 98  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:  
No more than were I painted I would wish  
This youth should say 't were well, and only  
therefore

Desire to breed by me.] Here's flowers for you;  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun  
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and I think they are given  
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your  
flock,

And only live by gazing.

<sup>1</sup> For, because

*Per.* Out, alas! 110  
 You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
 Would blow you through and through. Now,  
 my fair'st friend,  
 I would I had some flowers o' the spring that  
 might  
 Become your time of day; [and yours, and  
 yours,  
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
 Your maidenheads growing:] O Proserpina,  
 For the flowers now, that frighted thou lett'st  
 fall  
 From Dis's wagon! daffodils, 118  
 That come before the swallow dares, and take  
 The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
 Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady  
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
 To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,  
 To strew him o'er and o'er!

*Flo.* [What, like a corse?

*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play  
 on; 120

Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,  
 But quick, and in mine arms.] Come, take  
 your flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
 In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine  
 Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do  
 Still betters what is done. When you speak,  
 sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,  
 Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
 To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish  
 you 140

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,  
 And own no other function: each your doing,  
 So singular in each particular,  
 Crowns what you are doing in the present  
 deeds,

That all your acts are queens.

*Per.* O Doricles,  
 Your praises are too large: but that your youth,

And the true blood which peeps fairly  
 through 't,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,  
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150  
 You wou'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think you have  
 As little skill to fear as I have purpose  
 To put you to 't. But, come; our dance, I pray:  
 Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,  
 That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'll swear for 'em.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass that  
 ever

Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or  
 seems

But smacks of something greater than herself,  
 Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something  
 That makes her blood look out: good sooth,  
 she is 160

The queen of curds and cream.

*Clo.* Come on, strike up!

[*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry,  
 garlie,

To mend her kissing with!

*Mop.* Now, in good time!<sup>1</sup>

*Clo.* Not a word, a word; we stand upon  
 our manners.

Come, strike up!]

[*Music.* Here a dance of Shepherds and  
 Shepherdesses.

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain  
 is this

Which dances with your daughter?

*Shep.* They call him Doricles; and boasts  
 himself

To have a worthy feeding;<sup>2</sup> but I have it  
 Upon his own report and I believe it; 170  
 He looks like sooth. He says he loves my  
 daughter:

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon  
 Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read  
 As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
 I think there is not half a kiss to choose  
 Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances feately.

*Shep.* So she does any thing; though I re-  
 port it,

<sup>1</sup> In good time! à la bonne heure.

<sup>2</sup> A worthy feeding, i.e. a valuable pasturage.

That should be silent: if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of. 180

*Enter Sereant.*

*Sere.* O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again

after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if



*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this  
Which dances with your daughter?—(Act iv. 4. 166, 167.)

it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably. 190

*Sere.* He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: [he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man:" puts him off, slight's him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man." 201

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

*Sere.*] He hath ribands of all the colours of the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles,<sup>1</sup> caddises,<sup>2</sup> cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses [; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't]. 212

<sup>1</sup> Inkles, tapes.

<sup>2</sup> Caddises, worsted laces.

*Clo.* Prithce, bring him in; and let him approach singing. 214

*Per.* Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's times. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Clo.* You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to<sup>1</sup> think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow; 220  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;  
Masks for faces and for noses;  
Bugle<sup>2</sup> bracelet, necklace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber;  
Golden quoifs and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears;  
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel  
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy;  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: 231  
Come buy.

*Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthral'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

[*Mop.* I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars. 240

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle-off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: clamour<sup>3</sup> your tongues, and not a word more. 251

*Mop.* I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

*Aut.* And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

<sup>1</sup> *Go about to*, i. e. am going to.

<sup>2</sup> *Bugle*, head of black glass.

<sup>3</sup> *Clamour*, stop.

*Aut.* I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge. 261

*Clo.* ] What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a-life,<sup>4</sup> for then we are sure they are true.

[*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.<sup>5</sup>

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true, and but a month old. 270

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mrs. Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.]

*Aut.* Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: [it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her:] the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too: another. 290

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man:" there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on't a month ago.

*Aut.* I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you!

*Song.*

*Aut.* Get you hence, for I must go 303  
Where it fits not you to know.

<sup>4</sup> *A-life*, i. e. of life, of all things in life.

<sup>5</sup> *Carbonado'd*, cut in slices for broiling.

*Dor.* Whither? *Mop.* O, whither! *Dor.* Whither?  
*Mop.* It becomes thy oath full well,  
 Thou to me thy secrets tell:

*Dor.* Me too, let me go thither.

*Mop.* Or thou goest to the grange or mill:

*Dor.* If to either, thou dost ill. 310

*Aut.* Neither. *Dor.* What, neither! *Aut.* Neither.

*Dor.* Thou hast sworn my love to be;

*Mop.* Thou hast sworn it more to me;

Then, whither goest! say, whither!

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad<sup>1</sup> talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. 320

[*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,  
 Or lace for your cape,  
 My dainty duck, my dear-a!  
 Any silk, any thread,  
 Any toys for your head,  
 Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a!  
 Come to the pedlar;  
 Money's a meddler,  
 That doth utter all men's ware-a. 330

[*Exit.*

[*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry<sup>2</sup> of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 339

*Shop.* Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Serv.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.<sup>3</sup>

*Shop.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now. 351

*Serv.* Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.*

*Pol.* O father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[*To Camillo*] Is it not too far gone? 'T is time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd 360

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go And nothing marted<sup>4</sup> with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply, at least if you make a care Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are:

The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd 369

Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand, this hand,

As soft as dove's down and as white as it,  
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fam'd snow that's bolted

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this!

How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand was fair before! I have put you out: But to your protestation; let me hear 379 What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too!

*Flo.* And he, and more Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:

<sup>1</sup> Sad, serious

<sup>2</sup> Gallimaufry, medley.

<sup>3</sup> Squire, foot-rule.

<sup>4</sup> Marted, traded.

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
 Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth  
 That ever made eye swerve, had force and  
 knowledge  
 More than was ever man's, I would not prize  
 them  
 Without her love; for her employ them all;

Commend them and condemn them to her  
 service 388  
 Or to their own perdition.  
*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.  
*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.  
*Shep.* But, my daughter,  
 Say you the like to him?  
*Per.* I cannot speak

*Shep.*

Take hands, a bargain!—(Act iv. 4. 394.)

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
 By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
 The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain!  
 And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness  
 to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make  
 Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be  
 If the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
 I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
 Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,  
 Contract us fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand;  
 And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;  
 Have you a father?

*Flo.* I have: but what of him?

*Pol.* Knows he of this?

*Flo.* He neither does nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest  
 That best becomes the table. [ Pray you, once  
 more,

Is not your father grown incapable  
 Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid



With age and altering rheums? can he speak?  
hear! 410

Know man from man! dispute! his own estate!  
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing  
But what he did being childish!

*Flo.* No, good sir;  
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed  
Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: ] reason my son  
Should choose himself a wife, but as good  
reason

The father, all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this; 421  
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know 't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Prithce, let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son: he shall not need to  
grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not.—  
Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
[*Throws off his disguise.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,  
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old  
traitor, 431

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can but  
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh  
piece  
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must  
know

The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

*Shep.* O my heart!

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with  
briers, and made  
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond  
boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
That thou no more shalt see this knack as never

I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from suc-  
cession; 440

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
Far<sup>2</sup> than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:  
Follow us to the court. [Thou churl, for this  
time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchant-  
ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee, — if ever henceforth thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee 441  
As thou art tender to 't.] [*Exit.*

*Per.* [Even here undone!

I was not much afraid; for once or twice  
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,  
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.] [*To Florizel*] Will 't please  
you, sir, be gone!

I told you what would come of this: beseech you,  
Of your own state take care: this dream of  
mine,— 450

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther.  
But milk my ewes and weep.

[*Cam.* Why, how now, father!  
Speak ere thou diest.

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know. [*To  
Florizel*] O sir,

You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud and  
lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. [*To Perdita*]  
O cursed wretch,

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst  
adventure 470

To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!  
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd  
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*]

*Flo.* Why look you so upon me!  
I am but sorry, not afraid, delay'd,

<sup>1</sup> *Dispute, discuss.*

<sup>2</sup> *Far, i.e. O E. fere, comp. — farther.*

But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;  
 [More straining on for plucking back, not following]

My leash unwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my lord,  
 You know your father's temper: at this time  
 He will allow no speech, which I do guess  
 You do not purpose to him; and as hardly  
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:  
 Then, till the fury of his highness settle,  
 Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it. 483  
 I think, Camillo?

*Cam.* Even he, my lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you 't would be thus!

How often said my dignity would last  
 But till 't were known!

*Flo.* It cannot fail but by  
 The violation of my faith; and then  
 Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together  
 And mar the seeds within! ] Lift up thy looks;  
 From my succession wipe me, father, I 491  
 Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advis'd.

*Flo.* I am, and by my fancy:<sup>1</sup> if my reason  
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
 If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
 Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, sir.

*Flo.* So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;  
 I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
 Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas  
 hides 501

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
 To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,  
 As you have ever been my father's honour'd  
 friend,

When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not  
 To see him any more,—cast your good counsels  
 Upon his passion: let myself and fortune  
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
 And so deliver, I am put to sea 509  
 With her who here I cannot hold on shore;  
 And most opportune to her need I have  
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd

For this design. What course I mean to hold  
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
 Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my lord,  
 I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
 Or stronger for your need!

*Flo.* Hark, Perdita. [*Draws her aside.*  
 [To Camillo] I'll hear you by and by.

*Cam.* He's irremovable,  
 Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if  
 His going I could frame to serve my turn,  
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour,  
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia, 522  
 And that unhappy king my master, whom  
 I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now, good Camillo;  
 I am so fraught with curious<sup>2</sup> business that  
 I leave out ceremony.

[*Cam.* Sir, I think  
 You have heard of my poor services, i' the love  
 That I have borne your father?

*Flo.* Very nobly  
 Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music  
 To speak your deeds, not little of his care  
 To have them recompens'd as thought on.

*Cam.* Well, my lord,  
 If you may please to think I love the king,  
 And through him what is nearest to him,  
 which is

Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,  
 If your more ponderous and settled project  
 May suffer alteration, on mine honour  
 I'll point you where you shall have such re-  
 ceiving 537

As shall become your highness; where you may  
 Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,  
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by—  
 As heavens forbid!—your ruin; marry her,  
 And, with my best endeavours in your absence,  
 Your discontenting father strive to qualify  
 And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How, Camillo,  
 May this, almost a miracle, be done?  
 That I may call thee something more than man  
 And after that trust to thee. ]

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
 A place whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:

<sup>1</sup> *Fancy*, love.

<sup>2</sup> *Curious*, requiring care.

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do, so we profess 550  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me:  
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,

But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,  
And there present yourself and your fair princess,

For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:  
She shall be habited as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see  
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping  
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgive-  
ness, 560

As'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twi'x his unkindness and his kindness; the one  
He chides to hell and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought or time.

*Flo.* Worthy Camillo,  
What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the king your father  
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you as from your father shall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you  
down: 571

The which shall point you forthat every sitting  
What you must say; that he shall not perceive  
But that you have your father's bosom there,  
And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you:  
There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most  
certain 578

To miseries enough; no hope to help you,  
But, as you shake off one to take another:  
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loth to be: besides you know  
Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-  
gether

Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true:

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in<sup>1</sup> the mind.

*Cam.* You, say you so?  
There shall not at your father's house these  
seven years  
Be born another such.

*Flo.* My good Camillo, 590  
She is as forward of her breeding as  
She is i' the rear<sup>2</sup> 'our<sup>2</sup> birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say 't is pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir; for this  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita!  
But O the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,  
Preserver of my father, now of me,  
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

*Cam.* My lord, 600  
Fear none of this: I think you know my for-  
tunes

Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed as if  
The scene you play were mine. For instance,  
sir,

That you may know you shall not want,—one  
word. [*They talk aside.*]

*Re-enter* AUTOLYCUS.

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and  
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentle-  
man! I have sold all my trumpery; not a  
counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,<sup>3</sup>  
brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape,  
glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my  
pack from fasting: they throng who should  
buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed  
and brought a benediction to the buyer: by  
which means I saw whose purse was best in  
picture; and what I saw, to my good use I re-  
member'd. My clown, who wants but some-  
thing to be a reasonable man, grew so in love  
with the wenches' song, that he would not stir  
his pettitoes<sup>4</sup> till he had both tune and words;

<sup>1</sup> *Take in*, subdue.

<sup>2</sup> *Rear 'our*, a contraction for *rear of our*.

<sup>3</sup> *Pomander*, a ball of perfumes.

<sup>4</sup> *Pettitoes*, literally *piqs feet*.

which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; [you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a colpiece of a purse;] I would have fil'd keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*]

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters, by this means being there 632

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father

*Per.* Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

*Cam.* [*Sees Autolyous*] Who have we here? We'll make an instrument of this; omit Nothing may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have overheard me now, why, hanging. 640

*Cam.* How now, good fellow! why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore disclose thee instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.<sup>1</sup> 651

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

*Cam.* Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on't.

*Flo.* Dispatch, I prithee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it. 660

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*Florizel and Autolyous change garments.*]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,

Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken The truth of your own seeming; that you may— For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard Get undescried.

*Per.* I see the play so lies That I must bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy. 670

Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father, He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have no hat.

[*Giving it to Perdita.*]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

*Aut.* Adieu, sir.

*Flo.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot! Pray you, a word.

*Cam.* [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king

Of this escape and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail To force him after: in whose company I shall review<sup>2</sup> Sicilia, for whose sight 680 I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*]

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more

<sup>1</sup> Some boot, i.e. something to boot.

<sup>2</sup> Review, see again.

knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession. 639

*Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to, then. 709

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law. 721

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

*Shep.* Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel<sup>1</sup> will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clo.* Pray heartily he be at palace. 731

*Aut.* [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,<sup>2</sup> breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover. 742

[*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie. 749

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given



*Aut.* Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound? —(Act iv. 4. 733-736.)

us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.<sup>3</sup>]

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings! hath not my gait in it the measure<sup>4</sup> of the court! receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt! Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy busi-

<sup>3</sup> With the manner, in the fact.

<sup>4</sup> Measure, stately tread.

<sup>1</sup> Fardel, bundle.

<sup>2</sup> Having, property.

ness, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe: and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: where-upon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.  
*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

[*Clo.* [*Aside to Shepherd*] Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

*Shep.* None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen. ] 771

*Aut.* How blessed are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

*Clo.* [*Aside to Shepherd*] This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shep.* [*Aside to Clown*] His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clo.* [*Aside to Shepherd*] He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.* The fardel there! what's it the fardel? Wherefore that box? 782

*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why, sir?

*Aut.* The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief. 792

*Shep.* So't is said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,<sup>1</sup> let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, sir? 799

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane<sup>2</sup> to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is

necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir? 811

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'mounted over with honey, set on the head of a wasps' nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vite or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it. 829

*Clo.* [*Aside to Shepherd*] He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold: and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, "ston'd," and "flay'd alive."

*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, sir. 841

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

*Aut.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

[*Clo.* [*To Shepherd*] Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know't is none of your daughter

<sup>1</sup> *Hand-fast*, custody.

<sup>2</sup> *Germane*, akin.

nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. 854

*Aut.* I will trust you. ] Walk before towards the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

*Clo.* We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. 861

[*Eccent Shepherd and Clown.*

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see

Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him [; if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far ollicious; for I am proof agadust that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it]. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in Leontes' palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Servants.*

*Cleo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down

More penitence than done trespass: at the last, Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

*Leon.* Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of The wrong I did myself: which was so much, That heirless it hath made my kingdom and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man 11

Bred his hopes out of.

*Paul.* True, too true, my lord: If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or from the all that are took something good, To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd Would be unparallel'd.

*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd! I did so: but thou striketh me So sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,

Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not at all, good lady: 20

You might have spoken a thousand things that would

Have done the time more benefit and grac'd Your kindness better.

*Paul.* You are one of those Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign name; consider little What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue, May drop upon his kingdom and devour Incertain lookers on. [What were more holy Than to rejoice the former queen is well? 30 What holier than, for royalty's repair, For present comfort, and for future good, To bless the bed of majesty again With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy, Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes: For has not the divine Apollo said, Is't not the tenour of his oracle, That King Leontes shall not have an heir Till his lost child be found? which that it shall, 40

Is all as monstrous to our human reason As my Antigonus to break his grave And come again to me: who, on my life, Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel My lord should to the heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care not for issue:

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander  
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best. ]

*Leon.* Good Paulina,  
Who hast the memory of Hermione, 50  
I know, in honour, O that ever I  
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even  
now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,  
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

*Paul.* And left them  
More rich for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: [one  
worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,  
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,  
And begin, "Why to me?"

