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La Belle Geyr





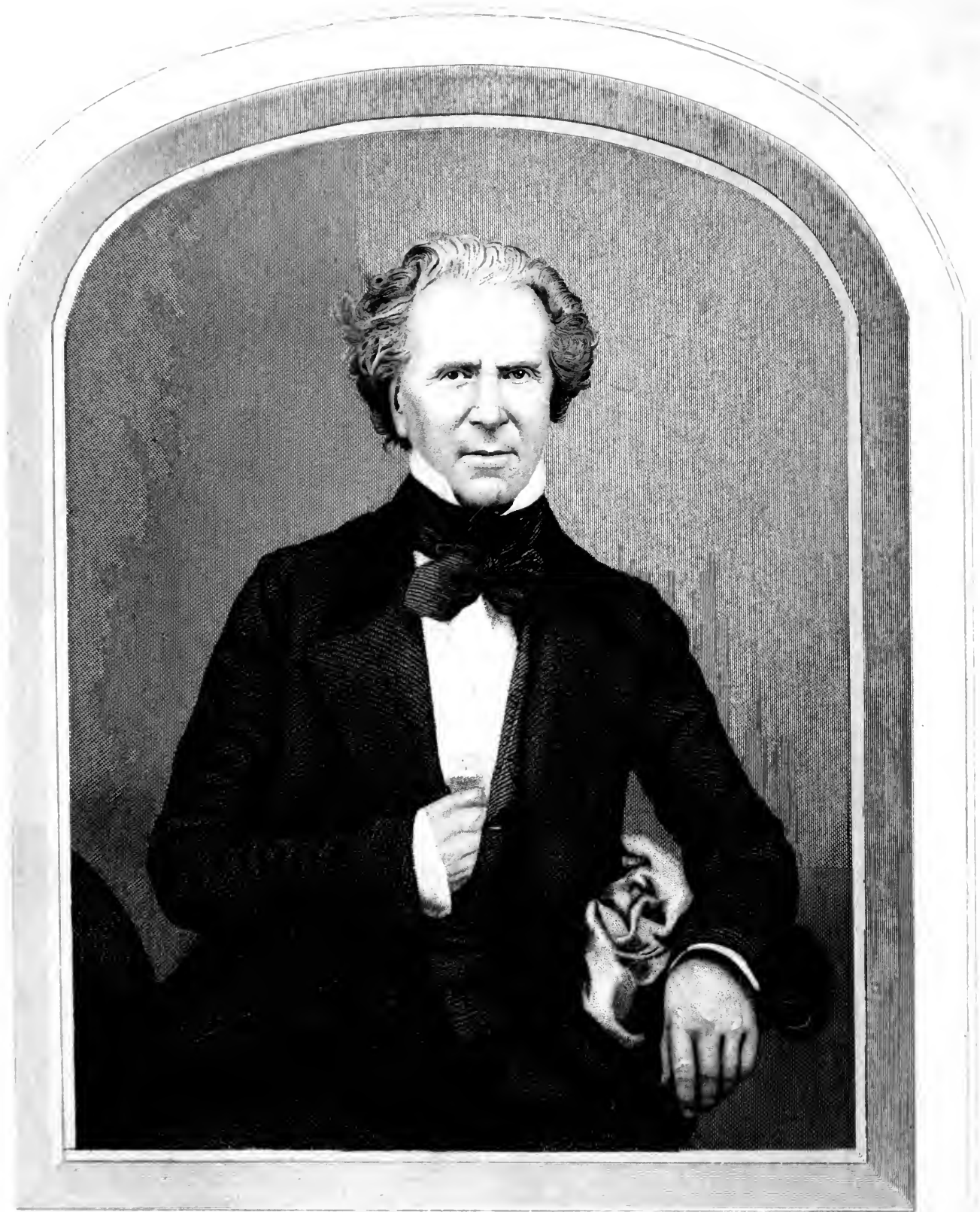
MISS HENRY WILSON

Saw me mite at  
 My muse playing  
 The re-fined  
 were say  
 the  
 was say

INTRO







*Leander Hoff*



*Engraving by J. G. Kneller, after a drawing by G. Kneller*





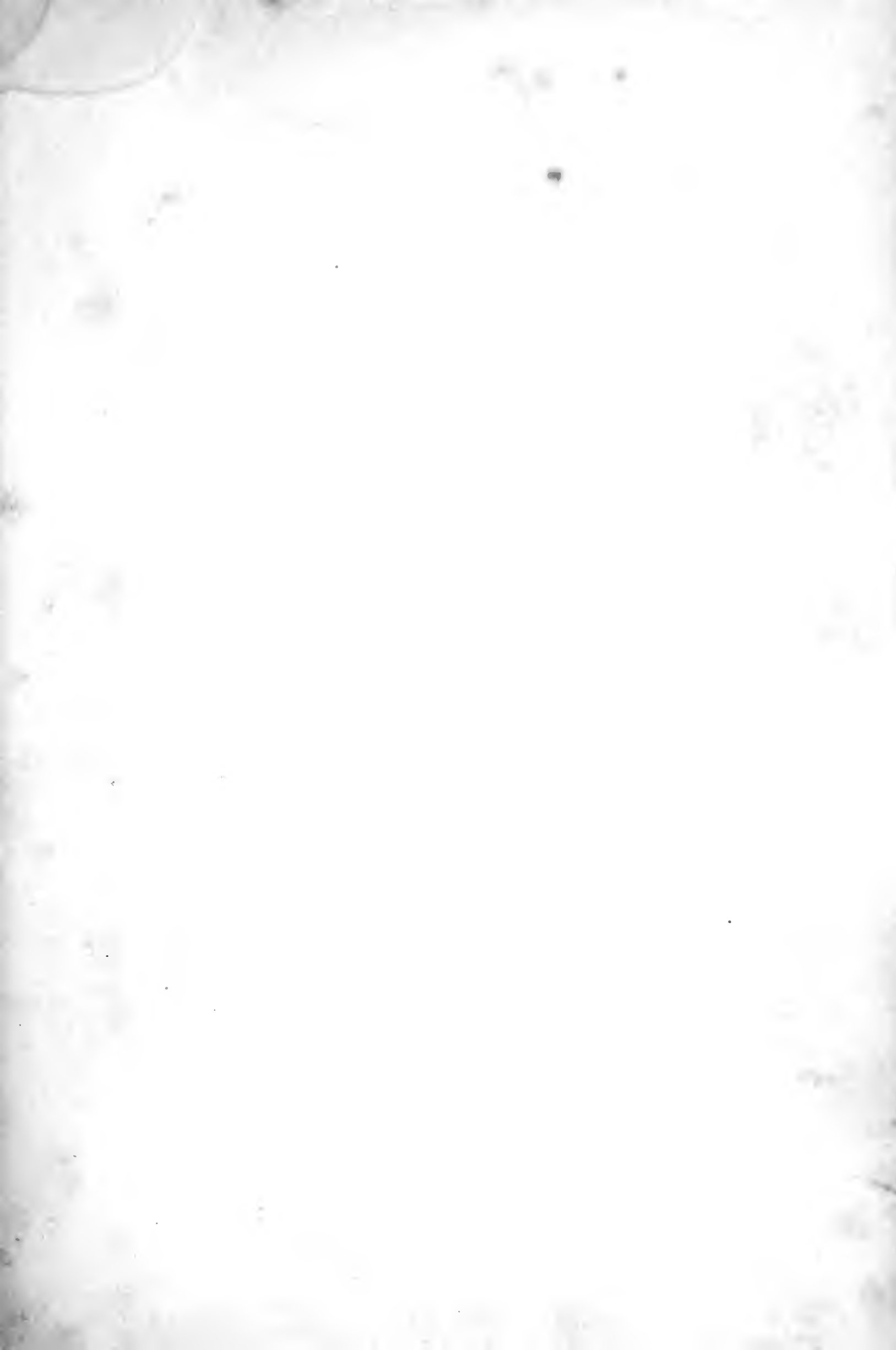
MISS LAURA ADDISON AS IMOGEN

LEO So far I read aloud:  
 But even the very words my heart  
 is warmed by the rest: all laws, perfectly  
 You are as welcome, worthy, strong  
 Have words to bid you, and shall I  
 In that I love it.

C. M. PINE









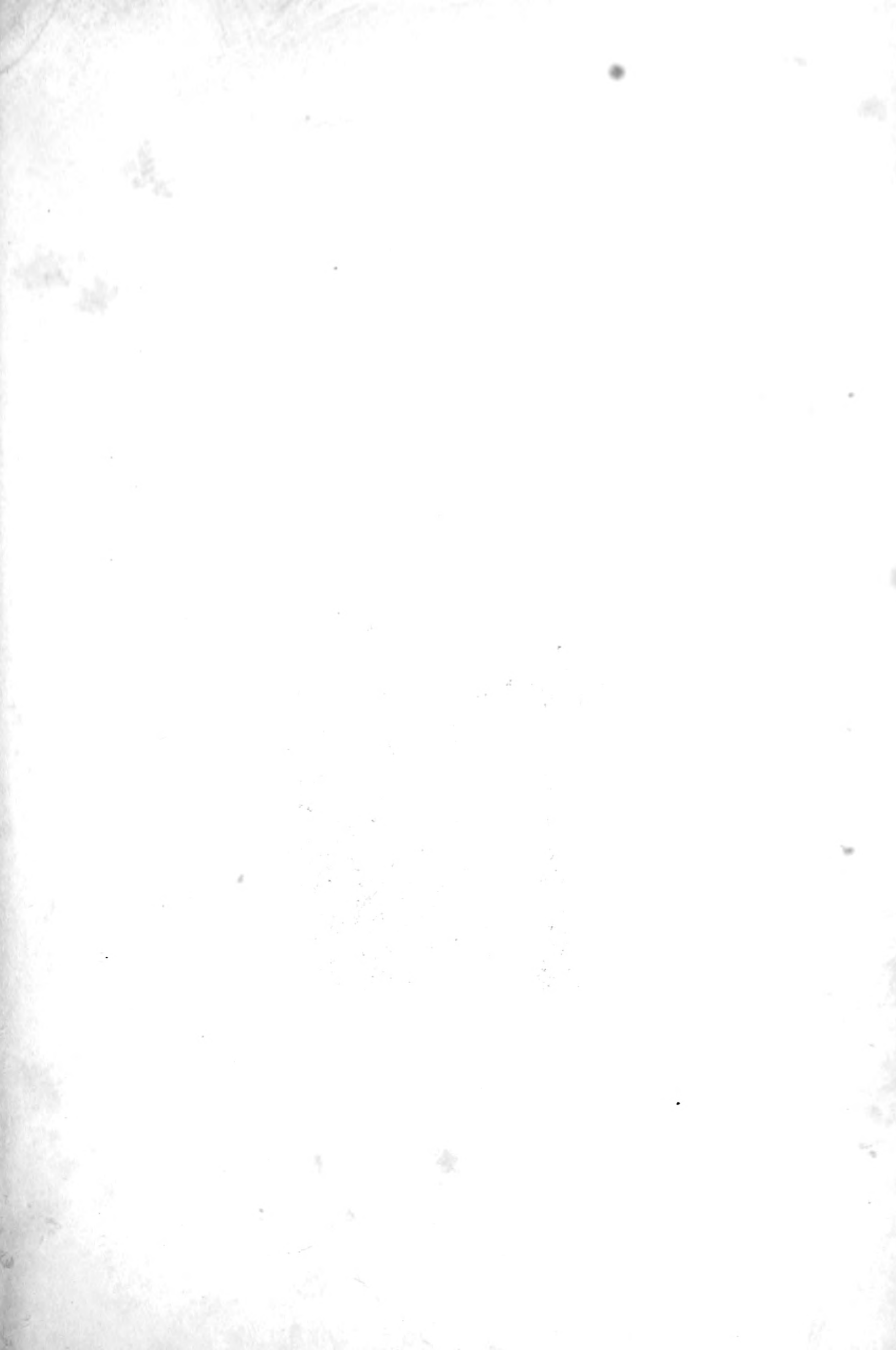
*J. J. Bennett*



MR. THORNTON  
 I should have  
 preferred to have  
 been with you  
 but I am never  
 so fond  
 of my own  
 company as  
 to be  
 in his  
 other  
 hand

THE END







*J. M. Geswein*



MR. CRAWFORD AS HORIOLANUS

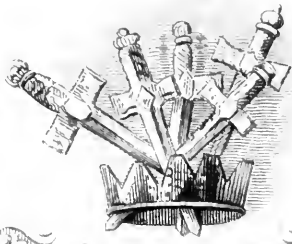
YA  
 If you have any more  
 of these, please to send  
 them to me, as I am  
 a great admirer of  
 them.

*Copyright by the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1880.*



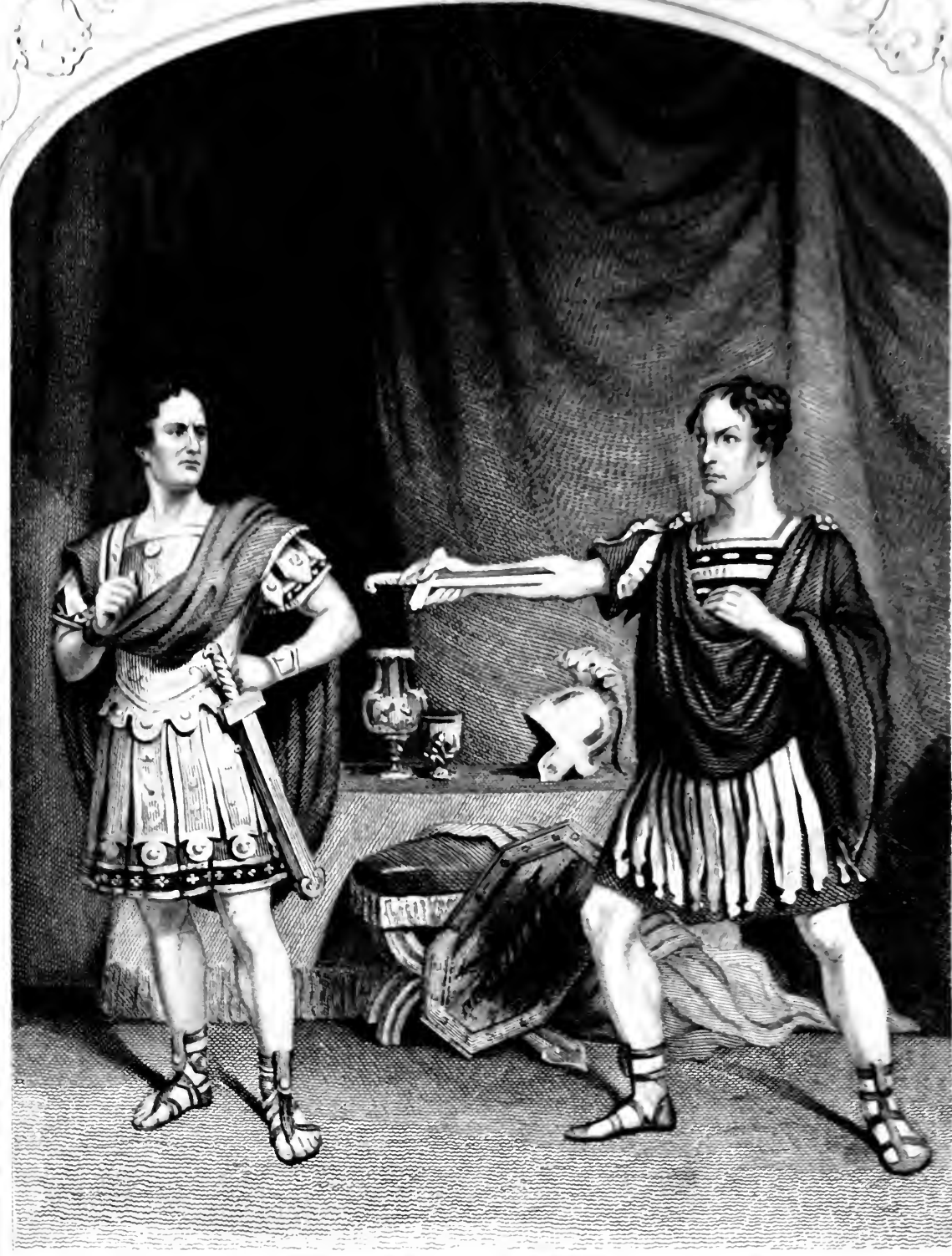


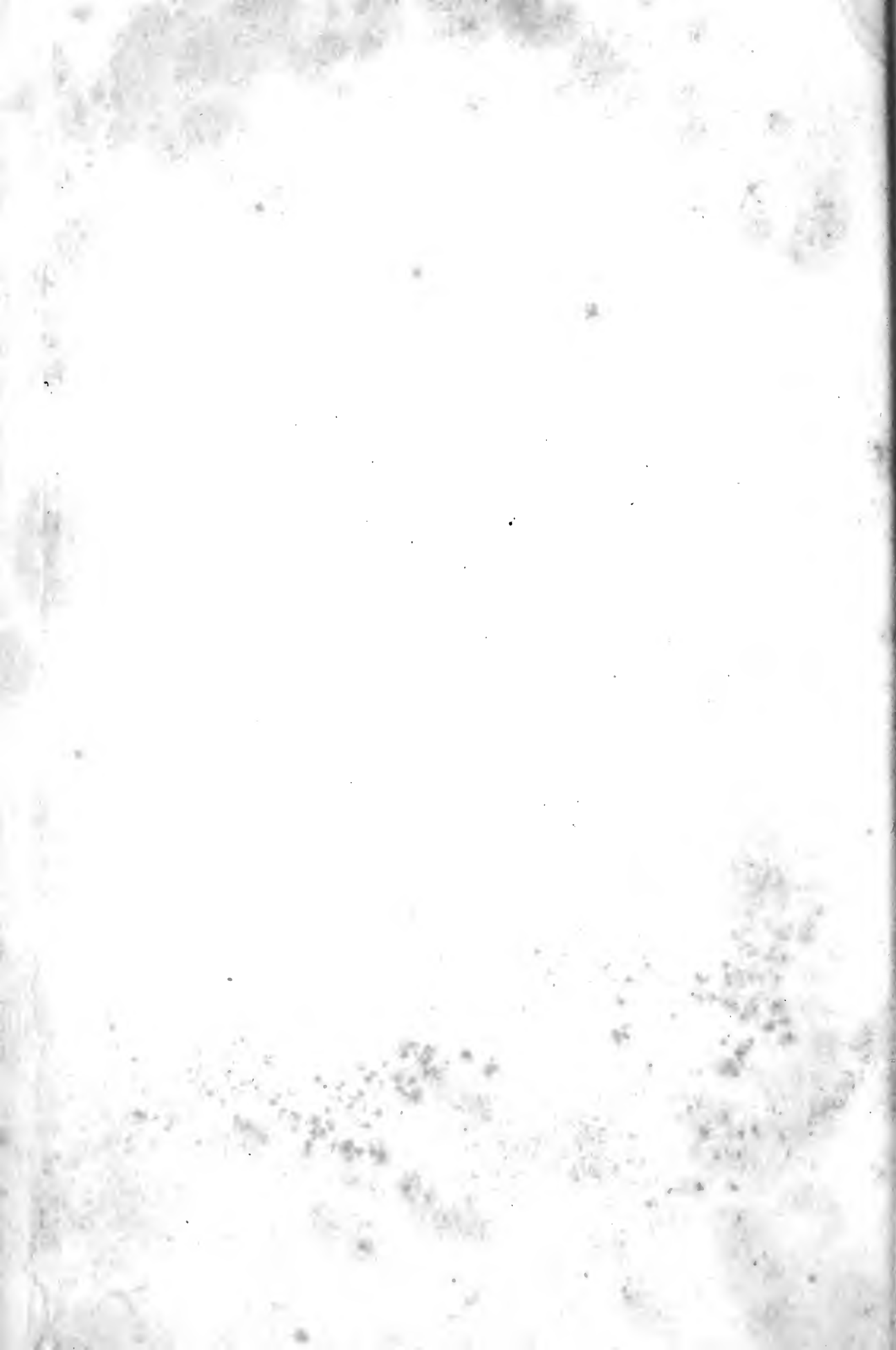


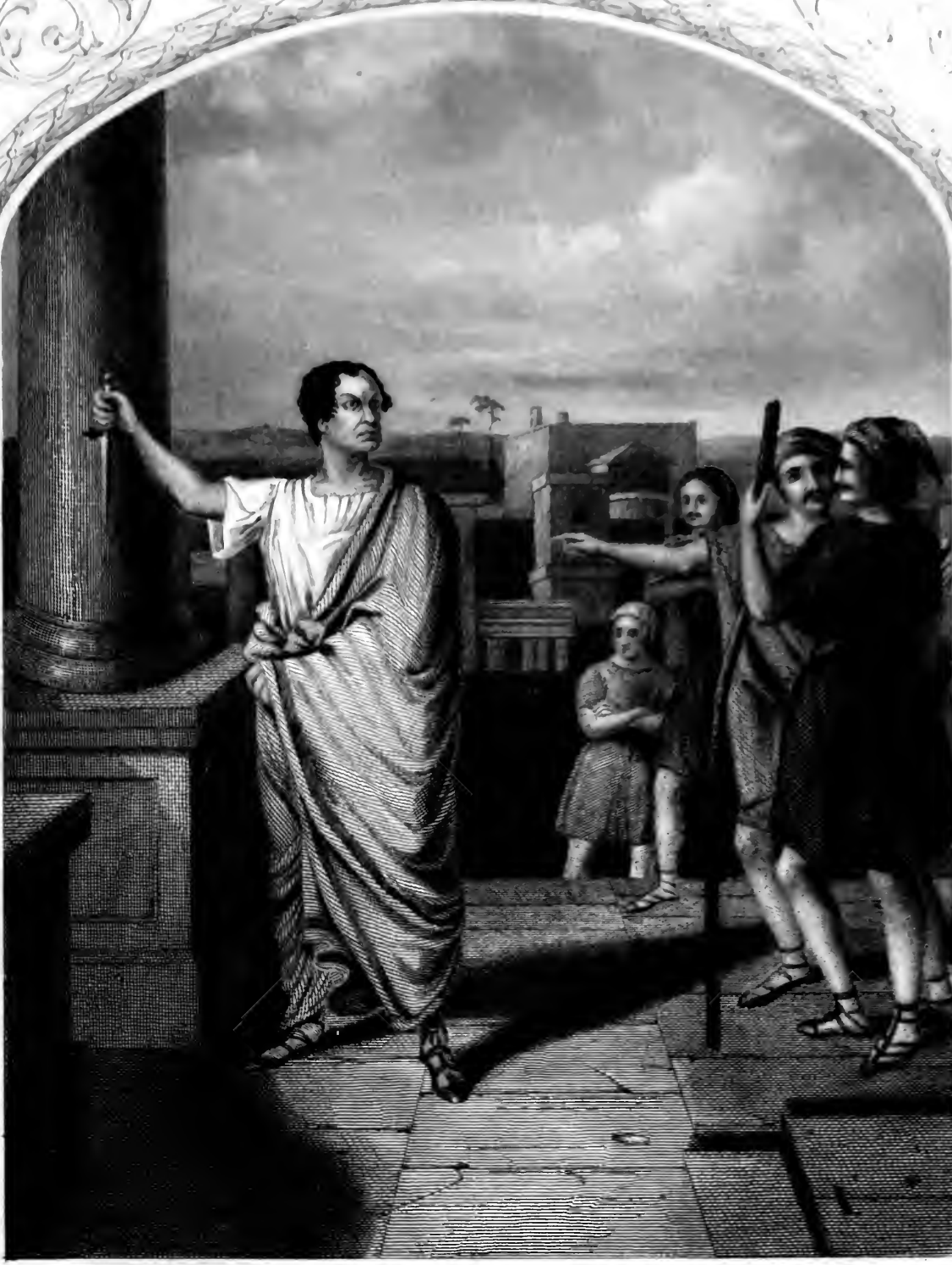


MR. H. MARSTON AS MARY ANTONY









MR. MAC'READY AS BRUTUS

"I am not a man who will be  
 the slave of Rome. All the suns  
 myself shall be the cause of  
 my death."



# Cymbeline.

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CYMBELINE appears to have been written in the full strength of our poet's maturity; it is attributed to the year 1605, and supposed to have been composed immediately after *King Lear*, and just before *Macbeth*. At such a period of Shakspeare's life, he could scarcely give to the world any feeble production, and we consequently find this play to be full of exquisite poetry, and also to contain the sweetest and most tender female character ever drawn, even by his pen. Still there is, in *Cymbeline*, a singular confusion of times and customs, and the play is full of anachronisms. The rude ancient Britons of the time of Augustus Cæsar are pictured as possessing the manners and luxuries of the Elizabethan period. The polished court of Cymbeline is altogether out of place in Britain at such a time—it is an incredibility; so also is the description of Imogen's chamber, with its tapestry of silk and silver so "rarely and exactly wrought;" and the chimney-piece, with its carving of "chaste Diana bathing," its ornaments of silver, and the golden cherubins with which the roof is fretted. Such things were seen in England in Shakspeare's time; but were never dreamed of in Augustus Cæsar's. In the fifth act also, Posthumus, when condemned to death, is told by his gaoler that "he shall fear no more tavern bills." Schlegel makes a graceful apology for these errors; but it does not greatly mend the matter to argue the poet's faults into beauties. In Shakspeare, as a poet and philosopher, we have implicit faith; but very little, as an antiquarian or historian. He has too luxuriant and wild an imagination to be bound by the rigid fetters of historic truth. It may be said that *King Lear* is equally open to these objections; but *Lear* is scarcely more than a creature of the poet's imagination, only connected with history by dim and remote traditions; and the time of *Cymbeline* is one of which we have more ample and far more certain records. It is not worthy of the critic, or honourable to the memory of the illustrious poet, to point out his beauties only, and remain for ever silent respecting the blemishes in his great works; by following such a course, a false school of criticism and feeling is nursed into active being, and the errors of the dead are reproduced in the writings of the living; for men are gradually led to imitate that which they have been taught blindly to reverence. The vision of Posthumus in his prison is not only inconsistent with the rest of the play, but feebly written, and not worthy of the genius of Shakspeare. Let those who would accuse me of heresy in this remark, turn to and peruse it at once; it is, however, just to the poet to say, that it has been suspected of being an interpolation by some other hand, and Mr. Collier thinks it possible that the vision is part of some older play upon the same subject, which Shakspeare adopted and placed in his production entire.

Our poet's object, however, in writing this play was a noble one; the vindication of the character of woman from the lewd aspersions of thoughtless and unprincipled men. It is not Imogen alone, whom the Italian profligate, Iachimo, slanders—it is her whole sex; of his attempt upon her chastity, he says to her husband:—"I durst attempt it against any lady in the world." Impossible as it may appear to pure and innocent minds, men still live who are ignorant and sensual enough to make the same vile boast. Among the pleasure-seeking gallants of that lascivious age, when seduction and duelling were by a large number of that class considered mere venial vices, if not graceful accomplishments, such unbelievers in the purity of woman were, perhaps, not uncommon; and in this play the bard read them a stern reproof from the stage.

## CYMBELINE.

Imogen is a personification of woman; woman enthroned in the holy temple of her pure and chaste affections, rejecting the tempter of her honour with the bitterest scorn and loathing, and enduring wrong and suffering with the most touching patience and sweetness. The gentler sex should be always grateful to the memory of our great Shakspeare, for his genius did sweet homage to their character; he invests his female creations with all that is most pure and generous in humanity, picturing them, indeed, as beautiful to the eye, but a thousand times more acceptable to the heart. There is a moral dignity about his women, a holy strength of affection, which neither suffering nor death can pervert, that elevates them above the sterner nature of man, placing them on an equality with angels. The adventures of Imogen are like a beautiful romance; her flight after her banished husband, her wretchedness and forlorn condition when informed that he believes her false and has given order for her death; her assumption of boy's attire, in which disguise she wanders among the mountains, at point to perish from hunger; her meeting with her disguised brothers in the cave; her supposed death, and recovery, and finally, her discovery of her repentant husband, and throwing herself, without one reproach, upon his bosom—are all beautifully portrayed. Imogen is, indeed, a pattern of connubial love and chastity.

Posthumus is an irritable and impatient character; his love for Imogen is rather a selfish one, or he would not have been so easily persuaded that she was false; it undergoes some purification in his trouble, and we scarcely sympathise with him until his repentance of his rashness. He then doubts his own worthiness, and feeling that he has wickedly presumed to direct the wrath of Heaven and punish its offenders, exclaims:—

Gods! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
Had lived to put on this.

A reflection we all might advantageously make, when contemplating revenge for any real or supposed injury.

Iachimo is an unconfirmed villain, as dishonest as Iago, but not so devilish, for he has the grace to repent of his treachery; he tries to compound with his conscience, and satisfy it with jesuitical sophistries. He is ready to attest the truth of his false assertions with an oath, and does absolutely swear to Posthumus that he had the jewel from the arm of Imogen, which is literally true, but morally a perjury, because he stole the bracelet, and led the husband to suspect that it was given him in the gratification of an infamous affection. Iachimo equivocates; Iago would have had no compunction about the matter, but have sworn to any falsehood, however injurious and diabolical, without mental reservation. Iachimo's confession in the last scene is too wordy and tediously prolonged, and the humility of it is scarcely in accordance with his character, as portrayed in the earlier scenes of the play,

These three characters are the principal ones of that group to which the attention is chiefly attracted; Cymbeline, himself, is represented as weak and vacillating—a mere tool of his wicked queen, who says: “I never do him wrong, but he does buy my injuries;” rewards her for them, as if they were benefits: this woman is utterly villanous without any redeeming quality, unless affection for her foolish and unprincipled son be called one; it is seldom that Shakspeare draws such characters, for he loves rather to elevate than to depress humanity, and to paint in sunbeams, than to people twilight with forms of darkness. Perhaps she is introduced to bring the sweet character of the pure and loving Imogen into greater prominence, by the power of contrast. The conduct of Cymbeline is unaccountable, save in a timid and wavering mind; having beaten the Romans by accident, he is amazed at his own temerity, and, in the very triumph of victory, makes a peace, and promises to pay to Cæsar the tribute which he had gone to war to avoid.

Cloten has been said to be so singular a character, and possessed of qualities so contradictory, that he has been supposed to form an exception to Shakspeare's usual integrity in copying from nature.