*Paul.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leon.* She had; and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so. 62  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't  
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your  
ears

Should rift<sup>1</sup> to hear me; and the words that  
follow'd  
Should be, "Remember mine."

*Leon.* Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no  
wife: ]

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear  
Never to marry but by my free leave? 70

*Leon.* Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to  
his oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paul.* Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
Affront<sup>2</sup> his eye.

*Cleo.* Good madam,—

*Paul.* I have done.  
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office

To choose you a queen: she shall not be so  
young

As was your former; but she shall be such  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should  
take joy 80

To see her in your arms.

*Leon.* My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

*Paul.* That  
Shall be when your first queen's again in  
breath;  
Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself Prince  
Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she  
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access  
To your high presence.

*Leon.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance<sup>3</sup> and sudden, tells us  
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd 91  
By need and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with him?  
*Gent.* Ay, the most peerless piece of earth,

I think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

[*Paul.* O Hermione,  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better gone, so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you your-  
self

Have said and writ so, but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme, "She had not been,  
Nor was not to be equall'd;"—thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly  
ebb'd, 102

To say you have seen a better.

*Gent.* Pardon, madam:  
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon;  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else; make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

<sup>1</sup> Rift, split

<sup>2</sup> Affront, i.e. confront.

<sup>3</sup> Out of circumstance, without ceremony.



*Paul.* How! not women?  
*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a  
 woman 110

More worth than any man; men, that she is  
 The rarest of all women. ]

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes;  
 Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
 Bring them to our embracement.

[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*

Still, 't is strange  
 He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.* Had our prince,  
 Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd  
 Well with this lord: there was not full a month  
 Between their births.

*Leon.* Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st  
 He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure, 120  
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
 Will bring me to consider that which may  
 Unfurnish<sup>1</sup> me of reason. They are come.

*Re-enter CLEOMENES and others, with FLORIZEL  
 and PERDITA.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
 For she did print your royal father off,  
 Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,  
 Your father's image is so hit in you, 127  
 His very air, that I should call you brother,  
 As I did him, and speak of something wildly  
 By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!  
 And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!  
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
 Might have thus stood begetting wonder, as  
 You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—  
 All mine own folly—the society,  
 Amity too, of your brave father, whom,  
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
 Once more to look on him.

*Flo.* By his command  
 Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him  
 Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,  
 Can send his brother: and, but infirmity  
 Which waits upon worn times hath something  
 seiz'd 112

His wish'd ability, he had himself  
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and  
 his  
 Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves—

He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres  
 And those that bear them living.

*Leon.* O my brother,  
 Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee  
 stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150  
 Of my behindhand slackness! Welcome hither,  
 As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
 Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,  
 At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,  
 To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
 The adventure<sup>2</sup> of her person.

*Flo.* Good my lord,  
 She came from Libya.

*Leon.* Where the warlike Smalus,  
 That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd!

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence; from him  
 whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:  
 thence, 160

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have  
 cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me,  
 For visiting your highness: my best train  
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
 Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
 Here where we are.

*Leon.* The blessed gods  
 Purge all infection from our air whilst you  
 Do climate here! You have a holy<sup>3</sup> father,  
 A graceful<sup>4</sup> gentleman; against whose person,  
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin: 172  
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
 Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,  
 As he from heaven merits it, with you,  
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have  
 been,

Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
 Such goodly things as you!

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,  
 That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
 Were not the proof so nigh. Please you,  
 great sir, 180

<sup>1</sup> Unfurnish, deprive.

<sup>2</sup> Adventure, hazard. <sup>3</sup> Holy, virtuous, blameless

<sup>4</sup> Graceful, gracious.

Bohemia greets you from himself by me;  
Desires you to attach<sup>1</sup> his son, who has—  
His dignity and duty both cast off—  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

*Leon.* Where's Bohemia? speak

*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came from  
him:

I speak amazedly; and it becomes  
My marvel and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190  
The father of this seeming lady and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

*Flo.* Camillo has betray'd me;



*Leon.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?—(Act v. 1. 207, 208.)

Whose honour and whose honesty till now  
Endur'd all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay 't so to his charge:  
He's with the king your father.

*Leon.* Who? Camillo?

*Lord.* Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who  
now

Has these poor men in question.<sup>2</sup> Never saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the  
earth; 199

Forswear themselves as often as they speak:

Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

*Per.* O my poor father!  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leon.* You are married?

*Flo.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:  
The odds for high and low's alike.

*Leon.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

*Flo.* She is,  
When once she is my wife.

<sup>1</sup> *Attach*, arrest.    <sup>2</sup> *In question*, under examination.

*Leon.* That "once," I see by your good father's speed, 210  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry  
Your choice is not so rich in worth<sup>1</sup> as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Dear, look up:  
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you,  
sir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to time  
Than I do now: with thought of such affec-  
tions, 220

Step forth mine advocate; at your request  
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

*Leon.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious  
mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*Paul.* Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a  
month

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth  
such gazes

Than what you look on now.

*Leon.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*]

But your petition  
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I am friend to them and you: upon which  
errand 231

I now go toward him; therefore follow me,  
And mark what way I make: come, good my  
lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before Leontes' palace.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* Beseech you, sir, were you present at  
this relation!

*First Gent.* I was by at the opening of the  
fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the  
manner how he found it; whereupon, after a  
little amazement, we were all commanded out  
of the chamber; only this methought I heard  
the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue  
of it. 9

*First Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the  
business; but the changes I perceived in the  
king and Camillo were very notes of admira-  
tion: they seem'd almost, with staring on one  
another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There  
was speech in their dumbness, language in  
their very gesture; they look'd as they had  
heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed:  
a notable passion of wonder appeared in them;  
but the wisest beholder, that knew no more  
but seeing, could not say if the importance<sup>2</sup>  
were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of  
the one, it must needs be. 21

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman that happily<sup>3</sup> knows  
more. The news, Rogero!

*Sec. Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle  
is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such  
a deal of wonder is broken out within this  
hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to  
express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he  
can deliver you more. [How goes it now, sir?  
this news which is call'd true is so like an old  
tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion:]  
has the king found his heir? 32

*Third Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were  
pregnant by circumstance: that which you  
hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity  
in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermi-  
one's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters  
of Antigonus found with it which they know  
to be his character, the majesty of the creature  
in resemblance of the mother, the affection<sup>4</sup> of  
nobleness which nature shows above her breed-  
ing, and many other evidences proclaim her  
with all certainty to be the king's daughter.  
Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

*Sec. Gent.* No. 45

*Third Gent.* Then have you lost a sight,  
which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of.  
There might you have beheld one joy crown

<sup>2</sup> Importance, import

<sup>3</sup> Happily, i. e. happily

<sup>4</sup> Affection, disposition.

<sup>1</sup> Worth, i. e. worthiness of descent, high birth.

another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. [There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.<sup>1</sup>] Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!"<sup>72</sup> then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; [then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he] thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. [I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.]<sup>63</sup>

*Sec. Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

*Third Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

*First Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?<sup>74</sup>

*Third Gent.* Wrackt the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

*First Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.<sup>88</sup>

*Third Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, [and that which ang'd for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish,] was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely

confess'd and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "Alas," I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. [Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.]<sup>100</sup>

*First Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

*Third Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, [who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape; he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer:—] thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.<sup>112</sup>

*Sec. Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

*First Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

*Aut.* [Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the tinder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.]<sup>133</sup>

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

<sup>1</sup> Favour, i.e. face.

*Shep.* Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentleman born. 128

*Clo.* You are well met, sir. You deni'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy. 149

*Clo.* So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister call'd my father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are. 159

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shep.* Prithce, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. 170

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins<sup>1</sup> say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll

swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands. 181

*Aut.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Chapel in Paulina's house.*

*To Hermione, like a statue, curtained, enter*  
LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,  
CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

*Leon.* O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

*Paul.* What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd

With your crown'd brother and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit. It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

*Leon.* O Paulina,

We honour you with trouble: but we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content 11

In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

*Paul.* As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 't is well. 20

[*Paulina draws back a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder: but yet speak: first, you, my liege: Comes it not something near?

*Leon.* Her natural posture!

<sup>1</sup> *Franklins, yeomen.*

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she  
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seems.

*Pol.* O, not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our carver's excel-  
lence; 30  
Which lets go by some sixteen years and  
makes her  
As she liv'd now.

*Leon.* As now she might have done  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,  
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!  
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me  
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,  
There's magic in thy majesty, which has  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and 40  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee!

*Per.* And give me leave,  
And do not say 't is superstition, that  
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Paul.* O, patience!  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid  
on, 49  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry: scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol.* Dear my brother,  
Let him that was the cause of this have power  
To take off so much grief from you as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Paul.* Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone  
is mine,  
I'd not have show'd it.

*Leon.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't, lest  
your fancy 60  
May think anon it moves.

*Leon.* Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, al-  
ready—

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that  
those veins

Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done:  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon.* The fixure of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mock'd with art.

*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain:  
My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon it lives.

*Leon.* O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together!  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd  
you: but I could afflict you further.

*Leon.* Do, Paulina;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock  
me, 79

For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear:  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you  
For more amazement. If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend  
And take you by the hand: but then you'll  
think—

Which I protest against—I am assisted 90  
By wicked powers.

*Leon.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy  
To make her speak as move.

*Paul.* It is requir'd  
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;  
On: those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.







*Leon.*  
 No foot shall stir.  
*Paul.* Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*  
 'Tis time; descend; bestone no more; approach;  
 Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;  
 I'll fill your grave up: stir: nay, come away;

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
 Dear life redeems you.— You perceive she stirs:  
 [*Hermione steps from her pedestal.*  
 Start not; her actions shall be holy as  
 You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,  
 Until you see her die again; for then



*Paul.* Turn, good lady;  
 Our Perdita is found.—(Act v. 3. 129, 121.)

You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:  
 When she was young you woo'd her; now in age  
 Is she become the suitor?

*Leon.* O, she's warm!  
 If this be magic, let it be an art 110  
 Lawful as eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.  
*Cam.* She hangs about his neck:  
 If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

*Pol.* Ay, and make't manifest where she  
 has liv'd,  
 Or how ~~so~~ from the dead.

*Paul.* That she is living,  
 Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,  
 Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.  
 Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel  
 And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good  
 lady; 120

Our Perdita is found.

*Her.* You gods, look down,  
 And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
 Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine  
 own,  
 Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?  
 how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,  
 Knowing by Paulina that the oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd  
Myself to see the issue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that;  
Lest they desire upon this push<sup>1</sup> to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. Go together,  
You precious winners all; your exultation  
Partake<sup>2</sup> to every one. I, an old turtle, 132  
Will wingme to some wither'd bough, and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.

*Leon.* O, peace, Paulina!  
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast  
found mine;  
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,

<sup>1</sup> *Push*, impulse, suggestion.

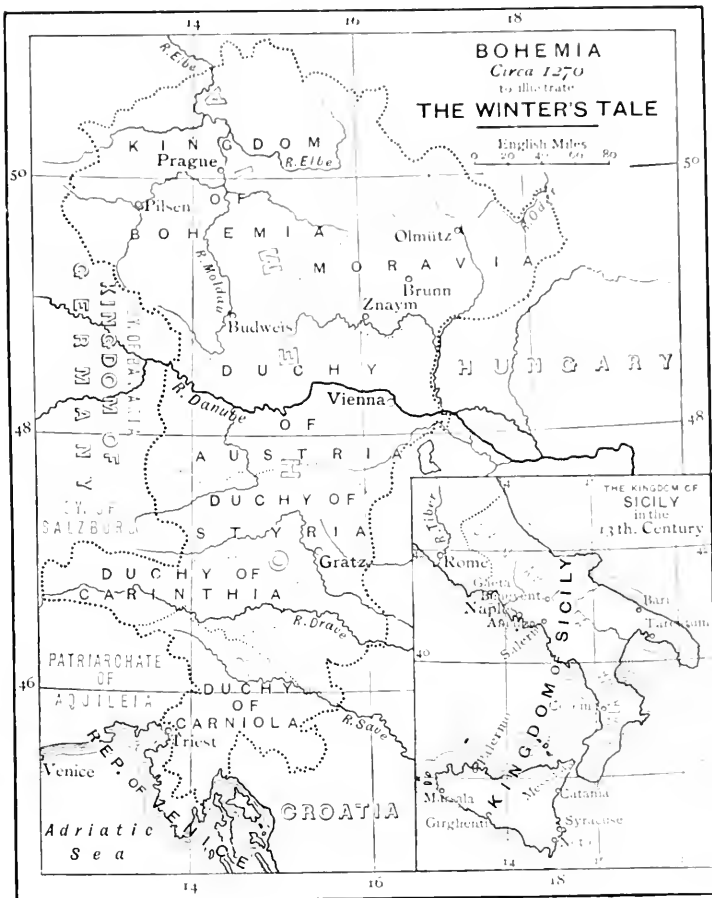
<sup>2</sup> *Partake*, impart.

As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many  
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far,—  
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee  
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand, whose worth and  
honesty

Is richly noted and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.  
What! look upon my brother: both your par-  
dons, 147

That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law,  
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing,  
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely  
Each one demand and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*]



## NOTES TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

### ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Lines 29, 30: *their encounters, though not personal, HAVE been royally attorneyed.*—F. 1 prints *hatt*. The correction is made in F. 2.

2. Line 33: *shook hands, as over A VAST.*—So F. 1; the later Ff. read *a vast sea*. The reading of F. 1 is confirmed by a passage in Pericles, iii. 1. 1:

Thou god of this great *ast*, rebuke these surges;

where *ast* is unmistakably used for the boundless sea. Henley observes, in reference to the words quoted from the text, with the latter part of the clause (*and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds*), that

Shakespeare may have had in mind "a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country."

3. Line 43: *one that, indeed, PHYSES the subject*—Compare Cymbeline, iii. 2. 24:

Some griefs are *physe* from love, that is, one *physe* it.  
I fear I shall not love.

and Macbeth, ii. 3. 56:

The labour *physe* doth brighten *physe* it.

*Medicine*, as a verb, is used in just the same sense in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 213: "Great griefs, I see, *medicate* the less;" and in Othello, iii. 3. 332.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

## 4. Lines 12, 13:

THAT may blow

No SNEAPING winds at home.

That is apparently used for *O that*, as in the passage cited by Farmer from *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, iii. 1. 12:

In thy ruminacion  
That I, poor man, might eftsoms come between,  
And chop on some cold thought!

*Sneaping* (i. e. checking or nipping) is used in *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 100: "an envious *sneaping* frost;" and in *Lucece*, 333:

And give the *sneaped* birds more cause to sing

5. Line 41: *gest*.—This word (from O. Fr. *giste*) means a stage or stopping-place in a journey; commonly used of the royal progresses. Steevens quotes Webster, *The White Devil*, 1612:

Do, like the *gests* in the progress,  
You know where you shall find me.

6. Line 42: *good deed*, meaning *indeed* (the *good* being simply an expletive), may be compared with such a phrase as "in good sooth" (*Tempest*, ii. 2. 150).

7. Line 43: *a jar o' the elock*; i. e. a tick of the clock. Holt White cites from Heywood, *Troia Britannica*, 1609, c. 4, st. 107:

He hears no waking-clocke nor watch to *jarre*.

Compare Richard II. v. 5. 51, 52:

My thoughts are minutes: and with sighs they *jar*  
Their watches on unto mine ears.

8. Line 44: *What lady she her lord*.—Schmidt renders this curious expression, "i. e. a woman that is a lady." Collier and Dyce read *should* instead of *she*, taking the *she* of the Ff. to be a misprint for the abbreviation *shd*. But compare "my *she*," iv. 4. 360, below. Compare, too, Massinger, *The Bondman*, i. 3:

I'll kiss him for the honour of my country,  
With any *she* in Corinth

and Middleton, *Women beware Women*, ii. 1:

Sir, I could give as shrewd a lift to chastity  
As any *she* that wears a tongue in Florence.

9. Line 62: *lordings*.—*Lording*, the diminutive of *lord*, is found in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, xvi.: "It was a *lording's* daughter." *Lordings* is frequently used in Chaucer, often at the beginning of a speech, in the sense of "Sirs," See *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue (ed. Morris, Clarendon Press, 1879), l. 761:

And sayde thus: "Lo, lordynges, trewely  
Ye ben to me right welcome hertely;"

and again, l. 785 below: "'*Lordynges*,' quoth he."

## 10. Lines 69-71:

we know not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
That any did.

The later Ff. read *The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd*, and some editors have accepted this attempt to amend the metre. *Doctrine* ought, of course, to be pronounced as a trisyllable, and the stress to be laid (as it should be) on *ill* rather than on *doing*—a point of metre which may be illustrated from Mr. Swinburne's *Songs of the Springtides*, p. 8:

And he that much less loves it than he hates  
All wrong-doing that is done  
Anywhere, always underneath the sun  
Shall live a mightier life than time's or fate's.