I cannot see in what particular he is irreconcilable to humanity; he is a knave, a braggart, and a fool in most matters, but that is no reason why he should not possess some shrewd common sense ideas occasionally. Nothing can be happier than his defiance of the Roman ambassador:—"If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute." Quaintly expressed, certainly, but unanswerable as an argument, it is not Cloten's want of sense, but his outrageous vanity, that makes him ridiculous. He is not half so great a contradiction to himself, as is Polonius, in *Hamlet*, and yet we can easily understand the peculiarities of that character; the weakness of age consuming the strength of maturity, folly encroaching on wisdom; in Cloten, it is folly consuming common sense. Shakspeare requires no justification to the observing mind; few men are either all wisdom or all folly; the writings of the wisest man of whom we have any record, are bitter condemnations of his own actions, eloquent laments for time mis-spent in voluptuous abandonment. I doubt not that the poet drew Cloten from a living model; singularities, in works of fiction, are generally copied from life—they are flights too bold for most authors to take without precedent. Respecting the character of Cloten, Hazlitt has remarked:—"that folly is as often owing to a want of proper sentiments, as to a want of understanding."

In the delineation of the two princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, Shakspeare propagates a doctrine which will find many opponents in the present day: he infers that there is an innate royalty of nature, a sovereignty in blood in those born of a kingly stock; and the young princes brought up as simple rustics, and born of a weak uxorious father, are represented as feeling their high birth so strongly, that it impels them to acts of heroism. Belarius says:—

Their thoughts do hit  
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,  
In simple and low things, to prize it much  
Beyond the trick of others.

Their old protector is a courtier, turned hermit from an acute sense of wrong and a consequent disgust of civilised life, and his language is that of one who has seen the world to satiety: he is full of bitter reflections on princes and their courts, where oft a man gains ill report for doing well, and "must court'sey at the censure." He bears some resemblance to the moralising Jaques, all natural objects suggest to him lofty and religious reflections, and the low-roofed cave which makes him bow as he issues from it to greet the rising sun, instructs him to adore its great Creator. Jaques had been a libertine in his youth, and Belarius is guilty of a dishonourable and wicked revenge, by bringing up the sons of Cymbeline as rustics; the father had injured him, but he had robbed the children of their birthright.

That part of the plot which relates to the adventures of Imogen was suggested to Shakspeare by "the tale told by the fishwife of Stand on the Green," in an old story-book entitled *Westward for Smelts*, in which the story is given in an English dress, and the original of Imogen is a Mrs. Dorrill, who, in the language of the author, was "a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, (none at all that excelled her,) so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body she was not onely so rare, and unparalleled, but also in her gifts of minde; so that this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her." This story was in its turn taken from the *Decameron* of the Italian novelist Boccacio.

According to Holinshed, Cymbeline, or Kimbeline, began his reign in the nineteenth year of that of Augustus Cæsar, and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second of that of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian era.

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*  
*Appears,* Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5.  
 Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*  
*Appears,* Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;  
 sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman of Britain,*  
*Husband to Imogen.*  
*Appears,* Act I. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V.  
 sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the*  
*name of Morgan.*  
*Appears,* Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V.  
 sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

GUIDERIUS, } *Sons of Cymbeline, disguised under*  
 ARVIRAGUS, } *the names of Polydore and Cad-*  
                   } *well, supposed Sons to Belarius.*  
*Appear,* Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4.  
 Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

PHILARIO, *a Roman Gentleman and Friend to*  
*Posthumus.*  
*Appears,* Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4.

IACHIMO, *an Italian Gentleman and Friend to*  
*Philario.*  
*Appears,* Act I. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V.  
 sc. 2; sc. 5.

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN, *Friend to Philario.*  
*Appears,* Act I. sc. 5.

CAIUS LUCIUS, *Ambassador from Rome, afterwards*  
*General of the Roman forces.*  
*Appears,* Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2;  
 sc. 5.

A SOOTHSAYER, *attending on Lucius.*  
*Appears,* Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 5.

A ROMAN CAPTAIN.  
*Appears,* Act IV. sc. 2.

TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS.  
*Appear,* Act V. sc. 3.

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*  
*Appears,* Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 3.  
 Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V.  
 sc. 3; sc. 5.

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*  
*Appears,* Act I. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 5.

TWO GENTLEMEN.  
*Appear,* Act I. sc. 1.

TWO LORDS, *Companions to Cloten.*  
*Appear,* Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.

ANOTHER LORD.  
*Appears,* Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

TWO ROMAN SENATORS and TRIBUNES.  
*Appear,* Act III. sc. 7.

TWO GAOLERS.  
*Appear,* Act V. sc. 4.

JUPITER, *and other Apparitions.*  
*Appear,* Act V. sc. 4.

QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline.*  
*Appears,* Act I. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;  
 sc. 5.

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*  
*Appears,* Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
 Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2;  
 sc. 5.

HELEN, *an Attendant on Imogen.*  
*Appears,* Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

*Lords, Ladies, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Sol-*  
*diers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE — *Sometimes in BRITAIN, sometimes in*  
 ITALY.

# Cymbeline.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The Garden behind  
Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

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

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

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

*1st Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his king-  
dom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,  
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;  
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all  
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

*2nd Gent.* None but the king?

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

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

*2nd Gent.* And why so?

*1st Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is  
a thing

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

*2nd Gent.* You speak him far.

*1st Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;<sup>2</sup>  
Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His measure duly.

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

*1st Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His  
father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,

Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;  
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;  
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:  
Puts him to all the learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and  
In his 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; and to the graver,  
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,  
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
By her election may be truly read,  
What kind of man he is.

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

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

Which way they went.

*2nd Gent.* How long is this ago?

*1st Gent.* Some twenty years.

*2nd Gent.* That a king's children should be so  
convey'd!

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

*1st Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,

Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
Yet is it true, sir.

*2nd Gent.* I do well believe you.

*1st Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the  
queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Enter the QUEEN, POTSHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

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

After the slander of most step-mothers,  
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but  
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,  
So soon as I can win the offended king,  
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,  
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

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

*Queen.* You know the peril:—  
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 QUEEN.*]

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

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

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

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

*Queen.* Be brief, I pray you:  
If the king come, I shall incur I know not

How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him  
[*Aside.*]

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,  
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;  
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*]

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

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:  
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 my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death!<sup>3</sup>—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  
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;  
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*]

*Imo.* O, the gods!  
When shall we see again?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Post.* Alack, the king!

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

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

*Post.* The gods protect you!  
And bless the good remainders of the court!  
I am gone. [*Exit.*]

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

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

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I  
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

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

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

*Imo.* O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
And did avoid a puttock.<sup>5</sup>

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne  
A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!

*Imo.* Sir,  
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:  
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is  
A man worth any woman; overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.* What!—art thou mad!

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

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!—  
They were again together: you have done

[*To the QUEEN.*

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>6</sup>

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,

Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

*Enter PISANIO.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Pis.* On his command: He would not suffer me

To bring him to the haven: left these notes  
Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When it 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 a while.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A public Place.*

*Enter CLOTES, and Two Lords.*

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

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

*2nd Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his pa-  
tience. [*Aside.*

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

*2nd Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o'the  
backside the town. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

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

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

*2nd Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans:  
Puppies! [*Aside.*

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

*2nd Lord.* So would I, till you had measured  
how long a fool you were upon the ground.

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

*2nd Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election,  
she is damned. [*Aside.*

*1st Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty  
and her brain go not together: She's a good sign,  
but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

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

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

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

*Clo.* You'll go with us?

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

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

*2nd Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

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

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,  
As offer'd mercy is.<sup>7</sup> What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* 'Twas, "his queen, his queen!"

*Imo.* Then waw'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  
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd ou,  
How swift his ship.

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

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

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

When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,  
With his next 'vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,  
How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him  
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
To encounter me with orisons,<sup>8</sup> for then  
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father  
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

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

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them des-  
patch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

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

SCENE V.—*Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

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

*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

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

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.<sup>9</sup>

*French.* And then his banishment:—

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

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

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine:

How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

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

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

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences:<sup>10</sup> but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

*Iach.* As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres 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.

*Post.* I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd 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.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

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

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

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress;<sup>11</sup> if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

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

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

*Post.* No, no.

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

*Post.* You are a great deal abused<sup>12</sup> in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

*Iach.* What's that?

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

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

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

*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 reserved.

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

*Iach.* You are a friend, and therein the wiser.<sup>13</sup> 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; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

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

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

*Phi.* I will have it no lay.

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

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

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

*Post.* Agreed. [*Exeunt POST. and IACH.*]

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

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

SCENE VI.—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?

*1st Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Despatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*]  
Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

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

But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death;  
But, though slow, deadly?

*Queen.* I do wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

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

*Queen.* O, content thee.—

*Enter PISANIO.*

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

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

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

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she has Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she has, Will stupify and dull the sense awhile: Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;

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



*Queen.* No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.  
*Cor.* I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time  
She will not quench; and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;  
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then  
As great as is thy master: greater; for  
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name  
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is: to shift his being,<sup>14</sup>  
Is to exchange one misery with another;  
And every day, that comes, comes to decay  
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,  
To be depend on a thing that leans?  
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[*The QUEEN drops a Box; PISA. takes it up.*]

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up  
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;  
It is an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king  
To any shape of thy preferment, such  
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,  
That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:  
Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*—A sly and constant knave;

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

*Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.*

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

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

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter IMOGENE.*

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame false,  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!  
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,  
How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

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

*Iach.* Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
And greets your highness dearly.

[*Presents a Letter.*]

*Imo.* Thanks, good sir:  
You are kindly welcome.

*Iach.* All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

[*Aside.*]

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
Rather, directly fly.

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

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.—  
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach?<sup>15</sup> and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and

Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would  
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd  
Should make desire vomit 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 first  
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

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

*Iach.* Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech, you, sir,  
desire [To *Pis.*  
My man's abode where I did leave him: he  
Is strange and peevish.<sup>16</sup>

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

*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  
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,  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be,—will his free hours languish for  
Assured bondage?"

*Imo.* Will my lord say so?

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

It is a recreation to be by,  
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens  
know,  
Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iach.* Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards  
him might  
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much

In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?

*Iach.* Two creatures, heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir?  
You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,  
Deserves your pity?

*Iach.* Lamentable! What!  
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace  
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

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

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,  
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do: For certainties  
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,  
The remedy then born,) discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.<sup>17</sup>

*Iach.* Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then,)  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as  
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,  
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light  
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>18</sup>  
Would make the great'st king double! to be part-  
ner'd

With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition<sup>19</sup>  
Which your own coffers yield! with discas'd ven-  
tures,

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 from your great stock.

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

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

*Imo.* What ho, Pisanio!

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

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

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,  
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report, as thou from honour; and  
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—  
The king my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,  
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart  
As in a Romish stew, and to expound  
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court  
He little cares for, and a daughter whom  
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

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

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men, like a descended  
god:

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

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

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
To entreat your grace but in a small request,  
And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,  
Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is 't?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,  
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,  
To buy a present for the emperor;  
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,  
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;  
And I am something curious, being strange,<sup>20</sup>  
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you  
To take them in protection?

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

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

*Imo.* O, no, no.

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

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

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

*Imo.* I will write.  
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept  
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Court before Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.*

*Clo.* Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away!<sup>21</sup> I had a hundred pound on 't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

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

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

*Clo.* When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

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

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

*2nd Lord.* To have smelt like a fool.<sup>22</sup> [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* I am not more vexed at anything 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 belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

*2nd Lord.* You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.<sup>23</sup> [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* Sayest thou?

*1st Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

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

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

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

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

*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.

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

[*Exeunt CLO. and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;  
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, 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 may'st stand,  
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Bed-chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.

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

*Lady.* Please you, madam.

*Imo.* What hour is it?

*Lady.* Almost midnight, madam.

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

Fold down the leaf where I have left: \*To bed:  
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;  
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,  
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods!  
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,  
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps. IACH., from the Trunk.*]

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,  
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!  
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,  
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper  
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,  
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under these windows:<sup>24</sup> White and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?  
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—  
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—

Such

The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figures,  
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the  
story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meamer moveables  
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:  
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—  
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,  
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I'the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret  
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and  
ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what  
end?

Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,  
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading  
late

The tale of Tereus;<sup>25</sup> here the leaf's turn'd down,  
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that  
dawning

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three,—Time, time!<sup>26</sup>

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

SCENE III.—*An Ante-Chamber adjoining  
Imogen's Apartment.*

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

*1st Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man  
in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

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

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*1st Lord.* But not every man patient, after the  
noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot,  
and furious, when you win.

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

*1st Lord.* Day, my lord.

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

*Enter Musicians.*

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

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies;<sup>27</sup>  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With every thing that pretty bin:  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider  
your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice  
in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor  
the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never  
amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

*Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.*

*2nd Lord.* Here comes the king,

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

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

Will she not forth?

*Clo.* I have assailed her with music, but she  
vouchsafes no notice.

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

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king;  
Who lets go by no vantages, that may  
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself  
To orderly solicits; and be friended  
With aptness of the season: make denials

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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;  
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him  
According to the honour of his sender;  
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us  
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your  
mistress,  
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need  
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our  
queen.

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

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

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her; What  
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and  
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis  
gold

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the  
thief;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:  
What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me; for  
I yet not understand the case myself.  
By your leave.

[*Knocks.*

*Enter a Lady.*

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

*Clo.* A gentleman.

*Lady.* No more?

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

*Lady.* That's more  
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's plea-  
sure?

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

*Lady.* Ay,  
To keep her chamber.

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

*Lady.* How! my good name? or to report of  
you

What I shall think is good?—The princess——

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Clo.* Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet  
hand.

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

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,  
And scarce can spare them.

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

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

*Clo.* This is no answer.

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

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: I' faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness; one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere my  
sin:

I will not.

*Imo.* Fools are not mad folks.

*Clo.* Do you call me fool?

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

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;

That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,

You put me to forget a lady's manners,

By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,

That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for you;

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:

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,

(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their  
souls

(On whom there is no more dependency

But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hiding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A painter, not so eminent.

*Imo.* Profane fellow!  
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,  
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
Comparative for your virtues,<sup>28</sup> to be styl'd  
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated  
For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.* The south-fog rot him!

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance, than  
come  
To be but nam'd of thee. His nearest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,  
In my respect, than all the airs above thee,  
Were they all made such men. — How now,  
Pisanio?

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Clo.* His garment? Now, the devil—

*Imo.* To Dorothy, my woman, lie thee presently:—

*Clo.* His garment?

*Imo.* I am sprighted with a fool;<sup>29</sup>  
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman  
Search for a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,  
I saw 't this morning: confident I am,  
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:  
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.

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

*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.*]

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 here.

*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 those fear'd  
hopes,

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

*Phi.* Your very goodness, and your company,  
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king  
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius  
Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think,  
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrears,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Post.* I do believe,  
(Statist<sup>30</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 Caesar  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline  
(Now mingled with their courages) will make  
known  
To their approvers,<sup>31</sup> they are people, such  
That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Phi.* See! Iachimo?

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

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.

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

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

*Post.* And, therewithal, the best; or let her  
beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,  
When you were there?

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

*Post.* All is well yet.—

Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not.  
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, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Post.* Proceed.

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

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

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

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

*Iach.* The chimney

Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,  
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves: the cutter  
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

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

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

*Post.* This is her honour!—  
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and  
praise

Be given to your remembrance,) the description  
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then, if you can,  
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*

Be pale;<sup>32</sup> I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—  
And now 'tis up again: It must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Post.* Very true;  
And so, I hope, he came by 't:—Back my ring;—



Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

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

*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears  
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,  
She would not lose it: her attendants are  
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to  
steal it!

And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her:  
The cognizance of her incontinency

Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus  
dearly.—

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

*Phi.* Sir, be patient:  
This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of—

*Post.* Never talk on't,  
She hath been colted by him.

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

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you hear more?

*Post.* Spare your arithmetic: never count the  
turns;  
Once, and a million!

*Iach.* I'll be sworn,—

*Post.* No swearing.  
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou hast made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I will deny nothing.

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

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

*Phi.* Quite besides

The government of patience! You have won;  
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart [Exit.

SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same

Enter POTHUMUS

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

As chaste as unsum'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,  
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition  
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:  
For ev'n to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them.  
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:  
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter 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 remembrance yet

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

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel, 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 us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your isle; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters; With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame (The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten; and his ship-

ping, (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas, Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof, The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point (O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,<sup>33</sup> Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;

and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

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

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

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch The sides o' the world,) against all colour, here Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off, Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar, Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius, Who was the first of Britain, which did put His brows within a golden crown, and call'd Himself a king.

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

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius. Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him; of him I gather'd honour; Which he, to seek of me again, perforce, Behoves me keep at utterance; I am perfect,<sup>34</sup> That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, 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 adventure, our crowns shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and be mine:

All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* PISANIO.

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

What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!  
O, master! what a strange infection  
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian  
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,<sup>35</sup>) hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:  
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!  
Thy mind to 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,  
So much as this fact comes to? “Do't: The  
letter [*Reading.*]

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 bauble,  
Art thou a feodary for this act,<sup>36</sup> and look'st  
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes

*Enter* IMOGEN

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.<sup>37</sup>

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio?

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

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,  
That knew the stars, as I his characters;  
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,  
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—  
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of  
them,

For it doth physic love;—of his content,  
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be

You bees, that make these locks of cornel!  
*Lovers,*

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young cupid's tables.—Good news,  
gods! [*Re-enter*]

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 not 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. No, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love.

*LEONATUS'S PORTENTOUS*

O, for a horse with wings?—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?  
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,  
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who  
long'st,—

O, let me hate,—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>38</sup>  
(Love's counsellor should fill the bore of hearing,  
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  
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,  
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap  
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,  
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get  
hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, 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 his execution, man,  
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding  
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is  
foolery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
She'll home to her father: and provide me, pre-  
sently,

A riding suit; no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's housewife.<sup>39</sup>

*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 pr'ythee:

Do as I bid thee : There 's no more to say ;  
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. *A mountainous Country,  
with a cave.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roof 's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys : This  
gate  
Instructs you how to adore the heavens ; and bows  
you

To morning's holy office : The gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through  
And keep their impious turbands on,<sup>40</sup> 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 yon  
hill,  
Your legs are young ; I 'll tread these flats. Con-  
sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.  
And you may then revolve what tales I have told  
you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :  
This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd : To apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see :  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life  
Is nobler, than attending for a check ;  
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe ;<sup>41</sup>  
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :  
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours.

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

What air 's from home. Haply, this life is best,  
If quiet life be best : sweeter to you,  
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding  
With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is  
A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;  
A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
To stride a limit.<sup>42</sup>

*Arv.* What should we speak of,  
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear

The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :  
We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;  
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :  
Our valour is, to chace what flies ; our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,  
And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak !  
Did you but know the city's usuries,  
And felt them knowingly : the art of 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 of the war,  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
I' the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i' the  
search ;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,  
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,  
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,  
Must court'sey at the censure :—O, boys, this  
story

The world may read in me : My body 's marked  
With Roman swords ; and my report was once  
First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;  
And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
Was not far off : Then was I as a tree,  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but, in one  
night,

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

*Gui.* Uncertain favour !

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

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,  
I was confederate with the Romans : so,  
Follow'd my banishment ; and, this twenty years,  
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my  
world :

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; paid  
More pious debts to heaven, than in all  
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun-  
tains ;

This is not hunters' language :—He, that strikes  
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast ;  
To him the other two shall minister ;  
And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the  
valleys. [*Exeunt* GUI. and ARV.]

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 are mine: and, though train'd up  
thus meanly

'T the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do  
hit

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,  
In simple and low things, to prize it, much  
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,  
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom,  
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!  
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story: say,—“Thus mine enemy fell;  
And thus I set my foot on his neck;” even then  
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in pos-  
ture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
(Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,  
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more  
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—  
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,  
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,  
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;  
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
Thou resist'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.—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 Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks  
that sigh  
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself  
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness  
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
A look untender? If it be summer news,  
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's  
hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,  
And he's at some hard point—Speak, man, thy  
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me.

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

Imo. [Reads.] Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the  
strumpet in my bed; the testimony whereof he bleeding in  
me. I speak not out of weak curiosity; I am proud 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 opportunities 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 partner to her  
dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the  
paper  
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose  
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and  
states,  
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, ma-  
dam?

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 his bed?  
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,  
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting,<sup>43</sup> hath betray'd  
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seem-  
ing,  
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,  
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's  
weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity  
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthú-  
mus,  
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,  
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou  
honest:

Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st  
him,

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

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine,  
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my  
heart;

Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;  
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?  
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers: Though those that are be-  
tray'd

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

And thou, Posthúmus, thou that did'st set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,  
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her  
That now thou tir'st on,<sup>44</sup> how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy  
knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,

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

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

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

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

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

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

*Pis.* Then, madam,  
I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like;  
Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither:  
But if I were as wise as honest, then  
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,  
But that my master is abus'd:  
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan.

*Pis.* No, on my life.  
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him  
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,  
And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.* Why, good fellow,  
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How  
live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

*Pis.* If you'll back to the court,—

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

*Pis.* If not at court,  
Then not in Britain must you bide.

*Imo.* Where then?  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;

In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pr'ythee, think  
There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I am most glad  
You think of other place. The ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is;<sup>45</sup> and but disguise  
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,  
But by self-danger; you should tread a course  
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near  
The residence of Posthumus: so high, at least,  
That though his actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
As truly as he moves.

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

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

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:  
I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one.  
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,  
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,  
And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
Wherein you are happy,<sup>46</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 honourable,  
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad  
You have me, rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning, nor supplyment.

*Imo.* Thou art all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:  
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even  
All that good time will give us. This attempt  
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short fare-  
well;

Least, being miss'd, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;  
What 's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,  
Or stomach qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,  
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods  
Direct you to the best!

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

SCENE V. — *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTUS, LUCIUS,  
and Lords.

*Cym.* Thus far; and so farewell.

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

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

*Luc.* So, sir, I desire of you  
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—  
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!<sup>47</sup>

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

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

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

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

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my  
lords,  
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt* LUC. 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,  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:  
The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he  
moves

His war for Britain.

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

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

[*Exit an Attend.*

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

*Re-enter an Attendant.*

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

*Atten.* Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer  
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

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

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd ?  
Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that, which I  
fear  
Prove false !

[*Exit.*

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

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

*Queen.* Go, look after.— [*Exit CLO.*  
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 flown  
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.* All the better : May  
This night forestall him of the coming day !<sup>48</sup>

[*Exit QUEEN.*

*Clo.* I love, and hate her : for she's fair and  
royal ;  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman ;<sup>49</sup> from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all : I love her therefore ; But,  
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on  
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,  
That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and, in that  
point,  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

*Enter PISANIO.*

Shall—Who is here ? What ! are you packing,  
sirrah ?

Come hither : Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,  
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord !

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

*Pis.* Alas, my lord,  
How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?  
He is in Rome.

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

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

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

*Pis.* Then, sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*

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

*Pis.* Or this, or perish. }  
She's far enough ; and what he learns by } *Aside.*  
this, }

May prove his travel, not her danger.



*Clo.* Humph!

*Pis.* I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,  
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

[*Aside.*]

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

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

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently  
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune  
of that beggar Posthúmus, 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 posses-  
sion?

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

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

*Pis.* I shall, my lord. [*Erit.*]

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

*Re-enter PISANTIO, with the Clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

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

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is  
the second thing that I have commanded thee: the  
third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mate to my  
design. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall  
tender itself to thee. — My revenge is now at Mil-  
ford, 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come,  
and be true. [*Erit.*]

*Pis.* Thou biddest me to my loss: for, true to  
thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be,  
To him that is most true — To Milford go,  
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,  
You heavenly blessings, on her! — This fool's speed  
Be cross'd with slowness, labour be his need!

[*Erit.*]

SCENE VI. — *Before the Cave of Belarius.*

*Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.*

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

I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis  
A punishment, or trial? — Yes; no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in ful-  
ness

Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood  
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!  
Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on  
thee,

My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?  
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:  
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother.—Ho, who's here?  
If anything 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!

[*She goes into the Cave.*]

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,  
and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,  
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:  
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,  
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs  
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Gui.* I am throughly weary.

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

*Gui.* There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll  
browze on that,  
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

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

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

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

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

*Enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought  
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:  
Good troth,  
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I  
had found  
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my  
meat:

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

*Gui.* Money, youth?

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see, you are 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, sir.

*Bel.* What is your name?

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

*Bel.* Pr'ythee, fair youth,

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

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,  
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

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

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends!  
If brothers?—'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, Posthúmus.<sup>50</sup>

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Gui.* 'Would I could free 't!

*Arv.* Or I; whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

*Bel.* Hark, boys.  
[*Whispering.*

*Imo.* Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying  
by  
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus' false.<sup>52</sup>

*Bel.* It shall be so:  
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come  
in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray, draw near.

*Arv.* The night to the owl, and morn to the  
lark, less welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arv.* I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Rome.

*Enter* Two Senators *and* Tribunes.

*1st Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's  
writ;

That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;

And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite  
The gentry to this business: He creates  
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commands  
His absolute commission.<sup>52</sup> Long live Cæsar!

*Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces?

*2nd Sen.*

*Ay.*

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

*1st Sen.*

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be suppliant. The words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time  
Of their despatch.

*Tri.*

We will discharge our duty. *[Exeunt*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave.*

*Enter CLOTES.*

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing<sup>53</sup> loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:<sup>54</sup> and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. *[Exit.*

### SCENE II.—*Before the Cave.*

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,  
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Bel.* You are not well: *[To IMO.]* remain here in the cave;  
We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arr.*

Brother, stay here.

*[To IMO]*

Are we not brothers?

*Imo.*

So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me

Stick to your journal course: the breach of  
custom

Is breach of all. I am 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.

*Gui.*

I love thee; I have spoke it

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

*Bel.*

What? how? how?

*Arr.* If it be a sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

In my good brother's fault: I know not why

I love this youth; and I have heard you say

Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,

“My father, not this youth.”

*Bel.*

O noble strain! *[Aside*

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base

Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace

I am not their father; yet who this should be,

Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

*Arr.*

Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arr.*

Your health.—So please you, sir.

*Imo.* [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,  
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:  
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!  
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisano,  
I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Gui.* I could not stir him:  
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Arv.* Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter  
I might know more.

*Bel.* To the field, to the field:—  
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

*Arv.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife.

*Imo.* Well, or ill,  
I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And so shalt be ever. [*Exit* *IMO.*]  
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath  
had

Good ancestors.

*Arv.* How angel-like he sings!

*Gui.* But his neat cookery! He cut our roots  
in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter.

*Arv.* Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

*Gui.* I do note,  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.

*Arv.* Grow, patience!  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

*Bel.* It is great morning. Come; away.—Who  
's there?

*Enter* *CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates; that villain  
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

*Bel.* Those runagates!  
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis  
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.  
I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—

Hence.

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*Gui.* He is but one: You and my brother search  
What companies are near: pray you, away;  
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt* *BEL.* and *ARV.*]

*Clo.* Soft! What are you  
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
I have 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,  
A law-breaker, 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 gave them thee. Thou art some fool;  
I am loath to beat thee.

*Clo.* Thou injurious thief  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.* What's thy name?

*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it; were 't toad, or adder, spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

*Clo.* To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I'm son to the queen.

*Gui.* I'm sorry for 't; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

*Clo.* Art not afeard?

*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I fear; the  
wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clo.* Die the death:  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,

And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:  
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Enter* *BELARIUS* and *ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* No company's abroad.

*Arv.* None in the world: You did mistake him,  
sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,  
'Twas very Cloten.

*Arv.* In this place we left them:  
I wish my brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being sence made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment  
Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S Head.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,  
There was no money in't: not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's  
head,  
Son to the queen, after his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,  
With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they  
grow,  
And set them on Lud's town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,  
But, that he swore, to take our lives? The law  
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;  
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;  
For we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soul  
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,  
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,  
If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

*Arv.* Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresee it: howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no hand  
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

*Gui.* With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have taken  
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek  
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I reek. *[Exit.*

*Bel.* I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:  
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done 't! though  
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

*Arv.* 'Would I had done 't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed. I would, revenges,  
That possible strength might meet, would seek us  
through,

And put us to our answer.

*Bel.* Well, 'tis done:—  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I pry'thee, to our rock;  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,  
And praise myself for charity. *[Exit.*

*Bel.* O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
Civility not seen from other; valour,  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,  
What Cloten's being here to us portends;  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

*Gui.* Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage  
For his return. *[Solemn music.*

*Bel.* My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

*Gui.* What does he mean? since death of my  
dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,  
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,  
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in  
his Arms.*

*Bel.* Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,  
Of what we blame him for!

*Arv.* The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

*Bel.* O, melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare  
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;  
but I,

Thou diedest, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—  
How found you him?

*Arv.* Stark, as you see:  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right  
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.* Where?

*Arv.* O' the floor;  
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and  
put  
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rude-  
ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps:  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack

The flower, that 's like thy face, pale primrose;  
nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock  
would,

With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are  
none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

*Gui.* Pr'ythee, have done;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

*Arv.* Say, where shall 's lay him?

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the  
ground,

As once our mother; use like note, and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:  
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arv.* We'll speak it then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for  
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:  
And, though he came our enemy, remember,  
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty,  
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,  
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was  
princely:

And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax  
When neither are alive.

*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him.  
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit BEL.*

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the  
cast;

My father hath a reason for't.

*Arv.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

Arv.

So, — Begin.

## SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and to'en thy wages;  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' the great  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe, and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak;  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
*Arv.* Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

*Gui.* Fear not slander, censure rash,

*Arv.* Thou hast finished joy and moan;

*Both.* All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*Gui.* No exorciser harm thee!

*Arv.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

*Gui.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

*Arv.* Nothing ill come near thee!

*Both.* Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave!

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.*

*Gui.* We have done our obsequies: Come lay  
him down.

*Bel.* Here's a few flowers; but about midnight,  
more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the  
night,  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.— Upon their  
faces:—

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—  
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BEL., GUI., and ARV.*]

*Imo.* [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;  
Which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thi-  
ther?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and  
sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the Body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;  
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;  
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
And cook to honest creatures; But 'tis not so;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
Which the brain makes of fancies. Our very eyes  
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good  
night,

I tremble still with fear. But if there be  
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!  
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is  
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.  
A headless man?—The garments of Posthumus!  
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;  
His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,  
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—  
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisano,  
All curses madd'd Heecuba gave the Greeks,  
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,  
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,  
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisano  
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisano—  
From this most bravest vessel of the world  
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,  
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's  
that?