## 11. Lines 95, 96:

ere  
With spur we heat an acre.

*Heat* seems to be used here in the same sense as "a *heat*" in running. Mr. Hudson in his edition of the play says: "Mr. Joseph Crosby, in a letter to me, justly observes that 'the accompanying words, 'to th' goal,' show that the metaphor is from the race-course.' And he adds that 'heat is not simply the distance run, but the sporting-term for the race itself; 'winning the heat,' 'ruming the heat,' &c.'" Collier's Corrector very unnecessarily alters *heat* into *clear*.

12. Line 104: AND CLAP *thyself my love*.—F. 1 has *A clap*, a misprint corrected in the later Ff. To *clap hands* over a bargain is still no uncommon expression (though *strike* is now the more usual word); compare Henry V. v. 2. 133: "and so *clap hands* and a bargain." Malone says that to *clap hands* was a common part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, and he gives an instance of the phrase from Middleton, *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's*, 1657, iv. 1. 155:

There these young lovers shall *clap hands* together.

13. Line 113: *bounty, fertile bosom*.—I fail to see how this expression is improved, as many editors think, by Hamner's emendation, *bounty's fertile bosom*. There is a slight difference in the form of the words, and that is all: the original reading being the more poetical. Steevens well compares *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 177-179:

Common mother, thou,  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all.

14. Line 115: *paddingling palms*.—See the passage in *Othello*, ii. 1. 259-265, where *paddingling* "with the palm of his hand" is explained by Iago, in all its significance, as a patent sign of Desdemona's fondness for Cassio.

## 15. Lines 117, 118:

and then to sigh, as 't were

THE MORT O' THE DEER.

This has almost always been explained as a flourish upon the horn, blown at the death of the deer, which makes, certainly, a curious simile. In a letter to the Academy, of October 29, 1857, Prof. Skeat puts forward an explanation which harmonizes very much better with the context, and is probably the true one. "The fact is," he says, "that *mort* just seems 'death;' neither more nor less, 'Ia mort, sans phrase.' The sigh is that of the exhausted and dying deer; and the simile is natural and easy. The commentators wanted to air their learning, and Steevens quotes from Greene: 'He that bloweth the *mort* before the death of the buck, may very well miss of his fees;' see this quotation, and another like it, duly entered in Nares. Again, Steevens refers to the oldest copy of 'Chevy Chase'—'The [they] blew a *mort* uppon the bent;' and so, indeed, the line appears in Percy's *Reliques*. I regret to say I have fallen into the trap myself. I have so printed the line in my *Specimens of English*, part iii. p. 68, l. 16. But I honestly collated the text with the

MS., and duly made a note that the MS. reading is *not*. And *not* happens to be quite right. The careful Cotgrave duly explains the French *not* as 'the note winded by a huntsman on his horn,' and it is the true and usual word. We have Chaucer's authority for it in the *Book of the Duchess*, l. 376. In the 'Treatise on Venery,' by Twety, printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 153, we read: 'And when the hert is take, ye shal blowe foure *notys*.' It is clear that the phrase 'to blow a *not*' was turned into 'to blow a *mort*' by that powerful corrupter of language, popular etymology." Collier, in his edition of Shakespeare privately printed in 1876, explains the term correctly: "'the *mort*' of the deer is the death of the deer, when it heaves its last sigh."

16. Line 123: *We must be NEAT; not neat, but cleanly, captain*.—"Leontes," says Johnson, "seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, 'We must be neat;' then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned cattle*, he says, 'not neat, but cleanly.'"

17. Line 125: *Still VIRGINALLING*.—Stevens compares Dekker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "When we have husbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they must rise or fall to our humours, else they'll never get any good strains of music out of one of us." Compare in this connection Sonnet cxxviii., where the idea in the text is developed. The *virginal* was a sort of rectangular or oblong spinet, of the same shape as the clavichord, and with the same arrangement of keyboard. An ancient inscription on a wall of the Manor House of Leckington, Yorkshire, said to be as old as the time of Henry VII., reads:

A slac stryng in a Virginal soundthe not aright,  
It doth abide no wrestinge, it is so loose and light;  
The sound-borde crasele, forthe the instrumente,  
Throw misgovernance, to mecke notes which was not his intent.

Compare Blount, *Glossographia*, 1656: "Virginal (virginalis), maidenly, virginlike, hence the name of that musical instrument called Virginals, because maids and virgins do most commonly play on them." Another explanation of the name is that keyed stringed instruments were used to accompany the hymn "Angelus ad Virginem," as similar instruments without keys, the psaltery for instance, had been before them. From Henry VII.'s time to nearly the close of the 17th century, *Virginal* in England included all quilled keyboard instruments, the harpsichord and trapeze-shaped spinet, as well as the rectangular spinet. I take these particulars from Mr. Barclay Squire's article, *Virginal*, in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, vol. iv.

18. Lines 131, 132:

*false*

*As o'er-dyed BLACKS.*

*Blacks* was a term used for mourning garments. Compare Massinger and Middleton, *The Old Law*, ii. 1:

I would not hear of *blacks*, I was so light,  
But chose a colour orient like my mind;  
For *blacks* are often such dissimbling mourners,  
There is no credit given to't; it has lost  
All reputation by false sons and widows.  
Now I would have men know what I resemble,  
A truth, indeed: 'tis joy clad like a joy;  
Which is more honest than a cunning grief,  
That's only faced with sables for a show,  
But gaudy-hearted.

19. Line 137: *my collop!*—Compare I. Henry VI. v. 4. 18:

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh.

and see the note on that passage (vol. i. p. 543, note 254)

20. Line 148: *LEON. What cheer! how is't with you, best brother!* Hammer gives this line to Polixenes, and the change has been adopted by most editors—even the Cambridge. It seems to me unnecessary. Leontes wants to say something, because he sees Polixenes and Hermione are observing his altered looks, and so, in answer to the former's *How, my lord!* he replies with a counter-question, in which one may even see a touch of his uneasy suspicion, to which he cannot help giving vent in indirect ways. It will be noticed that Leontes, a little below, calls Polixenes *brother*, as in this line; and again, a little below that, he speaks to Hermione of "our *brother's* welcome."

21. Line 149: *you look as if you held a brow of much distraction*.—This line is printed by most editors as two, *you look* being joined, metrically, with the preceding line; an arrangement which does not result in harmony. It is evident that the printers of the Folio set the line in its present form advisedly, for in the original copy the catch-word *Leo*, is moved back so as to get room for the whole line.

22. Lines 161, 162:

*Will you take eggs for money?  
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.*

*To take eggs for money* was a proverbial phrase, meaning to put up with an affront, or to act in a cowardly manner. Boswell quotes Robert Dallington, *A Method for Travell*, 1593: "L'infanterie Françoise escaramouche bravement de loin et la cavallerie a une furieuse brutée a l'affront puis apres q'elle s'*accoumode*." Reed gives a translation of this sentence, occurring in *Relations of the most famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thoroughout the World*, 1630: "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely affarre off, and cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat they will *take eggs for their money*" (p. 154).

23. Line 163: *happy man he's able!*—A proverbial expression. See *Taming of the Shrew*, note 38.

24. Line 177: *APPARENT to my heart; be next to my heart*. Compare the French *apparent*, related, or of kin, from which our phrase, the heir *apparent*, is derived.

25. Line 183: *How she holds up the NEB, the bill to him!*—*Neb*, used generally of a bird's bill, is Anglo-saxon for face, mouth, beak. Skeat, in his Etymological Dictionary, quotes the Ancien Riwle (Camden Society ed.): "Ostende mihi faciem, sheat thi *neb* to me" (p. 73). Ozilvie, Imperial Dictionary, quotes Scott: "the *neb* of the m's never out of mischief." Boyer, French Dictionary, has "The Nib of a bird, *Be d'oisson*." Stevens quotes from the story of Anne of Hungary in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566: "the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart with the *nebs* of their forked heads."

26. Line 209: *I am like you, THEY SAY*—This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 has *say*.

27. Line 217: *rounding*.—"To *round* in the ear" is a familiar phrase; compare King John, ii. 1. 566, 567:

*rounded* in the ear  
With that same purpose-changer;

and Browning, *Luria*, act ii.:

Oh, their reward and triumph and the rest  
They *round* me in the ears with, all day long.

—Works, 1879, vol. v. p. 63.

The word to *round* is derived from the German *runen*.

28. Line 226: *some severals*.—This is the only instance of the noun *severals*, meaning single individuals; the word is twice used for that which concerns an individual person or thing: Henry V. i. 1. 86, 87:

The *severals* and unhidden passages  
Of his true title to some certain dukedoms;

and Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 179, 180:

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
*Severals* and generals of grace exact.

29. Line 227: *lower messes*.—That is, persons of inferior rank, who had their place below the salt, at the lower end of the table. See, on the original meaning of *mess*, note 12s to Love's Labour's Lost (vol. i. p. 62). Collier mentions that each four diners at an inn of court is still said to constitute a *mess*, and has a separate supply of food.

30. Line 244: *Which Hoxes honesty behind*.—To *hoz*, or "hough," or "hock," was to hamstring. Nares quotes Knolles' History of Turks: "recovering his feet, with his faulchion *hoz*ed the hinder legs of the mare whereon the sultan rid" (p. 83); and Lyly's Mother Bombie, iii. 4: "I thrust my hand into my pocket for a knife, thinking to *hoz* him."

31. Lines 256, 257:  
*if* INDUSTRIOUSLY  
*I play'd the fool.*

This is the only use of the word *industriously* in Shakespeare, and it is here used in somewhat different sense from the usual one, as "deliberately" or "on purpose," the Latin *de industria*.

32. Lines 271, 272:  
*for cogitation*  
*Resides not in that man that does not THINK.*

Hammer reads *think't*, and Theobald *think it*. Certainly one must either understand the line in this way, or else (and perhaps that would be better) as Malone takes it, connecting *think* with the next line, *My wife is slippery*, the object of the verb *thought* above.

33. Line 276: *My wife's a HOBBY-HORSE*.—Ff. print *Holy Horse*. The correction is Pope's.

34. Lines 290, 291:  
*and all eyes*  
*Blind with the PIN AND WEB.*

The *pin* and *web* (sometimes *pin* only) is the name of a disease of the eye, something of the nature of cataract. The Encyclopædic Dictionary defines it "an obstruction of vision depending upon a speck in the cornea." Florio, World of Words, ed. 1611, has "Cataratta, a dimness of sight, occasioned by humours hardened in the eye, called a cataract, or a *pin* and a *web*." Compare Lear, iii. 4. 120-123: "This is the foul fiend Filibertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks at first cock; he gives the *web* and the *pin*, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip."

35. Line 304: *wife's*.—Ff. misprint *wives*. The correction was made by Rowe.

36. Line 307: *Why, he that wears her like her medal*; *i.e.* her portrait in a locket. Malone well compares Henry VIII. ii. 2. 31-33:

a less of her  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

and he quotes another close parallel from Gervais Markham, Honour in Perfection, 1624, p. 18: "He hath *hung* about the neck of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich jewel."

37. Line 316: *BESPICE a cup*.—Steevens cites from Chapman's translation of the Odyssey, book x., a similar use of the word *spice* in the sense of poison:

With a festival  
She'll first receive thee, but will *spice* thy bread  
With flowery poisons.

38. Line 317: *To give mine enemy A LASTING WINK*.—Compare Tempest, ii. 1. 285-287:

whiles you, doing thus,  
To the *perpetual wink* for aye might put  
This ancient morsel.

39. Line 326: *To APPOINT myself in this vexation*.—Compare Much Ado, iv. 1. 146, 147:

For my part, I am so *attir'd* in wonder,  
I know not what to say;

and Twelfth Night, iv. 3. 3:

And though 'tis wonder that *entwraps* me thus.

40. Line 378: *Be INTELLIGENT to me*.—Shakespeare used *intelligent* in this sense (giving intelligence) only here and in three passages of Lear, iii. 1. 25; iii. 5. 12; and iii. 7. 12: "Our posts shall be swift and *intelligent* betwixt us."

41. Lines 392-394:  
*which no less adorns*  
*Our GENTRY than our parents' noble names,*  
*In whose SUCCESS we are GENTLE.*

That is, "which no less adorns our rank as gentlemen than the noble names of our parents, in succession to whom we are of gentle birth." Compare *gentry* in Lucrece, lines 568, 569:

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, *gentry*, and sweet friendship's oath;

and for *gentle*, in this sense, see Henry V. iv. line 45 of Chorus, "mean and *gentle* all." *Success*, meaning succession, is used in one other place, II. Henry IV. iv. ii. 47-49:

And so *success* of mischief shall be born,  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up  
Whiles England shall have generation.

42. Lines 415, 416:  
*an instrument*  
*To VICE you to't.*

Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 125, 126:

And that I partly know the *instrument*  
That screws me from my true place in your favour.

43. Lines 418, 419:  
*my name*  
*Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!*

The allusion is of course to Judas Iscariot. *Best* is split in the Ff. with a capital letter, to point its significance.

Douce mentions that there was a clause in the sentence against excommunicated persons: "let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ. Amen."

## 44. Lines 426, 427:

*you may us well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon.*

Douce compares The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 71, 72:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height.

## 45. Lines 445, 446:

*Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon  
His execution sworn.*

This is Capell's rearrangement of the lines printed in the Ff. in an obviously unmetrical form: the second line beginning with *thereon*.

## 46. Lines 458-460:

*Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion.*

I fail to see any particular obscurity in this passage, though Dyce echoes Warburton and Johnson in declaring it "hopelessly corrupted." If any paraphrase is necessary, Malone's is quite sufficient to the purpose: "Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion."

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

47. Line 11: *Who taught you this?*—This is Rowe's emendation, or rather expansion of F. 1's contraction *Who taught 'this!*

## 48. Lines 39-45:

*There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd, &c.*

There was formerly a notion that spiders were venomous. Malone quotes from a pamphlet of 1632 entitled Holland's Leaguer: "like the spider, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth." Henderson mentions that one of the witnesses against the Countess of Somerset in the famous Overbury case said, "The Countess wished me to get the strongest poison I could. . . . Accordingly I bought seven great spiders and cantharides." Compare the story of Shah Abbas, thus told in Browning's Ferishtah's Fancies, pp. 14, 15:

He too lived and died  
—How say they? Why, so strong of arm, of foot  
So swift, he stayed a lion in his leap  
On a stag's haunch,—with one hand grasped the stag,  
With one struck down the lion: yet, no less,  
Himself, that same day, feasting after sport,  
Perceived a spider drop into his wine,  
Let fall the flagon, died of simple fear.

49. Line 51: *a pinch'd thing*.—Perhaps this means treated as a mere puppet, pinched and moved as others please. Several contemporary instances of the use of the word *pinched* are given in the Variorum Shakspeare, vol. xiv. p. 278, but they may be said to need rather than to give explanation.

## 50. Lines 73, 74:

*calumny will SEAR  
Virtue itself.*

Compare All's Well, ii. 1. 175, 176:

my maiden's name  
*Sear'd* otherwise.

51. Line 79: *The most REPLENISH'D villain in the world*

—Compare Richard III. iv. 3. 18, 19:

The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,  
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.

52. Line 90: *A FEDERARY with her*.—This is probably only another form of the word now usually spelt *fedary*, which is printed *fedarie* in the F. 1 text of Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 122; *Fordarie* in Cymbeline, iii. 2. 21. See note 105 on Measure for Measure.

## 53. Lines 104, 105:

*He who shall speak for her is AFAR OFF guilty  
But that he speaks.*

This of course means, in Johnson's words, "guilty in a remote degree." Malone compares Henry V. i. 2. 239, 240:

Or shall we sparingly show you *far off*  
The Dauphin's meaning?

## 54. Lines 134, 135:

*I'll keep MY STABLES where  
I lodge my wife.*

Collier's sensitive Corrector altered *my stables* into *me stable*; and Collier observes that Antigonus "means merely that he will take care to keep himself constantly near his wife,—I'll keep *me stable* where I lodge my wife,—in order that she may not offend in the way unjustly charged against Hermione." The change seems quite uncalled for, though it certainly renders the passage much more elegant. Grant White very well says: "The meaning of the passage seems so plainly 'I will degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel,' that had there not been much, quite from the purpose, written about it, it would require no special notice. The idea of horses and dogs being once suggested by the word 'stable,' the speaker goes on to utter another thought connected with it: 'I'll go in couples,' &c."

55. Line 136: *THAN when I feel and see her no further trust her*.—Ff. print *Then*, but the two words were spelt interchangeably. Pope made the correction in his second edition.