Pisano might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
And left this head on.—How should this be?  
Pisano?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and luere in them  
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-  
nant!

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious  
And cordial to me, have I not found it  
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home  
This is Pisano's deed, and Cloten's: O!—  
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horrider may seem to those  
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a  
Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,  
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending  
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:  
They are here in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,  
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,  
That promise noble service: and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
Sienna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present 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, and pray'd,<sup>57</sup> for their intelligence,) Thus:—

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd From the spongy south to this part of the west, There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends, (Unless my sins abuse my divination,) 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 sometime It was a worthy building.—How! a page!— Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.— Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He is alive, my lord.

*Luc.* He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems, They crave to be demanded: Who is this, Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he, That, otherwise than noble nature did, Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it? What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing: or if not, Nothing to be were better. This was my master, A very valiant Briton, and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas! There are no more such masters: I may wander From east to occident, cry out for service, Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find such another master.

*Luc.* 'Lack, good youth! Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ.<sup>58</sup> If I do lie, and do No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope

[*Aside.*

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same: Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name. Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say, Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,

No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters, Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers, Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh; And, leaving so his service, follow you, So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth; And rather father thee, than master thee.— My friends, The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can, And make him with our pikes and partisans A grave: Come, arm him.<sup>59</sup>—Boy, he is preferr'd By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd, As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes: Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.

A fever with the absence of her son; A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen, The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen Upon a desperate bed; and in a time When fearful wars point at me; her son gone, So needful for this present: It strikes me, past The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow, Who needs must know of her departure, and Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee By a sharp torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours, I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress, I nothing know where she remains, why gone, Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

*1st Lord.* Good, my liege, The day that she was missing, he was here: I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten,—



There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will, no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time's troublesome;  
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy  
[To *Pis*

Does yet depend.

*1st 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.

*Sym.* Now for the counsel of my son, and  
queen!—  
I am amaz'd with matter.

*1st Lord.* Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of: come more, for more  
you're ready:

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,  
That long to move.

*Cym.* I thank you: Let's withdraw:  
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us; but  
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exit.

*Pis.* I heard no letter from my master, since  
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings; Neither know I  
What is betid to Cloten; but remain  
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:  
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be  
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,  
Even to the note o' the king,<sup>60</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.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter *BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to  
lock it

From action and adventure?

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans  
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us  
For barbarous and unnatural revolts  
During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.* Sons,  
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.

To the king's party there's no going; nowness  
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not master'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a tender  
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from us  
That which we've done, whose answer would be  
death

Drawn on with torture.

*Gui.* This is, sir, a doubt,  
In such a time, nothing becoming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

*Arv.* It is not likely,  
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their  
eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O, I am known  
Of many in the army: many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore  
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king  
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless  
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,  
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Gui.* Than be so,  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:  
I and my brother are not known; yourself,  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.* By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never  
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veni-  
son?

Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*Gui.* By heavens, I'll go:  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
The hands of Romans!

*Arv.* So say I; Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I, since on your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve

My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,  
 boys:  
 If in your country wars you chance to die,  
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:

Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood  
 thinks scorn, [Aside.  
 Till it fly out, and show them princes born.  
 [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A field between the British and Roman Camps.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody Handkerchief.*

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee;<sup>61</sup> for I  
 wish'd  
 Thou should'st be coloured thus. You married  
 ones,  
 If each of you would take this course, how many  
 Must murder wives much better than themselves.  
 For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!  
 Every good servant does not all commands:  
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you  
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
 Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved  
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
 Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,  
 alack,  
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's  
 love,  
 To have them fall no more: you some permit  
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse;  
 And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.  
 But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,  
 And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought  
 hither  
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough  
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress! peace!  
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good  
 heavens,  
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me  
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,  
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
 More valour in me, than my habits show.  
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!  
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Enter at one Side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; at the other Side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish. IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
 Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
 The princess of this country, and the air on't,  
 Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this earl,  
 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  
 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 the advantage of  
 the ground;  
 The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but  
 The villany of our fears.  
*Gui. Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter* POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thy-  
 self:  
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
 As war were hoodwink'd.  
*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.  
*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes  
 Let's re-enforce, or fly.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Field.**Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

*Lord.* Can'st thou from where they made the stand?

*Post.* I did.

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

*Lord.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost, But that the heavens fought: The king himself Of his wings destitute, the army broken, And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted, Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.* Where was this lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, — An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd So long a breeding, as his white beard came to, In doing this for his country; — athwart the lane, He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run The country base,<sup>62</sup> than to commit such slaughter; With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer Than those for preservation eas'd, or shame,) Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled, "Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men: To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand; Or we are Romans, and will give you that Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save, But to look back in frown: stand, stand." — These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many, (For three performers are the file, when all The rest do nothing,) with this word "stand, stand,"

Accommodated by the place, more charming, With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks, Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward

But by example (O, a sin in war Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look The way that they did, and to grin like lions Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,

A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves, The strides they victors made. And now our cowards

(Like fragments in hard voyages) became The life o' the mood, having found the back-door open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound! Some, slain before, some, dying, some, their friends

O'er-borne i' the former way: ten, chas'd by one, Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty: Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown The mortal bugs 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 Roman's bane."

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.

*Post.* 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhyme.

*Lord.* Farewell; you are angry.

[*Exit.*]

*Post.* Still going? — This is a lord! O, noble misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!

To-day, how many would have given their honours To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't, And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd, Could not find death, where I did hear him groan; Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds, Sweet words: or hath more ministers than we That draw his knives i' the war. — Well, I will find him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman, No more a Briton, I have resum'd again The part I came in: Fight I will no more, But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is Here made by the Roman; great the answer be Britons must take; For me, my ransome's death; On either side I come to spend my breath; Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again, But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.*

*1st Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:

'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

*2nd Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,<sup>63</sup>

That gave the affront with them.

*1st Cap.* So 'tis reported: But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

*Post.* A Roman; Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds Had answer'd him.

*2nd 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, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.—*A Prison.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and Two Gaolers.*

*1st Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you; So, graze, as you find pasture.

*2nd 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 The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt, Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry? So children temporal fathers do appease; Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent? I cannot do it better than in gyves, Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy, If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men, Who of their broken debtors take a third, A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again On their abatement; that's not my desire: For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it: 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp; Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake: You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers, If you will take this audit, take this life, And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen. I'll speak to thee in silence.

[*He sleeps.*]

*Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them. Then, after other Music, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds, as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show Thy spite on mortal flies: With Mars fall out, with Juno chide, That thy adulteries Rates and revenges. Hath my poor boy done aught but well, Whose face I never saw? I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd Attending Nature's law. Whose father then (as men report, Thou orphans' father art,) Thou should'st have been, and shielded him From this earth-vexing smart. *Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid, But took me in my throes; That from me was 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. *1st Bro.* When once he was mature for man, In Britain where was he That could stand up his parallel; Or fruitful object be In eye of Imogen, that best Could deem his dignity?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
To be exil'd, and thrown  
From Leonati's seat, and cast  
From her his dearest one,

Sweet Imogen?

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy;

And to become the geck and scorn  
O' the other's villany?

*2nd Bro.* For this, from stiffer 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,<sup>64</sup>  
With honour to maintain.

*1st Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline perform'd:

Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due;  
Being all to dolours turn'd?

*Sici.* Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh  
And potent injuries:

*Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
Take off his miseries.

*Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion; help!  
Or we poor ghosts will cry

To the shining synod of the rest,  
Against thy deity.

*2nd Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,  
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their Knees.

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,  
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest  
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:

Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;  
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—

He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made  
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;  
And so, away; no further with your din  
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine —  
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline

*Ascends*

*Sici.* He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle  
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is  
More sweet than our bless'd fields; his royal bird  
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,<sup>65</sup>  
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.

*Ghosts vanish*

*Post.* [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-  
sire, and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created  
A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)  
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.  
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;  
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,  
That have this golden chance, and know not why.  
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare  
one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects  
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself known,  
without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender  
air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches,  
which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to  
the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end  
his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and  
plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:  
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is.  
The action of my life is like it, which  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Gaolers.*

*Gaol.* Come, sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

*Gaol.* Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

*Post.* So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

*Gaol.* 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 of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

*Post.* I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

*Gaol.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

*Gaol.* Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

*Gaol.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

*Post.* Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

*Gaol.* I'll be hanged then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Post. and Mess.*]

*Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.<sup>66</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.—Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,  
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,  
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked  
breast

Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;  
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him?

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and  
living,  
But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my grief, I am  
The heir of his reward; which I will add  
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,  
[*To BEL., GUID., and ARV.*]

By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

*Bel.* Sir,  
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:  
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees:  
Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you  
Companions to our person, and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly  
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,  
And not o' the court of Britain.

*Cor.* Hail, great king!  
To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

*Cym.* Whom worse than a physician  
Would this report become? But I consider,

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life;  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,  
I will report, so please you: These her women  
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,  
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Pr'ythee, say.

*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhorr'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this:  
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to  
love  
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, ling'ring,  
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show; yes, and in time,  
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work  
Her son into the adoption of the crown.  
But failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite  
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,  
Despairing, died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women?

*Lady.* We did so, please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes  
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming; it had been  
vicious,

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!  
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other  
Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind,  
and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that

The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made  
out,

That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaugh-  
ter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:  
So, think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war, the way  
Was yours by accident, had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have  
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeeth,  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:  
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much  
For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransom'd: never master had  
A page so kind, so dutious, diligent,  
So tender over his occasions, true,  
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join  
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your  
highness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir  
And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him:  
His favour is familiar to me.—  
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor 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 do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;  
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no: alack,  
There's other work in hand; I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,  
Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me,  
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—  
Why stands he so perplex'd?

*Cym.* What would'st thou, boy?  
I love thee more and more; think more and more  
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st  
on? speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,  
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your  
vassal,  
Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so ?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Cym.* Thou art my good youth, my page ;  
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[*CYM. and IMO. converse apart.*]

*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

*Arv.* One sand another  
Not more resembles : That sweet rosy lad,  
Who died, and was Fidele :—What think you ?

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

*Bel.* Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ;  
forbear ;  
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

*Gui.* But we saw him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent ; let's see further.

*Pis.* It is my mistress :  
[*Aside.*]

Since she is living, let the time run on,  
To good, or bad.

[*CYM. and IMO. come forward.*]

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side ;  
Make thy demand aloud. — Sir, [*To IACH.*] 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 ren-  
der  
Of whom he had this ring.

*Post.* What's that to him. [*Aside.*]

*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say,  
How came it yours ?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken  
that

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.* How ! me ?

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that  
which

Torments me to conceal. By villany  
I got this ring ; 'twas Leonatus' jewel :

Whom thou didst banish ; and (which more may  
grieve thee,

As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd  
'Twi't sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my  
lord ?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter,—  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false  
spirits

Quail to remember,—Give me leave ; I faint.

*Cym.* My daughter ! what of her ? Renew thy  
strength :

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,  
Than die ere I hear more : strive man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour !) it was in Rome, (accurs'd  
The mansion where !) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would  
Our viands had been poison'd ! or, at least,  
Those which I heav'd to head !) the good Posthú-  
mus,

(What should I say ? he was too good to be  
Whcre ill men were ; and was the best of all  
Among'st the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak : for feature, laming  
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva  
Postures beyond brief nature : for condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for ; besides, that hook of wiving,  
Fairness which strikes the eye :—

*Cym.* I stand on fire :  
Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthú-  
mus,

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one  
That had a royal lover,) took his hint ;  
And, not disparising whom we prais'd (therein  
He was as calm as virtue) he began  
His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being  
made,

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags  
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description  
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.  
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,  
And she alone were cold : Whereat, I, wretch !  
Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him  
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore  
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring  
By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight,  
No lesser of her honour confident



Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;  
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
 Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it  
 Been all the worth of his ear. Away to Britain  
 Post I in this design : Well may you, sir,  
 Remember me at court, where I was taught  
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus  
 quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
 Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;  
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  
 That I return'd with simular proof enough  
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
 By wounding his belief in her renown  
 With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes  
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,  
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks  
 Of secret on her person, that he could not  
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon, —  
 Methinks, I see him now, —

*Post.* Ay, so thou dost,  
 [Coming forward.]

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,  
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out  
 For torturers ingenious: it is I  
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,  
 By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,  
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;  
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
 A sacrilegious thief, to do 't:—the temple  
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain  
 Be call'd, Posthúmus Leonatus; and  
 Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!  
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen!  
 Imogen, Imogen!

*Imo.* Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful  
 page,

There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.]

*Pis.* O, gentlemen, help, help  
 Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthúmus!  
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—  
 Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Post.* How come these staggers on me?<sup>67</sup>

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*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 princess are.

*Cym.* The time of Imogen!

*Pis.* Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
 That boy 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 confess'd,  
 Which must approve thee honest. If *Prætorius*  
 Have, said she, given his mistress that confection  
 Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd  
 As I would serve a rat.

*Cym.* What's this, *Cornelius*?

*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me  
 To temper poisons for her; still pretending  
 The satisfaction of her knowledge, only  
 In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs  
 Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
 Was of more danger, did compound for her  
 A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
 The present power of life; 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.

*Gul.* This is sure, *Fidele*.

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from  
 you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now  
 Throw me again. [Embracing him.]

*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
 Till the tree die!

*Cym.* How now, my flesh, my child?  
 What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?  
 Wilt thou not speak to me?

*Imo.* Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.]

*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye  
 not;

You had a motive for 't. [To *Gul.* and *Arv.*]

*Cym.* My tears, that fall,  
 Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

*Imo.* I am sorry for 't, my lord.

*Cym.* O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,  
That we meet here so strangely: But her son  
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

*Pis.* My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and  
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death: By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket; which directed him  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
My lady's honour: what became of him,  
I further know not.

*Gui.* Let me end the story:  
I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forfend!  
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,  
Deny 't again.

*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did  
me  
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me  
With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;  
And am right glad, he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I am sorry for thee:  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and  
must  
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

*Imo.* That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king:  
This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself; and hath  
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[*To the Guard.*]

They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we?

*Arv.* In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for 't.

*Bel.* We will die all three:  
But I will prove, that two of us are as good  
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,  
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.* Your danger is  
Ours.

*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then.—  
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who  
Was call'd Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* He it is, that hath  
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 have receiv'd it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my sons?

*Bel.* I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my  
knee;  
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;  
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How! my issue?

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-  
ment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes  
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years  
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I  
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to 't;  
Having receiv'd the punishment before,  
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty  
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious, sir,  
Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—

The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st.  
The service, that you three have done, is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd a while.  
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true, Guiderius:  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,  
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,  
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he;  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O, what am I  
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother  
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,  
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord;  
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brother,  
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When you were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?  
*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd;  
Continued so, until we thought he died.

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct!  
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridg-  
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd  
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
How parted with your brothers? how first met  
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,  
And your three motives to the battle, with  
I know not how much more, should be demanded;  
And all the other by-dependencies.

From chance to chance, but nor the time, nor  
place,

Will serve our long intergatories. See,  
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting  
Each object with a joy; the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.  
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[*To Bel.*

*Imo.* You are my father too, and did relieve me,  
To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd,  
Save these in bonds, let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.* My good master,  
I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you!

*Cym.* The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,  
He would have well 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 beseeching; 'twas a fitment for  
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:  
[*Kneeling.*

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech  
you,

Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,  
That ever swore her faith.

*Post.* Kneel not to me;  
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;  
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,  
And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd:  
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;  
Pardon's the word to all.

*Arv.* You help us, sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;  
Joy'd are we, that you are.

*Post.* Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of  
Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,  
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  
Make no collection of it; let him show  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus,——

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:  
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,  
[*To Cym.*

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*  
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine,  
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
Answering the letter of the oracle,  
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about  
With this most tender air.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,  
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,  
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.* Well,  
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,  
And to the Roman empire; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;  
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)  
Have laid most heavy hand.

*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,  
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.* Laud we the gods;  
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace  
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let  
A Roman and a British ensign wave  
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—  
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*

## NOTES TO CYMBELINE.

<sup>1</sup> *You do not meet a man, but frowns; our bloods  
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;  
Still seem us does the king's.*

This passage is very obscure, the sense appears to be, our bloods and dispositions no longer are influenced by the seasons, but, like our courtiers, take their cue from the temper of the king. Mr. Tyrwhitt says we should omit the *s* in the word kings, the sense is then certainly clearer.

<sup>2</sup> *I do extend him, sir, within himself.*

My praise, however great, is less than, or within, his merits.

<sup>3</sup> *And sear up my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death!*

To sear up, is strictly to close up with burning, and may here mean to solder up in a lead coffin; some of the commentators are, however, of opinion that it merely meant to close up in grave clothes, or otherwise.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *O disloyal thing,  
That should'st repair my youth: thou heapest  
A year's age on me!*

This passage is probably corrupt; for Cymbeline to say that his daughter's conduct had made him exactly one year older would be ludicrous. Sir T. Hanmer reads:—

Thou heapest *many*  
A year's age on me!

And Dr. Johnson alters the last line thus:—

Years, ages on me.

<sup>5</sup> *And did avoid a puttock.*

A *puttock* is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training.

<sup>6</sup> *Out of your best advice.*

Out of your reflection or consideration.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *'Twere a paper lost  
As offer'd mercy is.*

The meaning appears to be, that the paper is to the speaker as valuable as offered mercy to a condemned criminal, and that the loss of it would be as much to be regretted as the loss of such a pardon.

<sup>8</sup> *To encounter me with orisons.*

That is, meet me with reciprocal prayers.

<sup>9</sup> *Words him, I doubt not, a good deal from the matter.  
Gives rise to very exaggerated descriptions of him.*

<sup>10</sup> *Rather chann'd to go even with what I heard, than in  
my every action to be guided by others' experience.*

Posthumus admits himself to have been a presumptuous young man, and implies, that he rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience.

<sup>11</sup> *To convince the honour of my mistress*

To convince is used for to overcome.

<sup>12</sup> *You are a good deal abused.*

That is, deceived.

<sup>13</sup> *You are a friend, and therein the wiser.*

Dr. Warburton reads—you are *afraid*, &c. Dr. Johnson interprets it thus—you are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard.

<sup>14</sup> *To shift his being.*

That is, to change his abode.

<sup>15</sup> ——— *And the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach.*

In what sense can the beach be called numbered? who can number the sands of the sea shore? We might read—

Upon th' *unnumber'd* beach,

with more propriety. Twinn'd stones, says Dr. Johnson, I do not understand, but twinn'd shells, or pairs of shells, are very common. The pebbles on the sea-shore are so much of the same size and shape, that twinned may mean as like as twins.

<sup>16</sup> ——— *He*

*Is strange and peevish.*

*Strange* is shy, or backward; *peevish* may be used in its modern acceptation as irritable, but it anciently meant silly.

<sup>17</sup> *What both you spur and stop.*

What is it that at once incites you to speak and restrains you from it? what is it that you seem anxious to utter and yet withhold.

<sup>18</sup> *And fastened to an empery.*

That is allied to royalty; *emperry* is an obsolete word which signified sovereign command.

<sup>19</sup> *With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition  
Which your own coffers yield.*

That is, with strumpets hired with the pension which you allow your husband. It would appear that the ladies of pleasure in the time of Shakspeare often went

habited as young men, hence, probably, the name of tomboy. In W. Warren's *Nurserie of Names*, 1581:—

She comes not unto Bacchus' feastes,  
Or Flora's routes by night,  
Like tomboyes, such as live in Rome  
For every knave's delight.

<sup>20</sup> *Being strange, i.e., being a stranger.*

<sup>21</sup> *Whes I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away!*

He is describing a game at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed; he who throws the nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is an expression denoting a state of great advantage in the game.

<sup>22</sup> *To have smelt like a fool.*

A poor quibble is intended on the word *rank* in the preceding speech.

<sup>23</sup> *And you crow, cock, with your comb on.*

The intention of the speaker is to call Cloten a cock-comb; the allusion is to the cap worn by a fool or jester having on it a comb like a cock's.

<sup>24</sup> *Under these windows, i.e. her eyelids.*

<sup>25</sup> ———— *She hath been reading late  
The tale of Tereus.*

*Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, printed in quarto, 1576. The same tale is related in Gower's poem, *De Confessione Amantis*, and in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>26</sup> *One, two, three,—Time, time.*

Mr. Malone has very truly observed that Shakspeare is hardly ever exact in his computation of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed that it was *almost midnight*. Immediately after she has fallen asleep, Iachimo comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have occupied more than a few minutes; yet we are now told that it is *three o'clock*.

<sup>27</sup> *His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies.*

A poetical allusion to the morning sun drying up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. We should read *lie* instead of *lies* in the last line, but inaccuracies of this character are frequent in our poet's writings, and in this instance, we cannot rectify the grammar without spoiling the rhyme.

<sup>28</sup> ———— *If'twere made  
Comparative for your virtues.*

If it were to be considered as a compensation adequate to your deserving; a reward for merit.

<sup>29</sup> *I am sprighted with a fool.*

That is, haunted by a fool as by a spright.

<sup>30</sup> *Statist, i.e. statesman.*

<sup>31</sup> *To their approvers, i.e. to those who try them.*

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<sup>32</sup> ———— *Then if you can,  
Be pale.*

That is, if you can be patient; forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

<sup>33</sup> *The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
(O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword.*

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

<sup>34</sup> *I am perfect, i.e. I am well informed.*

<sup>35</sup> ———— *What false Italian  
As poisonous tongu'd, as handed.*

In the time of Shakspeare, the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the art carried to great perfection by certain villanous physicians.

<sup>36</sup> *Art thou a feodary for this art.*

That is, art thou a confederate or accomplice. So in *The Winter's Tale*, Leontes says of Hermione;—

More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is  
A federary with her.

<sup>37</sup> *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*

That is, I am ignorant of, or unpractised in the arts of murder.

<sup>38</sup> *Say and speak thick.*

Crowd one word upon another as fast as possible; speak rapidly, even "to the smothering of the sense."

<sup>39</sup> *A franklin's housewife.*

A franklin is, literally, a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal.

<sup>40</sup> ———— *That giants may jet through  
And keep their impious turbands on.*

The idea of a giant was, among the readers of romances, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

<sup>41</sup> *Richer, than doing nothing for a babe.*

This is evidently a corruption. Sir T. Hamner substitutes the word *bribe* for that of *babe*, and Dr. Warburton reads *bauble*, that is, vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. Dr. Johnson proposes to read *brabe*, and says that *Brabium* is a badge of honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity.

<sup>42</sup> *To stride a limit, i.e. to overpass his bound.*

<sup>43</sup> ———— *Some jay of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting.*

Some abandoned woman made by art, the creature

not of nature, but of painting. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we have a similar expression:—

———— Whose judgments are  
More fathers of their garments.

<sup>44</sup> ———— *When thou shalt be dined by her  
That now thou t'rest on.*

That is, when you shall be satiated by her who now attracts you. A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which she pecks; from *tirer*, French.

<sup>45</sup> ———— *Now, if you could bear 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.

<sup>46</sup> *Wherein you are happy.*

That is, in what you are accomplished.

<sup>47</sup> *Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you.*

This is but a senseless repetition, we should read *his* grace and you; or your grace and *yours*, i.e., your kindred.

<sup>48</sup> ———— *May  
This night forestall him of the coming day.*

May his grief to-night urge him to some act of premature destruction, so that he may never see the morrow.

<sup>49</sup> *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman.*

The passage is rendered obscure by its brevity, but Cloten means to say that, she has all accomplishments more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

<sup>50</sup> ———— *Then had my prize  
Been less: and so more equal ballasting  
To thee. Posthumus.*

If these youths had been my brothers I should not be heir to the throne, not so great a prize as I now am, but more the equal of my husband.

<sup>51</sup> *I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus' false.*

Mr. Mason would read—*is* false, but this addition clogs the metre. Shakspeare, who takes many freedoms in this way, doubtless used the word *false* for *falsehood*, or want of faith.

<sup>52</sup> ———— *And to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commands  
His absolute commission.*

That is, he commands the commission to be given to the tribunes, arms them with his authority to raise the levy.

<sup>53</sup> *This perseverant thing*

Sir T. Hammet reads *ill perseverant*, but in prose *perseverant* may mean no more than *perseverant*; like *relishment*, *impassioned*, *unmasked*.

<sup>54</sup> *Thy garments cut to pieces before thy face*

It could not injure or annoy Posthumus to have his garments cut to pieces before his face after he was dead. We should read *before her face*, i.e. Imogen's.

<sup>55</sup> *But his jovial face*

*Jovial face* here signifies not a merry but a noble face, such a one as belongs to Jove.

<sup>56</sup> *Conspic'd with that irregular devil.*

Perhaps we should read *irregular* devil, but *irregular* may be a word of Shakspeare's own coinage, intended for lawless, licentious.

<sup>57</sup> *I fast and prayed.*

*Fast* is here improperly used for *fasted*.

<sup>58</sup> *Richard du Champ.*

The use of this name to denominate an ancient Briton is one of the numerous anachronisms which occur in this play. In the fifth act Cymbeline is made to knight Bellarius and his sons on the field of battle by dubbing them according to the fashion of the middle ages.

<sup>59</sup> *Come arm him.*

That is, raise him in your arms.

<sup>60</sup> *Even to the note of the king.*

I will so distinguish myself that the king shall remark it.

<sup>61</sup> *Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee.*

This *bloody cloth* is the token of Imogen's death, which in the foregoing act Pisanio had determined to send.

<sup>62</sup> *The country base.*

A rustic game called *prison-bars*, or *prisoners-base*.

<sup>63</sup> *In a silly habit.*

*Silly* is simple or rustic.

<sup>64</sup> *Our fealty, and Tenantius' right.*

*Tenantius* was the father of Cymbeline. According to some authorities *Tenantius* paid to Rome the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; but other accounts say that he refused it, and warred against the Romans.

<sup>65</sup> *And cloy his beak.*

Perhaps we should read *claws* his beak, which is a frequent action with hawks and eagles.

<sup>66</sup> *I never saw one so prone; i.e. so forward.*

<sup>67</sup> *How come these staggers on me?*

This delirious agitation: the *staggers* is a disease of the horse, resembling apoplexy.

H. T.

# Coriolanus.

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IN *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, the Roman tragedies of Shakspeare, the poet introduces his readers to a new mode of life and feeling; times past are revived, the heroes of the elder ages of the world recalled from their oblivious graves, ruined cities rebuilt, and Rome, in all its ancient glory, with its palaces, columns, and statues, its walks and fountains, its patricians and its people, appear as on some magic orb before us. The busy hum of life is over all, and the heroes of Plutarch seem to live and breathe again; and we analyze their actions and penetrate their motives, as critically as if they were no more remote from us than Cromwell or Napoleon. The great poet throws a bridge over time, and brings us face to face with antiquity; this is peculiarly the case with Shakspeare's Roman dramas; he has given us better and far more accurate pictures of life in the eternal city—

“ That sat on her seven hills  
And from her throne of beauty ruled the world.”

Than he has done of the early history of his own country. *Coriolanus*, *Antony*, *Brutus*, *Cæsar*, and *Cassius*, are all poetical Daguerreotypes, in which it is almost difficult to say whether poetry or history are most indebted to our bard.

*Coriolanus* is, in my estimation, the least interesting of the three tragedies I have named; it displays less variety of character than is contained in *Julius Cæsar*, and less beauty and poetry than the story of the Roman *Antony* and his voluptuous Egyptian Queen. It has been highly popular in the present age, certainly, but that is partially attributable to the excellence of the late John Kemble in the character of the unbending *Marcus*, whose perfect identification of himself with it, made this tragedy attractive at the theatre; and has, since his time, roused a spirit of emulation in other tragedians, who have courted comparison with Kemble in a character for which nature had eminently fitted him. The character of *Marcus* is unamiable almost to repulsiveness; his stern and tyrannical disposition is shewn on his first entrance, when, because the starved citizens complain of hunger, and presume to call in question the wisdom of their governors, he exclaims, had he permission, he would slay as many of them as would make a heap as high as he could hurl his lance. He is praised constantly in the play, but surely the poet never wished to excite our sympathy for this insolent and unfeeling man, but rather intended to show that such a nature could not live in peace with men of any order. He wishes to slay the people, because they offend the patricians; then he would destroy the patricians, because they have offended him; and that he may execute his hate on Rome, having fled to the *Volcians*, who protect and honour him, he finally quarrels with them. He has no patriotism, but a mere selfish love of glory; he is the mercenary of his own feelings, and fights for or against Rome, as it offends or pleases him. It is himself he worships, not his country or his kind; “being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.” His love to his mother arises from the similarity of their natures, and because she is as haughty and arrogant as he. *Menenius* truly says, “there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger;” the only act of kindness which he does, is to beg the freedom of the poor *Volcian* at whose house he had lodged; but even this grace he mars by forgetting the name of the man whom he would benefit. His scorn and contempt of the common people is more than he can give utterance to; in his language they are rats, crows, curs, and the “musty superfluity” of the city. He would govern them most absolutely, pluck out their



"multitudinous tongue," and take from them all political power. The tribune, Brutus, reproves him justly, by saying:—

You speak o' the people  
As if you were a god to punish, not  
A man of their infirmity.

He would realize despotism in its most hateful shape, and looks upon the people as a mass of bones and muscles, born only to toil and be despised.

Such a man is unfit for peace; he is a brand in the hands of those who hold him; his actions are the death of order—

Before him  
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears."

By blood he flourishes, and in blood he falls.

Coleridge says—"This play illustrates the wonderfully philosophic impartiality of Shakspeare's politics." The poet, however, shows himself something of an aristocrat, both here and in *Julius Cæsar*. He seems to entertain a contempt for the common order of people, and places them in a very ridiculous light. The citizens are made mere creatures of fear and contradiction, waivered about by every wind, and won by every suppliant. More stress is laid on the folly of the pleben than on the vices of the patricians; and if history has recorded the former as fickle, it has not left the latter stainless. Their courage and self-denial sometimes made them regarded as demi-gods, but their vices sunk them below the brutes. The Roman satirists give pictures of life in the great city which fill modern readers with disgust and loathing. Shakspeare laughs at the people; but if he intended Coriolanus to represent the principle of aristocracy, he places that in no very attractive light.

Some apologists for the turbulent character of Marcius have been found who urge the prejudices he had derived from birth and education; from the fact that he was a spoiled child of fortune; and because that, in his day, there were no connecting links between the higher and lower classes, by which they might become known to and respect each other; but these excuses fall very short of a reasonable defence of his haughtiness.

Volunna, also, has been much praised as a noble character; but she possesses too much of the pride and arrogance of her son, though his nature is certainly softened in her: she is an Amazonian scold, that holds the lives of the Roman citizens in less estimation than a mere whim of her son's; when they have irritated him, she wishes that they may all hang and burn too. She has more experience and wisdom than he; and though she despises and hates the people as much, she truly vaunts she has a brain "that leads her use of anger to better advantage." The softer character of Virgilia shows pale beside her, but it is far more pleasing; the sound of flutes is sweeter than the clang of trumpets; and the tender solicitude of the wife more interesting than the stately ambition of the mother.

Menenius is something between a patrician and a buffoon; his connexions are aristocratic, but his sympathies are with the people: out of his love for Coriolanus he becomes his parasite, and is, in the end, treated by that proud and selfish man with insolence and ingratitude. His application of the fable of the belly and its members to the mutiny of the citizens is apt enough; but we see that, after all, he loves the poor rogues whom he traduces. His great objects of abuse are the tribunes; but they show far more sense than he: they were chosen guardians of the liberty of the people; and in opposing Coriolanus in his attempt at arbitrary power, they but performed their duty. To have done less, would have proved them unworthy of their great trust.

This tragedy, says Mr. Malone, "comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer*, in the year of Rome, 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A.U.C. 266." It is attributed to the year 1608 or '9, and the historical events are copied with singular fidelity, and even some of the language borrowed from *The Life of Coriolanus*, in Plutarch.

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.



CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a Roman Patrician.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 8; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

COMINUS, *the Roman General.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

TITUS LARTIUS, *joined with Cominius in the Command.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, *a Tribune of the People.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

JUNIUS BRUTUS, *also a Tribune.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

YOUNG MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3.

NICANOR, *a Roman in the service of the Volcians.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3.

A ROMAN HERALD.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volces.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

LIEUTENANT *to Aufidius.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 7.

CONSPIRATORS *with Aufidius.*

{*Appear*, Act V. sc. 5.

ADRIAN, *a Volcian Citizen.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3.

TWO VOLCIAN GUARDS.

*Appear*, Act V. sc. 2.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

*Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians and Soldiers, Ladies, Ædiles, Lictors, Citizens, Messengers, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE.—*Partly in ROME, and partly in the Territories of the Volcians and Antiates.*

# Coriolanus.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

*1st Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*Cit.* Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

*1st Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

*Cit.* Resolved, resolved.

*1st Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*Cit.* We know 't, we know 't.

*1st Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*Cit.* No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

*2nd Cit.* One word, good citizens.

*1st Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

*2nd Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

*Cit.* Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

*2nd Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

*1st Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

*2nd Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

*1st Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscience'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be

partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

*2nd Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

*1st Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

*Cit.* Come, come.

*1st Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

*2nd Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

*1st Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

*1st Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

*1st Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

*1st Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

*Men.* Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale 't a little more.<sup>1</sup>

*1st Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

*Men.* There was a time when all the body's members Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:— That only like a gulf it did remain I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments<sup>2</sup>

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually participate,<sup>3</sup> did minister Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

*1st Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus, (For, look you, I may make the belly smile, As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied To the discontented members, the mutinous parts That envied his receipt; even so most fitly As you malign our senators, for that They are not such as you.

*1st Cit.* Your belly's answer: What! The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helps In this our fabric, if that they—

*Men.* What then?— 'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

*1st Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd, Who is the sink o' the body,—

*Men.* Well, what then?

*1st Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you; If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,) Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

*1st Cit.* You are long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend; Your most grave belly was deliberate, Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd. "True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he, "That I receive the general food at first, Which you do live upon: and fit it is; Because I am the store-house, and the shop Of the whole body: But if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man, The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins, From me receive that natural competency Whereby they live: And though that all at once, You, my good friends," (this says the belly,) mark me,—

*1st Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

*Men.* "Though all at once cannot See what I do deliver out to each; Yet I can make my audit up, that all From me do back receive the flour of all, And leave me but the bran." What say you to 't?

*1st Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly, And you the mutinous members: For examine Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find, No public benefit which you receive, But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you, And no way from yourselves.—What do you think? You, the great toe of this assembly?—

*1st Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

*Men.* For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest, Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost: Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run Lead'st first to win some vantage.— But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs; Rome and her rats are at the point of battle, The one side must have bale.<sup>4</sup>—Hail, noble Marcius!

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?

*1st Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee, will  
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you  
curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it.<sup>5</sup> Who deserves great-  
ness,

Deserves your hate: and your afflictions are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust  
ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;  
And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the mat-  
ter,

That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another?—What's their seek-  
ing?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates; whereof, they  
say,

The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em! They say?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and  
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain  
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,<sup>6</sup>  
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could pick my lance.<sup>7</sup>

*Men.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persua-  
ded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech  
you,

What says the other troop?

*Mar.* They are dissolv'd. Hang 'em!  
They said they were an-hungry, sigh'd forth pro-  
verbs;

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must  
eat;

That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods  
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these already  
They vented their complainings; which being an-  
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,  
(To break the heart of generosity,<sup>8</sup>

And make bold power look pale,) they throw their  
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the  
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Mar.* Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar  
wisdoms,

Of their own choice: One's Janius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrections arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments;

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Mar.* Here: What's the matter?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on't; then we shall have means  
to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Se-  
nators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

*1st Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately  
told us;

The Volces are in arms.<sup>9</sup>

*Mar.* They have a leader,

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sin in envying his nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the ears,  
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him: he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

*1st Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is ;  
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :  
What, art thou still? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius ;  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true bred!

*1st Sen.* Your company to the Capitol ; where, I  
know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* Lead you on :  
Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;  
Right worthy you priority.

*Com.* Noble Lartius!

*1st Sen.* Hence! to your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow :  
The Volces have much corn ; take these rats thither,  
To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM., MAR., TIT., and  
MEN. Citizens steal away.*]

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the  
people,—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the  
gods.<sup>10</sup>

*Sic.* Be-mock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him : he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under Cominius.

*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims —  
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot  
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
A place below the first : for what miscarries  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure  
Will then cry out of Marcius, " O, if he  
Had borne the business!"

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius.<sup>11</sup>

*Bru.* Come :  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his  
faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear  
How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,  
More than in singularity, he goes  
Upon his present action.

*Bru.* Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.*

*1st Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,  
And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours?  
What ever hath been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,  
Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I  
think,

I have the letter here ; yes, here it is : [*Reads.*]  
" They have press'd a power, but it is not known  
Whether for east, or west : The dearth is great ;  
The people mutinous : and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent : most likely, 'tis for you :  
Consider of it."

*1st Sen.* Our army's in the field :  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly,  
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when  
They needs must show themselves ; which in the  
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,  
To take in many towns,<sup>12</sup> ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

*2nd Sen.* Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission ; hie you to your bands :  
Let us alone to guard Corioli :  
If they set down before us, for the remove  
Bring up your army ; but, I think, you'll find  
They have not prepar'd for us.

*Auf.* O, doubt not that ;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.

Some parcels of their powers are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike  
Till one can do no more.

*All.* The gods assist you!

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe!

*1st Sen.* Farewell.

*2nd Sen.* Farewell.

*All.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low Stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;

As children from a bear, the Volscians slurring him,  
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
"Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,  
Though you were born in Rome!" His bloody  
brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,  
Like to a harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

*Vir.* His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,  
Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,  
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
And tread upon his neck.

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam,—

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammoeked it!

*Vol.* One of his father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, madam.<sup>13</sup>

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors!

*Vol.* She shall, she shall.

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

*Val.* Fye, you confine yourself most unreason-

ably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*Vir.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

*Vir.* No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news:—A wagger, they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'Tis done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mess.* They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mess.* Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work; That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some Senators, and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

*1st Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums [*Alarums afar off.*]

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off; [*Other Alarums.*]

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* O, they are at it!

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

*The Volces enter and pass over the Stage.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city. Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce, And he shall feel mine age.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd



Further than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and  
hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge  
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum. The Voices and Romans re-  
enter, and the fight is renewed. The Voices retire  
into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the  
Gates.*

So, now the gates are open:—Now prove good  
seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like,  
[*He enters the Gates, and is shut in.*]

1st Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2nd Sol. Nor I.

3rd Sol. See, they.

Have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

Lart. What is become of Martius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1st Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,  
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,  
And, when it blows, stands up! Thou art left, Mar-  
cius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes;<sup>14</sup> but, with thy grim looks, and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the  
Enemy.*

1st Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcus:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.<sup>15</sup>

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*]

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with Spoils*

1st Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2nd Rom. And I this.

3rd Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

*Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a  
Trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their  
hours<sup>16</sup>

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a dot, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with  
them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To  
him:—

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent for  
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:  
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcus!— [*Exit Mar.*]  
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind: Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of Cominius.*

*Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we  
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,

By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard  
The charges of our friends :—The Roman gods,  
Lead their successes as we wish our own ;  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-  
tering,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you thankful sacrifice !—Thy news ?

*Mess.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is 't  
since ?

*Mess.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile ; briefly we heard their  
drums :

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring thy news so late.

*Mess.* Spies of the Volces  
Held me in chase, that I was fore'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*Com.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flay'd ? O gods !  
He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*Mar.* Come I too late ?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a  
tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man's.

*Mar.* Come I too late ?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* O ! let me clip you  
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd ; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

*Com.* Flower of warriors,  
How is 't with Titus Lartius ?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees :  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other ;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave,  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?  
Where is he ? Call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth : But for our gentlemen,  
The common file, (A plague !—Tribunes for them !)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you ?

*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell ? I do not  
think——

Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?  
If not, why cease you till you are so ?

*Com.* Marcius,  
We have at disadvantage fought, and did  
Retire, to win our purpose.

*Mar.* How lies their battle ? Know you on  
which side

They have plac'd their men of trust ?

*Com.* As I guess, Marcius,  
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,  
Of their best trust : o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.

*Mar.* I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :  
And that you not delay the present ; but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,  
We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking ; take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
That most are willing :—If any such be here,  
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report ;  
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself ;  
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,  
Wave thus, [*Waving his Hand.*] to express his dis-  
position,  
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their Swords; take  
him up in their arms, and cast up their Caps.*]

O me, alone ! Make you a sword of me ?  
If these shows be not outward, which of you  
But is four Volces ? None of you but is  
Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
Though thanks to all, must I select : the rest  
Shall bear the business in some other sight,

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;  
And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd.

*Com.* March on, my fellows!  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward COMITIUS and CALPURNIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lart.* So, let the ports<sup>17</sup> be guarded, keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch  
Those centurions<sup>18</sup> to our aid; the rest will serve  
For a short holding: If we lose the field,  
We cannot keep the town.

*Lieu.* Fear not our care, sir.

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.  
*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

*Alarum.* Enter MARCIUS and AUCIDIUS.

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do  
hate thee  
Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike;  
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor  
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's  
slave,  
And the gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcus,  
Halloo me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,  
And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my  
blood,

Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector,  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,  
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

*[They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of AUF.]*

Officious, and not valiant—you have slam'd me  
In your condemned seconds.

*[Exeunt fighting, driven in by MAR.]*

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp*

*Alarum.* A Retreat is sounded. *Flourish.* Enter at one side, COMITIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his Arm in a Scarf, and other Romans.

*Com.* If I should tell thee over this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;  
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
If the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,  
And, gladly quak'd, hear more, where the dull  
Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
Shall say, against their hearts, "We thank the  
gods,

Our Rome hath such a soldier!"—  
Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.

*Lart.* O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparison:  
Hadst thou beheld —

*Mar.* Pray now, no more: my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,  
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd  
As you have been; that's for my country:  
He, that has but effected his good will,  
Hath overta'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know  
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,  
(In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they  
smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,  
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of  
all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,  
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth

Before the common distribution, at  
Your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry, MARCIUS!  
MARCIUS! cast up their Caps and Lances:  
COM. and LART. stand bare.*

*Mar.* May these same instruments, which you  
profane,  
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets  
shall  
P' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows  
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made  
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;  
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,  
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,  
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolical;  
As if I loved my little should be dieted  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

*Com.* Too modest are you;  
More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
To us that give you truly: by your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,  
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it  
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,  
For what he did before Corioli, call him,  
With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—  
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*

*All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

*Cor.* I will go wash;  
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—  
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,  
To undercrest your good addition,  
To the fairness of my power.

*Com.* So, to our tent:  
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome  
The best, with whom we may articulate,  
For their own good, and ours.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I that now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;  
But when Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O, well begg'd!  
Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name?

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot:—  
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—  
Have we no wine here?

*Com.* Go we to our tent:  
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time  
It should be look'd to: come. [Exit.

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volces.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,  
bloody, with Two or Three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en!

*1st Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condi-  
tion.

*Auf.* Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,  
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition  
What good condition can a treaty find  
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,  
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat  
me;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat.—By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way;  
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

*1st Sol.* He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's  
poison'd,  
With only suffering stain by him; for him  
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it  
 At home, upon my brother's guard,<sup>19</sup> even there  
 Against the hospitable canon, would I  
 Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the  
 city;  
 Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must  
 Be hostages for Rome.

*1st Sol.* Will not you go?  
*Auf.* I am attended at the cypress grove.<sup>20</sup>  
 I pray you,  
 ('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither  
 How the world goes; that to the pace of it  
 I may spur on my journey.  
*1st Sol.* I shall, sir. {*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Public Place.**Enter MENENIUS, SICISIUS, and BRUTUS.*

*Men.* The augurer tells me, we shall have news  
 to-night.

*Bru.* Good, or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people,  
 for they love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry ple-  
 beians would the noble Marcius.

*Bru.* He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb.  
 You two are old men; tell me one thing that I  
 shall ask you.

*Both Trib.* Well, sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor, that  
 you two have not in abundance?

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with  
 all.

*Sic.* Especially, in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now: Do you two know  
 how you are censured here in the city, I mean of  
 us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

*Both Trib.* Why, how are we censured?

*Aien.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you  
 not be angry?

*Both Trib.* Well, well, sir, well.

*Men.* Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very lit-  
 tle thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of  
 patience: give your disposition the reins, and be  
 angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take  
 it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame  
 Marcius for being proud?

*Bru.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Men.* I know, you can do very little alone; for  
 your helps are many; or else your actions would

grow wondrous single: your abilities are too  
 infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of  
 pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards  
 the napes of your necks, and make but an interior  
 survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of  
 unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates,  
 (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician,  
 and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a  
 drop of allaying Tyber in 't; said to be something  
 imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty,  
 and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that  
 converses more with the buttock of the night,<sup>21</sup>  
 than with the forehead of the morning. What I  
 think, I utter; and spend my malice in my  
 breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are,  
 (I cannot call you Lyeurguses) if the drink you  
 gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a  
 crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships  
 have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass  
 in compound with the major part of your syllables;  
 and though I must be content to bear with those  
 that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie  
 deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see  
 this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I  
 am known well enough too? What harm can  
 your bisson conspectuities glean out of this cha-  
 racter, if I be known well enough too?

*Bru.* Come, sir, come, we know you well  
 enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any  
 thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps  
 and legs;<sup>22</sup> you wear out a good wholesome fore-  
 noon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife  
 and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the contro-  
 versy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—  
 When you are hearing a matter between party and

party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience;<sup>23</sup> and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves; You are a pair of strange ones.

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*BRU. and SIC. retire to the back of the Scene.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

*Two Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

*Men.* A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutick,<sup>24</sup> and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* O, no, no, no.

*Vol.* O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

*Vol.* On 's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Men.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

*Vol.* Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*Vol.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true!

*Vol.* True? pow, wow.

*Men.* True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

*Vol.* I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout, and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in 's nery arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight  
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,  
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these

In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Flourish*]

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*Cor.* No more of this, it does offend my heart.

Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, sir, your mother,

*Cor.* O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity. [*Kneels*]

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcus, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife—

*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail!

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd  
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now the gods crown thee!

*Cor.* And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.  
[*To Vol.*]

*Vol.* I know not where to turn:—O welcome  
home;

And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could  
weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Wel-  
come:

A curse begin at very root of his heart,

That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,

That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,  
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that

will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:

We call a nettle, but a nettle; and

The faults of fools, but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on.

*Cor.* Your hand, and yours: [*To his Wife and Mother.*]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited;

From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But with them change of honours.

*Vol.* I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,

And the buildings of my fancy: only there

Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Com.* Know, good mother:  
I had rather be their servant in my way,

Than away with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets. Excunt in state, as before.*  
*The Tribunes remain.*]

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
sights

Are spectach'd to see him: Your prattling nurse  
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,<sup>25</sup>

While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins

Her richest lockram 'bout her recchy neck,<sup>26</sup>

Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks,  
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd

With variable complexions; all agreeing

In earnestness to see him: sold-shoven flannels<sup>27</sup>

Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames

Commit the war of white and damask, in

Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to the wanton spoil

Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pother,

As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,

Were slyly crept into his human powers,

And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the audience,

I warrant him consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin, and end; but will  
Lose those that he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we  
stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will

Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours:

Which that he'll give them, make as little question

As he is proud to do't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he

Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put

The napless vesture e' humility;

Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds

To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right.

*Bru.* It was his word: O, he would miss it,  
rather

Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better,

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it

In execution.

*Bru.* 'Tis most like, he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;  
A sure destruction.<sup>23</sup>

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest the people, in what hatred  
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would  
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
Dispropertied their freedoms : holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war; who have their provand  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon 't; and that's as easy,  
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis  
thought,  
That Marcius shall be consul : I have seen  
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
To hear him speak : The matrons flung their  
gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made  
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts :  
I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol ;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Capitol.*

*Enter Two Officers, to lay Cushions.*

*1st Off.* Come, come, they are almost here : How  
many stand for consulships ?

*2nd Off.* Three, they say : but 'tis thought of  
every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

*1st Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's ven-  
geance proud, and loves not the common people.

*2nd Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men  
that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved  
them; and there be many that they have loved,  
they know not wherefore : so that, if they love they

know not why, they hate upon no better a ground :  
Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether  
they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge  
he has in their disposition; and out of his noble  
carelessness, let's them plainly see 't.

*1st Off.* If he did not care whether he had their  
love, or no, he waived indifferently 'twixt doing  
them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their  
hate with greater devotion than they can render it  
him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully  
discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to  
affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is  
as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for  
their love.

*2nd Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his coun-  
try : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as  
those, who, having been supple and courteous to  
the people, bonnetted, without any further deed  
to heave them at all into their estimation and report :  
but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes,  
and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues  
to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind  
of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a  
malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck re-  
proof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

*1st Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man :  
Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMI-  
NIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many  
other Senators, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS. The  
Senators take their places; the Tribunes take  
theirs also by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volces, and  
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble service, that  
Hath thus stood for his country : Therefore, please  
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom  
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember  
With honours like himself.

*1st Sen.* Speak, good Cominius  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,  
Rather our state's defective for requital,  
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,  
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,  
Your loving motion toward the common body  
To yield what passes here.



*Sic.* We are convented  
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts  
Inclinable to honour and advance  
The theme of our assembly.

*Bru.* Which the rather  
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*Men.* That 's off, that 's off;  
I would you rather had been silent: Please you  
To hear Cominius speak?

*Bru.* Most willingly:  
But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—  
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[*Cor. rises, and offers to go away.*]

*1st Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honours' pardon;  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope,  
My words dis-bench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, sir: yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not:<sup>29</sup> But, your  
people,  
I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i'  
the sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings mouster'd. [*Exit Cor.*]

*Men.* Masters o' the people,  
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,  
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now  
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

*Com.* I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought  
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
When with his Amazonian chin<sup>30</sup> he drove  
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid  
An o'er press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view

Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,  
And struck him on his knee.<sup>31</sup> In that day's feats,  
When he might set the woman in the scene,<sup>32</sup>  
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his deed  
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;  
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,  
Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fiern;  
And, by his rare example, made the coward  
Turn terror into sport: as waves before  
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)  
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot  
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd  
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted  
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,  
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
Corioli, like a planet: Now all 's his:  
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit  
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
And to the battle came he; where he did  
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd  
Both field and city ours, he never stood  
To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.* Worthy man!

*1st Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the ho-  
nours

Which we devise him.

*Com.* Our spoils he kick'd at;  
And look'd upon things precious, as they were  
The common muck o' the world: he covets less  
Than misery itself would give; rewards  
His deeds with doing them; and is content  
To spend the time, to end it.

*Men.* He's right noble;  
Let him be call'd for.

*1st Sen.* Call for Coriolanus.

*Off.* He doth appear

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

*Cor.* I do owe them still  
My life, and services.

*Men.* It then remains,  
That you do speak to the people.

*Cor.* I do beseech you,  
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot

Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please  
you,  
That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.* Sir, the people  
Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to 't:—  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and  
Take to you, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with your form.

*Cor.* It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

*Bru.* Mark you that?

*Cor.* To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and  
thus;—  
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only:—

*Men.* Do not stand upon 't:—  
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

*Sen.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!  
[*Flourish.* Then exeunt Sen.

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive his intent! He that will  
require them,  
As if he did contemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,  
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

*Enter several Citizens.*

*1st Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we  
ought not to deny him.

*2nd Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

*3rd Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it,  
but it is a power that we have no power to do: for  
if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we  
are to put our tongues into those wounds, and  
speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds,  
we must also tell him our noble acceptance of  
them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the  
multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster  
of the multitude; of the which, we being members,  
should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

*1st Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a  
little help will serve: for once, when we stood up

about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the  
many-headed multitude.

*3rd Cit.* We have been called so of many; not  
that our heads are some brown, some black, some  
auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely  
coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to  
issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west,  
north, south; and their consent of one direct way  
should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

*2nd Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you  
judge, my wit would fly?

*3rd Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as  
another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a  
block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure,  
southward.

*2nd Cit.* Why that way?

*3rd Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being  
three parts melted away with rotten dews, the  
fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to  
get thee a wife.

*2nd Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—  
You may, you may.

*3rd Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices?  
But that's no matter, the greater part carries it.  
I say, if he would incline to the people, there was  
never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark  
his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but  
to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos,  
and by threes. He's to make his requests by  
particulars: wherein every one of us has a single  
honour, in giving him our own voices with our own  
tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you  
how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content. [Exeunt.

*Men.* O sir, you are not right: have you not  
known

The worthiest men have done it?

*Cor.* What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my  
wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of our own drums.

*Men.* O me, the gods!  
You must not speak of that; you must desire them  
To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me? Hang 'em!  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them.<sup>33</sup>

*Men.* You'll mur all;  
I'll leave you; Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Two Citizens.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a  
brace,

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

*1st Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought  
you to 't.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*2nd Cit.* Your own desert?

*Cor.* Ay, not  
Mine own desire.

*1st Cit.* How! not your own desire?

*Cor.* No, sir:

'Twas never my desire yet,  
To trouble the poor with begging.

*1st Cit.* You must think, if we give you anything,  
We hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

*1st Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show  
you,  
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,  
sir;

What say you?

*2nd Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—  
I have your alms; adieu.

*1st Cit.* But this is something odd.

*2nd Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no  
matter. [*Exeunt Two Citizens.*]

*Enter Two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune  
of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here  
the customary gown.

*3rd Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country,  
and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your enigma?

*3rd Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies,  
you have been a rod to her friends; you have not,  
indeed, loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous,  
that I have not been common in my love. I will,  
sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a  
dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they  
account gentle: and since the wisdom of their

choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I  
will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to  
them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counter-  
feit the bewitchment of some popular man, and  
give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, be-  
seech you, I may be consul.

*4th Cit.* We hope to find you our friend, and  
therefore give you our voices heartily.

*3rd Cit.* You have received many wounds for  
your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with show-  
ing them. I will make much of your voices, and  
so trouble you no further.

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Cor.* Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolish gown should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to 't:—

What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,

Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus,—I am half through;

The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Enter Three other Citizens.*

Here come more voices,—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;

Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear

Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six

I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have

Done many things, some less, some more: your  
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

*5th Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go  
without any honest man's voice.

*6th Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods  
give him joy, and make him good friend to the  
people!

*All.* Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Cor.* Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MEXENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation; and the  
tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice; Remains,

That, in the official marks invested, you

Anon do meet the senate.

*Cor.* Is this done ?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharg'd :  
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd  
To meet, anon, upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where ? at the senate-house ?

*Sic.* There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I then change these garments ?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*Cor.* That I'll go straight do ; and, knowing  
myself again,  
Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company.--Will you along ?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* COR. and MEN.]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at his heart.

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds : Will you dismiss the people ?

*Re-enter* Citizens.

*Sic.* How now, my masters ? have you chose this  
man ?

*1st Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

*2nd Cit.* Amen, sir : To my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

*3rd Cit.* Certainly,  
He flouted us down-right.

*1st Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not  
mock us.

*2nd Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but  
says,

He us'd us scornfully : he should have show'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*Cit.* No ; no man saw 'em.

[*Several speak.*]

*3rd Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he  
could show in private ;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,  
" I would be consul," says he : " aged custom,  
But by your voices, will not so permit me ;"<sup>31</sup>  
Your voices therefore : " When we granted that,  
Here was,— " I thank you for your voices,—thank  
you,—

Your most sweet voices :—now you have left your  
voices,

I have no further with you : "—Was not this mock-  
ery ?

*Sic.* Why, either, you were ignorant to see 't ?  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices ?

*Bru.* Could you not have told him,  
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,  
He was your enemy ; ever spake against  
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
I' the body of the weal : and now, arriving  
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
Be curses to yourselves ? You should have said,  
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature  
Would think upon you for your voices, and  
Translate his malice towards you into love  
Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,  
And try'd his inclination ; from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;  
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
Which easily endures not article  
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.* Did you perceive,  
He did solicit you in free contempt,  
When he did need your loves ; and do you think,  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your  
bodies

No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry  
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

*Sic.* Have you,  
Ere now, deny'd the asker ? and, now again,  
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your su'd-for tongues ?

*3rd Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

*2nd Cit.* And will deny him :  
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

*1st Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends  
to piece 'em.

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly ; and tell those  
friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take  
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice  
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.* Let them assemble ;  
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
Your ignorant election : Enforce his pride,  
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;

How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,  
Thinking upon his services, took from you  
The apprehension of his present portance,  
Which gibingly, ungravely he did fashion  
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.* Lay  
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd  
(No impediment between) but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

*Sic.* Say, you chose him  
More after our commandment, than as guided  
By your own true affections: and that, your minds  
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do  
Than what you should, made you against the grain  
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures  
to you,  
How youngly he began to serve his country,  
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence  
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither;  
And Censorinus, darling of the people,

And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,  
Was his great ancestor.

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrance: but you have found,  
Sealing his present bearing with his past,  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

*Bru.* Say, you ne'er had don't,  
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:  
And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
Repair to the Capitol.

*Cit.* We will so: almost all *Several speak.*  
Repent in their election. *Exeunt Cit.*

*Bru.* Let them go on;  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.

*Sic.* To the Capitol:  
Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the  
people;  
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward. *Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

*Cornets.* Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMI-  
NIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

*Lart.* He had, my lord; and that it was, which  
caus'd

Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volces stand but as at first;  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road  
Upon us again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul, so,  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius?

*Lart.* On safe-guard he came to me;<sup>35</sup> and did  
curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How? what?

*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword to  
sword:

That, of all things upon the earth, he hated  
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he?

*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

*[To LART.]*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise  
them;

For they do prank them in authority,  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no further.

*Cor.* Ha! what is that?

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to

Go on: no further.

*Cor.* What makes this change?

*Men.* The matter?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices?

*1st Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

*Sic.* Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are  
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their  
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm,

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:—

Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;  
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them  
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them since?

*Bru.* How! I inform them!

*Cor.* You are like to do such business.

*Bru.* Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

*Cor.* Why then should I be consul? By you  
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*Sic.* You show too much of that,

For which the people stir: If you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your  
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit:

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

*Men.* Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This  
palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely  
I' the plain way of his merit.

*Cor.* Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again;—

*Men.* Not now, not now.

*1st Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,  
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sow'd, and  
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

*Men.* Well, no more.

*1st Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.* How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lung

Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,<sup>36</sup>

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o' the people

As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

*Sic.* 'Twere well,

We let the people know 't.

*Men.* What, what? his choler?

*Cor.* Choler!

Were I patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

*Sic.* It is a mind,

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

*Cor.* Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you

His absolute "shall?"

*Com.* 'Twas from the canon.

*Cor.* "Shall!"

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,

You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer,

That with his peremptory "shall," being but

The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,

And make your channel his? If he have power,

Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake

Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,

Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,  
 If they be senators: and they are no less,  
 When both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
 Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;  
 And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"  
 His popular "shall," against a graver bench  
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,  
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches,  
 To know, when two authorities are up,  
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
 The one by the other.

*Com.* Well—on to the market-place

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
 The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd  
 Sometime in Greece,—

*Men.* Well, well, no more of that.

*Cor.* (Though there the people had more absolute power.)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
 The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* Why, shall the people give  
 One, that speaks thus their voice?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
 More worthier than their voices. They know, the  
 corn

Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd  
 They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the  
 war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd.  
 They would not thread the gates:<sup>37</sup> this kind of  
 service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,  
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
 Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation  
 Which they have often made against the senate,  
 All cause unborn, could never be the native  
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
 How shall this bosom multiplied digest  
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
 What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;  
 We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
 They gave us our demands:"—Thus we debase  
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
 Call our cares fears: which will in time break ope  
 The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows  
 To peck the eagles.—

*Men.* Come, enough.

*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.

*Cor.* No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
 Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—

Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wis-  
 dom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit

Real necessities, and give way the while  
 To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,  
 Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech  
 you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;  
 That love the fundamental part of state,  
 More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer  
 A noble life before a long, and wish  
 To jump a body<sup>38</sup> with a dangerous physic  
 That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out  
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
 The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour  
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity which should become it;  
 Not having the power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth control it.

*Bru.* He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
 As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—  
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?  
 On whom depending, their obedience fails  
 To the greater bench: In a rebellion,  
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,  
 Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,  
 And throw their power i' the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason.

*Sic.* This a consul? no.

*Bru.* The Ediles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

*Sic.* Go, call the people; [*Exit Bru.*,] in whose  
 name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,  
 A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,  
 And follow to thine answer.

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

*Sen. and Pat.* We'll surety him.

*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy  
 bones

Out of thy garments.