56. Line 141: *some putter-on*.—The meaning of *putter-on* is here evidently instigator; in Henry VIII. i. 2. 23-25, the same word is used of one who sets measures on foot, or causes them:

they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as *putter-on*  
Of these exactions.

57. Line 143: *I would LAND-DAMN him*.—This strange word, *land-damn*, has given rise to endless conjectures, the most recent and plausible of which—indeed the *first* that can be called plausible—is one contained in Notes and Queries, iii. 461 (June 12, 1875), in a letter signed "Thornlife," and dated from Buxton. The writer states that forty years ago an old custom was still in use in these parts of punishing detected slanderers or adulterers "by the rusties traversing from house to house along the

country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles;) when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed;" and they were said to be *land-danned*, or, as it was pronounced, *landanned*. It is suggested in a later number of Notes and Queries (July 3. 1875), that *landan*, like the Gloucestershire word *randan* (used in a similar sense), is an imitative word, intended to represent the confused and continued noise of the process.

58. Lines 149, 150:

*And I had rather GLIB myself than they  
Should not produce fair issue.*

*Glib*, we are told by Steevens, is still used in some parts in the sense of castrate, and he quotes Shirley, St. Patrick for Ireland, 1640: "If I come back, let me be *glib'd*." The word seems to be akin to the more general word *lib*, itself a provincialism in the North. Boyer renders it by "châtrer."

59. Line 152: *As you feel doing thus.*—*Thus* is generally supposed to be grasping Antigonus' arm; perhaps so, perhaps otherwise; the matter is uncertain, and of little consequence.

60. Line 157: *the whole dungy earth.*—This elegant epithet occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 35, 36:

*our dungy earth* alike  
Feeds beast as man.

61. Lines 169, 170:

*The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all  
Properly ours.*

This metrical arrangement is Theobald's. The Ff. begin line 170 at "Is."

62. Line 172: *Without more OVERTURE.*—Shakespeare generally uses *overture* in the sense of proposal, much as we use it nowadays; here, and in Lear, iii. 7. 89, he seems to give the word rather the signification of disclosure.

63. Lines 181, 182:

*Most piteous to be WILD.*  
*'t were*

That is, no doubt, to be rash; as in iv. 4. 577, 578, below:  
*a wild* dedication of yourselves  
To unpatn'd waters, &c.

64. Line 185: *Of stuff'd sufficiency.*—Compare Much Ado, i. 1. 56: "*stuff'd* with all honourable virtues;" and Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 183: "*Stuff'd* . . . with honourable parts." Consequently the meaning appears to be, of full or complete sufficiency (that is, ability); not, as Johnson says, "of abilities more than enough."

#### ACT II. SCENE 2.

65. Line 30: *These dangerous unsafe LUNES & the king.*—Cotgrave has "*Lune, folie.* Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tête. Richelet." Steevens compares Cyril Tourneur, The Revenger's Tragedy, iii. 1, 1608:

I know 't was but some peevish moon in him.

The French still say, of a man of capricious temper, "il a ses *lunes*" or "il est bien (ou mal) *luné*." The expression given by Theobald—"il y a de la *lune*"—is now

<sup>1</sup> Compare Cotgrave, "Charivaris des poelles, The carting of an infamous person, graced with the harmony of tinging kettles and frying-pan Musicke."

obsolete. There is an old French proverb that "les femmes ont trois quartiers de la *lune* dans la tête," and in Pantagruel there is some talk of a voyage to the moon to verify the fact. The word is found in modern editions of Shakespeare in Merry Wives, iv. 2. 22, and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 139, where the Ff. have *lines*; some editors introduce it also in Hamlet, iii. 3. 7, in place of the Ff. *lunacies*.

66. Line 49: *Who but to-day HAMMERED of this design.*—See Two Gent. of Verona, i. 3. 18, and the note on the passage (vol. i. p. 167, note 28).

#### ACT II. SCENE 3.

67. Line 4: *the HARLOT king.*—The word *harlot* was formerly used of men as well as of women. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 204, 205:

This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,  
While she with *harlots* feasted in my house.

The word originally meant a youth; it then came to be used of persons of low birth, and then persons of low conduct. The French use of the word *fille* (originally and literally meaning daughter) may be quoted as a similar example of a word's degradation, having come to mean now, when used by itself—*une fille*—precisely what the English word in question means to-day. Compare Chaucer, Prologue, lines 647, 648:

He was a gentil *harlot* and a kynde;  
A betre felawe shulde men neight fynde.

It is said of the Sompnour, who does not seem to have been a person of good conduct.

68. Lines 5, 6:

*out of the BLANK*

*And LEVEL of my brain.*

Both these terms of gunnery or archery are often used by Shakespeare; as, for example, Othello, iii. 4. 128: "stood within the *blank* of his displeasure;" All's Well, ii. 1. 158, 159:

I am not an impostor, that proclaim  
Myself against the *level* of mine aim;

and, *level* being used adverbially, in a passage which combines and illustrates both words, Hamlet, iv. 1. 42, 43:

As *level* as the cannon to his *blank*,  
Transports his poison'd shot.

69. Lines 19-21:

*The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,  
And in his parties, his alliance.*

Malone quotes from Shakespeare's original, Greene's Dorastus and Fawnia: "For Pandosto although he felt that revenge was a spur to warre, and that envy alwaies profreth steele, yet he saw, that Egisthus was not onely of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but had also many Kings of his alliance to ayde him, if neede should serve: for he married the Emperours daughter of Russia" (Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, part I. vol. iv. pp. 32, 33). It will be seen that Shakespeare has caught at the hint afforded by the words "Emperours daughter of Russia" to give Hermione an added dignity and a sharper contrast at her trial. In Greene it is Polixenes' wife, not Leontes', who is thus referred to.

70. Line 39: *WHAT noise there, ho?*—So the later Ff.; F. 1 has *Who*.



71. Line 56: *in COMFORTING your evils*.—That is, in abetting or encouraging your evil practices. Compare Lear, iii. 5. 21: "If I find him *comforting* the king," where the context shows that something more than merely consoling is meant. In Wielſ's version, "be strong in the Lord" (Ephesians vi. 10) is rendered "be *comforted* in the Lord."

72. Line 67: *A MANKIND witch!*—Compare Coriolanus, iv. 2. 16, where Sicinius says to Volumnia, sneeringly, "Are you *mankind!*" Singer quotes Abraham Fleming, Junius' Nomenclator, 1585, where "virago" is defined: "A manly woman, or a *mankind* woman." The word was frequently used in this sense; as in Massinger, The City Madam, iii. 1:

you brache!  
Are you torn'd *mankind!*

and in Fletcher, The Woman-hater, iii. 1: "Are women grown so *mankind*, must they be wooing?"

73. Line 68: *intelligencing*.—This word is used by Shakespeare only here, where it evidently means one who acts the part of a go-between; somewhat similar uses of *intelligencer* will be seen in II. Henry IV, iv. 2. 20, and Richard III. iv. 4. 71.

74. Line 74: *thou art WOMAN-TIRD*.—To *tire* was used in falconry for "to tear with the beak;" so that the expression is closely allied in meaning with the modern *hen-pecked*. Compare Venus and Adonis, 55, 56:

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
*Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.

75. Line 75: *dame Partlet*.—For the story of dame Partlet see Chancer's *Nonne Prestes Tale*, where "dameysele Pertelote" or "dame Pertelote" is the favourite of the "sevene hennes" composing the harem of "a cok, highte chauntecleer."

76. Line 76: *erone*.—This word originally meant a toothless old ewe; it came to have its present sense at least in Chancer's time; e.g. *Man of Lawes Tale*, line 432 (MS. Harl. 7334):

This olde sowdones this cursed *erone*.

Shakespeare only uses the word in this passage, but it is frequently to be met with in the dramatic literature of his time.

77. Line 90: *A callat*.—Compare II. Henry VI. i. 3. 86:

Contemptuous base-born *callat* as she is;

III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 145:

To make this shameless *callat* know herself;

and Othello, iv. 2. 120, 121:

He call'd her whore: A beggar in his drink  
Could not have laid such terms upon his *callat*.

Compare, too, Burns, The Jolly Beggars: "Here's our ragged brats and *callats!*" The etymology of the word is uncertain. The New English Dictionary quotes, among other references, Holland's *Liuy*, 1600, i. lviii, 41: "Any dishonest woman or wanton *callot* [*impudica*];" and Stanyhurst, Description of Ireland in Holinshed, vi. 52: "Let us . . . leave lying for varlets . . . scolding for *callats*."

78. Line 106: *No YELLOW in 't*.—Compare Nym's figurative language in Merry Wives, i. 3. 111: "I will possess him with *yellowness*;" i.e. jealousy.

79. Line 109: *lozel*, or *losel*, is defined by Verstegan (Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, 1605, p. 235, cited by Reed) as "one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." See Glossary of Yorkshire Words and Phrases, 1856. Compare Speiser, View of the State of Ireland (quoted in Latham's *Johnson*): "Such *losels* and scatterlings cannot easily, by any sherrif, be gotten, when they are challenged for any such fact." The word is still occasionally met with, as in Browning, Sordello, bk. iii. line 759:

Keeping, each *lozel*, through a maze of lies,  
His own conceit of truth."

80. Line 148: *beseech you*.—This is Rowe's expansion of the reading of F. 1, *beseech*. The later FL, as usual, disregard altogether the mark of contraction.

81. Line 162: *So sure as THIS beard's gray*.—Some editors have emended *this* into *thy*; without need, I think, for though Leontes certainly means the beard of Antigonus and not his own, he may, as Malone suggested, lay hold of Antigonus' beard (just above he has said "Come you hither," so that it would probably be within reach), or if he merely pointed to it, at close quarters, he might have said *this*. But Leontes had shown himself capable of acts quite as unkingly as pulling an old man's beard.

82. Line 168: *Swear by this sword*.—In the knightly day-oaths were frequently taken on the cross-shaped hilt of a sword. The practice is often alluded to by Shakespeare Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 154, 160, where Hamlet makes his friends swear upon his sword.

83. Line 192: *Poor thing, condemn'd to Loss!*—Compare iii. 3. 49-51, below:

poor wretch,  
That, for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd  
To *loss* and what may follow!

Halliwel cites Baret, Alveaire, 1580: "*Losse*, hurt, properly things cast out of a shippe in time of a tempest."

#### ACT III. SCENE 1.

84.—The stage-direction to this scene is given in the Cambridge Shakespeare "A seaport in Sicilia" (after Theobald's "A part of Sicily near the seaside"). But, as the Old-Spelling editors point out, "line 21 ['fresh horses!'] implies that the riders had brought in tired horses, and had not just landed."

85. Line 2: *the ISLE*.—Shakespeare follows Greene in speaking of Delphi as an island: "they [*i.e.* the messengers selected by Pandosto] willing to fulfill the Kinges command, and desirous to see the situation and custom of the *Island*, dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage." Warburton suggests, with some probability, that the original cause of the mistake was a mental confusion between "Delphos" and "Delos."

#### ACT III. SCENE 2.

86.—There are in this scene several specially close parallels between the language of Greene's narrative and that of Shakespeare's play. Compare, for instance, with this

passage from the tale: "and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault,"—lines 55-58:

I ne'er heard yet  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
Than to perform it first.

There is again considerable similarity between Hermione's protestations of the innocence of her love for Polixenes and Bellaria's declarations of her blameless affection for Egistus. For example: "What hath past betwixt him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale: that I loved Egistus I can not denie: that I honored him I shame not to confess: to the one I was forced by his vertues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope my selfe to be found without spot: for Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not privie to his departure, and that this is true which I have heere rehearsed, I referre myselfe to the devine Oracle" (Hazlitt, p. 42). Compare specially lines 62-78. And in lines 112-115:

if I shall be condemn'd  
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else  
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,  
'T is rigour, and not law—

we have an absolute quotation: "therefore if she were condemned without any further prooffe, it was rigour, and not Law" (p. 38). Polixenes' remorseful and penitent words after his folly has been at last brought home to him (154 *et seq.*) are closely modelled upon Greene. The text of the oracle (133-137) is copied with but a few variations from Greene: "Suspicion is no prooffe: jealousy is an unequal judge: Bellaria is chaste; Egistus blamelesse: Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous: his babe an innocent, and the king shall live without an heire: if that which is lost be not founde" (p. 40, where it is printed in sm. caps.).

87. Line 10: *Silence!*—F. 1 prints *Silence* in italics, as if it were a stage-direction. Capell assigned it to a crier, and he is followed by Dyce. It seems the simplest plan to do as Rowe has done, and allow the officer to command silence.

83. Line 34: *Who*.—Ff. print *Whom*. The correction was made by Rowe.

89. Lines 50, 51:

*With what ENCOUNTER SO UNCURRENT I  
Have STRAIN'D, to appear thus.*

*Encounter* may here be used in the general sense of behaviour (e.g. Taming of Shrew, iv. 5. 54), or in the more derogatory sense in which it occurs in Much Ado, iv. 1. 94 ("the vile encounters they have had") *Uncurrent* means, evidently enough, "unwarrantable." *Strain'd* seems to have the signification of "swerved," as the participle is used in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 19:

Nor ought so good, but, *strain'd* from that fair use,  
Revolts, &c.

Thus Dyce's paraphrase gives the simplest and most natural explanation of the passage: "With what unwarrantable familiarity of intercourse I have so far exceeded

bounds, or gone astray, that I should be forced to appear thus in a public court as a criminal."

90. Line 82: *My life stands in the LEVEL of your dreams*.—See note 68 above, on *level*; Hermione means here that her life is within the range of his idle suspicions.

91. Line 86: *Those of your FACT are so*; i.e. those who have done as you have done. Compare the use of the same word in precisely the same sense, in note 86 above, in the quotation from Greene. *Fact* seems to be always used in Shakespeare in this unfavourable sense, meaning not merely a deed (the Latin *factum*), but an evil deed.

92. Line 93: *The BUG which you would fright me with I seek*.—*Bug* was used in Shakespeare's time for what we now (to avoid misunderstandings) call more lengthily "bugbear." Compare Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 211:

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs;

and Hamlet, v. 2. 22:

With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life.

In Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 117, "Thessal bugs" is given by Abr. Fleming as the translation of Horace's "*portentaque Thessala*;" and in the same book, p. 153, the word is used as the generic name of a congeries of portents, the list of which is interesting enough to quote here: "They [our mothers' maids] have so fraied us with bull beggers, spirits, witches, urchens, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, fumes, sylens, kit with the canstieke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changelings, *Incubus*, Robin good-fellowe, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell waine, the fierdrake, the puckle, Tom thombe, hob goblin, Tom tumbler, boneles, and such other bugs, that we are afraid of our owne shadows."

93. Line 94: *To me can life be no COMMODITY*.—Schmidt enters *commodity* as used in this line under the head of "convenience;" surely it belongs rather with his second division, "profit, advantage," as in King John, ii. 1. 573, 574:

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling *commodity*,  
*Commodity*, the bias of the world.

Grant White quotes The Haven of Health, 1584: "And therefore seeing all my trauaile tendeth to common *commodities*, I trust euerie man will interpret all for the best" (sig. ¶¶ 4b.).

94. Line 100: *Starr'd most unluckily*.—There are several astrological allusions in this play, i. 2. 201, 363 ("Happy star reign now!"); and one might perhaps add the reference to the "influences" of the stars in lines 424-426 of the same scene.

95. Line 146: *Of the queen's SPEED*.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 139: "happy be thy *speed*!" In Cymbeline, iii. 5. 167, 168, there is a quibble upon this and the more customary meaning of the word:

This fool's *speed*

Be cross'd with slowness!

96. Lines 169, 170:

*Which you knew great, and to the hazard  
Of all uncertainties, &c.*

The editor of F. 2 inserted the word *certain* before *hazard*, a very plausible emendation. I can quite fancy that it may have been what Shakespeare wrote, but in the absence

of anything more than a doubtful probability (for the authority of F. 2 is to my mind of the smallest) I hesitate to admit the word into the text.

97. Line 187: *That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant.*—Several absurd emendations of this line have been proposed, where none was needed. The obvious meaning is, as Coleridge well put it, "show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy." Compare Phœr's *Æneid*:

When this the young men heard me speak, of wild they waxed wood.

98. Line 188: *And DAMNABLE ingrateful.*—Adjectival forms of adverbs are frequently met with in Shakespeare. Compare, for this very word, All's Well, iv. iii. 31, 32: "Is it not meant *damnably* in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?"

99. Line 189: *Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour.*—"How should Paulina know this?" as Malone acutely remarks. "No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance." A precisely similar oversight (for so it seems) occurs in iii. 3. 111, where the shepherd speaks of Antigonos as "the old man," though he has never seen him, and his son has not said that he was old.