*Sic.* Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ediles, and a Rabble of  
 Citizens.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he, that would  
 Take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, Ædiles.  
*Cit.* Down with him, down with him!  
 [*Several speak.*]  
*2nd Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!  
 [*They all bustle about Cor.*  
 Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—  
 Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!  
*Cit.* Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!  
*Men.* What is about to be?—I am out of breath:  
 Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes  
 To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—  
 Speak, good Sicinius.  
*Sic.* Hear me, people;—Peace.  
*Cit.* Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak,  
 speak, speak.  
*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties:  
 Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,  
 Whom late you have nam'd for consul.  
*Men.* Fye, fye, fye!  
 This is the way to kindle, not to quench.  
*1st Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.  
*Sic.* What is the city, but the people?  
*Cit.* True,  
 The people are the city.  
*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
 The people's magistrates.  
*Cit.* You so remain.  
*Men.* And so are like to do.  
*Cor.* That is the way to lay the city flat;  
 To bring the roof to the foundation;  
 And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
 In heaps and piles of ruin.  
*Sic.* This deserves death.  
*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
 Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,  
 Upon the part o' the people, in whose power  
 We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
 Of present death.  
*Sic.* Therefore, lay hold of him;  
 Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
 Into destruction cast him.  
*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him.  
*Cit.* Yield, Marcius, yield.  
*Men.* Hear me one word.  
 Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.  
*Ædi.* Peace, peace.  
*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,  
 And temperately proceed to what you would  
 Thus violently redress.  
*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,  
 That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous  
 Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,  
 And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No; I'll die here.  
 [*Drawing his Sword.*  
 There's some among you have beheld me fighting;  
 Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.  
*Men.* Down with that sword;—Tribunes, with-  
 draw a while.  
*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.  
*Men.* Help, Marcius! help,  
 You that be noble; help him, young, and old!  
*Cit.* Down with him, down with him!  
 [*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and  
 the People, are all beat in.*  
*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be gone,  
 away,  
 All will be naught else.  
*2nd Sen.* Get you gone.  
*Cor.* Stand fast;  
 We have as many friends as enemies.  
*Men.* Shall it be put to that?  
*1st Sen.* The gods forbid!  
 I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;  
 Leave us to cure this cause.  
*Men.* For 'tis a sore upon us,  
 You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.  
*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.  
*Cor.* I would they were barbarians, (as they are,  
 Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are  
 not,  
 Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—  
*Men.* Be gone:  
 Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;  
 One time will owe another.  
*Cor.* On fair ground,  
 I could beat forty of them.  
*Men.* I could myself  
 Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two  
 tribunes.  
*Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;  
 And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
 Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,  
 Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend  
 Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
 What they are used to bear.  
*Men.* Pray you, be gone:  
 I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
 With those that have but little; this must be  
 patch'd  
 With cloth of any colour.  
*Com.* Nay, come away.  
 [*Exeunt COR. COM., and Others.*  
*1st Pat.* This man has marred his fortune.  
*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world:  
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,



Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart 's  
his mouth :

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*  
Here 's goodly work !

*2nd Pat.* I would they were a-bed !

*Men.* I would they were in Tyber !—What, the  
vengeance,  
Could he not speak them fair ?

*Re-enter BRUTUS, and SICISTUS, with the Rabble*

*Sic.* Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself ?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes.—

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of the public power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

*1st Cit.* He shall well know,  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

*Cit.* He shall, sure on 't.  
[*Several speak together.*

*Men.* Sir,—

*Sic.* Peace.

*Men.* Do not cry, havoc, where you should but  
hunt  
With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes it, that you  
Have help to make this rescue ?

*Men.* Hear me speak :—  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults :—

*Sic.* Consul !—what consul ?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He a consul !

*Cit.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good  
people,  
I may be heard, I 'd crave a word or two ;  
The which shall turn you to no further harm,  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then :  
For we are peremptory, to despatch  
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,  
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,  
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid,  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude

T.

2 R

Towards her deserved children is curd'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own !

*Sic.* He 's a disease, that must be cut away.

*Men.* O, he 's a limb, that has but a disease,  
Mortal to cut it off ; to cure it, easy,  
What has he done to Rome, that 's worthy death ?  
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost,  
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country ;  
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o' the world.

*Sic.* This is clean kam.<sup>39</sup>

*Bru.* Merely awry : When he did love his country,  
It honour'd him.

*Men.* The service of the foot  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was ?

*Bru.* We 'll hear no more :—  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

*Men.* One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process,  
Lest parties (as he is below'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If it were so,—

*Sic.* What do ye talk ?  
Have we had not a taste of his obedience ?  
Our Ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ?—Come :—

*Men.* Consider this ;—He has been bred i' the wars  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In boulded language ; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

*1st Sen.* Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way : the other course  
Will prove too bloody : and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,  
Be you then as the people's officer :—  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place :—We 'll at-  
tend you there :  
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* I 'll bring him to you :—

Let me desire your company. [*To the Sen.*] He must  
come,

Or what is worst will follow.

*1st Sen.* Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Coriolanus's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears; present  
me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses's heels;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

*1st Pat.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,  
When one but of my ordinance stood up  
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [*To VOL.*]  
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have  
me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O, sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man you  
are,

With striving less to be so: Lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions, if  
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you have been too rough,  
something too rough;  
You must return, and mend it.

*1st Sen.* There's no remedy;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray be counsel'd:  
I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,  
To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman:  
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that  
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*Cor.* What must I do?

*Men.* Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.* Well,

What then? what then?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;  
Must I then do't to them?

*Vol.* You are too absolute;  
Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell  
me,

In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,  
That they combine not there.

*Cor.* Tush, tush!

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends  
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war; since that to both  
It stands in like request?

*Cor.* Why force you this?

*Vol.* Because that now it lies on you to speak  
To the people; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,  
But with such words that are but roted in  
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,  
I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;<sup>40</sup>  
And you will rather show our general louts  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that want might ruin.

*Men.* Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I pr'ythee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand

And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,) Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant More learned than the ears,) waving thy head, Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart, That humble, as the ripest mulberry, Now will not hold the handling: Or, say to them, Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils, Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess, Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim, In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far As thou hast power, and person.

*Men.* This but done,  
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

*Vol.* Pr'ythee now,  
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather,  
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,  
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit  
You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness, or by absence; all 's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.  
*Com.* I think 'twill serve, if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will:—  
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go show them my unbarb'd sence?  
Must I  
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:  
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,  
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-  
place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never  
I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.  
*Vol.* I pr'ythee, now, sweet son: as thou hast  
said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do 't.  
Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,

Which quired with my drum,<sup>41</sup> into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulla asleep! The smiles of knaves  
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up  
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd  
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't:  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice then;  
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me  
But owe thy pride thyself.

*Cor.* Pray, be content;  
Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd  
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattery, further.

*Vol.* Do your will. [*Exit.*

*Com.* Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm  
yourself  
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:  
Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

*Men.* Ay, but mildly.  
*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home, that he  
affects  
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people;  
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,  
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come?

*Æd.* He's coming.

*Bru.* How accompanied?

*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

*Sic.* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll?

*Æd.* I have; 'tis ready, here.

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?

*Æd.* I have.

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither:  
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so  
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it  
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;"  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

*Æd.* I shall inform them.

*Bru.* And when such time they have begun to  
cry,  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

*Æd.* Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to give 't them.

*Bru.* Go about it.—  
[Exit *Æd.*

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth  
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks  
What 's in his heart; and that is there, which looks  
With us to break his neck.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,  
Senators, and Patricians.

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd  
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!  
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war!

*1st Sen.* Amen, amen!

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter* *Ædile*, with Citizens.

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

*Both Tri.* Well, say.—Peace, ho.

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this pre-  
sent?

Must all determine here?

*Sic.* I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content  
To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

*Cor.* I am content.

*Men.* Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:  
The warlike service he has done, consider;  
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show  
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briars,  
Scars to move laughter only.

*Men.* Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier: Do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.

*Com.* Well, well, no more

*Cor.* What is the matter,  
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to  
take  
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical;  
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How! Traitor?

*Men.* Nay; temperately: Your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!  
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*Cit.* To the rock with him; to the rock with him!

*Sic.* Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even this  
So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath  
Serv'd well for Rome,——

*Cor.* What do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You?

*Men.* Is this  
The promise that you made your mother?

*Com.* Know,  
I pray you,——

*Cor.* I'll know no further:  
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has  
(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
Envied against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power; has now at last  
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,  
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city;  
In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,  
I say, it shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so,  
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd  
And so it shall be.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
friends;——

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

*Com.* Let me speak:  
I have been consul, and can show from Rome,  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good, with a respect more tender,

More holy, and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins; then if I would  
Speak that——

*Sic.* We know your drift: Speak what?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is  
banish'd,

As enemy to the people, and his country  
It shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common cry of curs! whose breath I  
hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you,  
And here remain with your uncertainty!

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; till, at length,  
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)  
Making not reservation of yourselves,  
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most  
Abated captives,<sup>42</sup> to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* COR., COM., MEX., SEN., and PAT.]

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

*Cit.* Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*]

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

*Cit.* Come, come, let us see him out at gates;  
come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-  
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—  
the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear:  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
craves

A noble cunning : you were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens ! O heavens !

*Cor.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in  
Rome,  
And occupations perish !

*Cor.* What, what, what !  
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
Droop not ; adieu :—Farewell, my wife ! my mother !

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime  
general

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hard'ning spectacles ; tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot  
well,

My hazards still have been your solace : and  
Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your  
son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautelous<sup>43</sup> baits and practice.

*Vol.* My first son,  
Whither wilt thou go ? Take good Cominius  
With thee a while : Determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance  
That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.* O the gods !

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of  
us,

And we of thee : so, if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man ;  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.

*Cor.* Fare ye well :—  
Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full  
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruised ; bring me but out at gate.—  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.

While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still : and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily  
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand :—  
Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home ; he's gone, and we'll  
no further.—  
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided  
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home :  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home.  
[*Exit Æd.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why ?

*Sic.* They say, she's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us :  
Keep on your way.

*Vol.* O, you're well met : The hoarded plague  
o' the gods  
Requite your love !

*Men.* Peace, peace ; be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should  
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone ?  
[*To Bru.*]

*Vir.* You shall stay too : [*To Sic.*] I would, I  
had the power

To say so to my husband.

*Sic.* Are you mankind ?

*Vol.* Ay, fool ; Is that a shame ?—Note but  
this fool.—

Was not a man my father ? Hadst thou foxship  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,  
Than thou hast spoken words ?

*Sic.* O blessed heavens !

*Vol.* More noble blows, than ever thou wisest words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then?

*Vir.* What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

*Men.* Come, come, pence.

*Sic.* I would he had continu'd to his country, As he began; and not unknit himself The noble knot he made.

*Bru.* I would he had.

*Vol.* I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth, As I can of those mysteries which heaven Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed The meanest house in Rome: so far, my son, (This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.—

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt* Tribunes.]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them But once a day, it would unlog my heart Of what lies heavy to't.

*Men.* You have told them home, And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself, And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go: Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do, In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*Men.* Fye, fye, fye! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

*Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Vol.* It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them. Know you me yet?

*Vol.* Nicanor? No.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Vol.* You had more beard, when I last saw you, but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcan state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.

*Vol.* Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vol.* Coriolanus banished?

*Rom.* Banished, sir.

*Vol.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

*Vol.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*Vol.* A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*Vol.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium: City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,  
At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, 'beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here, before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Cit.*  
O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast  
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their  
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,  
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—  
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon  
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me.  
He does fair justice; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Music within. Enter a Servant.*

*1st Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is  
here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

*Enter another Servant.*

*2nd Serv.* Where's Cotus! my master calls for  
him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I  
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

*1st Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence  
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the  
door.

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus.

*Re-enter second Servant.*

*2nd Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter  
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such  
companions? Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

*2nd Serv.* Away? Get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou art troublesome.

*2nd Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked  
with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

*3rd Serv.* What fellow's this?

*1st Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I  
cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my  
master to him.

*3rd Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow?  
Pray you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your  
hearth.

*3rd Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

*3rd Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

*3rd Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up  
some other station; here's no place for you; pray  
you, avoid: come.

*Cor.* Follow your function, go!

And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

*3rd Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my  
master what a strange guest he has here.

*2nd Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit*

*3rd Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*3rd Serv.* Under the canopy?

*Cor.* Ay.

*3rd Serv.* Where's that?

*Cor.* I' the city of kites and crows.

*3rd Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What  
an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws  
too?

*Cor.* No, I serve not thy master.

*3rd Serv.* How, sir? Do you meddle with my  
master?

*Cor.* Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle  
with thy mistress;



Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,  
hence! [Beats him away]

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

*2nd Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou?  
Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

*Cor.* If, Tullus, [Unmuffling.]

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name?  
[Servants retire.]

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?  
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not:—Thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that surname; a good memory,  
And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name  
remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity  
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,  
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if  
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world  
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee  
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,  
That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee; for I will fight

Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the under fiends. But if so be  
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more for-  
times

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am  
Longer to live most weary, and present  
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:  
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;  
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* O Marcius, Marcius,  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my  
heart

A root of ancient envy: If Jupiter  
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and  
say,

"'Tis true;" I'd not believe them more than  
thee,

All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grain'd ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip  
The anvil of my sword;<sup>44</sup> and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
I loved the maid I married; never man  
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell  
thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;  
We have been down together in my sleep,  
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Mar-  
cius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,  
And take our friendly senators by the hands;  
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.* You bless me, Gods!

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take  
The one half of my commission; and set down,—  
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own  
ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:  
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
Say, "yea," to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most  
welcome! [*Exeunt COR. and AUF.*]

*1st Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

*2nd Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have  
strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind  
gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

*1st Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me  
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would  
set up a top.

*2nd Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there  
was something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face,  
methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

*1st Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—  
'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was  
more in him than I could think.

*2nd Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply  
the rarest man i' the world.

*1st Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier  
than he, you wot one.

*2nd Serv.* Who? my master?

*1st Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

*2nd Serv.* Worth six of him.

*1st Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to  
be the greater soldier.

*2nd Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how  
to say that: for the defence of a town, our general  
is excellent.

*1st Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter third Servant.*

*3rd Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news,  
you rascals.

*1st and 2nd Serv.* What, what, what? let's par-  
take.

*3rd Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations;  
I had as lieve be a condemned man.

*1st and 2nd Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

*3rd Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to  
thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

*1st Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

*3rd Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but  
he was always good enough for him.

*2nd Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he  
was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say  
so himself.

*1st Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to  
say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him  
and notched him like a carbonado.

*2nd Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he  
might have broiled and eaten him too.

*1st Serv.* But, more of thy news?

*3rd Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within,  
as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper  
end o' the table; no question asked him by any of  
the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our  
general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies  
himself with's hand,<sup>45</sup> and turns up the white o'  
the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the  
news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but  
one half of what he was yesterday; for the other  
has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole  
table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of  
Rome gates by the ears:<sup>46</sup> He will mow down all  
before him, and leave his passage polled.

*2nd Serv.* And he's as like to do 't, as any man  
I can imagine.

*3rd Serv.* Do 't? he will do 't: For, look you,  
sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which  
friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,)  
show themselves (as we term it,) his friends,  
whilst he's in directitude.

*1st Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

*3rd Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest  
up again, and the man in blood, they will out of  
their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all  
with him.

*1st Serv.* But when goes this forward?

*3rd Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You  
shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis,  
as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed  
ere they wipe their lips.

*2nd Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring  
world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust  
iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

*1st Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds  
peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly,  
waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very  
apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible;  
a getter of more bastard children, than wars a  
destroyer of men.

*2nd Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort,  
may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be  
denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

*1st Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

*3rd Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

*All.* In, in, in, in. [ *Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame? the present peace  
And quietness o' the people, which before  
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends  
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,  
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold  
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see  
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going  
About their functions friendly.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

*Bru.* We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind  
Of late.—Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,  
But with his friends; the common-wealth doth stand;  
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much  
better, if

He could have temporiz'd.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his  
wife

Hear nothing from him.

*Enter Three or Four Citizens.*

*Cit.* The gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* Good-e'en, our neighbours.

*Bru.* Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you  
all:

*1st Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on  
our knees,  
Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd  
Coriolanus  
Had lov'd you as we did.

*Cit.* Now the gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewell, farewell. [ *Exeunt Cit.*

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time,

Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying, Confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was  
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,  
O'ercame with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,—

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Noble.*

*Nob.* Worthy tribunes,  
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers  
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before them.

*Men.* 'Tis Aufidius,  
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;  
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,  
And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you  
Of Marcius?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot  
be,  
The Volces dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be!  
We have record, that very well it can;  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this:  
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me  
I know, this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles, in great earnestness, are going  
All to the senate-house: some news is come,  
That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave;—  
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!  
Nothing but his report!

*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful?

*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;  
And vows revenge as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely!

*Bru.* Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely:  
He and Aufidius can no more atone,  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* You are sent for to the senate:  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories; and have already,  
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* O, you have made good work!

*Men.* What news? what news?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own daughters, and  
To melt the city leads upon your pates;  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

*Men.* What's the news? what's the news?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an augre's bore.

*Men.* Pray now, your news?—  
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your  
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

*Com.* If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better: and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron men; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation, and  
The breath of garlic-eaters!

*Com.* He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair  
work!

*Bru.* But is this true, sir?

*Com.* Ay; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,  
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame  
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?  
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people  
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if  
they

Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him  
even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein show'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true:  
If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, "'Beseech you, cease."—You have made  
fair hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

*Com.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not, we brought it.

*Men.* How! was it we? We lov'd' him; but,  
like beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

*Com.* But, I fear  
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer:—Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come the clusters.—  
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*Cit.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

*1st Cit.* For mine own part,  
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

*2nd Cit.* And so did I.

*3rd Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

*Com.* You are goodly things, you voices!

*Men.* You have made  
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capitol?

*Com.* O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt Com. and Men.*]

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd; These are a side, that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, And show no sign of fear.

*1st Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him.

*2nd Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.  
[*Exeunt Cit.*]

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth  
Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic.* Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him;  
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now;  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier  
Even to my person, than I thought he would,  
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature  
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir,  
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not

Join'd in commission with him: but either  
Had borne the action of yourself, or else  
To him had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shows good husbandry for the Volcan state,  
Fights dragon-like, and does relieve us soon  
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone  
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
When'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry  
Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;  
And the nobility of Rome are his:  
The senators, and patricians, love him too:  
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,  
As is the osprey to the fish,<sup>47</sup> who takes it  
By sovereignty of nature. First he was  
A noble servant to them; but he could not  
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,  
Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,  
To fail in the disposing of those chances  
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding  
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb  
As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,  
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,  
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,  
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,  
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
And power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.  
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do  
fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.**Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and Others.*

*Men.* No, I 'li not go: you hear, what he hath said,

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him  
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:  
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,  
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel  
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd<sup>48</sup>  
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one timè he did call me by my name:  
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
He would not answer to: forbad all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so; you have made good work:  
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,  
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon  
When it was less expected; He replied,  
It was a bare petition of a state  
To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well:  
Could he say less?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For his private friends: His answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, twas folly,  
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence.

*Men.* For one poor grain  
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,  
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the  
grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt  
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your  
aid

In this so never-heeded help, yet do not  
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No; I 'll not meddle  
*Sic.* I pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius.

*Men.* Well, and say that Marcius  
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness? Say 't be so?

*Sic.* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the mea-  
sure

As you intended well.

*Men.* I 'll undertake it:  
I think, he 'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts; therefore I 'll watch  
him

Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I 'li set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I 'll prove him,  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have know-  
ledge

Of my success. [*Exit.*]

*Com.* He 'll never hear him.

*Sic.* Not?

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye  
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;  
'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would  
do,

He sent in writing after me; what he would not,  
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:<sup>49</sup>

So, that all hope is vain,

Unless his noble mother, and his wife;

Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,  
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.— *An advanced Part of the Volcain Camp before Rome. The Guard at their Stations.*

*Enter to them, MENENIUS.*

*1st G.* Stay : Whence are you ?

*2nd G.* Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men ; 'tis well : But, by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with Coriolanus.

*1st G.* From whence ?

*Men.* From Rome.

*1st G.* You may not pass, you must return : our general

Will no more hear from thence.

*2nd G.* You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,  
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

*Men.* Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,  
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

*1st G.* Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name

Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover : I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read

His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified ;  
For I have ever verified my friends,  
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,  
I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise  
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing :<sup>50</sup> Therefore,  
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

*1st G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here : no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

*2nd G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Has he dined, can'st thou tell ? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

*1st G.* You are a Roman, are you ?

*Men.* I am as thy general is.

*1st G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be ? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this ? No, you are deceived ; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution ; you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprove and pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

*2nd G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean, thy general.

*1st G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood ;—back,—that's the utmost of your having :—back.

*Men.* Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Cor.* What's the matter ?

*Men.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you ; you shall know now that I am in estimation ; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant<sup>51</sup> cannot office me from my son Coriolanus : guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering ; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does ! O, my son ! my son ! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee ; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs ; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here ; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

*Cor.* Away !

*Men.* How ! away ?

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others : Though I owe  
My revenge properly, my remission lies  
In Volcain breasts. That we have been familiar,

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather  
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.  
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than  
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,  
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a Letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,  
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st—  
*Auf.* You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* COR. and AUF.

*1st G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

*2nd G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:  
You know the way home again.

*1st G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keep-  
ing your greatness back?

*2nd G.* What cause, do you think, I have to  
swoon?

*Men.* I neither care for the world, nor your  
general: for such things as you, I can scarce think  
there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will  
to die by himself,<sup>53</sup> fears it not from another. Let  
your general do his worst. For you, be that you  
are, long; and your misery increase with your age!  
I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

*1st G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

*2nd G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is  
the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of Coriolanus.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and *Others.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-mor-  
row

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,  
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly  
I have borne this business.

*Auf.* Only their ends  
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against  
The general suit of Rome; never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Loved me above the measure of a father;  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have  
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd  
The first conditions, which they did refuse,  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,  
That thought he could do more; a very little  
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,  
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter

Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shouts within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,  
leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and At-  
tendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—

What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,  
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am  
not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;  
As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod: and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volces  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never  
Be such a goslin to obey instinct; but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in  
Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,  
For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,  
And the most noble mother of the world  
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;

[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show  
Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
I kneel before thee; and unproperly  
Show duty, as mistaken all the while  
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

*Cor.* What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds



Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;  
Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior ;  
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola,  
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,  
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours,  
Which by the interpretation of full time  
May show like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st  
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee !

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy.

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace :  
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;  
The things, I have foresworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not  
To ally my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* O, no more, no more !  
You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;  
That, if you fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volces, mark ; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our  
raiment,  
And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which  
should  
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with  
comforts,  
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and  
sorrow ;  
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing

His country's bowels out— And to poor we,  
Thine enemy's most capital— thou barr'st us  
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,  
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,  
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,  
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose  
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,  
Our comfort in the country— We must find  
An evident calamity, though we had  
Our wish, which side should win— for either thou  
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles through our streets, or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;  
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood— For myself, son,  
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee  
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,  
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country, than to tread  
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,  
That brought thee to this world.

*Vic.* Ay, and on mine,  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time.

*Boy.* He shall not tread on me ;  
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*]

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus.  
If it were so, that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,  
As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volces  
May say, " This merey we have show'd ;" the  
Romans,  
" This we receiv'd ;" and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, " Be bless'd  
For making up this peace !" Thou know'st, great son,  
The end o' war's uncertain ; but this certain,  
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses :  
Whose chronicle thus writ.—" The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;  
Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains  
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd." Speak to me, son ;  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods ;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:  
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:  
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the  
world

More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me  
prate

Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life  
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;  
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,  
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague  
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:  
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.  
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:  
This is the last;—So we will home to Rome,  
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:  
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,  
Does reason our petition with more strength  
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go:  
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;  
His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:  
I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
And then I'll speak a little.

*Cor.* O mother, mother!

[*Holding VOL. by the hands, silent.*]

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do  
ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!  
You have won a happy victory to Rome:  
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—  
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard  
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.

*Cor.* I dare be sworn, you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,  
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

*Auf.* I am glad, thou has set thy mercy and thy  
honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work  
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*]

[*The Ladies make signs to COR.*]

*Cor.* Ay, by and by;  
[*To VOL., VIR., &c.*]

But we will drink together;<sup>53</sup> and you shall bear  
A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you: all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond'  
corner-stone?

*Sic.* Why, what of that?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it with  
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of  
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him,  
But I say, there is no hope in 't; our throats are  
sentenced, and stay upon execution.

*Sic.* Is 't possible, that so short a time can alter  
the condition of a man?

*Men.* There is differency between a grub, and  
a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This  
Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has  
wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He loved his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me: and he no more remembers  
his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The  
tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he  
walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground  
shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce  
a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his  
hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing  
made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is  
finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a  
god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what  
mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is  
no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male  
tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is  
'long of you.

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be

good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,  
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news?

*Mess.* Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,

The Voices are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:  
A morrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,  
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

*Mess.* As certain, as I know the sun is fire:  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?  
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark  
you;

[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums  
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*]

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*]

*Men.* This is good news:  
I will go meet the ladies. This Volunnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;  
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and Music.*]

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for their tidings:  
next,  
Accept my thankfulness.

*Mess.* Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city?

*Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them,  
And help the joy. [*Going.*]

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patri-  
cians, and People. They pass over the Stage.*

*1st Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:  
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before  
them.

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;  
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!

*All.* Welcome, ladies!

Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets*]  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Antium. A public Place.

*Enter TULLIUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:  
Deliver them this paper: having read it,  
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,  
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,  
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attend.*]

*Enter Three or Four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS'*  
*Faction.*

Most welcome!

*1st Con.* How is it with our general?

*Auf.* Even so,  
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

*2nd Con.* Most noble sir,  
If you do hold the same intent wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell;  
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

*3rd Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;  
And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heigh-  
ten'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

*3rd Con.* Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of:  
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;  
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;

Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way  
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments  
In mine own person ; help to reap the same,  
Which he did end all his ; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if  
I had been mercenary.

*1st Con.* So he did, my lord :  
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd  
For no less spoil, than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it ;—  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action ; Therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts  
of the People.*]

*1st Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a  
post,  
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

*2nd Con.* And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats  
tear,  
With giving him glory.

*3rd Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more ;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it,  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you ?

*Lords.* We have.

*1st Lord.* And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines : but there to end,  
Where he was to begin ; and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge ;<sup>54</sup> making a treaty, where  
There was a yielding ; This admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours ; a  
Crowd of Citizens with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords ! I am returned your soldier ;  
No more infected with my country's love,  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought  
home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
With no less honour to the Antiates.  
Than shame to the Romans : and we here deliver,  
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o'the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not noble lords ;  
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor !—How now ?—

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*Cor.* Marcius !

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius ; Dost thou  
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli ?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome  
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother :  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting  
Council o'the war ; but, at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory ;  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars ?

*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

*Cor.* Ha !

*Auf.* No more.

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy ! O slave !—  
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave  
lords,

Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him ; that  
must bear

My beating to his grave ;) shall join to thrust  
The lie unto him.

*1st Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:  
Alone I did it.—Boy!

*Auf.* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

*Con.* Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*]

*Cit.* [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to  
pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my  
daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He  
killed my father.—

*2nd Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth. His last offence to us  
Shall have judicious hearing.<sup>55</sup>—Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.* O, that I had him,  
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword!

*Auf.* Insolent villain!

*Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUF. and the Con. draw, and kill Cor., who  
falls, and AUF. stands on him.*]

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold.

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

*1st Lord.* O Tullus,—

*2nd Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour  
will weep.

*3rd Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be  
quiet;

Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know (as in this  
rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

*1st Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded  
As the most noble corpse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

*2nd Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—  
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—  
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the Body of CORIOLANUS.*]

*A dead March sounded.*

## NOTES TO CORIOLANUS.

<sup>1</sup> *To scale it a little more.*

To *scale*, is to disperse. The meaning of the whole passage is, though many of you may have heard the story, still I will venture to repeat it, to spread a knowledge of it still wider.

<sup>2</sup> *Where the other instruments.*

*Where* is here used as *whereas*; *instruments* are limbs or members.

<sup>3</sup> *Mutually participate.*

*Participate* is used for participant, or participating.

<sup>4</sup> *The one side must have bale.*

*Bale* is an old Saxon word for misery or calamity. Mr. Mason observes, that *bale*, as well as *bane*, signified poison, in Shakspeare's time. Mr. Malone says the word was antiquated in our poet's age; still, it is to be found in Spencer's *Fairy Queen*,—

For light she hated as the deadly *bale*.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Your virtue is*

*To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it.*

This is an obscure passage, but the meaning appears to be, your virtue consists in speaking well of the vicious man, and in cursing the justice that condemns him.

<sup>6</sup> *Their ruth*, i.e. their pity, compassion.

<sup>7</sup> *As high as I could pick my lance.*

*Pick* my lance, is the meaning; but *pick* is correct, and was anciently synonymous with *pitch*. Thus, in Froissart's *Chronicle*, “and as he stouped downe to take up his swerde, the Frenche squyer dyd *pycke* his swerde at hym, and by hap strake hym through bothe the thyes.”

<sup>8</sup> *To break the heart of generosity.*

To give the final blow to the nobles. Marcius uses *generosity* to signify high birth.

<sup>9</sup> *Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;*

*The Volces are in arms.*

Marcius had himself only been just told that the Volces were in arms, and could not therefore have told the senate. The meaning is:—you were right in your opinion as to what they would do, for they are now ready for the war which you anticipated.

<sup>10</sup> *Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.*

To *gird*, is to taunt, or sneer at. Mr. Malone says that an anonymous correspondent informs him, that in

some parts of England, it means to *push vehemently*. To *gird*, likewise signified to pluck or twinge; hence, probably, it was metaphorically used in the sense of, to taunt or annoy by sarcasm.

<sup>11</sup> *Of his demerits rob Cominius.*

*Merits* and *demerits* had anciently the same meaning. Thus, in *Othello*:—

——— And my *demerits*  
May speak unbouquetted.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, *Henry VI.*, fol. 69:—  
“This noble prince, for his *demerits* called the good Duke of Gloucester.”

<sup>12</sup> *To take in many towns.*

To *take in*, signified to overcome, to take possession of.

<sup>13</sup> *A crack madam.*

A *crack*, literally means a boy; it is here used in answer to the assertion of Valeria, that he is a noble child, to imply that he will do—he will pass muster.

<sup>14</sup> ——— *Thou wast a soldier*

*Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes.*

Plutarch, in *The Life of Coriolanus*, has this passage: “For he was even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afraid with the sound of his voice and the grimness of his countenance.” This passage led Shakspeare into a great chronological error—that of making Cato anterior to Coriolanus.

<sup>15</sup> *Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.*

To *make remain* is an ancient and obsolete mode of speaking, which merely means—to remain. Time has pruned our language of many redundancies of expression.

<sup>16</sup> *See here these movers, that do prize their hours.*

Pope reads—prize their *honours*: an ingenious alteration; but the text is doubtless correct. *Hours* is used as time.

<sup>17</sup> *The ports*, i.e., the gates.

<sup>18</sup> *Those centuries.*

*Centuries* were companies of soldiers, consisting each of a hundred men. Hence the military title of Centurion, a commander of one of these regiments.

<sup>19</sup> *At home, upon my brother's guard.*

Even were he in my own house, and with my brother stationed to protect him, still would I slay him.

<sup>20</sup> *I am attended at the cypress grove.*

That is, waited for there.

<sup>21</sup> *One that converses more with the buttock of the night, &c.*

That is, one that often goes to bed late, but seldom rises early.

<sup>22</sup> *You are ambitious for poor men's caps and legs.*

Anxious for their obeisance and respect, shown by bowing and humility.

<sup>23</sup> *Set up the bloody flag against all patience.*

That is, declare war against patience. Dr. Johnson truly observes, that there is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness.

<sup>24</sup> *The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutick.*

This sentence contains an anachronism of near six hundred and fifty years. Menenius flourished about four hundred and ninety years before Christ, and Galen was born in the hundred and thirtieth year of the Christian era. *Empiricutick* is an adjective arbitrarily formed by our poet from the word *empiric*, a quack.

<sup>25</sup> *Into a rapture lets her baby cry.*

Possibly into a *rupture*, to which children are liable from extreme fits of crying; or, a *rapture* may signify a fit; as we still say, that a child will cry itself into fits.

<sup>26</sup> ——— *The kitchen malkin pins*

*Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck.*

The *kitchen malkin* is the kitchen wench; a *maukin* or *malkin*, is properly a sort of mop, made of clouts, for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a figure of rags, dressed up, was so called; and from thence the name was transferred to any negligent, dirty woman. *Lockram* was a kind of cheap linen; and *reechy* is sweaty, greasy.

<sup>27</sup> *Seld-shown flamens.*

That is, priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view.

<sup>28</sup> *It shall be to him, then, as our good wills;  
A sure destruction.*

Mr. Tyrwhitt says *wills* should be written *will is*: that is, it shall be to him of the same nature as our dispositions towards him—deadly.

<sup>29</sup> *You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not.*

You did not flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.

<sup>30</sup> *When with his Amazonian chin.*

That is, his chin smooth as a woman's; a chin on which there was no beard.

<sup>31</sup> *And struck him on his knee.*

That is, to his knee—he did not give Tarquin a blow on the knee, but such a blow as made him fall upon his knee.

<sup>32</sup> *When he might act the woman in the scene.*

Shakspeare was here thinking of the theatre, where the characters of women were represented by boys; but he falls into a great anachronism, as there were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus.

<sup>33</sup> *I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them.*

That is, I wish they would forget me as effectually as they do the virtuous precepts which the divines preach to them, and by so doing, lose their labour.

<sup>34</sup> ——— *Aged custom,*

*But by your voices, will not so permit me.*

Shakspeare is seldom particular about time and dates. the Romans had but lately changed the regal for the consular government; for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings.

<sup>35</sup> *On safe-guard he came to me.*

That is, with a convoy—a guard appointed to protect him.

<sup>36</sup> *Against those meazels.*

*Meazel* is a scurvy or low fellow. In *The London Prodigal*, Oliver, the Devonshire man, says—"I wad you were ysplit, and you let the *mezel* have a penny." *Mesell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a leper.

<sup>37</sup> *They would not thread the gates.*

That is, pass them, go through them. So in *King Lear*—

———— *Threading dark-ey'd night.*

<sup>38</sup> *To jump a body.*

*To jump* is not unfrequently used by the old writers for *jolt*: therefore to *jump* a body may mean to put it in a violent agitation or commotion. Shakspeare appears to have used the word elsewhere in the sense of risk or hazard; thus in *Macbeth*—

We 'd *jump* the life to come.

Again in *Antony and Cleopatra*—

———— Our fortune lies

Upon this *jump*.

It may also fairly have this meaning attributed to it in the present passage.

<sup>39</sup> *This is clean kam.*

*Kam* is crooked, awry; a crooked stick is called a *cambrel*, and the Welsh word for crooked is *kam*. Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*, which phrase occurs several times in the old translation of *Gusman de Alfarache*, of which the following is an

NOTES TO CORIOLANUS.

instance:—"All goes topsie turvy; all *kim, kam*; all is tricks and devices; all riddles and unknown mysteries."

<sup>40</sup> ————— *I am in this,*

*Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles.*

That is, in thus persuading you I act as your wife, your son, as these senators and nobles, who all join with me in a desire for your welfare, and whose interests you sacrifice by a refusal.

<sup>41</sup> *Which quired with my drum.*

That is, played in concert with it. My spirits sympathised with warlike sounds.

<sup>42</sup> *Abated captives*, i.e. dejected, subdued captives.

<sup>43</sup> *Cautelous*, i.e. wily, cunning, cautious.

<sup>44</sup> ————— *Here I clip  
The anvil of my sword.*

To *clip* is to embrace. Aufidius calls Coriolanus the *anvil* of his sword, because he had struck as heavy blows at him, as a smith strikes on his anvil.

<sup>45</sup> *Sanctifies himself with his hand.*

That is, considers the touch of his hand as holy, and clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would the hand of his mistress.

<sup>46</sup> *He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears.*

That is, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. Skinner says the word is derived from *sow*; i.e. to take hold of a person by the ears as a dog seizes one of those animals. So Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636:—

Venus will *sowle* me by the ears for this.

To *sowle* is still in use for pulling, lugging, and dragging, in the west of England.

"Whatever," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it as Shakspeare does. *Strafford's Letters*, vol. ii., p. 149—'A lieutenant *soled* him well by the ears, and drew him by the hair about the room.'"

<sup>47</sup> *As is the osprey to the fish.*

An *osprey* is a kind of eagle, or a large and rare species of hawk; it hovers over streams, and feeds on

fish. In Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song twenty-five, is the following account of the osprey, which shows the appropriateness of Shakspeare's simile:—

The osprey, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,  
Which over them the fish no sooner doth espy,  
But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,  
Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,  
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw.

<sup>48</sup> *Nay if he coy'd.*

Unwillingly condescended, acted with reserve and coldness.

<sup>49</sup> *Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions.*

This is obscure, and apparently corrupt; we might read, to yield *no new* conditions.

<sup>50</sup> ————— *And in his praise  
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing.*

In his praise I have told falsehoods so plausibly, that they have passed as current, as if they had the stamp of truth.

<sup>51</sup> *A jack guardant.*

An insolent officer; it is equivalent to a term still in use, namely, a *Jack in office*.

<sup>52</sup> *He that hath a will to die by himself.*

He that is tired of life, and desires to die by his own hands.

<sup>53</sup> *But we will drink together.*

This would represent the wife and mother of Coriolanus as rather jovial than delicate; *drinking* together was certainly used as a sign of amity, but I am inclined to adopt Dr. Farmer's emendation, and read—*think* together.

<sup>54</sup> ————— *Answering us  
With our own charge.*

Rewarding us with our own expenses, throwing away the victory, and making the mere cost of war its recompense.

<sup>55</sup> *Judicious hearing.*

*Judicious* is here either a corruption of *judicial*; i.e. such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature; or the word was anciently used in the same sense, as *imperious* is used by our author for *imperial*.

H. T.



## Julius Cæsar.

THE whole life of a hero is too comprehensive a subject, and usually embraces far too many incidents, to be effectively treated within the limits of a single tragedy. Many a dark and fearful act has required but an hour for its perpetration, and with the greatly active mind every year is equivalent to an ordinary life. We are made strongly sensible of this, in perusing the present tragedy; its subject is, not the life and deeds of Cæsar, but his death, and the punishment of his assassins: not Cæsar, but Brutus is the hero of the drama. But vigorously as Shakspeare has delineated the character of the great warrior and historian, the brilliant and noble military despot, during the brief time that he appears upon the scene; still, we are disappointed that he disappears so soon, and would willingly that the play had commenced with an earlier period of his life, and that he had remained the hero to its conclusion. The subsequent adventures of Brutus and Cassius would have afforded the great poet ample materials for another tragedy; the first terminating with the death of Cæsar, and the second with the defeat and suicide of his chief assassins.

Julius Cæsar was a character worthy of the closest analytical investigation by the master-mind of Shakspeare; his attainment of power, and his great influence with the Roman people, was entirely attributable to his lofty talents and indomitable courage; his patience under toil, his industry in the pursuit of success, his wise deliberation, and the unshaken steadiness with which he carried out his wonderful resolutions, were the terror of his adversaries, and the astonishment of the world.

Slender and feeble in person, and subject to violent headaches and epileptic fits, he never suffered these natural imperfections to interfere with his plans, or allure him into effeminacy; on one occasion, being out upon an excursion with some friends, they were overtaken by a violent storm, and sought for shelter in a mean hut, consisting of a single room, and that only large enough for one man to sleep in. This was, of course, offered to Cæsar, but he declined it, and saying, "Honours for the great, and necessaries for the infirm," gave it up to his friend Oppius; and himself, and the rest of the company, slept under a shed at the door.

His lofty ambition was shown in many acts of early life: when passing the Alps, he and his friends came to a little town, when one of them said, jestingly, "Can there here be any disputes for offices, any contentions for precedency, or such envy and ambition as we see among the great?" To this, Cæsar replied proudly—"I assure you, I had rather be the first man here, than the second man in Rome." When in Spain, he bestowed his leisure time in reading the history of Alexander, and once, after sitting over it for a long time in a pensive attitude, he burst into tears. His friends inquired the reason of his distress; "Do you think," he replied, "I have not sufficient cause for concern, when Alexander at my age reigned over so many conquered countries, and I have not one glorious achievement to boast."

Plutarch apologises for Cæsar's attempt at sovereignty, and says that his tyranny was merely nominal, for no tyrannical act could be laid to his charge; and he adds—"Nay, such was the condition of Rome, that it evidently required a master; and Cæsar was no more than a tender and skilful physician appointed by Providence to heal the distemper of the state. Perhaps the darkest spot upon his character was his treatment of his son-in-law, Pompey the Great, upon whose destruction he had resolved, for the consolidation of his own power; and whose treacherous murder by the Egyptians formed a dark and fearful close to a brilliant career, spent chiefly in promoting the true interests of mankind. Almost the last words spoken by Pompey were these lines from Sophocles:—

Seek'st thou a tyrant's door? then farewell freedom!  
Though free as air before.

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

Shakspeare has very artistically alluded to the greatness and the fall of Pompey in the first scene of his tragedy, but he in no way points out Cæsar as the cause of Pompey's ruin and cruel death.

Brutus is delineated with great subtlety ; his lofty integrity and wonderful self-denial, the purity of his life, his gentleness to his dependents, (so touchingly shown in his fatherly consideration for the boy Lucius,) and his noble patriotism, all are exquisitely pictured by the poet. His humanity also appears prominently even at the moment that he is consenting to the death of Cæsar, and he deploras that they cannot destroy him painlessly—come at his spirit without shedding his blood. Brutus is chiefly blamed for his ingratitude to Cæsar, against whom he had fought in conjunction with Pompey ; and Cæsar had not only pardoned him, and sought his friendship, but also forgave all for whom he interceded. Brutus says—

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crowned ;

and the unbending republican sacrifices his friend to his country ; and sheds the blood of Cæsar, not for what he had done, but, for what he feared he would ultimately do. This is an act of injustice, for which Brutus is punished by the failure of his cause, and his own premature and violent death.

“Brutus,” says Mr. Drake, “the favourite of the poet, is brought forward, not only adorned with all the virtues attributed to him by Plutarch, but, in order to excite a deeper interest in his favour, and to prove that not jealousy, ambition, or revenge ; but unalloyed patriotism, was the sole director of his conduct—our author has drawn him as possessing the utmost sweetness and gentleness of disposition, sympathising with all that suffer, and unwilling to inflict pain, but from motives of the strongest moral necessity. He has most feelingly and beautifully painted him in the relations of a master, a friend, and a husband ; his kindness to his domestics, his attachment to his friends, and his love to Portia, demonstrating that nothing but a high sense of public duty could have induced him to lift his hand against Cæsar. It is this struggle between the humanity of his temper, and his ardent and hereditary love of liberty, now threatened with extinction, by the despotism of Cæsar, that gives to Brutus that grandeur of character, and that predominancy over his associates in purity of intention, which secured to him the admiration of his contemporaries, and to which posterity has done ample justice, through the medium of Shakspeare, who has placed the virtues of Brutus, and the contest in his bosom between private regard and patriotic duty, in the noblest light ; wringing, even from the lips of his bitterest enemy, the fullest eulogium on the rectitude of his principles and the goodness of his heart.”

Cassius is a man of more worldly wisdom than Brutus : his great tact and knowledge of human nature is displayed in his remark to Antony, to reconcile him to the murder of Cæsar :—

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

Many touches of this worldliness appear in him : he is eminently fitted for a conspirator ; but is still noble. We feel that Mark Antony, in his hour of triumph, slanders the memory of Cassius, in attributing his conspiring against Cæsar merely to envy. The scene in the streets of Rome, where Cassius walks through the storm at night, amid the prodigies that foretell the death of the ambitious dictator, and bares his “bosom to the thunder-stone,” is the sublime of tragedy : it raises our expectations to the highest pitch, and is a fitting prelude to the approaching catastrophe ; when Cæsar, surrounded by fierce looks and glittering swords, and gashed with three-and-twenty hideous wounds, falls dead on the base of his rival's statue, which is bespattered with his blood, and is supposed to look down, with grim satisfaction, on the death of his destroyer. The following scene, where Brutus, in his orchard, meditates the death of Cæsar, is finer still : his struggle between tenderness and duty—his love for his friend, and his love for his country—his high bearing to his fellow-conspirators, where he deprecates the necessity of an oath to bind just men “that have spoke the word, and will not palter”—and his generous yielding of the secret to his heroic and noble wife—are all pregnant with the vivid fire of genius—all

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

point to Shakspeare as the master-bard, who, with exquisite and unerring colouring, has filled up the spirited sketches of Plutarch.

The speech of Brutus, in justification of his conduct, is a cold and feeble oration, but perhaps consistent with the stoical calmness of his temper; the fiery and eager Cassius would have made an infinitely better one. Antony's oration is a master-piece of eloquence—appealing, convincing, and then urging his listeners to vengeance. Shakspeare treats the Roman people with too much levity. He certainly makes them very amusing, and brings them in, in admirable contrast to the serious characters and events of his tragedy. But they did not deserve this sarcasm: any people would have been affected by the brilliant and touching speech of Antony; and the Romans were, in reality, disposed to side with him, rather than with the conspirators. They only wanted reminding of the benefits Cæsar had conferred upon them, to break out into lamentation for his fall. Plutarch tells us—“The people lamented his death, and were implacably enraged against his assassins.” But Shakspeare forcibly points out the fatal consequences of popular excitement and fury, by representing the people, in the wildness of their ungoverned passion, tearing to pieces the unfortunate poet, Cinna, because he had the misfortune to possess the same name as one of the conspirators.

The parting of Brutus and Cassius on the eve of the battle at Philippi is beautifully touching; a cloud of sadness hangs over them; an ominous feeling that this is their “~~everlasting~~ farewell,” appears to strike them both, and despondency struggles with natural courage and determination. Cassius meets with a reverse of fortune, and then doubt of his partner's success—doubt, that “hateful error, melancholy's child,” overcomes his failing heart, and urges him to the Roman hero's last refuge—suicide. The death of Brutus is melancholy in the extreme; the painful loss of his beloved Portia first shakes his heart, then follows the death of his friend Cassius, the defeat of his army, and with it the destruction of the republican cause. He recognises the hand of fate in it, and believing the gods to be adverse to his enterprise, exclaims:—

O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.

The cold and selfish character of Octavius is strongly traced; his first act of power is one of cruelty, that of the proscription of the senators; the rest of his conduct is marked by littleness and cunning. In the early part of the tragedy, Shakspeare introduces one of that class of characters that are almost peculiar to his pen, Casca, whose humorous bluntness lends variety and contrast to the opening scenes; “his rudeness” is truly, “a sauce to his good wit.” It would have been interesting to the readers of the Roman classics, if Shakspeare had introduced the orator Cicero more prominently; at present he is lost in the crowd of illustrious men who fill the scene and support the action, and when brought forward, is treated rather contemptuously than otherwise; but the great mass of materials the poet had in hand would not permit any further elaboration. Indeed, those who will trouble themselves to trace the history of the period will be astonished at the consummate art which Shakspeare has used in the arrangement of events, and in the manner in which he has thrown the less important ones into perspective.

This tragedy, which Shakspeare founded on events related by Plutarch, is attributed to the year 1607; in the same year, a tragedy upon the fate of Cæsar was published by William Alexander, afterwards Earl Sterline, but was not adapted for representation; and Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play by an anonymous author, entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey*. It does not appear that Shakspeare was indebted to either of these tragedies for any hint for his own, although in Earl Sterline's drama, some passages are found bearing a feeble resemblance to others in Shakspeare; but these, probably, have proceeded only from the two authors writing upon the same subject, and both borrowing their materials from the same source.

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *a Triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

MARCUS ANTONIUS, *a Triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, *a Triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

CICERO, *a Senator.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PUBLIUS, *a Senator.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

POPILIUS LENA, *a Senator.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

MARCUS BRUTUS, *a Conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

CASSIUS, *a Conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

CASCA, *also a Conspirator.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

TREBONIUS, *also a Conspirator.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

LIGARIUS, *also a Conspirator.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

DECIUS BRUTUS, *also a Conspirator.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

METELLUS CIMBER, *also a Conspirator.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

CINNA, *also a Conspirator.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

FLAVIUS, }  
MARCELLUS, } *Tribunes.*

*Appear*, Act I. sc. 1.

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

A SOOTHSAYER.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

CINNA, *a Poet.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 3.

A POET.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3.

LUCILIUS, *Friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4, sc. 5.

TITINIUS, *Friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MESSALA, *Friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

YOUNG CATO, *Friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

VOLUMNIUS, *Friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

VARRO, }  
CLAUDIUS, } *Servants to Brutus.*

*Appear*, Act IV. sc. 3.

CLITUS, *Servant to Brutus.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 5.

STRATO, *Servant to Brutus.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

LUCIUS, *Servant to Brutus.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

DARDANIUS, *Servant to Brutus.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 5.

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4.

*Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE.—*During a great part of the Play, at ROME; afterwards at SARDIS; and near PHILIPPI.*

# Julius Caesar.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.*

*Flav.* Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk, Upon a labouring day, without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

*1st Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—You, sir; what trade are you?

*2nd Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*1st Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave; thou naughty knave, what trade?

*2nd Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

*2nd Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Fla.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*2nd Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*2nd Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than painted things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her banks, To hear the replication of your sounds, Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way, That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Fla.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort; Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears Into the channel, till the lowest stream Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd; They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness. Go you down that way towards the Capitol; This way will I: Disrobe the images, If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.<sup>1</sup>

*Mar.* May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Fla.* It is no matter; let no images Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about, And drive away the vulgar from the streets:

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,  
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
 Who else would soar above the view of men,  
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place.*

*Enter, in Procession, with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,<sup>2</sup> CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,—

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

*Cæs.*

Calphurnia,—

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way  
 When he doth run his course.<sup>3</sup>—Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord,

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
 To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,  
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
 Shake off their steril curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

*Sooth.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Ha! Who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise he still:—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*]

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press, that calls on me?  
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
 Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that!

*Bru.* A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of  
 March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me, let me see his face.

*Cæs.* Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon  
 Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak once  
 again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*]

*Cæs.* Will you go see the order of the course?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cæs.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
 Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires  
 I'll leave you.

*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:<sup>4</sup>  
 I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
 And show of love, as I was wont to have:  
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
 Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,  
 Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,  
 I turn the trouble of my countenance  
 Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
 Of late, with passions of some difference,  
 Conceptions only proper to myself,  
 Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:  
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;  
 (Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)  
 Nor construe any further my neglect,  
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your  
 passion;<sup>5</sup>

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried  
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Bru.* No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,  
 But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just:  
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn  
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
 (Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,  
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me,  
 Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself  
 For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear.  
 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.  
 And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:  
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
 To every new protester; if you know  
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
 And after scandal them; or if you know  
 That I profess myself in banquetting  
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and Shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear,  
the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be nought toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently:

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life: but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar: so were you:

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,

Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow: so indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews; throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd.

Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man

Is now become a god; and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly;

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish*]

*Bru.* Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are,

For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth stride the narrow  
world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates;

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings

Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*]

Now in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,

That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once,<sup>6</sup> that would have brook'd

The eternal devil<sup>7</sup> to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;

How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present,

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further mov'd. What you have sail,

I will consider: what you have to say,

I will with patience hear: and find a time

Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;

Brutus had rather be a villager,

Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under these hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad, that my weak words

Have struck but thus much show of fire from

Brutus.

*Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.*

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

*Bru.* I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men,<sup>s</sup> and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cæs.* 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him  
not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:  
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆS. and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you  
speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-  
day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what hath  
chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him:  
and being offered him, he put it by with the back  
of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a  
shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice; What was the last  
cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice,  
every time gentler than other; and at every putting  
by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged, as tell the man-  
ner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it.  
I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas  
not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;  
—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for  
all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had  
it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put  
it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very  
loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd  
it the third time; he put it the third time by:  
and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted,  
and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up  
their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of  
stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown,  
that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned,  
and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst  
not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving  
the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar  
swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and  
foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,  
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but,  
I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people  
did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he  
pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the  
players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he, when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he  
perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the  
crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offer'd  
them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of  
any occupation,<sup>9</sup> if I would not have taken him at  
a word, I would I might go to hell among the  
rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself  
again, he said, If he had done or said, anything  
amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his  
infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood,  
cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all  
their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of



them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus said, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say anything?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit CASCA.*]

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you; or, if you will,  
Come home with me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so:—till then, think of the world.  
[*Exit BRU.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:  
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his Sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home? Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the away of earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

*Casca.* A common slave (you know him well by sight.)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me: And there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw  
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
"These are their reasons,—They are natural;"  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Comes Cæsar to the capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cic.*]

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good, Cassius, what night is this?

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

*Cas.* Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:  
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman, you do want,  
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;  
Why old men fools, and children calculate;  
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,  
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,  
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol:  
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;  
But, woe the while: our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:  
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then,  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:  
Therein, ye gods, you make the week most strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure.

*Casca.* So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire;  
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!  
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman: then I know  
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca; and to such a man,  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;  
And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo, with me, an enterprize  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element,  
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;  
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win  
The noble Brutus to our party—

*Cas.* Be you content: Good Cinna, take this  
paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window: set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cin.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already; and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts.  
And that, which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of  
him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Recount*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Brutus's Orchard.

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—  
How that might change his nature, there's the  
question.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—  
That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, argumented,  
Would run to these, and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-  
chievous;  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

*Bru.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*]

“Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,——”

Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up.

“Shall Rome, &c.” Thus must I piece it out;  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe. What!  
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome,  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.  
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated then  
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee pro-  
mise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody  
knocks. [*Exit Luc.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
The genius, and the mortal instruments,  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius<sup>11</sup> at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their  
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.

*Bru.* Let them enter. [*Exit Luc.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-  
spiracy;

Hide it in smiles, and affability:  
For if thou path thy native semblance on,<sup>12</sup>  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METEL-  
LUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:  
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour; awake, all night.  
Know I these men, that come along with you?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here,

But honours you: and every one doth wish,  
You had but that opinion of yourself,  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna;  
And this, Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*

*Dec.* Here lies the east: Doth not the day break  
here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess, that you are both de-  
ceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the  
north

He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: If not the face of men,<sup>13</sup>  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery.<sup>14</sup> But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur, but our own cause,  
To prick us to redress? what other bond,  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter? and what other oath,  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,  
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain  
The even virtue of our enterprize,  
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,  
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,

Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?  
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O let us have him; for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion,  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;  
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not; let us not break with him;  
For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only  
Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well lov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Anthony, and Cæsar, fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius  
Cassius,  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;  
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,  
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:<sup>15</sup>  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I do fear him:  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar;  
And that were much he should, for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Trib.* There is no fear in him, let him not  
die;

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes*

*Bru.* Peace, count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath striken three.

*Trib.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,

Wher Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:

For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustomed terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capital to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,

He says, he does; being then most flattered.

Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;

I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon us: We'll leave  
you, Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true  
Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;

Let not our looks put on our purposes;

But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:

And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRU.*

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord !

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise  
you now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,  
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :  
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night ?  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,<sup>16</sup>  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you : for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle  
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me Brutus,  
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself,  
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation ;  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs

Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife ;  
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this  
secret.

I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,  
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :  
I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,  
A woman well-reputed ; Cato's daughter.  
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets ?

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery of my sad brows :<sup>17</sup>—

Leave me with haste. [*Exit Por.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who is that, knocks ?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man, that would speak with  
you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—  
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble  
tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave  
Caius,

To wear a kerchief ? 'Would you were not sick !

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!  
 Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!  
 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
 My mortified spirit. Now, bid me run,  
 And I will strive with things impossible;  
 Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work, that will make sick men  
 whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole, that we must make  
 sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
 I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
 To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot;  
 And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,  
 To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,  
 That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in Cæsar's  
 Palace.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his  
 Night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace  
 to-night:  
 Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
 "Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
 And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to  
 walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: The things that threat-  
 en'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see  
 The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
 Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets:  
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:  
 Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
 In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,  
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:  
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;  
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.  
 O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
 And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided,  
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?  
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these productions  
 Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen;  
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of  
 princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
 The valiant never taste of death but once.  
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
 Will come, when it will come.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth  
 to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice:  
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
 No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,  
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
 We were two lions litter'd in one day,  
 And I the elder and more terrible;  
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
 Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,  
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
 We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;  
 And he shall say, you are not well to-day:  
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;  
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy  
 Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time,  
 To bear my greeting to the senators,  
 And tell them, that I will not come to-day:  
 Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;  
 I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some  
cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will, I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,  
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,  
And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate:  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can  
say:

And know it now; The senate have concluded  
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word, you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
"Break up the senate till another time,  
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;  
And reason to my love is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-  
phurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—  
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,  
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good-morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.—  
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,  
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,  
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—  
What is 't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up:—

Good-morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—  
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!  
I have an hour's talk in store for you;  
Remember that you call on me to-day:  
Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine  
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street near the  
Capitol.*

*Enter* ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

*Art.* Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;  
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Tre-  
bonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves  
thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but  
one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If  
thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way  
to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,  
ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;  
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the  
same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

*Enter* PORTIA and LUCIUS.

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.



*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—  
O constancy, be strong upon my side!  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—  
Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,  
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow:  
Which way hast thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why know'st thou any harm's intended  
towards him?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I  
fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:  
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a  
thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!  
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,  
That Cæsar will not grant.<sup>12</sup>—O, I grow faint:—  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;  
Say, I am merry: come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Excunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol: the Senate sitting.*

*A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar!—Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.*

*All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprize, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆS.*]

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cæs.* He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might  
thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

*Cæs.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,<sup>19</sup>  
For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,  
Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANT. and TRE. CÆS. and the Senators take their Seats.*]

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd:<sup>20</sup> press near, and second  
him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your  
hand.

*Cas.* Are we all ready? what is now amiss,  
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant  
Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.

*Cas.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;  
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,  
Into the law of children. Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet  
words,

Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banished;  
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;  
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cas.* What, Brutus!

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cas.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fixed, and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place;  
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;<sup>21</sup>  
Yet, in the number, I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion:<sup>22</sup> and, that I am he,  
Let me a little show it, even in this;  
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,——

*Cas.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,——

*Cas.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆS. in the neck. CÆS. catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

*Cas.* *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Sen. and People retire in confusion.*]

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

*Bru.* People, and senators! be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of  
Cæsar's

Should chance——

*Bru.* Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where's Antony.

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd:  
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates! we will know your pleasures:—  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages  
hence,  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
No worthier than the dust?

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave our country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here? A friend of An-  
tony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:  
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;  
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Serv.*]

*Bru.* I know, that we shall have him well to  
friend.

*Cas.* I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,  
That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark  
Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purple hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony! beg not your death of us,  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark An-  
tony:

Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts,  
Of brother's temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:—  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;  
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours:—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-  
bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me.  
Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :  
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
 To see thy Antony making his peace,  
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?  
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
 It would become me better, than to close  
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave  
 hart ;

Here didst thou fall : and here thy hunters stand,  
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.<sup>23</sup>  
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart ;  
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—  
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
 Dost thou here lie?

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius :  
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;  
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;  
 But what compact mean you to have with us ?  
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;  
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands ; but was, in-  
 deed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar,  
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;  
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
 Why and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle :  
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
 You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek ;  
 And am moreover suitor, that I may  
 Produce his body to the market-place ;  
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.<sup>24</sup>—  
 You know not what you do ; Do not consent,

[*Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral :  
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
 By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* By your pardon ;—  
 I will myself into the pulpit first,  
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :  
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
 He speaks by leave and by permission :

And that we are contented, Cæsar shall  
 Have all true rights, and lawful ceremonies.  
 It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.  
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar :  
 And say you do 't by our permission ;  
 Else shall you not have any hand at all  
 About his funeral : And you shall speak  
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
 After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;  
 I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANT.*

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,  
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
 That ever lived in the tide of times.  
 Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !  
 Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—  
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;<sup>25</sup>  
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :  
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;  
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :  
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
 Cry " Havoc,"<sup>26</sup> and let slip the dogs of war ;  
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming :  
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—  
 O Cæsar!—

[*Seeing the Body.*

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and  
 weep.

Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes.  
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
 Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of  
 Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;<sup>27</sup>  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;  
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse  
Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with CÆS. Body.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a Throng of Citizens.*

*Cit.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience,  
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.—  
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

*1st Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*2nd Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their  
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CÆS., with some of the Cit. BRU. goes into the Rostrum.*]

*3rd Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!<sup>28</sup> hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak;

for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*Cit.* None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR'S Body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Cit.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

*1st Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*2nd Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*3rd Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*4th Cit.* Cæsar's better parts  
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

*1st Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

*2nd Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

*1st Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:  
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,  
By our permission is allow'd to make.  
I do entreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

*1st Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*3rd Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;  
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

*4th Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

*3rd Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholden to us all.