100. Line 190: *his gracious DAM.*—*Dam* is several times used by Shakespeare for mother, but always, save here, as a term of contempt. Paulina, as we know, was not a squeamish person; and it is quite characteristic of her to use a word of this sort affectionately.

101. Line 206: *TINCTURE or lustre in her lip.*—Shakespeare only uses *tincture* in the sense of colour, as in *Two Gent. of Verona*, iv. 4. 160: "the *lily-tincture* of her face."

102. Line 232: *take your patience to you.*—Compare Henry VIII. v. 1. 105-107:

you must *take*  
*Your patience to you*, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower.

103. Line 244: *To these sorrows.*—This is the reading of the Ff. S. Walker proposes *Unto*, which is plausible. The Cambridge editors adopt this reading in the Globe Edition. Collier is wrathful with those who adopt this reading, "against every authority, and to the ruin of the beauty of the close of this grand and pathetic scene."

### ACT III. SCENE 3.

104. Lines 1, 2:

*Thou art PERFECT, then, our ship hath touch'd upon  
The deserts of Bohemia!*

*Perfect* is used two or three times by Shakespeare for "certain," "fully aware," as in *Cymbeline*, iii. 1. 73-75:

I am *perfect*  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for  
Their liberties are now in arms;

and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 118: "I am *perfect* what." The idea of a maritime Bohemia, that stumbling-block to precisians, is taken from Greene. "Egistus, King of Sycellia, who in his youth had bene brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tracte of time, nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship,

provided a navie of ships, and *stayed into Bohemia* to visit his old friend and companion (Hazlitt, p. 24) It will be remembered that Shakespeare has transposed the two kingships.

105. Lines 21, 22:

*I never saw a vessel of like sorrow  
So fill'd and so becoming*

Certain commentators (such as the too ingenious Mr. W. N. Lettson, from whose persistent passion of emendation no Shakespearean idiom was safe) have objected to the idea of a *vessel*, or even of a woman, being *becoming*. The suggested substitution of *gerrunning* would, as Singer justly says, "spoil an image of rare beauty. Antigonos describes an expression which only the greatest masters have realized in art: grief the most poignant rather enhancing the beauty of a countenance than deforming it."

106. Lines 54, 55:

*thou'rt like to have*

*A lullaby too rough.*

Compare in Greene: "shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy lullabie?" (p. 36).

107. Lines 59, 60: *I would there were no age between TEX and three-and-twenty*—Capell suggested that *tea* might be a mistake for *thirteen*; and the Cambridge editors very justly add that if written in Arabic numerals 16 would be more likely to be mistaken for 10 than 13, and would suit the context better.

108. Line 63: *the ancientry.*—This word occurs in only one other passage, *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 89, where it means "pertaining to age."

109. Lines 66-69: *They have send away two of my best sheep, which I fear the WOLF will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, BROWSING of IVY.*—This is taken from Greene: "It fortun'd a poore mercenary Shepheard, that dwelled in Sycellia, who got his living by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert, that was hard by, sought diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either the *Wolres* or *Eagles* had undone him (for hee was so poore, as a sheepe was halfe his substance), wandered downe toward the sea cliffes, to see if perchance the sheepe was *browsing on the sea fry*, whereon they greatly doe feede, but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke, hee heard a childerie" (p. 45).

110. Line 71: *A boy or a CHILD.*—It is evident that *child* is used here for a girl; and Steevens says that he is told the word is still in use in the midland counties. Most of the editors have simply copied this statement; in Latham's *Johnson* it is said that *child* as girl is "common as a *provincialism*; especially in Warwickshire, where it has probably been most carefully noticed." Halliwell, in his *Archaic Dictionary*, quotes from Hole's MS. *Glossary of Devonshire Words*, collected about 1780: "A *child*, a female infant." In *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, vol. v. May 6, 1876, Mr. Charles Thirriold sends the very apt parallel from Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, ii. 4:

Ages to come shall know no male of him  
Left to inherit, and his name shall be  
Blotted from earth; if he have any *child*.

It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves  
Shall sow wild strife betwixt *her* lord and *her*.

One correspondent states that in some parts of Lancashire the inquiry, apropos of a baby, "Is it a lad or a *chuld*?" is still common; another assigns the same usage to Gloucestershire; Mr. W. Randle, in the same volume, and in vol. vi., states that his elder relatives in Cornwall were familiar with the expression, "Is it a boy or a *cheeld*?" Grimm, in his *Deutsches Wörterbuch*, Band 5 (Leipzig, 1873), p. 713, *s. v.* *Kind*, mentions a similar use of *buben* and *kindern* (in the sense of boys and girls) in Switzerland.

111. Line 100: *how the sea* FLAP-DRAGON'D it; *i. e.* swallowed it like a *flap-dragon* (now known as *snap-dragon*). See Love's Labour's Lost, note 152 (vol. i. p. 64).

112. Line 124: *You're a MADE old man*.—This is Theobald's emendation (after a conjecture of "L. H.") of the Ff. reading *maid*. The word is countenanced, not only by the sense of the context, but by a passage in Dorastus and Fawnia: "The goodman . . . desired her to be quiet . . . if she could holde her peace, they were *made* for ever" (Hazlitt, p. 47).

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

113. Line 2: *make and unfold*.—Ff. print *makes, and unfolds*, which some editors retain. The correction, which seems to be required, was made by Rowe.

114. Lines 4-6:

*Impute it not a crime  
To me or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years.*

Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1595, complains that the dramatic authors of his time are "faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of corporall actions. . . . For ordinary it is that two young Princes fall in love. After many trauceries, she is got with childe, deliuered of a faire boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falls in loue, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours space; which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine, and Arte hath taught, and all ancient Examples iustified" (Arber's Reprint, pp. 63, 64). A similar lamentation is raised by Whetstone in the preface to his *Promos and Cassandra*.

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

115. Line 4: *It is FIFTEEN years since I saw my country*.—This is probably a slip of Shakespeare's, and as such I refrain from altering it; that he intended the number of years to be *sixteen* is evident not merely from Time's speech in the prologue to this act, but from v. iii. 31, 50.

116. Lines 5, 6: *though I have for the most part been AIRED abroad*.—I think Rolfe is right in explaining the word *aired* as "lived, breathed the air, or been in the air—in distinction from being in the grave, which, as Polonius says (Hamlet, ii. 2. 211), 'is out o' the air.'"

117. Line 22: *keeping FRIENDSHIPS*.—*Friendship* is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of "friendly service." Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 163:

To buy his favour, I extend this *friendship*;  
where Shylock is referring to "the bond."

118. Line 35: *I have MISSINGLY noted*.—Schmidt takes *missingly* to mean with regret ("so as to feel and regret the absence"). Steevens thinks it means at intervals; and Richardson, in his dictionary, explains the phrase, "observing him to be *missing*, to be absent, [I have] noted"—which seems the most probable hypothesis.

119. Line 52: *but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither*.—So the Ff., which print "I fear" in brackets. The Old-Spelling Shakespeare reads, "But I feare the Angle." The use of *but* rather than "and" in such a clause seems rather singular.

120. Line 56: *I think it NOT UNEASY*.—Shakespeare uses the word *uneasy* in the sense of "not easy," *i. e.* difficult, in one other passage (Tempest, i. 2. 450-452):

but this swift business  
I must *uneasy* make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light.

In the modern sense of uncomfortable the word is used in two, and only two, other places: II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 10, 31.

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

121. Line 2: *the DOXY*.—A cant word for strumpet, given by Boyer, in his French Dictionary, as equivalent to "trull." Compare Middleton, The Roaring Girl, i. 1:

*Moll*. Sirrah, where's your *doxy*? halt not with me.  
*Onnes*. *Doxy*? *Moll*, what's that?  
*Moll*. His wench.

Compare Burns, The Jolly Beggars:

And at night, in barn or stable,  
Hug our *doxies* on the hay.

*Aunts*, line 11 below, has the same meaning, as is very distinctly set forth in a passage quoted by Steevens from Dekker's Honest Whore, i. 2: "to call you one o' mine *aunts*, sister, were as good as call you arrant whore." Compare Middleton, Michaelmas Term, iii. 1: "She demanded of me whether I was your worship's  *aunt* or no. Out, out, out!" (Works, x. 470); and Parson's Wedding, iii. 1: "Yes, and follow her, like one of my *aunts*" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, xiv. 448).

122. Line 4: *For the red blood reigns in the winter's PALE*.—This probably means paleness, as in Venus and Adonis, 589-591:

a sudden *pale* . . .  
U'sturps her cheek.

It may allude to pale, an inclosure—probably enough combines both meanings.

123. Line 7: *Doth set my PUGGING tooth ON edge*.—Ff. print *an*, which was modernized by Theobald. Steevens quotes from Middleton and Dekker's Roaring Girl, v. 1, a passage in which the word *puggards* occurs in list of various classes and conditions of thieves:

and know more laws  
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, curbers,  
With all the Devil's black-guard.

—Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 546.

Steevens also tells us that *pugging* is "used by Greene in one of his pieces," but he gives no reference.

124. Line 10: *With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay*.—This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 reads:

*With heigh, the Thrush and the Jay.*

125. Line 20: *budget*.—It is as well to say, for the credit of Shakespeare's rhymes, that *budget* in the Ff. is spelt *Bouget*, and is thus a very fair rhyme for *avauch it*. *Budget*, which the principles of modernization oblige one to substitute, is of course no rhyme at all. Probably Shakespeare deliberately misspelt the word for the sake of the rhyme.

126. Line 24: *My father nam'd me Autolyeus*.—Autolyeus was the son of the light-fingered god Mercury, and his career seems to have reflected great credit on the paternal training.

127. Line 28: *my revenue is THE SILLY CHEAT*.—Steevens says that the *silly cheat* is one of the technical terms belonging to the art of coney-catching or thievery mentioned by Greene in his treatise on that art.

128. Lines 33, 34: *every eleven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling*.—Malone says in his note on this passage: "Dr. Farmer observes to me, that *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool. . . . The meaning, therefore, of the Clown's words is: 'Every eleven wether tods; i.e. will produce a tod, or twenty-eight pounds of wool.'" Ritson notes, on the authority of Stafford's Breve Conceptione of English Pollieye, 1581, p. 16, that the price of a tod of wool was at that period twenty or two-and-twenty shillings; so the medium price was exactly "pound and odd shilling."

129. Line 39: *our sheep-shearing feast*.—In some parts of Somersetshire and Dorset—perhaps elsewhere—sheep-shearing time is still kept with festivities. Steevens quotes, as an illustration of the frequent complaints as to the expense of these feasts, Questions of profitable and pleasant Concernings, &c., 1594: "If it be a *sheep-shearing feast*, Maister Bailly can entertain you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three shepherds' wages, spent on fresh cates, besides *spices* and *saffron* pottage."

130. Line 45: *three-man songmen all; i.e. singers of catches in three parts*. In the first edition of Dekker's Shoemaker's Holiday, 1600, two "*Three-men's Songs*" are printed at the beginning, without any definite indication as to their position in the play.

131. Line 48: *the warden-pies*.—A large cooking pear is, or was, known as *warden*. The word is in Walker's Dictionary, ed. 1837; in later editions I do not find it. Ozilvie, Imperial Dictionary, defines it as "a kind of pear chiefly used for roasting or baking; so called because it keeps long before it rots," and cites Beaumont and Fletcher: "I will have him roasted like a *warden*." Steevens cites a quibble on the name in Ben Jonson's Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed: "A deputy tart, a church-warden ppe."

132. Line 49: *that's out of my note*.—Grant White is probably correct in explaining *out of my note*, "not among the matters of which I am to take note;" it is indeed improbable that Shakespeare could have intended to represent a fellow like the worthy "clown" as a reader of manuscript. Rolfe bids us see Twelfth Night, v. 1. 299, where another "clown" is to be found reading from

a paper; but in that case the clown was a professional jester attendant on a lady of rank, not a simple rustic.

133. Line 51: *I the name of me!* This is usually printed with Rowe's punctuation: *I the name of me!*; the Ff. have a full stop after *me*. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, cited by the Cambridge editors, suggests that the clown was going to say *I the name of mercy!* when he was interrupted by Autolyeus. Steevens compares the form of interjection *Before me* (as in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 194), and says that *I the name of me* is a vulgar exclamation which he has often heard. It does not seem to me entirely unfamiliar; so I have replaced the mark of interruption by a note of exclamation.

134. Line 58: *that kills my heart*. Compare Henry V. ii. 1. 92: "The king has *killed his heart*."

135. Line 92: *troll-my-dames*.—This is an old game, called in French *Trou-madame*, and sometimes known as pigeon-holes, a description of which is quoted by Farmer from Dr. Jones' Benefit of the Ancient Bathes of Buckstone: "The ladies, gentle women, wyves, and maydes, may in one of the galleries walke: and if the weather bee not agreeable to their expectation, they may have in the end of a benches eleven holes made, into the which to trowle pummates, or bowles of leade, bigge, little, or meane, or also of copper, tyme, woode, eyther vyolent or softe, after their owne discretion; the pastyme *troule-in-madame* is termed." Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "*Troll-madam*, *subst* (or Pigeon-holes, a sort of game) *Trou-madame*, sorte de Jeu." Another name for it was "trunks."

136. Line 101: *he hath been since an APE-BEABER*.—The *ape-bearer* was an important functionary of the time. Compare Ben Jonson, Induction to Bartholomew Fair: "He has ne'er a sword-and-buckler man in his fair; nor a juggler with a well-educated *ape* to come over the chain for the King of England, and back again for the prince." Compare, too, Massinger's Bondman, iii. 3, where "Enter Graculo, leading Asotus in an ape's habit, with a chain about his neck." The early part of the scene may be consulted for indications of the professional duties of apes.

137. Lines 102, 103: *then he compass'd a MOTION of the Prodigal Sou*.—*Motion* was used in Shakespeare's time in the sense of puppet-show. Compare Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, v. 1: "'O, the *motions* that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to since my master, Pod, died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh and the City of Norwich and Sodom and Gomorrah."

138. Line 105: *prigs*.—This cant term for a thief is still in familiar use as a slang verb—to *prig*. Ozilvie, Imperial Dictionary, quotes De Quincey, who refers to "all sorts of villains, knaves, *prigs*, &c."

139. Line 132: *Jog on, jog on, &c.*—These lines are part of a catch printed in An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches, 1661, p. 69. The melody is given in The Dancing Master, 1650, under the title of "Jog on, my honey." Knight gives the air in his Pictorial Shakespeare.

140. Line 133: *And merrily HENT the stile-a.—Hent*, meaning to take hold of, and so here, no doubt, to clear, occurs again in another sense still, in Measure for Measure, iv. 6. 14, and, as a noun, in Hamlet, iii. 3. 88:

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid *hent*.

The word is from the Anglo-Saxon *hentan*. Compare Chaucer, Prologue, 696-698:

He seide, he hadde a gobet of the seyl  
That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente  
Uppon the see, til Jhesu Crist him *hente*.

Steevens quotes Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, bk. iii. canto vii.  
Great labour fondly hast thou *hent* in hand.

In the 1729 edition of Boyer's French Dictionary the participle *hent* (meaning "caught") is given, but marked as obsolete.

141. Lines 134, 135:

*A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

Compare what seems like a reminiscence of this in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, i. 4: "I may curse the time that e'er I knew my father; he hath spent all his own and mine too; and when I tell him of it, he laughs, and dances, and sings, and cries, '*A merry heart lives long-a.*'"

#### ACT IV. SCENE 4.

142. Line 9: *a swain's WEARING*.—Compare Othello, iv. 3. 16: "my nightly *wearing*," the only other instance of the word.

143. Line 12: *Digest IT*.—This word, which seems equally necessary for sense and for rhythm, was added in F. 2.

144. Lines 13, 14:

*sworn, I think,  
To show myself a glass.*

This evidently means, as Malone took it, that the prince seems, by his rustic disguise, as if he had sworn to show her, as in a glass, how she herself ought to have been attired. Compare Julius Caesar, i. 2. 67-70:

And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, *your glass*,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

Hammer changed *sworu* to *swoon* (after a conjecture of Theobald's), a reading which, like many of Hammer's, produces an easy text at the cost of all its pith and character.

145. Lines 25, 26:

*The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, &c.*

Compare Dorastus and Fawnia: "The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Sibilla, Jupiter Io, and why not I Fawnia? one something inferiour to these in birth, but farre superiour to them in beautie. . . . And yet Dorastus shame not at thy shepherds weede: the heavenly goles have sometimes earthly thoughtes; Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a Bul, Apollo a shepheard, &c." (Hazlitt, pp. 55, 62).