*4th Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

*1st Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*3rd Cit.* Nay, that's certain:  
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

*2nd Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cit.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me  
your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil, that men do, lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it,  
Here under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men;)—  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

*1st Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

*2nd Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

*3rd Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

*4th Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not  
take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

*1st Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

*2nd Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with  
weeping.

*3rd Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome,  
than Antony.

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*4th Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

*4th Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark  
Antony.

*Cit.* The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not  
read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

*4th Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;  
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you stay a  
while?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it,  
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

*4th Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

*Cit.* The will! the testament!

*2nd Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The  
will! read the will!

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the  
will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

*Cit.* Come down.

*2nd Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

*3rd Cit.* You shall have leave.

*4th Cit.* A ring; stand round.

*1st Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

*2nd Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*Cit.* Stand back! room! hear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent:  
That day he overcame the Nervii:—  
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;  
See, what a rent the envious Cæsar made:  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him?  
This was the most unkindest cut of all:  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;  
And in his mantle mulling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood,<sup>29</sup> great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

*1st Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

*2nd Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

*3rd Cit.* O woeful day!

*4th Cit.* O traitors, villains!

*1st Cit.* O most bloody sight!

*2nd Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about,  
—seek, —burn, —fire, —kill, —slay! —let not a  
traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

*1st Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

*2nd Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll  
die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not  
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do 't; they are wise and honour-  
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is:  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Cit.* We'll mutiny.

*1st Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*3rd Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me  
speak.

*Cit.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble  
Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not  
what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?  
Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—  
You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Cit.* Most true:—the will;—let's stay, and hear  
the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

*2nd Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge  
his death.

*3rd Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private harbours, and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tyber;<sup>30</sup> he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

*1st Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away;  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

*2nd Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

*3rd Cit.* Pluck down benches.

*4th Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Cits., with the Body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now,  
fellow?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike, they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with  
Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy:  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

*1st Cit.* What is your name?

*2nd Cit.* Whither are you going?

*3rd Cit.* Where do you dwell?

*4th Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

*2nd Cit.* Answer every man directly.

*1st Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

*4th Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

*3rd Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going?  
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a  
bachelor? Then to answer every man directly,  
and briefly, wisely, and truly:—wisely I say, I am  
a bachelor.

*2nd Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools  
that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.  
Proceed; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

*1st Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

*2nd Cit.* That matter is answered directly

*4th Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*3rd Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*1st Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

*4th Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him  
for his bad verses.

*2nd Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna;  
pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him  
going.

*3rd Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho!  
fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all.  
Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some  
to Ligarius': away; go. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Antony's House.*<sup>31</sup>

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.

*Ant.* These many then shall die; their names  
are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; Consent you,  
Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I  
damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house:  
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.*

Or here, or at

The Capitol.

[*Exit LEP.*]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Oct.*

So you thought him;

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;



And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will,  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:  
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations;<sup>32</sup>  
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,  
But as a property.<sup>33</sup> And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,  
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:  
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd  
out;

And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,  
And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp  
near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and  
Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

*Bru.* Stand here.

*Luc.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

*Luc.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

[*PIND.* gives a Letter to *BRU.*]

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt,  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;  
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesy, and with respect enough;

But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd,  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd:—  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me  
wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine ene-  
mies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides  
wrongs;

And when you do them——

*Bru.* Cassius, be content,  
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do the like; and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus. Lucius  
and Titinius at some distance from it.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in  
this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a  
case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm ?  
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corrup-  
tion,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March re-  
member !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me,  
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man !

*Cas.* Is't possible ?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

*Cas.* O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all  
this ?

*Bru.* All this ? ay, more : Fret, till your proud  
heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?  
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour ? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this ?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier :  
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well : For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way, you wrong me,  
Brutus ;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :  
Did I say, better ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have  
mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace ; you durst not so have  
tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not ?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What ? durst not tempt him ?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love,  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—  
For I can raise no money by vile means :  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me : Was that done like Cassius ?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not :—he was but a fool,  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd  
my heart :

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come, Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is weary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb

That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!—

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me, When that rash humour, which my mother gave me, Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals; There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet They be alone.

*Luc.* [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter POET.*<sup>34</sup>

*Cas.* How now? What's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals; what do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cyme rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools? Companion, hence.

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit POET.*]

*Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUC. and TIT.*]

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think, you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How seap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!--

Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence;

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract, And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.<sup>35</sup>

*Cas.* And died so?<sup>36</sup>

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Enter LUCIUS, with Wine and Tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:— Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup:

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone ?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.—  
Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

*Bru.* With what addition ?

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree ;  
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one ?

*Mes.* Ay, Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.—  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in  
yours ?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Mes-  
sala :

With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should en-  
dure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,<sup>37</sup>  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you  
think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason ?

*Cas.* This it is :  
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us :  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to  
better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;  
For they have grudg'd us contribution :

The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon.—You must note beside,  
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :  
The enemy increaseth every day,  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
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 in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on ;  
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity ;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say ?

*Cas.* No more. Good night ;  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewell,  
good Messala ;—  
Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother !  
This was an ill beginning of the night :  
Never come such division 'tween our souls !  
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Everything is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily ?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.  
Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro, and Claudius !

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord ?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;  
It may be, I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand, and watch  
your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;  
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so ;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Serv. lie down.*]

*Luc.* I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-  
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an it please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy :  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;  
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord already.

*Bru.* It is well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;  
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*]  
This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,<sup>38</sup>  
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night ;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;

I'll take it from thee : and, good boy, good night.  
Let me see, let me see ;—Is not the leaf turn'd

down,

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

*Enter the Ghost of CESAR.*

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?  
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me :—Art thou anything ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stars ?  
Speak to me, what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why com'st thou ?

*Ghost.* To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well ;

Then I shall see thee again ?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—  
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee—  
Boy ! Lucius !—Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !—  
Claudius !

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—  
Lucius, awake.

*Luc.* My lord !

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so  
cry'dst out ?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst : Didst thou see any  
thing ?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep, again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius !  
Fellow thou ! awake.

*Var.* My lord.

*Clau.* My lord.

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord ?

*Bru.* Ay ; Saw you any thing ?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my brother  
Cassius ;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd :  
You said, the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions ;

It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,<sup>40</sup>  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it : they could be content  
To visit other places ; and come down

With fearful bravery,<sup>41</sup> thinking, by this face,  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so.<sup>42</sup>

[*March.*

*Drum.* *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;  
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius; We must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.  
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes,  
Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good  
words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

*Cas.* Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too:  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile  
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like  
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

*Cas.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: If arguing make  
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators:  
When think you that the sword goes up again?—  
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds<sup>43</sup>  
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope;  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such  
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony; away.—  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCT., ANT., and their Army.*

*Cas.* Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and  
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

*Luc.* My lord.

[*BRU. and LUC. converse apart.*

*Cas.* Messala,—

*Mes.* What says my general?

*Cas.* Messala,  
This is my birth-day;<sup>44</sup> as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Mes-  
sala:

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion: now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign<sup>45</sup>

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;  
Who to Philippi here consorted us;

This morning are they fled away, and gone;  
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,  
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together:  
What are you then determined to do?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,<sup>46</sup>  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble  
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome:  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;<sup>47</sup>  
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might  
know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these  
bills<sup>48</sup>

Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud Alarum.*]  
Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early  
Who having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off,  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough.<sup>49</sup> Look, look, Titi-  
nius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,  
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PIN.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there I shall end;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

*Pin.* [*Above.*] O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that  
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—  
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—  
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;  
—and, hark!

[*Shout.*]

They shout for joy.

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.—  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

*Enter PINDARUS.*

Come hither, sirrah:  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine  
oath!

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this  
bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are  
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this  
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus? Where art thou, Pinda-  
rus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;  
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* MES.  
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their  
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.  
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]

*Alarum.* *Re-enter* MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young  
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body  
lie?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails. [*Low Alarums.*]

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!

Look, wh'er he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?—  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It is impossible, that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more  
tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;  
His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—  
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try our fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum.* *Enter* fighting, Soldiers of both Armies;  
then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your  
heads!

*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go  
with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!  
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the Enemy.*]



*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]

*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

*1st Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* Only I yield to die;

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering Money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*1st Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

*2nd Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

*1st Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself,

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend: but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chane'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light;<sup>50</sup> but, my lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*]

*Cli.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*]

*Dar.* I do such a deed?

*Cli.* O, Dardanius!

*Dar.* O, Clitus!

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:  
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;

And, this last night, here in Philippi's fields.

I know, my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you;—and you;—and you,  
Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*]

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*Bru.* Hence; I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt CLI., DAR., and VOL.*]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Stra.* Give me your hand first: Fare you well,  
my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Caesar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

*Str.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala; The conquerors can but make a fire of him; For Brutus only overcame himself, And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Luc.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus, That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Str.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all: All the conspirators, save only he, Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; He, only, in a general honest thought, And common good to all, made one of them. His life was gentle; and the elements So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up, And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him, With all respect, and rites of burial. Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie, Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.— So, call the field to rest: and let's away, To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

## NOTES TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

<sup>1</sup> *If you do find them deck'd with ceremonics.*

*Ceremonics* were ceremonious ornaments, trophies, or crowns placed upon the statues of Cæsar. So Plutarch:—"A few days after, his statues were seen adorned with royal diadems; and Flavius and Marullus, two of the tribunes, went and tore them off." In the next scene Casca says:—"Marullus and Flavius for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence."

<sup>2</sup> *Decius.*

Shakspeare followed Plutarch in calling this character Decius, but his proper name was *Decimus Brutus*. See Appian and Suetonius. Decimus Brutus was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while Marcus kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted; being suspicious of the tendency of Cæsar's ambition, and also remembering that he had fought with Pompey against Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia.

<sup>3</sup> *Stand you directly in Antonius' way  
When he doth run his course.*

This passage alludes to a singular superstition which is explained in the following passage from Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*:—"In the *Lupercalia*, which, according to most writers, is an ancient pastoral feast, and which answers in many respects to the *Lycea* amongst the *Arcadians*; young men of noble families, and indeed many of the magistrates, ran about the streets naked, and, by way of diversion, strike all they meet with leathern thongs with the hair upon them. Numbers of women of the first quality put themselves in their way, and presented their hands for stripes (as scholars do to a master), being persuaded that the pregnant gain an easy delivery by it, and that the barren are enabled to conceive."

<sup>4</sup> *Brutus, I do observe you now of late.*

Mr. Steevens, with his usual ingenuity, proposes to omit the words *you now*, which as they encumber the metre, he suspects of being an interpolation. The measure would then become regular, thus:—

I'll leave you.

Brutus, I do observe of late.

<sup>5</sup> *I have much mistook your passion.*

*Passion* is here used to imply mental disturbance, commotion of the mind. The meaning is—I have misunderstood the disturbed state of your feelings.

<sup>6</sup> *There was a Brutus once.*

He alludes to the ancestor of Brutus, Lucius Junius,

who freed Rome from the tyranny of the Tarquins, and to whom the ancient Romans erected a statue of brass, and placed it in the capitol amongst their kings. "He was," says Plutarch, "represented with a drawn sword in his hand, to signify the spirit and firmness with which he vanquished the Tarquins; but hard-tempered as the steel of which that sword was composed, and in no degree humanised by education, the same obdurate severity which impelled him against the tyrant, shut up his natural affection from his children, when he found those children conspiring for the support of tyranny."

<sup>7</sup> *The eternal devil.*

Dr. Johnson says, "I think our author wrote *infernal* devil; Mr. Steevens says, in support of the present reading (which if an error, is one that by no means enfeebles the line), that Cassius infers that "Lucius Junius Brutus would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a diemon, as to the lasting government of a king."

<sup>8</sup> *Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men.*

Cæsar was a close observer of men, and, according to Plutarch, actually made this observation:—"Cæsar too, had some suspicion of him (Cassius), and he even said one day to his friends, 'What think you of Cassius? I do not like his pale looks.' Another time, when Antony and Dolabella were accused of some designs against his person and government, he said, 'I have no apprehensions from those fat and sleek men; I rather fear the pale and lean ones,' meaning Brutus and Cassius."

<sup>9</sup> *An I had been a man of any occupation.*

That is, had he been a mechanic, one of the common people.

<sup>10</sup> *Brought you Cæsar home?*

That is, did you attend him home?

<sup>11</sup> *Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius.*

Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

<sup>12</sup> *For if thou path thy native semblance on.*

Dr. Johnson endeavours to explain this line, by saying, to *path* thy native semblance, is to walk in thy true form; but this is not very satisfactory; should it not read *put* instead of *path*.

<sup>13</sup> *No, not an oath: If not the face of men.*

*Face* is probably a misprint for *faith*. The sense is then clear; if an honourable sense of fidelity will not bind men, oaths also will be without effect.

<sup>14</sup> *Till each man drop by lottery.*

That is, by chance. Mr. Steevens says, "perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i.e., the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny for punishment."

<sup>15</sup> *Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.*

The character of Brutus is beautifully indicated in this passage: his love of the republican form of government made him think the death of Cæsar necessary; still he would have him slain without cruelty. But his humane intentions were not carried into effect. Cæsar was not despatched by one or two well-directed blows, but cruelly mangled by the conspirators, and did not fall until he had received three-and-twenty wounds. Indeed, such was the eagerness of his assailants, that many of them wounded each other in striking at him; and, in the confusion, Brutus added to his torture, by stabbing Cæsar in the groin.

<sup>16</sup> *I charm you, by my once-commended beauty.*

Pope and Sir T. Hanmer read—*charge* you.

<sup>17</sup> *All the character of my sad brows.*

That is, all that is charactered on my countenance. I will explain the causes of the thoughtful and perplexed appearance of my face.

<sup>18</sup> ——— *Brutus hath a suit  
That Cæsar will not grant.*

Portia, fearing that the boy Lucius has observed her anxiety, addresses these words to him to divert his suspicion from the real cause of her perturbation.

<sup>19</sup> *Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back.*

Mr. Malone would read *on* for *or*; as, if the conspiracy was discovered, it would be out of the power of Cassius to prevent the return of Cæsar; to prevent his own turning back, by an act of self-destruction, would be all that was left to him. Mr. Ritson, however, considers the text to be correct; and says, Cassius means, if we are discovered, and cannot kill Cæsar, I will slay myself. The conspirators were resolute men, and they entirely surrounded Cæsar's person; and even had they been betrayed, might, in the confusion, have had an opportunity to despatch the tyrant.

<sup>20</sup> *He is addressed*, i.e. he is ready.

<sup>21</sup> *And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive.*

*Apprehensive* does not here imply fearful, but intellectual. Cæsar means, men are made of flesh and blood, and endowed with intellect, as he is; but they are not, like him, unassailable by argument, and ever constant to his own purposes.

<sup>22</sup> *Unshak'd of motion*, i.e. unmoved by solicitation.

<sup>23</sup> *And crimson'd in thy lethe.*

Mr. Steevens says, that *lethe* is used by many of the

old translators of novels for *death*, as well as in its ordinary acceptation of forgetfulness.

<sup>24</sup> *Brutus, a word with you.*

*With you* is an apparent interpolation, and disorders the metre; if omitted, the sense and measure are both perfect.

<sup>25</sup> *A curse shall light upon the limbs of men.*

This line is not very intelligible; and most of the editors have tried their hands at emendation. The most specious reading is that proposed by Dr. Johnson, who would substitute—*these lymms* of men, i.e. these bloodhounds of men.

<sup>26</sup> *Cry havoc.*

According to Sir W. Blackstone, in the military operations of ancient times, the word *havoc* was shouted as a signal for general slaughter, when it was intended that no quarter should be given.

<sup>27</sup> *Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.*

Here, and in another passage, (act 1, sc. 2,) Shakspeare has exhibited his pronunciation of the word Rome, and quibbled upon the similarity of the sound to *room*. Mr. Steevens observes, he is at least countenanced in this by the example of other authors. Thus Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:—

— You shall have my *room*,  
My *Rome* indeed, for what I seem to be,  
Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free.

<sup>28</sup> *Romans, countrymen, and lovers!*

Dr. Warburton says, that "this speech of Brutus' is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconic brevity was simple, natural, and easy; this is quaint, artificial, jingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense, would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet is a style of declaiming, that fits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done." This artificial jingle of short sentences was much in fashion amongst the orators of Shakspeare's own age.

<sup>29</sup> *Which all the while ran blood.*

This passage is not intended to imply that the statue of Pompey shed blood in miraculous sympathy with Cæsar, as Pompey was his bitter enemy, but that the blood of Cæsar spurted out upon the statue, and trickled down it. Plutarch says—"Either by accident, or pushed thither by the conspirators, he expired on the pedestal of Pompey's statue, and dyed it with his blood; so that Pompey seemed to preside over the work of vengeance, to tread his enemy under his feet, and to enjoy his agonies."

<sup>30</sup> *His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tyber.*

Antony is speaking in the most frequented part of the city, the forum, near the capitol; a place very remote from Cæsar's gardens, which were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Plutarch, in the life of Brutus, says that Cæsar left to the public his gardens and walks beyond the Tyber. The old translation from which Shakspeare borrowed his materials has on *this side* Tyber, and Shakspeare copied the error.

<sup>31</sup> *A room in Antony's house.*

Rowe and Pope have both marked the scene here to be at Rome, but the old copies say nothing of the place; and those who will consult Plutarch's *Life of Antony* will find that they met on a small island in the Rhine, not far from Bologne. Shakspeare being familiar with Plutarch's work, was doubtless acquainted with this circumstance, though he has not particularised it.

<sup>32</sup> *A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations.*

Theobald says—"Tis hard to conceive why he should be called a *barren-spirited fellow* that could feed either on *objects* or *orts*: that is, as I presume, form his ideas and judgment upon them; *stale and obsolete imitation*, indeed, fixes such a character. I am persuaded, to make the poet consonant to himself, we must read—*On object arts*; i.e., on the scraps and fragments of things rejected and despised by others."

<sup>33</sup> ————*Do not talk of him  
But as a property.*

That is, but as an agent of our will, a thing entirely at our disposal.

<sup>34</sup> *Enter Poet.*

This incident Shakspeare found in Plutarch, but the intruder is there mentioned as a cynic, not as a poet. "Favonius, an imitator of Cato, but rather an enthusiast than rational in his philosophy, attempted to enter. The servants in waiting endeavoured to prevent him, but it was not easy to stop the impetuous Favonius. He was violent in his whole conduct, and valued himself less on his dignity as a senator, than on a kind of cynical freedom in saying everything he pleased; nor was this unentertaining to those who could bear with his impertinence. However, he broke through the door, and entered the apartment, pronouncing in a theatrical tone, what Nestor says in Homer:—

Young men be ruled—I'm older than you both.

Cassius laughed; but Brutus thrust him out, telling him that he pretended to be a cynic, but was in reality a dog."

<sup>35</sup> *And her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*

Portia is reported by Pliny to have died in consequence of a lingering illness, and not to have destroyed

herself. Valerius Maximus says, that she survived Brutus, and killed herself on hearing of her husband's defeat and death at Philippi.

<sup>36</sup> *And died so?*

Mr. Stevens suggests that this and the two following short speeches were meant to form a single verse, and originally stood as follows:—

*Cas.* And died so?

*Br.* Even so.

*Cas.* Immortal gods!

<sup>37</sup> *I have as much of this in art as you.*

That is, theoretically, I am as much a stoic as you are.

<sup>38</sup> *Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy.*

A *mace* is the ancient term for a sceptre.

<sup>39</sup> *Then I shall see thee again.*

Mr. Stevens says that Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original, as Plutarch does not say that the ghost of Cæsar appeared to Brutus, but a vision of his own evil genius. The following is the account of this vision in Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*:—"We have a proof still more striking that the assassination of Cæsar was displeasing to the gods, in the phantom that appeared to Brutus. The story of it is this:—Brutus was on the point of transporting his army from Abydos to the opposite continent; and the night before he lay in his tent, awake, according to custom, and in deep thought about what might be the event of the war; for it was natural for him a great part of the night, and no general ever required so little sleep. With all his senses about him, he heard a noise at the door of his tent, and looking towards the light, which now burned very low, he saw a terrible appearance in the human form, but of prodigious stature, and the most hideous aspect. At first he was struck with astonishment; but when he saw it neither did nor spoke anything to him, but stood in silence by his bed, he asked it 'Who it was?' The spectre answered, 'I am thy evil genius, Brutus; thou shalt see me at Philippi.' Brutus answered boldly, 'I'll meet thee there,' and the spectre immediately vanished."

<sup>40</sup> *They mean to warn us at Philippi here.*

Stevens says that Shakspeare uses the word *warn*, in the sense of *summon*: but I am inclined to think we should here read, *warm*; give us battle, warm us with the heat of action.

<sup>41</sup> *With fearful bravery.*

In this passage, *fearful*, does not signify timid, but desperate.

<sup>42</sup> *I do not cross you; but I will do so.*

That is, I do not this to cross or anger you, but because I am resolved to do it; and I will. All the future quarrels of Augustus and Antony are shadowed forth in this abrupt answer.

<sup>43</sup> *Never till Cæsar's three-and-twenty wounds.*

The old copy has, *three-and-thirty*, which, on the

## NOTES TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

joint authorities of Appian, Plutarch, and Suetonius, Mr. Theobald altered as in the text.

<sup>44</sup> *This is my birth-day, &c.*

Our poet was largely indebted to Plutarch for both the incidents and language of this tragedy; the reader can compare this speech of Cassius with the following from the *Life of Brutus*.—"Messala says that Cassius supped in private with some of his most intimate friends; and that, contrary to his usual manner, he was pensive and silent. He adds, that after supper, he took him by the hand, and pressing it close, as he commonly did, in token of his friendship, he said in Greek, 'Bear witness Messala, that I am reduced to the same necessity with Pompey the Great, of hazarding the liberty of my country on one battle. Yet I have confidence in our good fortune, on which we ought still to rely, though the measures we are resolved upon are indiscreet.' These, Messala tells us, were the last words that Cassius spoke, before he bade him *farewell*; and that the next day, being his birthday, he invited Cassius to sup with him."

<sup>45</sup> *Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign.*

*Former*, is used as *foremost*; Shakspeare sometimes uses the comparative, instead of the positive or superlative.

<sup>46</sup> *Even by the rule of that philosophy.*

It has been very justly pointed out, that there is an apparent inconsistency between the sentiments of Brutus in this and the following speech given to him. In the first he reiterates his condemnation of suicide, but from the second we may infer, that if the day is lost, he will commit it. Mr. M. Mason observes, that "there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid down to himself, as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Nothing is more natural than this. We lay down a system of conduct for ourselves, but occurrences may happen that will force us to depart from it."

Plutarch represents Brutus as renouncing his former condemnation of suicide, and thus replying to the question of Cassius, "In the younger and less experienced part of my life, I was led, upon philosophical principles to condemn the conduct of Cato in killing himself. I thought it at once impious and unmanly to sink beneath the stroke of fortune, and to refuse the lot that had befallen us. In my present situation, however, *I am of a different opinion*: so that if heaven should now be un-

favourable to our wishes, I will no longer solicit my hopes or my fortune, but die contented with it such as it is. On the ides of March I devoted myself to my country; and since that time, I have lived in liberty and glory."

<sup>47</sup> *Must end that work, the ides of March begun.*

Shakspeare should have written *began*; it is an error for which he himself is probably answerable.

<sup>48</sup> *Ride, and give these bills.*

*Bills* were written instructions, containing directions for the captains, &c.

<sup>49</sup> *This hill is far enough.*

Shakspeare has here also closely followed Plutarch:—"At length he was obliged to retire, with a very small number, to a hill that overlooked the plain. Yet here he could discover nothing, for he was short-sighted; and it was with some difficulty that he could perceive his own camp plundered. His companions, however, saw a large detachment of horse, which Brutus had sent to their relief, making up to them. These Cassius concluded to be the enemy that were in pursuit of him; notwithstanding which, he dispatched Titinius to reconnoitre them. When the cavalry of Brutus saw this faithful friend of Cassius approach, they shouted for joy. His acquaintance leaped from their horses to embrace him, and the rest rode round him with clashing of arms, and all the clamorous expressions of gladness. This circumstance had a fatal effect. Cassius took it for granted that Titinius was seized by the enemy, and regretted that, through a weak desire of life, he had suffered his friend to fall into their hands. When he had expressed himself to this effect, he retired into an empty tent, accompanied only by his freed-man, Pindarus, whom, ever since the defeat of Crassus, he had retained for a particular purpose. In that defeat he escaped out of the hands of the Parthians; but now, wrapping his robe about his face, he laid bare his neck, and commanded Pindarus to cut off his head; this was done, for his head was found severed from his body; but whether Pindarus did it by his master's command, has been suspected, because he never afterwards appeared."

<sup>50</sup> *Statilius show'd the torch-light.*

*Statilius* was a messenger whom Brutus had sent to the camp to know if many were slain in the battle; when he arrived there, if all was well, he was to lift up a lighted torch in the air. From the text it appears he did this, but was slain in returning.

H. T.

# Antony and Cleopatra.



THIS varied and gorgeous historical tragedy, though perfect in itself, may yet be regarded as a continuation of *Julius Cæsar*; in the commencement of that play absolute power is lodged in one man, a wide circle of terrible events roll on, every effort is made by the republican party, and much noble blood spilt, to preserve the political freedom of Rome; but the wheel comes round, and the conclusion of *Antony and Cleopatra* sees a second Cæsar in possession of that absolute power which the first met his death in attempting to consolidate, and the three divisions of the Roman world are at length united under one imperial ruler. How true is it that the history of most men's lives is merely a record of wasted energy!

In *Julius Cæsar* the character of Antony is but slightly sketched, but it is here elaborated with a truthful and powerful pen; there Antony is shown only as the orator, whose words have robbed their honey from the Hybla bees; here as the magnificent triumvir, the heroic soldier, and the imitator, in his dissipation, of his patron gods, Bacchus and Hercules.

Antony is a singular mixture of contending qualities; brave and generous, yet selfishly luxurious in his habits; a hardy soldier, yet an effeminate man, condescending and affable so far as to drink and jest with his soldiers, yet so proud and imperious as to make princes his vassals, and to bestow upon his sons the vain-glorious title of "the kings of kings." His virtues and his vices seemed to wrestle for the possession of the man; and although the latter triumphed, yet Antony so sinned that men often admired while they condemned. His enormous prodigality blinded the popular judgment; such was his liberality that while at Ephesus he gave his cook the estate of a Magnesian citizen for dressing one supper to his taste; and while there he was constantly attended by women in the dress of Bacchanals, and men and boys habited like Pan and the Satyrs marched before him; besides this, he entertained almost an army of players, dancers, and buffoons. After the death of Cæsar, Antony, from motives of policy, made his peace with the conspirators, and on the same evening supped with Cassius. In his oration at the funeral, he was not only influenced by his personal affection for that distinguished man, but also by an ambitious longing, which induced him to believe that if Brutus were slain or banished, he would become the greatest man in Rome. That his motives were largely selfish in this transaction is shown by Antony retaining Cæsar's will, of which he made some unjust uses, giving legacies to his personal friends and supporters; and for some time he refused to acknowledge Octavius as his partner either in the wealth or power left by Julius; but Octavius not being easily repulsed, he at length admitted him.

The blackest spot on his character is his proscription and murder of Rome's greatest orator, Cicero, with whom, notwithstanding his vanity, we, at the present day, will cordially exclaim:—

Let arms revere the robe, the warrior's laurel  
Yield to the palm of eloquence

Cicero, who had great influence with the people, incensed them against Antony, and prevailed on the senate to declare him an enemy of the state; when, therefore, Cæsar and Lepidus had consented to the death of the aged orator, Antony, with a revolting malignity which the most partial historian must blush to record, had his head and hands struck off; and when they were brought to him, laughed and triumphed at the sight, and ordered them to be stuck up on the *rostra* in the forum, as though he was still addressing the people.

The personal appearance of Antony is thus described by Plutarch, from whom Shakspeare borrowed the materials for this tragedy: "Antony had a noble dignity of countenance, a graceful length of beard,

a large forehead, an aquiline nose; and upon the whole the same manly aspect that we see in the pictures and statues of Hercules. There was, indeed, an ancient tradition, that his family was descended from Hercules, by a son of his, called Anteon; and it was no wonder if Antony sought to confirm this opinion, by affecting to resemble him in his air and in his dress."

Generous but rapacious, a great general but a greater voluptuary, "such was the frail, the flexible Antony, when the love of Cleopatra came in to the completion of his ruin. This awakened every dormant vice, inflamed every guilty passion, and totally extinguished the gleams of remaining virtue." His first meeting with the captivating Egyptian occurred thus: he sent her his commands to meet him in Cilicia to answer some accusations laid against her of assisting Cassius in his war against Antony and Octavius. The messenger, seeing the great beauty and fascination of Cleopatra, immediately concluded that she had nothing to fear from the gallant Antony:—

Whom ne'er the word of 'No,' woman heard speak.

and therefore paid great court to her, and solicited her to go "in her best attire." This hint was not lost upon the quick-witted Egyptian: she went, but it was not to sue, but to conquer.

Shakspeare has closely followed Plutarch in his gorgeous description of Cleopatra sailing to meet Antony down the river Cydnus, though he has certainly beautified that exquisite narrative, throwing a soft voluptuous languor into it, singularly consistent with the scene, and breathing the very soul of beauty. Cleopatra was the widow of King Ptolemy, and had been the paramour of Cæsar; the early spring of youth was therefore past, but she was still in the summer of her beauty; nay, she had not yet reached the full meridian of womanly maturity; her vivacity was even beyond her personal attractions, and her conversational powers were remarkably varied and brilliant, while her voice was singularly melodious, and had the softness of music. Her beauty, we are told, was not so remarkable as her manners were fascinating and irresistible. Her accomplishments also were very great, and she spoke most languages freely, giving audience herself, without the aid of interpreters, to the ambassadors of the Ethiopians, Hebrews, Arabs, Syrians, Medes, and Parthians. Besides, she had the gift of flattering in a very delicate and subtle manner: thus in the famous anecdote of Antony's fishing excursion, when one of her divers placed a salt fish on his hook, and he drew it up amidst general merriment (an incident which Shakspeare makes use of in the play), her comment was an instance of consummate tact in this direction—"Go, general!" said she, "leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharus and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces."

Cleopatra completely enslaved the affections of Antony, and carried him in triumph with her to Alexandria, where they passed their time in feasts and revels, and established a society of their friends, whom they called the *Inimitable Livers*.