146. Line 46: *Le mery, GENTLE*.—Compare Antony and

Cleopatra, iv. 15. 47: "*Gentle*, hear me;" and Measure for Measure, i. 4. 24:

*Gentle* and fair, your brother kindly greets you.

147. Lines 60-62:

*her face o' fire  
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it  
She would to each one sip.*

This is the punctuation of the Ff. The Cambridge editors take away the poor woman's character by the simple transposition of a comma, thus:

*her face o' fire  
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip.*

The Ff. are far from saying that her face was inflamed with drink; it is a trait of politeness that they emphasize. Where the character of a lady depends on a single comma, no gentleman can hesitate which reading to adopt.

148. Lines 74-76: *For you there's rosemary and rue*, &c.—Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 175, 176; and see the note on that passage.

149. Line 82: *gillyvors*.—That is, the flower commonly known as "gillyflower," the ear-nation. The word is from "caryophyllum," through the French "girofle." Steevens supposes "gill-flirt," a wanton, to be derived from *gillyvor*, "which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to run from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female." Douce reasonably infers that the bad character of gilly-flowers comes from their resemblance to a "painted woman." "The gilly-flower or ear-nation," he reminds us, "is streaked with white and red. In this respect it is a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman, and therefore Perdita declines to meddle with it. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of the above flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time. This conclusion is justified by what she says below" (lines 101-103: "were I *painted*," &c.).

150. Lines 105, 106:

*The marigold, that goes to bed w<sup>th</sup> the sun  
And with him rises weeping.*

This, says Ellacombe, *Plant-Lore of Shakespeare* (cited by Rolfe), is probably the "garden marigold" (*Calendula officinalis*), which was formerly much used in gardens. "It was the 'heliotrope' or 'solsequium' or 'turnesol' of our forefathers, and is often alluded to under these names." Grant White cites Oghan, *The Hauen of Health*, 1584, p. 68: "*marigoldes* are hoate and drye, an herbe well known and as usual in the kitchin as in the hall: the nature of [?]them] is to open at the Sunne rising, and to close up at the Sunne setting."

151. Lines 116-118:

*O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that frighted thou best fall  
From Dis's wagon!*

It is evident from Venus and Adonis that Shakespeare had read Ovid, probably both in the original when at school and afterwards in Arthur Golding's translation (1567). The lines here are an evident reminiscence of the passage in the 5th book of the *Metamorphoses*:

ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora  
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis;

which Golding renders:

And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,  
By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her flowers went

Halliwell quotes from Barnes, *Devils Charter*, 1607, the expression "the *wagon* of black *Dis*." *Wagon* is used for carriage in All's Well, iv. 4. 34: "Our *wagon* is prepar'd."

152. Line 122: *pale primroses*.—Compare *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 221: "The flower that's like thy face, *pale primrose*." Milton's "rathe primrose that forsaken dies" (*Lycidas*, 142) is a less evident echo of Shakespeare's diviner verse than the passage as it originally stood:

Bring the rathe primrose that unweeded dies,  
Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love.

153. Line 126: *The eronen imperial*.—This flower (the *Fritillaria imperialis*) was originally a native of the East.

154. Line 127: *The flower-de-luce*.—Compare Henry V. v. 2. 223, 224: "what sayest thou, my fair *flower-de-luce*?" Ellacombe quotes a number of passages bearing on the question whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris. It is not of much consequence, but it seems probable that he was botanically wrong.

155. Line 142: *Nothing but that; more still, still so*.—Rolle quotes an ingenious defence of the rhythm of this line from Cowden Clarke: "The iteration of *still* in the peculiar way that Shakespeare has used it conjoinedly with the two monosyllables *more* and *so*, gives the musical cadence, the alternate rise and fall, the to-and-fro undulation of the water—the swing of the wave—with an effect upon the ear that only a poet gifted with a fine perception would have thought of." I suppose no one will deny that Shakespeare was a poet gifted with a fine perception.

156. Lines 147, 148:

*but that your youth,*

*And the true blood which peeps fairly through't.*

Is this a reminiscence of Hero and Leander, third sestiad, lines 39, 40:

Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,  
With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep!

Shakespeare quotes directly from the poem in *As You Like It*, iii. 5. 82, 83:

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of night,—  
"Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"

The "dead shepherd's" immortal "saw" is in sestiad 1, line 176. It should be noticed that in order to get the proper rhythm in line 148 it must be read with a strong accent on the word *true*, a lesser accent having been laid on the first word of the line. Perhaps there is some corruption in the text.

157. Line 160: *That makes her blood look out*.—Fl. read *on't*, which is an evident misprint for the word substituted by Theobald, *out*.

158. Line 169: *a worthy FEEDING*.—Steevens quotes Drayton, *Polycolbion*, vi.: "their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility." Compare *As You Like It*, ii. 4. 99, where *feeder* is used for shepherd, one who *feeds* the flocks.

159. Line 192: *milliner*.—Shakespeare uses this word only here and in *1. Henry IV.* i. 3. 36: "perfum'd like a

*milliner*." Schmidt defines *milliner* "a man who deals in fancy articles," and this, rather than the purely modern meaning, is the sense in both passages. *Milliner* is generally supposed to have originally meant one who deals in Milan wares, but, says Wedgwood, *Dictionary of English Etymology*, no positive evidence has been produced in favour of the derivation.

160. Line 195: *burdens of DILDO and FADING*.—*Dildo* and *fading* are both burdens frequently met with in old ballads, as in songs cited by Malone, the burden of one (from *The Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31) being:

With a *dildo, dildo, dildo*,  
With a *dildo, dildo, lee*;

and of another (from *Sportive Wit*, 1656, p. 58): "with a *fading*, with a *fading*." A *fading* is said to be an old Irish dance, and as such is referred to by Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher. There is a lengthy note on the name and character of the dance in the *Variorum Shakspeare*, xiv. 429, 430, part of which, a description of the Irish dance, still (or at least in 1803) to be met with "on rejoicing occasions in many parts of Ireland. "The dance is called *Riaca Fada*, and means literally 'the long dance.' . . . A king and queen are chosen from amongst the young persons who are the best dancers, the queen carries a garland composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribbands; you have seen it, † daresay (writes Malone's Irish correspondent), with the May-maids. Frequently in the course of the dance the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under; all the rest of the line linked together follow in succession: when the last has passed the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions; this is often repeated during the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent."

161. Lines 200, 201: "*Whomp, do me no harm, good man*."—In *The Famous History of Friar Bacon*, says Farmer, there is a ballad to the tune of "Oh! do me no harm, good man." The tune is preserved in a collection of Ayres, to sing and play to the Lyte and Basse Violl, with Panins, Galliards, Almains, and Corantos, for the Lyta Violl, by William Corline, 1610.

162. Line 204: *Has he any UNBRAIDED wares?*—*Unbraided wares* may mean, as Steevens suggests, anything besides laces which are *braided*—the principal commodity of pedlars; it has been thought, from a passage in *All's Well*, iv. ii. 73, where *braid* is used for deceitful (*A S. brayd*, deceit), that *unbraided* may more probably mean not counterfeit, genuine, as in Steevens' quotation from *Anything for a Quiet Life*: "she says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided ware*, and that you give not London measure." Schmidt suggests that *unbraided* may be the clown's blunder for "embroidered."

163. Line 208: *inkles*.—See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 189.

164. Line 208: *caddises*.—Compare *1. Henry IV.* ii. 4. 79: "*caddis-garter*." *Caddises* were "worsted tapes or bindings, used for garters, &c." (*New English Dictionary*).

Compare Lyly, *Euphues* (ed. 1868, p. 220): "The country dame girdeth herselfe as straight in the waste with a course *caddis*, as the Madame of the court with a silk riband."

165. Line 211: *the sleeve-hand*.—Cotgrave defines "*Poinct de la chemise*," "the wristband or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt."

166. Line 212: *the square*; *i.e.* the square cut on the bosom. Tollet cites Fairfax, Godfrey of Bulloigne, xii. 64:

Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives  
Her curious *square*, emboss'd with swelling gold.

Tasso says simply *la vesta*.

167. Line 221: *Cyprus*.—See Twelfth Night, note 123. There, however (ii. 4. 53), the word seems to mean the cypress wood; here it is obviously used for a sort of crape. The word is rendered *bysus crispata* by Minsheu, who describes it as "a fine curled linen." Nares quotes two interesting allusions to it from Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, i. 3: "And shadow their glory as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn, or a black *cyprus*;" and Epigram 73:

Your partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn  
In solemn *Cyprus*, th' other cobweb lawn.

The word, in the sense of mourning, occurs in the first stage-direction to the Puritan: "Enter the Lady Widow Plus, Frances and Moll, Sir Godfrey with Edmond, all in mourning; the latter in a *cyprus* hat."

168. Line 228: *poking-sticks of steel*.—*Poking-sticks* were instruments something like curling-tongs, used, when heated, for adjusting the plaits of ruffs. Compare Middleton, *Blurt Master Constable*, iii. 3 (cited by Steevens): "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your lily sweating hands." For a description of *poking-sticks* see Stubbes, *The Second Part of the Anatomie of Abuses* (no date): "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as siluer, yea and some of siluer it selfe, and it is well, if in processe of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt, or a squibbe, which little children vsed to squirt out water withall, and when they come to starching, and setting of their ruffes, than must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe. For you know heate will drie, and stiffen any thing. And if you woulde know the name of this goodly toole, forsoothie the deuill hath given it to name a putter, or else a putting sticke, as heare say" (sig. F2, back). Stubbes inveighs against ruffs and all their appurtenances at great length, and with awful solemnity.

169. Line 247: *kiln-hole*.—Here, and in *Merry Wives*, iv. 2. 59, where the word also occurs, *kiln* is spelt *kill*, in the Folio, following, no doubt, the common pronunciation. It is not certain whether it means the mouth of an oven or the opening under a stove. Harris says that "*kiln-hole* is pronounced *kill-hole* in the midland counties, and generally means the fire-place used in making malt, and is still a noted gossiping place."

170. Line 250: *CLAMOUR your tongues*.—Grey suggested that *clamour* is a misprint for "charm" (*i.e.* silence), and

the emendation was introduced into the text by Hammer. Grant White, in adopting it, thinks it "impossible to resist the conclusion that the word in the Folio" is a misprint, and quotes Taming of the Shrew, iv. 2. 58: "To tame a shrew, and *charm* her chattering tongue," &c. Collier, noting the conjecture and Gifford's approval of it, thinks "it may be doubted nevertheless." Hunter quotes Taylor the Water-Poet:

*Clamour* the promulgation of your tongues.

Hudson is of opinion that there is some connection between the word and the provincialism *clam* or *clem*, sometimes called *clammer*, *i.e.* literally to stop up, and so, figuratively, to stop. Perhaps this may be the right interpretation of a somewhat puzzling expression.

In *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, No. 83, Aug. 1, 1857, Mr. Thomas Keightley remarks, in reference to this passage: "Taylor, I believe, printed his own poems, and such a 'perversion' could hardly have escaped his eye; and I think that both he and Shakespeare used a verb pronounced like *clamour*, but which should be spelt *clammer*, and signified to press or squeeze; so that *clammer your tongue* is the same as *hold your tongue*. It is true *clammer* is not in use, but *clem* (*i.q.* *claw*) is. I myself have heard a peasant in Hants say 'his stomach was *clemmed* with fasting,' *i.e.* squeezed, pressed together; and Massinger uses it exactly in the same sense:

When my entrails

Were *clemmed* with keeping a perpetual fast.

—Roman Actor, ii. 1.

where Coxeter and M. Mason read *clammed*, as it is in the passage from Antonio and Mellida, quoted in Mr. Wright's Dictionary, s.v. *Clam*." In *Notes and Queries*, 6th Series, vol. vi. July 8, 1882, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson assigns yet another meaning to the word, which, however, arrives at pretty much the same general sense. He quotes from Holyoke Rider's *English-Latin Dictionary*: "the apparently then semi-obsolete verb 'to *clamme*, v. stoppe.'" "Again, in W. Dickinson's *Dialect of Cumberland* (E. D. S., 1878) I found (says Dr. Nicholson), '*Clammers*, S. W., a yoke for the neck of a cow to prevent her leaping hedges' (*i.e.* a contrivance to stop or restrain her, a stopper). The bucolic clown, therefore, using a bucolic figure, said: '*Clammer* [*i.e.* put the *clammers* on] your tongues, and let them not be unruly; not a word more.' Shakespeare, had he but once heard this verbal form of the phrase, would have been struck with its difference from, its almost opposition to, the ordinary *clamour*, and have remembered it the more readily." It will thus be seen that we have in evidence two verbs to *clammer*, both having practically the same signification. It seems unnecessary to alter the spelling, so variable a thing in those days.

171. Line 253: *a tawdry-lace*.—A *tawdry lace*, sometimes known as a *tawdry*, was a ribbon for the head or neck. The word is supposed to be derived from St. Audrey, according to some because it could be bought at St. Audrey's fair, according to others because the saint died of a swelling in the throat, which she regarded as a judgment for her having been too much addicted to the particular vanity of necklaces. In Latham's *Johnson* there is a quotation from Drayton:



Not the smallest beak,

But with white pebbles makes her *tantrics* for her neck.

Compare too Spenser, *The Faithful Shepherdess*:

The *primrose* chaplet, *bradry lace* and ring.

172. Line 253: *a pair of sweet gloves*.—See *Much Ado*, note 242.

173. Line 271: BLESS ME FROM *warrying a usurer!*—Compare *Much Ado*, v. 1. 145: "God *bless me from a challenge!*"

174. Line 279: *Here's another ballad of a fish*, &c. Malone quotes from the Stationers' Register, 1604, the following entry: "A straunge reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman, from her waist upward, scene in the sea." In Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, under date A.D. 1180, it is said: "This year also near unto Oxford in Suffolk, certain fishers took in their nets a fish, having the shape of a man in all points, which fish was kept by Bartholomew de Glanville in the castle of Oxford six months and more." Halliwell refers to a number of "ballads, broadsides, and fugitive pieces on all kinds of wonders." The present dialogue, he says, "seems to be a general, not a particular, satire; but it may be curiously illustrated by an early ballad of a fish, copied from the unique exemplar preserved in the Miller collection, entitled,—'The description of a rare or rather most monstrous fishe, taken on the east side of Holland the xvij. of November, anno 1566.' . . . In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a register of all the shows of London from 1623 to 1642, is 'a license to Francis Sherret to shew a *strange fish* for a yeare, from the 10th of March, 1635."

175. Line 316: *SAD talk*.—For *sad*=serious, see *Twelfth Night*, note 202.

176. Line 330: *That doth UTTER all men's ware-a*.—*Utter* is used two or three times in Shakespeare in the sense of sell, or more strictly, "cause to pass from one hand to another" (Schmidt). See *Romeo and Juliet*, note 205 (vol. i. p. 252).

177. Lines 333, 334: *men of hair, they call themselves Salliers*.—A dance of satyrs was a frequent part of mediæval entertainments. Hudson quotes Bacon, *Essay 37*, who says of antimasques: "They have been commonly of fools, *satyrs*, baboons, wildmen, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, cupids, statues moving, and the like." One of the most famous, for the consequences it was like to have brought, was that in which Charles VI. nearly lost his life. See Froissart, book iv. ch. 53 (Johnes' translation, ed. 1839, vol. ii. pp. 550-552). There is a print of the masque, from a fifteenth-century MS., on p. 551. The Variorum Shakespeare gives another print, vol. xiv. p. 372.

178. Line 335: *a gallinawfry*.—This word is used again by Pistol in *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 119. Steevens cites Cockeram, *Dictionary of Hard Words*, 1622: "*Gallinawfry*, a confused heape of things together." Boyer gives it as the equivalent of "hotch-potch." The word is from the French *gallinawfry*, a hash. Ogilvie, *Imperial Dictionary*, quotes Spenser: "They have made our English tongue a *gallinawfry* or hodge-podge of all other speeches."

179. Line 343: *by the squire*.—*Squire* or *equier*, from the O. Fr. *esquierre*, means the square, or foot-rule; as in Stanyhurst's Preface to his translation of the first four books of the *Æneid*, 1582: "having no English writer before me in this kind of poetry with whose *squire* I should leaue my syllables." The word is used in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 474; see note 198 (vol. i. p. 67).

180. Line 363: *marted*.—Compare Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 11: To sell and *mart* your offices for gold; and *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 151.

181. Line 372: *who*.—Ff. read *whou*, as in 434 below.

182. Lines 375, 376:

*the FANN'D SNOW that's bolted  
By the norther blasts twice o'er.*

Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 141. 142:

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' *snou*—  
*Fann'd* with the eastern wind.

183. Line 411: *dispute his own estate*.—That is, as Steevens paraphrases it, "reason upon his own affairs." Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3. 63:

Let me *dispute* with thee of thy *estate*.

184. Line 439: *That thou no more shalt see this knack as never*, &c.—Ff. have:

That thou no more shalt *never* see this *knacke*, (as *never*). &c.

The reading in the text is Rowe's, now universally adopted. The Cambridge editors very justly defend the emendation as follows: "1. The misprint is of a very common sort. The printer's eye caught the word at the end of the line. 2. The metre is improved by the change. The line was made doubly inharmonious by the repetition of 'never.' 3. The sense is improved. Polixenes would rather make light of his son's sighs than dwell so emphatically upon their cause."

185. Line 442: *Far thou Deucalion off*.—*Far* is printed in the Ff. *farre*, i.e. the old form of the comparative, *ferre*=farther. Compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, 48 (ed. Morris, Clarendon Press):

And there to haddle he riden, noman *ferre*.

*Deucalion*, the Noah of the Greek *Deluge*, is alluded to again, much as here, in *Coriolanus*, ii. 1. 102: "worth all your predecessors since *Deucalion*."

186. Line 450: *Hoop his body*.—This is Pope's correction of the Ff's misprint or variation of spelling, *loope*.

187. Line 457: *Looks on alike*.—Rolfe well observes that this mode of expression "does not differ essentially from *look on*=be a looker-on, which is still good English. We say now 'I stood looking on' (*Taming of Shrew*, i. 1. 155) though we have ceased to use *look upon* in the same way; as in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 6. 10: 'He is my prize; I will not look upon.' . . . See also v. 3. 100 below. Dyce says that these passages are 'not akin to the present.' But *look upon* as there used implies an object as it does here; the only difference being that in the one case the omission of the object is the rule, while in the other it is the exception."

188. Line 469: *Where no priest shovels in dust*.—Till the reign of Edward VI. it was customary in burial services

for the priest, in saying "earth to earth," to cast the first earth upon the coffin.

189. Lines 472, 473:

*If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd  
To die when I desire.*

Compare Macbeth, ii. 3. 96, 97:

Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time.

190. Line 478: *You know YOUR father's temper.*—F. 1 has *my*, which is obviously wrong. The correction is made in F. 2.

191. Line 511: *And most opportune to HER need.*—This is the reading of F. 1, which has been all but universally abandoned (even by the Cambridge editors) in favour of Theobald's very plausible emendation *our*. Boswell defends the original reading on the ground that "*her need*" = the need we have of her, *i.e.* the vessel—which does not seem to me at all reasonable. I think, though for a very different reason, that *her* is not improbably right. Florizel's main thought is of Perdita, and by saying "*her need*" he shows how completely she has absorbed his thoughts to the exclusion even of himself.

192. Line 524.—*Now, good Camillo*;—I have adopted here the punctuation of the Cambridge editors—a semicolon instead of the usual comma after *Camillo*. Malone inserted a stage-direction, "going," at the close of Florizel's present speech. The Cambridge editors remark: "We think Malone's stage-direction 'going' was inserted under a mistaken view of Florizel's meaning. He apologizes to Camillo for talking apart with Perdita in his presence. At the commencement of this whispered conversation he said to Camillo, 'I'll hear you by and by,' and at the close of it he turns again to him with 'Now, good Camillo,' &c."

193. Line 525: *curious.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 70, the only other passage in which the word is used in this particular sense.

194. Lines 549, 550:

*But as the unthought-on accident is GUILTY  
To what we wildly do.*

Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 16s:

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong.

195. Line 599: *asks thee THEE son forgiveness.*—The first two Ff. have *there* instead of *thee*, which is the reading of the later Ff. and probably right. The Old-Spelling editors contrive to preserve the words of F. 1 by a very ingenious change of punctuation, thus:

Asks thee there, "Sonne! forgiveness!"

I do not think, however, that Shakespeare could have written so jerky a line as this makes, or used so curious a construction as *asks* with an exclamatory sentence depending on it.

196. Line 55s: *But not TAKE IN the mind.*—*Take in* is used several times in Shakespeare for subdue, conquer. Compare Coriolanus, i. 3. 23-25:

our aim; which was,  
To take in many towns ere almost Rome  
Should know we were about.

See also Massinger, A New Way to Pay Old Debts, v. 1. 23s:

An army of whole families, who yet alive,  
And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able  
To take in Dunkirk.

197. Lines 593, 595:

*Your pardon, sir; for this  
I'll blush you thanks.*

F. 1 reads thus:

Your pardon Sir, for this,  
He blush you Thanks.

The later Ff. have a full-stop after this. The reading in the text (Hammer's) seems to give better sense than if we take it, as some editors do, with "I'll blush you thanks" in a separate clause. F. 1 favours either reading, so that an editor is free to follow his own preference.

198. Line 609: *pomander.*—A *pomander* was a ball composed of perfumes, worn to sweeten the breath and preserve from infection. Steevens gives a recipe for making it from Lingua, 1697, iv. 3: "Your only way to make a good pomander is this: Take an ounce of the purest garden mould, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water. Then take the best labdanum, both storaxes, amber-gris and civet and musk. Incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog." Halliwell, in his Folio ed. (vol. 8) covers pp. 228-234 with accounts and illustrations of pomanders. Another recipe may be quoted which he gives from Markham's English Housewife, ed. 1675, p. 109: "*To make Pomanders.*—Take two penny-worth of labdanum, two penny-worth of storax liquid, one penny-worth of calamus aromaticus, as much balm, half a quarter of a pound of fine wax, of cloves and mace two penny-worth, of liquid aloes three penny-worth, of nutmegs eight penny-worth, and of musk four grains: beat all these exceedingly together till they come to a perfect substance, then mould in any fashion you please, and dry it."

"In Lord Londesborough's museum," says Halliwell, p. 229, "is preserved a fine and very curious specimen . . . which includes an original perfume ball . . . that still retains a faint scent. It consists of a small case of copper gilt, which opens on a hinge in the centre. It has a ring above for suspension, the surface being covered with geometric tracery which is perforated for the escape of the scent inside. This takes the form of a compact ball, moulded in lines across it, through which a wire passes forming a loop above to secure it inside the metal case, and to the lower part of the wire a small silver knob is attached."

199. Line 624: *I would have FIL'D keys OFF.*—So F. 3 and F. 4. F. 1 has *fill'd Keyes of*.

200. Lines 654, 655: *the gentleman is half FLAY'D already.*—Ff. print the word *fled*. In Boyer's French Dictionary we find "*To Flea, Verb Act. (or pull the skin off) Escorcher,*" and "*Fleat, Adj. Escorché.*"

201. Line 668: *For I do fear eyes over.*—So Ff. Rowe added *you*, and Dyce reads *over's*. It is probably an elliptical expression for overseeing eyes.

202. Line 6s0: *I shall REVIEW Sicilia.*—Shakespeare only uses *review* in one other place, Sonnet lxxiv. 5, 6:

When thou *reviewest* this, I thou dost *review*  
The very part was consecrate to thee.

In both places it is used in its primary meaning, to see again.

203. Line 728: *fardel*.—Cotgrave has "Fardeau; a *fardle*, burthen, trusse, packe, bundle." Compare More's Utopia (Ralph Robinson's translation, 1551): "I caste into the shippe in the steade of marchandise a pretty *fardel* of bookes" (p. 119, ed. Arber) *Fardel*, though used six times in this play, occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare but in Hamlet, iii. i. 76.

204. Line 731: *Pray heartily he be AT PALACE*.—In F. 1 the reading is at ' *Pallace*, the later Ff. omitting the apostrophe. Rowe prints at the *palace*, which is of course what the Clown should have said, but not so certainly what he did say. The Cambridge edd. suggest that "perhaps the Clown speaks of the King being 'at palace' as he would have spoken of an ordinary man being 'at home;'" but it seems to me more probable that the apostrophe is used to indicate a very rapid pronunciation of the word *the*, such as is common now in the North, where a countryman would certainly speak of being at ' *palace*.

205. Line 734: *my pedler's EXCREMENT*.—See Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 110, note 159 (vol. i. p. 65), and compare Dekker, The Gull's Hornbook, 1609, ch. iii.: "But, alas, why should the chins and lips of old men lick up that *excrement* which they violently clip away from the heads of young men?"

206. Line 741: *of what HAVING*.—Compare Merry Wives, iii. 2. 78: "The gentleman is of no *having*," &c.

207. Lines 743-746: *Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie, &c.*—Rofe very well explains this passage, in defending it against a suggested emendation of Mr. Daniel's: "When [Autolyens] said that *tradesmen* 'often give us soldiers the lie,' he probably meant that they did it by lying about their wares (a trick that he was sufficiently familiar with); but, he adds, 'we pay them for it with stamped coin, not with stabbing steel'—as they deserve, or as you would suppose."

208. Line 751: *with the manner*.—See Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 204, note 15 (vol. i. p. 54).

209. Lines 759, 760: *Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, OR TOAZE from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier!*—F. 1 reads *at toaze*, which the later Ff. render *or toaze*. Both form and meaning of the word are uncertain. The Cambridge edd. even suggest that Autolyens may have "coined a word to puzzle the clowns, which afterwards puzzled the printers." It seems probable that *toaze* is a variant, perhaps intentional, upon *toize*, for which, perhaps, it may be merely a misprint. *Toize* or *tease* means to pull or draw, and is thus, as Henley remarks in an excellent note, the precise opposite to *insinuate*. "The [latter] signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the former to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense:

—close the serpent sly  
*Insinuating*, wove with Gordian twine  
His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
Gave proof unheeded.

—Paradise Lost, bk. iv. l. 347.

—course complexions,

And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
The sampler, and to teaze the housewife's wool.

—Comus, l. 747.

210. Lines 768, 769: *Adeocate's the court-word for a PHEASANT*.—Kenrick unnecessarily suggests that *pheasant* should be *present*. As Stevens very sensibly says: "As he was a snitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolyens asks him what *adeocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*." Halliwell quotes from the Journal of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665: "I gave to Mr. Cripps, Solicitor, for acting for me in obtaining my qualifications, and effecting it, £1. 10s.; and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon, and presenting my lord with *two brace of pheasants*, 10s."

211. Line 780: *by the picking on's teeth*.—Compare King John, i. 1. 190:

He and his *to'pick* at my worship's mess;

where the Bastard is describing, and satirizing, the habits of a man of elegance, one who "moved in the best society."

212. Line 813: *'nointed over with honey, &c.*—Reed quotes a description of a similar mode of torture from a contemporary work, The Stage of Popish Toyes, 1581, p. 33: "he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne; and, after anointing the pore Prince over with *hony*, forced him naked to enter in it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on him; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life."

213. Line 825: *being something gently CONSIDER'D*.—Stevens quotes The Ile of Gulls, 1633, iii. 1, (p. 65, Eulien's reprint): "Thou shalt be well *considered*; there's twentie Crownes in earnest." Scott, in The Fortunes of Nigel, represents the old miser Trapbois as having the word *consideration* (in precisely its present sense) constantly upon his lips. Grant White quotes Shirley, School of Complement, iii.: "Roundelaye's very good; here is moneys and *considerations*, looke ye" (ed. 1637, p. 35).

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

214. Line 12: Paul TRUE, *too true, my lord*.—The first True in the Ff. is added to the foregoing speech. Theobald was the first to correct an evident transposition of the printer's.

215. Line 30: *the former queen is WELL*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 31-33:

Mess. First, madam, he is *well*?

Cle. Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are *well*.

Henley suggests that the expression is derived from 2 Kings iv. 26.

216. Lines 57-60:

*would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,  
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-rev'd,  
And begin, "Why to me!"*

The Ff. read:

would make her Sainted Spirit  
Again posseſse her Corps, and on this Stage  
(Where we Offenders now appeare) Soule-vest,  
And begin, why to me?

The anonymous conjecture adopted in the text has been finally received by the Cambridge editors, and appears in the Globe Shakespeare. The passage is perhaps corrupt: nothing, at all events, can be said quite certainly about it. But the emendation we have accepted seems to do less violence to the original text than any other of the numerous attempts that have been made to patch up a confessedly doubtful text. Malone suggests that *Why to me?* may be supposed to mean "Why to me *did you prefer one less worthy?*" Boswell conjectures: "Why such treatment to me? when a worse wife is better used." If the text here is correct, Leontes is probably meant to break off his sentence, whatever it may have been, abruptly, which he is much in the habit of doing.

217. Lines 60, 61:

*Had she such power,  
She had just cause.*

The first two Ff. read "She had iust *such* cause," which the Old-Spelling editors, who adopt this reading, explain by taking *just such* as "even such." The later Ff. omit *such*, and I think rightly. While it is barely possible that F 1 is right, there are such strong reasons for thinking it is wrong that one need not hesitate to prefer the later reading. As for the metre, that is not better one way than the other, but the sense is vastly improved by the omission of *such*, and nothing could be more probable than the supposition that the word *such* in the previous line caught the compositor's eye and was inserted here by mistake.

218. Line 66: *Should RIFT to hear me.*—*Rift* is used as a verb only here and in *Tempest*, v. 1. 45. *Rive* is used several times. Skeat, *Etymological Dictionary*, states that the word *rift* (spelt *ryft*) occurs in Palsgrave's *Lesclairissement de la Langue Francoyse*, 1530.

219. Line 75:

Cleo. *Good madam,—*  
Paul. *I have done.*

I have adopted Capell's emendation. The Ff. give the whole line to Cleomenes: "Good Madame, I haue done;" a reading which seems, if intelligible, self-contradictory.

220. Line 142: *WORN times.*—Compare *Taming of Shrew*, iii. 2. 120:

Could I repair what she will *wear* in me.

*Worn times* is of course a synonym for wasting years, *i.e.* old age.

221. Lines 159, 160:

*from him whose daughter  
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her.*

The comma after *his*, necessary to the sense, was first introduced by Hammer.

#### ACT V. SCENE 2.

222. Line 6: *amazement.*—This word occurs only here and in *Merry Wives*, iv. 4. 55.

223. Line 60: *like a WEATHER-BITTEN CONDUIT.*—Henley compares *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 130:

How now! a *conduit*, girl? what, still in tears?

and states that a *conduit* in the figure of a woman still exists (that is, existed in his time) at Hoddesdon, Herts. F. 3 changes *weather-bitten* to the more familiar *weather-beaten*; but Ritson quotes an instance of such an expression ("weather-bitten epitaph") from the preface to the 2nd part of Antony Mundy's *Gerileon of England*, 1592. Skeat, in his *Etymological Dictionary*, says that there "can be little doubt that, at least in some cases, the right word is *weather-bitten*, *i.e.* bitten by the weather [as here]. The latter is a true Scandinavian idiom. We find Swed. *väderbitten*, lit. *weather-bitten*, but explained in *Widegren* as 'weather-beaten.'"

224. Line 106: *that rare Italian master*, JULIO ROMANO.—The anachronism of this reference to Giulio Pippi, known as Giulio Romano (1492-1546), serves to emphasize the emphatic praise of the allusion—one of the very few contemporary allusions made by Shakespeare. "Ape of Nature" is a title accorded to more than one painter by his flatterers; it was given, among others, to Giotto's disciple Stefano.

225. Line 132: *relish'd.*—Schmidt explains *relish'd* as "having a pleasing taste." Rolfe very well suggests that the meaning may be, "it would have counted as nothing in comparison with my discredits, would not have served to give them even a 'relish of salvation' (*Hamlet*, iii. 3. 92)."

226. Lines 177, 178: *a tall fellow of thy hands.*—This expression is still, in a measure, used, though the word *tall* has quite lost the meaning it had in Shakespeare's time, and which gave point to the phrase (see *Twelfth Night*, i. 3. 20, and the foot-note on *tall*). Cotgrave has: "*Haut à la main, Homme à la main, Homme de main*: a man of his hands; a man of execution or valour; a striker, like enough to lay about him;" and Halliwell quotes Palsgrave, *Lesclairissement*, &c., 1530: "He is a tall man of his hands, *C'est uny habille homme de ses mains.*"

#### ACT V. SCENE 3.

227. Line 14: *The STATUE of her mother.*—This is, as we see later, a *painted* statue. They were sometimes met with in Shakespeare's time. Rolfe compares Ben Jonson, *The Magnetic Lady*, v. 5:

*Rut.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.

*Syr Moth.* And have it painted in most orient colours.

*Rut.* That's right! all city statues must be painted;

Else they'll be worth nought in their subtle judgments.

I remember a painted image of St. Francis in a Catholic church, which, with a little art in the arrangement of light and curtains, might well have passed for a living man. One hears too of persons speaking to some of Madame Tussaud's more casual celebrities. It would, one would think, be quite as easy for life to simulate stone, as for stone to mimic life.

228. Line 18: *Lovely.*—F. 1 has *Lovely*, *i.e.* *Lovely* with a turned *n*, one of the commonest printing errors. The later Ff. mistakenly print *Lovely*.

229. Lines 62, 63:

*Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—  
What was he that did make it?*

Some editors have very needlessly imagined that a line has been lost between these two lines, and Mr. Collier was kind enough to invent a line for the purpose. The sentence suddenly broken short, and the abrupt swerve of thought, is entirely characteristic of Leontes, and would indeed be natural enough in any one under similar circumstances.

230. Lines 67, 68:

*The FIXURE of her eye has motion in 't,  
As we are mock'd with art.*

*Fixure* is used only here and in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 101 (F. 1). Clarke explains the passage: "The immobility of eye proper to a statue seems to have the motion of a living eye, as we are thus beguiled by art." Malone and Steevens take *as* to mean *as if*.

231. Line 100: *look upon*.—See note 187.

232. Line 132: *PARTAKE to every one; i.e. impart; as in Pericles*, i. 1. 152, 153:

*our mind partakes  
Her private actions to your secrecy.*

233. Lines 149-151:

*This is your son-in-law,  
And son unto the King, WHO, heavens directing,  
Is troth-plight to your daughter.*

Ff. print:

This your Son-in-law,  
And Sonne unto the King, whom heavens directing  
Is troth-plight to your daughter.

Malone defends this reading on the assumption that "*whom* heavens directing" is in the absolute case, and has the same signification as if the poet had written "*him* heavens directing." But if taken in this sense, the main sentence becomes "This your son-in-law is troth-plight to your daughter"—surely a very tautological statement. It is quite possible that Shakespeare may have written *whom* for *who*, but it seems better to make the correction with Capell. The insertion of *is* was made by Dyce, upon the suggestion of Sidney Walker. Probably what Shakespeare wrote was *This is This is*.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN THE WINTER'S TALE.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited. The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

| Act Sc. Line                            | Act Sc. Line                          |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| Across (prep.)... iv. 4 15              | Coactive ..... i. 2 141               |
| Allay (sub.)... iv. 2 9                 | Co-heirs ..... ii. 1 148              |
| Ape-bearer... iv. 3 101                 | Co-join ..... i. 2 143                |
| Attentiveness... v. 2 94                | Connive ..... iv. 4 692               |
| Bailiff ..... iv. 3 102                 | Complex <sup>5</sup> (sub.) ii. 1 135 |
| Bed-swerver... ii. 1 93                 | Court-contempt iv. 4 759              |
| Behind-door-work <sup>1</sup> iii. 3 76 | Court-odour... iv. 4 758              |
| Behindhand... v. 1 151                  | Court-word... iv. 4 769               |
| Beneched (vb. tr.) i. 2 314             | Credulity ..... ii. 1 192             |
| Bespice ..... i. 2 316                  | Crone ..... ii. 3 76                  |
| Between (sub.) iii. 3 62                | Crown imperial iv. 4 126              |
| Beverage ..... i. 2 346                 | Cupbearer... i. 2 313, 345            |
| Bitterest (sub.) iii. 2 217             | Currants ..... iv. 3 40               |
| Blister (vb. intr.) ii. 2 33            | Daffodils ..... (iv. 3 1              |
| Borrow (sub.)... i. 2 39                | (iv. 4 118                            |
| Branch (verb)... i. 1 27                | Dedication <sup>6</sup> ... iv. 4 577 |
| Break-neck... i. 2 363                  | Derivative... iii. 2 45               |
| Budget <sup>2</sup> (sub.) iv. 3 20     | Dibble ..... iv. 4 100                |
| By-gone ..... (i. 2 32                  | Dildos ..... iv. 4 195                |
| (iii. 2 185                             | Dimples <sup>7</sup> ..... ii. 3 101  |
| Carnations <sup>3</sup> ... iv. 4 82    | Discontenting... iv. 4 543            |
| Carver <sup>4</sup> ... v. 3 39         | Discredits (sub.) v. 2 133            |
| Chamber-councils i. 2 237               | Dished ..... iii. 2 73                |
| Cheat (sub.)... iv. 3 29, 129           | Disjunction... iv. 4 540              |
| Childness ..... i. 2 170                | Dislikens ..... iv. 4 606             |
| Chisel ..... v. 3 78                    | Distinguishment ii. 1 86              |
| Clerk-like ..... i. 2 302               | Doxy ..... iv. 3 2                    |
| Climate (verb)... v. 1 170              | Ear-deafening... iii. 1 9             |

<sup>1</sup> *behind-door works* in F. 1.  
<sup>2</sup> = leather bag.  
<sup>3</sup> Flowers.      <sup>4</sup> = sculptor.

<sup>5</sup> = ties for holding dogs.  
<sup>6</sup> = committing, giving up.  
<sup>7</sup> Venus and Adonis, 242.

| Act Sc. Line                               | Act Sc. Line                           |
|--|--|
| Elevated ..... v. 2 81                     | Gest <sup>13</sup> ..... i. 2 41       |
| Enfoldings ..... iv. 4 756                 | Gillyvors ..... iv. 4 82, 98           |
| Escape <sup>8</sup> (sub.)... (ii. 1 95    | Glib (verb)... ii. 1 149               |
| (iv. 4 677                                 | Goads (sub.)... i. 2 329               |
| Exultation ..... v. 3 131                  | Good deed <sup>14</sup> ... i. 2 42    |
| Eye-glass ..... i. 2 268                   | *Good-faced... iv. 3 123               |
| Fadings ..... iv. 4 195                    | Green-sward... iv. 4 157               |
| Fecks! ..... i. 2 129                      | Ground <sup>15</sup> ..... ii. 1 159   |
| Federary <sup>9</sup> ..... ii. 1 99       | Gust (verb)... i. 2 219                |
| Fellowest (verb) i. 2 142                  | Hand-fast <sup>16</sup> ... iv. 4 795  |
| Findings (sub.) iii. 3 132                 | Harden <sup>17</sup> ..... (i. 2 146   |
| Fire-robed ..... iv. 4 29                  | (iii. 2 53                             |
| *First-fruits... iii. 2 98                 | Heartiness ..... i. 2 113              |
| Fixure ..... v. 3 67                       | Heat <sup>18</sup> (verb)... i. 2 96   |
| Flap-dragoned... iii. 3 100                | Heavings (sub.) ii. 3 35               |
| Flatness ..... iii. 2 123                  | Hefts ..... ii. 1 45                   |
| Flamts ..... iv. 4 23                      | Heirless ..... v. 1 10                 |
| Flax-wench... i. 2 277                     | Honey-mouthed ii. 2 33                 |
| Footman <sup>19</sup> ... iv. 3 67, 68, 69 | Honour-blawed ii. 1 143                |
| Forbiddenly... i. 2 417                    | Hoop <sup>19</sup> (verb)... iv. 4 450 |
| Foreful ..... ii. 1 163                    | Hornpipes ..... iv. 3 47               |
| Frequent <sup>11</sup> (adj.) iv. 2 36     | Horn-rim ..... iv. 4 611               |
| Frisk ..... i. 2 67                        | Hostess-ship... iv. 4 72               |
| Front <sup>12</sup> (sub.)... iv. 4 3      | Roxes (verb)... i. 2 244               |

<sup>8</sup> = flight; used in other senses elsewhere.  
<sup>9</sup> = confederate; *f. bury* occurs in *Measure*, ii. 4. 122; *Cymb.* iii. 2. 21.      <sup>10</sup> = a pedestrian.  
<sup>11</sup> = addicted; = intimate, *Son.* cxvii. 5.  
<sup>12</sup> = beginning; *Son.* cii. 7.

<sup>13</sup> = stopping-place, limit.  
<sup>14</sup> = in very deed.  
<sup>15</sup> = question, matter.  
<sup>16</sup> = constraint, confinement.  
<sup>17</sup> *Lucrece*, 566, 578.  
<sup>18</sup> = to run over (as at a race).  
<sup>19</sup> = to clasp.

WORDS PECULIAR TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

| Act Sc. Line                            | Act Sc. Line                              | Act Sc. Line                               | Act Sc. Line                               |
|---|---|--|--|
| Ill-doing ..... i. 2 70                 | Over-fond ..... v. 2 126                  | Scurrilous ..... iv. 4 215                 | Temporizer.... i. 2 302                    |
| Ill-ta'en ..... i. 2 400                | Over-kind ..... i. 1 23                   | Second <sup>16</sup> (adj.) ii. 3 27       | Thick (verb)... i. 2 171                   |
| Immodest <sup>1</sup> ..... iii. 2 103  | Own <sup>8</sup> (verb)... iii. 2 60      | Semicircle.... ii. 1 10                    | *Three-pile <sup>20</sup> .. iv. 3 14      |
| Impudently... i. 2 274                  | Pair (verb).... { iv. 4 154               | She-angel..... iv. 4 210                   | Thrower-out... iii. 3 29                   |
| Uncertainties <sup>2</sup> . iii. 2 170 | { v. 1 116                                | Shearers..... iv. 3 44, 129                | Thrush ..... iv. 3 10                      |
| Inch-thick .... i. 2 186                | Pash (sub.).... i. 2 128                  | Shearing (sub.) iv. 4 77                   | *Tirra-lirra.... iv. 3 9                   |
| Incidency ..... i. 2 403                | Petticoes..... iv. 4 629                  | Sheep-hook.... iv. 4 431                   | Tit-tattling.. iv. 4 249                   |
| Industriously . i. 2 256                | Pheasant..... iv. 4 769, 770              | Sheep-whistling iv. 4 805                  | Toaze <sup>21</sup> ..... iv. 4 760        |
| Insufficiency .. i. 1 15                | Plodness ..... iv. 4 87                   | *Ship-side .... iii. 3 112                 | Tod (sub.).... iv. 3 34                    |
| Intelligencing ii. 3 68                 | Plot-proof..... ii. 3 6                   | Shoe-tie ..... iv. 4 611                   | Tods (verb)... iv. 3 33                    |
| Irremovable... iv. 4 518                | Poisoner ..... i. 2 352                   | Shoots <sup>17</sup> (sub.) i. 2 128       | Tongueless <sup>22</sup> .. i. 2 92        |
| Issueless <sup>8</sup> ..... v. 1 174   | Poking-sticks. iv. 4 228                  | Shore (verb)... iv. 4 869                  | Traitorly..... iv. 4 822                   |
| Jar <sup>4</sup> ..... i. 2 43          | Pomander ..... iv. 4 609                  | Shoulder-blade iv. 3 77                    | Troll-my-dames iv. 3 92                    |
| Knee-deep .... i. 2 186                 | Pre-employed.. ii. 1 49                   | Shoulder-bone. iii. 3 97                   | Troth-plight (sub.) i. 2 278               |
| Land-damm .... ii. 1 143                | Pretty <sup>9</sup> (sub.).. iii. 3 48    | Shovels (verb.) iv. 4 469                  | Troth-plight <sup>23</sup> (adj.) v. 3 151 |
| Latches <sup>5</sup> ..... iv. 4 449    | Priest-like <sup>10</sup> (adv.) i. 2 227 | Sicilian ..... v. 1 164                    | Unanswered... v. 1 229                     |
| Lavender ..... iv. 4 104                | Prig ..... iv. 3 108                      | Sighted ..... i. 2 388                     | Unbraided .... iv. 4 204                   |
| Lewd-tongued . ii. 3 172                | Principal <sup>11</sup> (sub.) ii. 1 92   | Skulking ..... i. 2 289                    | Unbreched... i. 2 155                      |
| Limber ..... i. 2 47                    | Process-server. iv. 3 192                 | Sleeve-hand .... iv. 4 211                 | Undescried.... iv. 4 669                   |
| Loa! <sup>1</sup> ..... iii. 3 80       | Profaneness... iii. 2 155                 | Smutched ..... i. 2 121                    | Undreamed.... iv. 4 578                    |
| Loathsomeness iv. 3 59                  | Prognostication <sup>12</sup> iv. 4 818   | Snapper-up.... iv. 3 26                    | Unearthly..... iii. 1 7                    |
| Low-born..... iv. 4 156                 | Proselytes .... v. 1 108                  | So-forth ..... i. 2 218                    | Unfilial ..... iv. 4 417                   |
| Lozel ..... ii. 3 169                   | Pugging ..... iv. 3 7                     | Soften (vb. intr.) ii. 2 40                | Unintelligent. i. 1 15                     |
| Mace <sup>6</sup> ..... iv. 3 49        | Race <sup>13</sup> ..... iv. 3 50         | Songmen ..... iv. 3 44                     | Unmarried .... iv. 4 123                   |
| Magnificence.. i. 1 13                  | Raisins ..... iv. 3 52                    | Soul-vexed .... v. 1 59                    | Unpathed ..... iv. 4 578                   |
| *Main-mast .... iii. 3 94               | Ram-tender... iv. 4 806                   | Southward (adj.) iv. 4 820                 | Unrolled <sup>24</sup> .... iv. 3 130      |
| Medal ..... i. 2 307                    | Red-looked... ii. 2 34                    | South-wind.... v. 1 161                    | Unroosted.... ii. 3 74                     |
| Milking-time.. iv. 4 246                | Reiterate ..... i. 2 283                  | Sovereignly... i. 2 323                    | Unsphere ..... i. 2 48                     |
| Missingly..... iv. 2 35                 | Removedness.. iv. 2 41                    | Sow-skin..... iv. 3 20                     | Untried ..... iv. 1 6                      |
| Mort ..... i. 2 118                     | Requisite (adj.) iv. 4 687                | Stair-work .... iii. 3 75                  | Unvenerable .. ii. 3 77                    |
| Nayward ..... ii. 1 64                  | Review <sup>14</sup> ..... iv. 4 680      | Standing <sup>18</sup> (sub.) i. 2 431     | Virginalling... i. 2 125                   |
| Neb. .... i. 2 183                      | Rice ..... iv. 3 40, 41                   | Starred ..... iii. 2 100                   | *Warden-pies.. iv. 3 48                    |
| Necklace ..... iv. 4 224                | Rift <sup>15</sup> (vb. intr.) v. 1 66    | Sternness ..... iv. 4 24                   | Weak-hinged.. ii. 3 119                    |
| Negative (adj.) i. 2 274                | Rover ..... i. 2 176                      | Stone <sup>19</sup> (verb.) iv. 4 807, 835 | Weather-bitten v. 2 59                     |
| Non-performance i. 2 261                | Ruddiness.... v. 3 81                     | Straited ..... iv. 4 365                   | Whoo-hub.... iv. 4 630                     |
| Numbness..... v. 3 102                  | Rusties (sub.).. iv. 4 735                | Stretch-mouthed iv. 4 196                  | Wilful-negligent i. 2 255                  |
| O'er-dyed ..... i. 2 132                | Saltiers..... iv. 4 334                   | Stupid ..... iv. 4 409                     | Without-door.. ii. 1 69                    |
| Officed <sup>7</sup> ..... i. 2 172     | Savory ..... iv. 4 104                    | Swine-herds ... iv. 4 332                  | Woman-tired.. ii. 3 74                     |
|   |   | Taleporter .... iv. 4 273                  | Wombs (verb).. iv. 4 501                   |
|   |   | Tape..... iv. 4 322, 610                   | Yest..... iii. 3 95                        |
|   |   | Tardied (verb). iii. 2 163                 |  |
|   |   | Tawdry-lace... iv. 4 253                   |  |

<sup>1</sup> = immoderate; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

<sup>2</sup> Son. cvii. 7; cv. 11.

<sup>3</sup> Son. ix. 3.

<sup>4</sup> = tick of a clock; elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.

<sup>5</sup> Lucrece, 339, 258.

<sup>6</sup> A spice.

<sup>7</sup> Occurs in Othello, i. 3. 271.

<sup>8</sup> = to confess; used elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>9</sup> Pass. Pilgrim, 291.

<sup>10</sup> Used as an adj. in Coriolanus, v. 1. 56.

<sup>11</sup> = accomplice.

<sup>12</sup> = art of knowing the future.

<sup>13</sup> = root.

<sup>14</sup> Son. Ixxiv. 5.

<sup>15</sup> Used trans. in Temp. v. 1. 45.

<sup>16</sup> = helpful.

<sup>17</sup> = young branches.

<sup>18</sup> = time of existence; = station, Timon, i. 1. 31.

<sup>19</sup> = to pelt with stones; Lucrece, 978. Figuratively = to harden, Othello, v. 2. 63.

<sup>20</sup> Used as a proper name, Meas. iv. 3. 11.

<sup>21</sup> *Touse* in Measure, v. 1. 313.

<sup>22</sup> = not mentioned; thrice used elsewhere in the ordinary sense.

<sup>23</sup> Henry V. ii. 1. 21.

<sup>24</sup> = struck off the roll.

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