Antony's marriage with Octavia after the death of his first wife, Fulvia, was merely an act of political expediency; we feel that Enobarbus is right, when he says, Antony "will to his Egyptian dish again." In the play the incidents are drawn closely together, and Antony's desertion of Octavia seems immediately to follow his marriage, but this was not the case; he had lived with her long enough to become the father of three children, before he left her for the embraces of Cleopatra, to whom, on his return, he bestowed kingdoms for presents, and in his inordinate vanity, gave the names of the sun and the moon to the twins she bore him. Octavius Cæsar was glad of a pretext to quarrel with Antony; he had disposed of his colleague, Lepidus, and could he also dispose of Antony, the whole Roman Empire would be under his authority; he therefore availed himself of the insult offered to his sister, and made war upon Cleopatra; the final result of which was the ruin and suicide both of her and her princely paramour. The superstition of the times heralded in this event with omens and prodigies, in the same manner as they did the assassination of Julius Cæsar; Pisanum, a colony of Antony's on the Adriatic, was swallowed by an earthquake, and his statue at Alba was said to have been covered with sweat for many days, although it was frequently wiped off; the statue thus shewing a sympathy for the coming fall of its original.

Antony's power was sufficient to have made him conqueror of the civilised world; he had five hundred



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

armed vessels, each with eight or ten banks of oars, a hundred thousand foot soldiers, and twelve thousand horse; and Shakspeare has in the play, enumerated the kings and princes who fought under his banner. But his affection for Cleopatra had subdued both his judgment and his valour, and he fled disgracefully before Cæsar; for a time he was deeply dejected, and lived in melancholy retirement, but he soon returned to Alexandria, and again gave way to festivity and enjoyment. In conjunction with Cleopatra, he now established a society which they called *The Companions in Death*, into which they admitted their immediate adherents, and spent their time in continual feasting and diversions.

After Octavius had returned a haughty refusal to Antony's challenge to single combat, the latter determined to risk all on one last battle; he did so, and lost it, for his fleet and cavalry deserted him, while his infantry were defeated. The rest of the story is both faithfully and elaborately told in Shakspeare's tragedy.

In the play there are four characters which stand out prominently from the canvass—Cleopatra, Antony, Cæsar, and Enobarbus. Of Cleopatra, as painted by the pencil of history, I have already spoken; how exquisitely she is depicted by Shakspeare; what a soft glow of voluptuous languor is thrown around her, and with what irresistible fascinations she is invested, the reader of the tragedy can alone feel and appreciate. Great as her faults are, for her life is but a tissue of refined and poetical sensuality, such is her devotion to Antony, and so winning is the gigantic extravagance of her affection for him, that we not only forgive her errors, but admire and applaud the actor of them.

Antony and Cæsar are placed in strong contrast to each other; the one brave, reckless and prodigal, the other cool, prudent, and avaricious. "Cæsar gets money," says Pompey, "where he loses hearts." Antony is a warrior and a prodigal, and Octavius a statesman, whose feelings are strictly under command. Something of predestination reigns through this play; everything tends towards the downfall of Antony and the advancement of Cæsar.

Enobarbus, although an historical character, and to be found in Plutarch, does not there appear very prominently, and may, to no small extent, be called a creation of the pen of Shakspeare. He found the name in history, but not the man he pictured. Enobarbus forms one of the rich sunlights of the picture; his plain bluntness has all the cheering hilarity of comedy. But his jocularities would be out of place in the latter scenes of the tragedy: how admirably does Shakspeare obviate this. The dotage and ill-fortune of Antony transform Enobarbus to a serious man, and finally corrupt this hitherto faithful soldier; he deserts his master, and flies to the service of Cæsar. The munificent Antony sends after him his chests and treasure, which, in the hurry of flight, he had left behind; this act of kindness strikes the penitent fugitive to the heart, and wasting in grief, he goes forth to die; and alone, without the camp, breathing his deep sorrow to the cold moon, does Enobarbus end his life in the bitterness of despair.

As his final ruin draws on, Antony is alternately "valiant and dejected;" looking upon his high rank and qualities, his unbounded but dazzling dissipation, his imperial generosity, great personal courage, and his gorgeous career; when hearing of his death, we feel inclined to say with Cæsar—

The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom: in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

That of Cleopatra follows; it is consistent with her brilliant and luxurious life; she robs death of its hideousness, and, enveloped in her royal robes and crown, still radiant in that seductive beauty which subdued Cæsar and ruined Antony, she applies to her bosom the envenomed instrument of death, and falls into an everlasting slumber "as sweet as balm, as soft as air," where she yet looks:—

As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

This tragedy is attributed to the year 1608.

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MARK ANTONY, *a Triumvir.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3;*  
*sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 9;*  
*sc. 11; Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10;*  
*sc. 12; sc. 13.*

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *a Triumvir.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.*  
*Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6;*  
*sc. 9; sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, *a Triumvir.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.*  
*Act III. sc. 2.*

SEXTUS POMPEIUS, *the Son of Pompey the Great.*  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.*

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, *a Friend of Antony.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III.*  
*sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6;*  
*sc. 9.*

VENTIDIUS, *a Friend of Antony.*  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.*

EROS, *a Friend of Antony.*  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 9. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7;*  
*sc. 12.*

SCAURUS, *a Friend of Antony.*  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 8. Act IV. sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10.*

DERCETAS, *a Friend of Antony.*  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 12. Act V. sc. 1.*

DEMETRIUS, } *Friends of Antony.*  
 PHILO, }  
*Appear, Act I. sc. 1.*

MENENAS, *a Friend of Cæsar.*  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 6.*  
*Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

AGRIPPA, *a Friend of Cæsar.*  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6.*  
*Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 1.*

DOLABELLA, *a Friend of Cæsar.*  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2*

PROCULEIUS, *a Friend of Cæsar.*  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

THYREUS, *a Friend of Cæsar.*  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.*

GALLUS, *a Friend of Cæsar.*  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

MENAS, *a Friend of Pompey.*  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.*

MENECRATES, } *Friends of Pompey.*  
 VARRIUS, }  
*Appear, Act II. sc. 1.*

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 8.*

CANADIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony*  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 7; sc. 8.*

SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 1.*

EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.*

ALEXAS, *an Attendant on Cleopatra.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III.*  
*sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.*

MARDIAN, *an Attendant on Cleopatra.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 11; sc. 12*

DIOMEDES, *an Attendant on Cleopatra.*  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 11.*

SELEUCUS, *Treasurer to Cleopatra.*  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 2.*

A SOOTHSAYER.  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3.*

CLOWN.  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 2.*

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act*  
*III. sc. 3; sc. 7; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4;*  
*sc. 8; sc. 10; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister of Cæsar and Wife of Antony.*  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.*

CHARMIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra*  
 IRAS, }  
*Appear, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III.*  
*sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 11; sc. 13.*  
*Act V. sc. 2.*

*Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE.—*Dispersed; in several Parts of the*  
 ROMAN EMPIRE.

# Antony and Cleopatra.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILLO.*

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's,  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges<sup>1</sup> all temper;  
And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a gypsy's lust. Look, where they come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world<sup>2</sup> transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be  
reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven,  
new earth.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates me:—The sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry: Or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;  
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;  
Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

*Ant.* How, my love!

*Cleo.* Perchance,—nay, and most like,  
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
Where's Fulvia's process?<sup>4</sup> Cæsar's, I would say?—  
Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,

Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's hominger: else no thy cheek pays shame,  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messen-  
gers.

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt' and the wide  
arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;  
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

*[Embracing.]*

And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,<sup>5</sup>  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—  
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony  
Will be himself.

*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—<sup>6</sup>

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference  
harsh:

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fye, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; whose every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!  
No messenger; but thine and all alone,  
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;  
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

*[Exeunt ANT. and CLEO. with their Train.]*

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,

He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I'm full sorry,

That he approves the common liar,<sup>7</sup> who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Room.*

*Enter* CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands!<sup>8</sup>

*Alex.* Soothsayer.

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means, in flesh.

*Irás.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more loving, than beloved.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then, belike, my children shall have no names:<sup>9</sup> Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And fertile every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

*Irás.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Irás.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Irás.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Irás.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

*Irás.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Irás.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he, the queen.

*Enter* CLEOPATRA.

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

*Eno.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: Go with us.  
[*Recount* CLEO., ENO., ALEX., IRAB, CHAR.,  
Sooth., and Attendants.

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst  
Cesar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,  
Upon the first encounter, drave them.<sup>10</sup>

*Ant.* Well,

What worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward.—O! :  
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.* Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,  
Extended Asia from Euphrates;<sup>11</sup>

His conquering banner shook, from Syria  
To Lydia, and to Ionia;

Whilst——

*Ant.* Antony, thou would'st say,—

*Mess.* O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general  
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults  
With such full licence, as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,  
When our quick winds lie still;<sup>12</sup> and our ills told us,  
Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

*1st Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such  
an one?

*2nd Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear;—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

*Enter another Messenger.*

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

*2nd Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

*2nd Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

*Ant.*

Forbear me—

[*Exit Mess.*

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it  
What our contempts do often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;  
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on  
I must from this enchanting queen break off,  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! *Enobarbus!*

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women: We  
see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they  
suffer our departure, death's the word

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women  
die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing;  
though, between them and a great cause, they  
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching  
but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have  
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:  
I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits  
some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity  
in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of  
nothing but the finest part of pure love: We can-  
not call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;  
they are greater storms and tempests than alma-  
nacks can report: this cannot be cunning in  
her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well  
as Jove.

*Ant.* 'Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonder-  
ful piece of work; which not to have been blessed  
withal, would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.  
When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a  
man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the  
earth; comforting therein, that when old robes  
are worn out, there are members to make new. If  
there were no more women but Fulvia, then had  
you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this  
grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock

brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state,  
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here  
cannot be without you; especially that of Cleo-  
patra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers  
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
The cause of our expedience<sup>13</sup> to the queen,  
And get her love to part. For not alone  
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,  
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too  
Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius  
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands  
The empire of the sea: our slippery people  
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,  
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw  
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,  
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,  
The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,  
And not a serpent's poison.<sup>14</sup> Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence. [*Exeunt.*

*Eno.* I shall do 't.

## SCENE III.

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he  
does:—

I did not send you;—If you find him sad,  
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEX.

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him  
dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in  
nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose  
him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;  
In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Enter* ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick, and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my pur-  
pose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;  
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand further from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some  
good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;  
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,  
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think, you can be mine, and  
true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your  
going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words: No going then;—  
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven:<sup>15</sup> They are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st  
know,

There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while; but my full heart  
Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to  
strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
 By any desperate change: My more particular,  
 And that which most with you should save my going,<sup>16</sup>  
 Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me  
 freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read  
 The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:  
 See, when, and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill  
 With sorrowful water?<sup>17</sup> Now I see, I see,  
 In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
 The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
 As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,  
 That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,  
 Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,  
 As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—  
 But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:  
 So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;  
 And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
 An honourable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.  
 I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;  
 Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
 Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene  
 Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
 Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood; no more.

*Cleo.* You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target,—Still he mends;  
 But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,  
 How this Herculean Roman<sup>18</sup> does become  
 The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it;  
 Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;  
 That you know well: Something it is I would,  
 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
 And I am all forgotten.<sup>19</sup>

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
 Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
 For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour,  
 To bear such idleness so near the heart  
 As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
 Since my becoming kill me, when they do not  
 Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence,  
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
 And all the gods go with you! upon your sword  
 Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success  
 Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;  
 Our separation so abides, and flies,  
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.  
 Away. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Rome. An Apartment in Caesar's  
 House.

Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

*Caes.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
 It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate  
 One great competitor: From Alexandria  
 This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes  
 The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike  
 Than Cleopatra; nor the queen Ptolemy  
 More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or  
 Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall  
 find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults  
 That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think, there are  
 Evils enough to darken all his goodness:  
 His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
 More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
 Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,  
 Than what he chooses.

*Caes.* You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is  
 not  
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;  
 To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit  
 And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;  
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
 With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes  
 him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,  
 Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must An-  
 tony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear  
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd  
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
 Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,  
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud

As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid  
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done ; and every  
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;  
And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar,<sup>20</sup> to the ports  
The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less :—  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,  
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them ; which they ear and  
wound

With keels of every kind : Many hot inroads  
They make in Italy ; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt :  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more,  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou once  
Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer : Thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle<sup>21</sup>  
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did  
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsed'st ; on the Alps  
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on : And all this  
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* It is pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome : 'Tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' the field ; and, to that end,  
Assemble we immediate council : Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
To 'front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell.

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord : What you shall know  
mean time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir ;  
I knew it for my bond.<sup>22</sup> [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian,—

*Char.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Ha, ha !—

Give me to drink mandragora.

*Char.* Why, madam ?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of  
time,

My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him

Too much.

*Cleo.* O, treason !

*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch ! Mardian !

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure ?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no  
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has : 'Tis well for thee,  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections ?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed ?

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam ; for I can do nothing  
But what in deed is honest to be done :  
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,  
What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or sits  
he ?

Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !  
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou  
mov'st ?



The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men.<sup>23</sup>—He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old  
Nile?"

For so he calls me; Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey  
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;  
There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—  
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,  
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,"  
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,<sup>24</sup>  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad, or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o' the year between the  
extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note  
him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his. he was not merry;  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:

O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes;

So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:  
Why do you send so thick?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.  
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Caesar so?

*Char.* O that brave Caesar!

*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Caesar!

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Caesar paragon again  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My sallad days;  
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,  
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away:  
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day  
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exit*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in Pompey's  
House.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de-  
cays  
The thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit,  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:  
The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors: Caesar gets money, where  
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Mene.* Caesar and Lepidus  
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony: But all charms of love  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!  
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks,  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now Varrius?

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver:  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
A space for further travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,  
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm  
For such a petty war: his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope,  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:  
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;  
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
'Twere pregnant they should square between them-  
selves;

For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.  
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands  
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of  
Lepidus.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave to-day.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion:  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to Parthia:  
Hark you, Ventidius.

*Cæs.* I do not know,  
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let  
not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: When we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,  
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well:  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir.

*Cæs.* Nay,

Then—

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;  
Or, being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at,  
If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended; and with you  
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your  
name

It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was't to you?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd?

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,

Made wars upon me; and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.<sup>25</sup>

*Ant.* You do mistake your business; my brother  
never

Did urge me in his net:<sup>26</sup> I did enquire it;  
And have my learning from some true reports,  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not  
rather

Discredit my authority with yours;  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause?<sup>27</sup> Of this, my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you have not to make it with,  
It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgment to me; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars.  
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* 'Would we had all such wives, that the  
men might go to wars with the women!

*Ant.* So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,  
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,  
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must  
But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you,  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir,  
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,  
I told him of myself; which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,  
Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken

The article of your oath; which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar

*Ant.* No, Lepidus, let him speak;  
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath,—

*Cæs.* To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd  
them;

The which you both denied

*Ant.* Neglected, rather;

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis nobly spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no fur-  
ther

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoke, Mæcenas.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for  
the instant, you may, when you hear no more  
words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have  
time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else  
to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent, I had almost  
forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence, therefore speak  
no more.

*Eno.* Go to then; your considerate stone.<sup>28</sup>

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to  
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa;  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear Agrippa farther speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity, To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts With an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims No worse a husband than the best of men; Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak That which none else can utter. By this marriage, All little jealousies, which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their dangers, Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales, Where now half tales be truths: her love to both, Would, each to other, and all loves to both, Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke; For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa, If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so," To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never To this good purpose, that so fairly shows, Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand: Further this act of grace; and, from this hour, The heart of brothers govern in our loves, And sway our great designs!

*Cæs.* There is my hand. A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother Did ever love so dearly: Let her live To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey; For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great, Of late upon me: I must thank him only, Lest my remembrance suffer ill report; At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon us: Of us must Pompey presently be sought, Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* And where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What's his strength By land?

*Cæs.* Great, and increasing: but by sea He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together? Haste we for it: Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness; And do invite you to my sister's view, Whither straight I will lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus, Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony, Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆS., ANT., and LEP.]

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Me-cenas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.<sup>29</sup>

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you: The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne, Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold; Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made The water, which they beat, to follow faster, As amorous of their strokes. For her own person, It beggar'd all description: she did lie In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,) O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see, The fancy out-work nature: on each side her, Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids, With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool, And what they undid, did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides, So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes, And made their bends adornings: at the helm A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackle Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

That rarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air: which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she replied,  
It should be better, he became her guest;  
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard  
speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street:  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly

*Eno.* Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: Other women  
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hun-  
gry,

Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests  
Bless her, when she is riggish.<sup>30</sup>

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's  
House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;  
Attendants and a Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will some-  
times  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square: but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear  
lady.—

*Octa.* Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night. [*Exeunt CÆS. and OCTA.*]

*Ant.* Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in  
Egypt?

*Sooth.* 'Would I had never come from thence,  
nor you

Thither!<sup>31</sup>

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see't in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet  
Hie you again to Egypt.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy dæmon, that 's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel  
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but when to  
thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose! and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,  
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;  
But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Sooth.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,  
He hath spoken true; The very dice obey him;  
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: If we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought; and his quails even  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.<sup>32</sup> I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Venti-  
dius,

You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:

Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A street.**Enter* LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,  
hasten

Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at mount  
Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter,  
My purposes do draw me much about;  
You'll win two days upon me.

*Mec. Agr.* Sir, good success!

*Lep.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.**Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Give me some music; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*Attend.* The music, ho!

*Enter* MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let us to billiards:<sup>33</sup>  
Come, Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,  
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though it  
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—  
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say, Ah, ah! you're caught.

*Char.* 'Twas merry, when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time!—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mess.* Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:

But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that king's  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mess.* First, madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark;  
we use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,

The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony

Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,

Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,

Not like a formal man.

*Mess.* Will't please you hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou  
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,

Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like "but yet," it does allay

The good precedence; fie upon "but yet:"

"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: He's friend with  
Cæsar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st,  
free.

*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:  
He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!  
[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,  
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;  
[*She hales him up and down.*]  
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,  
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.  
[*Draws a Dagger.*]

*Mess.* Nay, then I'll run:—  
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.  
[*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within your-  
self;  
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-  
bolt.—  
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
Tarn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him:—  
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

*Re-enter Messenger.*

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?  
I cannot hate thee worsen than I do,  
If thou again say, Yes.

*Mess.* He is married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold  
there still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.* O, I would, thou didst;  
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scald'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me,  
Thou would'st appear most ugly—He is married!

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mess.* Take no offence, that I would not offend  
you;

To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal—He is married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of  
thee,

That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get  
thee hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from  
Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Mess.*]

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Caesar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,  
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—  
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him  
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,  
Her inclination, let him not leave out  
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—  
[*Exit ALEX.*]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,  
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
T' other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas  
[*To MAR.*]

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,  
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

*Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum  
and Trumpet: at another, CESAR, LEPIDUS,  
ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECENAS, with Soldiers  
marching.*

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have we  
Our written purposes before us sent;  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,  
That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,

Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,<sup>34</sup>  
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,  
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what  
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous free-  
dom,

To drench the Capitol; but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it,  
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy  
sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st  
How much we do o'er-count thee.

*Pom.* At land, indeed,  
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:<sup>35</sup>  
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
Remain in 't as thou may'st.

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us,  
(For this is from the present,) how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targe undinted.

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know then,  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer: But Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, You must know,  
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand:  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

*Ant.* The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks  
to you,

That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;  
For I have gain'd by it.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed  
I crave, our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do.

*Pom.* We'll feast each other, ere we part; and  
let us

Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard:—  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that:—He did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

*Pom.* I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?

*Eno.* Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand;  
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:  
Will you lead, lords?

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* Show us the way, sir.

*Pom.* Come.

[*Exeunt POM., CÆS., ANT., LEP., Sold., and  
Attend.*]

*Men.* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have  
made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have  
known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.



*Eno.* You have done well by water.  
*Men.* And you by land.  
*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.  
*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.  
*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoever their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.  
*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

*Men.* You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Caesar's sister is call'd Octavia.  
*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray you, sir?  
*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Caesar, and he, for ever kuit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy so.

*Men.* I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have met our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come, let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—*On Board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.*

*Music.* *Enter Two or Three Servants, with a Banquet.*

*1st Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants are all rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

*2nd Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

*1st Serv.* They have made him drink almost-drink.

*2nd Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "no more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

*1st Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

*2nd Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

*1st Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*A Sennet sounded.* *Enter CESAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECENUS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.*

*Ant.* Thus do they, sir: *[To CES.]* They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,  
 By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,  
 Or foison, follow: The higher Nilus swells,  
 The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman  
 Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
 And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You have strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

*Men.* Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*]  
*Pom.* Say in mine ear: What is 't?  
*Men.* Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*]  
 And hear me speak a word.  
*Pom.* Forbear me till anon.—  
 This wine for Lepidus.  
*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?  
*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.  
*Lep.* What colour is it of?  
*Ant.* Of its own colour too.  
*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.  
*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet,  
*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?  
*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.  
*Pom.* [*To MEN. aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!  
 Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?  
*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*]  
*Pom.* I think, thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*]  
*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.  
*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?  
 Be jolly, lords.  
*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.  
*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?  
*Pom.* What say'st thou?  
*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.  
*Pom.* How should that be?  
*Men.* But entertain it, and, Although thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.  
*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?  
*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.  
*Pom.* Show me which way.  
*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors, Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.  
*Pom.* Ah, this thou should'st have done,

And not have spoke on 't! In me, 'tis villany; In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know, 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.  
*Men.* For this, [*Aside.*]  
 I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—  
 Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd, Shall never find it more.  
*Pom.* This health to Lepidus.  
*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.  
*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas.  
*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome.  
*Pom.* Fill, till the cup be hid.  
*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.  
 [*Pointing to the Attend., who carries off LEP.*]  
*Men.* Why?  
*Eno.* He bears  
 The third part of the world, man; See'st not?  
*Men.* The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,  
 That it might go on wheels!  
*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels.  
*Men.* Come.  
*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.  
*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!<sup>38</sup>  
 Here is to Cæsar.  
*Cæs.* I could well forbear it.  
 It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,  
 And it grows fouler.  
*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.  
*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast  
 From all, four days, than drink so much in one.  
*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor! [*To ANT.*]  
 Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
 And celebrate our drink?  
*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.  
*Ant.* Come, let us all take hands;  
 Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
 In soft and delicate Lethe.  
*Eno.* All take hands.—  
 Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—  
 The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;  
 The holding every man shall bear, as loud  
 As his strong sides can volley.<sup>39</sup>  
 [*Music plays.* ENO. places them hand  
 in hand.

## SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plump Bacchus, with pink eyes;  
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;  
Cup us, till the world go round;  
Cup us, till the world go round.

*Cæs.* What would you more?—Pompey, good  
night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business  
Frowns at this levity:—Gentle lords, let's part.  
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Eno-  
barbo

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost  
Antick'd us all. What needs more words?—Good  
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you o' the shore,  
*Ant.* And shall, sir: give 'a your hand.

*Pom.* O, Antony,  
You have my father's house.—But what? we are  
friends.

Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not—

[*Exeunt POM., CÆS., ANT., and ATTEN-  
MENUS.*] I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,  
sound out.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.*]

*Eno.* Ho, says 'a!—There 's my cap.

*Men.* Ho!—noble captain!

Come. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as after Conquest, with SILIUS,  
and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the  
dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;  
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.<sup>40</sup>

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius,  
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;  
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire  
Too high a fame, when him we serve 's away.  
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won  
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.

Who does it the wars more than his captain can,  
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius,  
That without which a soldier, and his sword,  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to  
Antony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither with  
what haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit.  
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass  
along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Rome. An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's  
House.*

*Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone ;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome : Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar !

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark  
Antony !

*Eno.* Cæsar ? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What 's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar ? How ? the nonpareil !

*Agr.* O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird !<sup>41</sup>

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar ;—  
go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent  
praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best ;—Yet he loves  
Antony :

Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,  
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love  
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle.<sup>42</sup>  
So,— [Trumpets.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier ; and farewell.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself ;  
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band  
Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set  
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter  
The fortress of it : for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear : So, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well ;

The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother !—

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes : It is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

*Cæs.* What,  
Octavia ?

*Octa.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down  
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will Cæsar weep ? [Aside to *AGR.*

*Agr.* He has a cloud in 's face.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a  
horse ;

So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* Why, Enobarbus ?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring : and he wept,  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a  
rheum :

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd :  
Believe it, till I weep too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come ;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love  
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu ; be happy !

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way !

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell ! [Kisses *OCTA.*

*Ant.* Farewell !

[Trumpets sound. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow ?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to :—Come hither, sir.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,  
But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head

I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou  
near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome

I look'd her in the face; and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-  
tongu'd, or low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-  
voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good:—he cannot like her  
long.

*Char.* Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue,  
and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,

I do perceiv't:—There's nothing in her yet:—

The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

*Mess.* Madam,

She was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow?—Charmian, hark.

*Mess.* And I do think, she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long,  
or round?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part too

They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what  
colour?

*Mess.* Brown, madam: And her forehead is  
as low

As she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There is gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Mess.*]

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,  
That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,  
This creature's no such thing.

*Char.* O, nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and  
should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,  
And serving you so long!

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet,  
good Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — Athens. *A Room in Antony's  
House.*

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
That were excusable, that, and thousands more  
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd  
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and  
read it

To public ear:

Spoke seantly of me: when perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:  
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,  
Or did it from his teeth.

*Octa.* O my good lord,

Believe not all; or, if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts:  
And the good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"  
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,  
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were not yours,  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother; Make your soonest haste;  
So your desires are yours.

*Octa.* Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,  
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;  
Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros?

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon  
Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old; What is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the  
wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him ri-  
vality;<sup>43</sup> would not let him partake in the glory of  
the action: and not resting here, accuses him of  
letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his  
own appeal,<sup>44</sup> seizes him: So the poor third is up,  
till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no  
more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and  
spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepi-  
dus!"

And threatens the throat of that his officer,  
That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigged.

*Eros.* For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;  
My lord desires you presently: my news  
I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught:  
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this:  
And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—  
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold

Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;  
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they  
exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience  
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus  
Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it; and have now receiv'd  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change; for what I have con-  
quer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA.*

*Octa.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear  
Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee, east-away!

*Octa.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you  
cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You  
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and

The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
 Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,  
 Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,  
 Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust  
 Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
 Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come  
 A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented  
 The ostent of our love, which, left unshown  
 Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you  
 By sea, and land; supplying every stage  
 With an augmented greeting.

*Octa.* Good my lord,  
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
 On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
 My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd  
 His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,  
 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

*Octa.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,  
 And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
 Where is he now?

*Octa.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra  
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his em-  
 pire

Up to a whore; who now are levying  
 The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled  
 Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,  
 Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king  
 Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:  
 King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;  
 Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king  
 Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas.  
 The kings of Mede, and Laeonia, with a  
 More larger list of sceptres.

*Octa.* Ah me, most wretched,  
 That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
 That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither:  
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;  
 Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,  
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:  
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
 O'er your content these strong necessities;  
 But let determin'd things to destiny  
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:  
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,  
 To do you justice, make them ministers  
 Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;  
 And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:  
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
 In his abominations, turns you off,  
 And gives his potent regiment<sup>45</sup> to a trull,  
 That noises it against us.

*Octa.* Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,  
 Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.—*Antony's Camp, near the Promon-  
 tory of Actium.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ESCOBARBUS.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;  
 And say'st, it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?

*Cleo.* Is't not? Denounce against us, why  
 should not we

Be there in person?

*Eno.* [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
 The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear  
 A soldier, and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;  
 Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his  
 time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
 Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,  
 That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,  
 Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,  
 That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,  
 And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
 Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
 I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done:

Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is't not strange, Canidius  
 That from Tarentium, and Brundisium,  
 He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
 And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't sweet?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd,  
 Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
 Which might have well becom'd the best of men,

To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! What else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For he dares us to 't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these of-  
fers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd:  
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:  
Their ships are yare: yours, heavy. No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance; and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn;  
And, with the rest full mann'd, from the head of  
Actium  
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

*Enter a Messenger.*

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;  
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;  
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our  
ship;

*Enter a Soldier.*

Away, my Thetis!<sup>46</sup>—How now, worthy soldier?

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyp-  
tians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANT., CLEO., and ENO.]

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action  
grows

Not in the power on 't: So our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justicius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions,<sup>47</sup> as  
Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls for Canidius.

*Can.* With news the time's with labour; and  
throes forth,

Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.

*Cæs.* Taurus,—

*Taur.* My lord.

*Cæs.* Strike not by land: keep whole:  
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:  
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army  
one Way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieu-  
tenant of Cæsar, the other Way. After their  
going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight.

*Alarum.* *Re-enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold  
no longer;  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;  
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.



*Enter* SCARUS.

*Scar.* Gods, and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What 's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater candle<sup>48</sup> of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,  
Whom leprosy o'ertake; i' the midst o' the fight,—  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—  
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,<sup>49</sup>  
Hoists sails, and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld: mine eyes  
Did sicken at the sight on 't, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:  
I never saw an action of such shame;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter* CANIDIUS.

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
O, he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own.

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good  
night

Indeed. [*Aside.*]

*Can.* Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
My legions, and my horse; six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, and Attendants.

*Ant.* Hark, the land bids me tread no more  
upon 't,  
It is asham'd to bear me;—Friends, come hither,

I am so lated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever.—I have a ship  
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*All.* Fly! not we

*Ant.* I have fled myself, and have instructed  
cowards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be  
gone;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you; be gone:  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—  
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.  
[*Sits down.*]

*Enter* EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN  
and IRAS.

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort  
him,

*Irás.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do! Why, what else?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno!

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir?

*Ant.* O fye, fye, fye.

*Char.* Madam,—

*Irás.* Madam; O good empress!—

*Eros.* Sir, sir,—

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes: He, at Philippi, kept  
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,  
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry,<sup>50</sup> and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Irás.* Go to him, madam, speak to him;  
He is unqualified with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise; the queen ap-  
proaches;

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation ;  
A most unnoble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back on what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord !  
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought,  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my  
spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon.

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,  
How much you were my conqueror ; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* O pardon, pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss ;  
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,  
Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—  
Some wine, within there, and our viands :—For-  
tune knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that 's come from Antony.—  
Know you him ?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster :  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter EUPHRONIUS.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Eup.* Such as I am, I come from Antony :  
I was of late as petty to his ends,

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be it so ; Declare thine office.

*Eup.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,  
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens : This for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;  
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there : This if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Eup.* Fortune pursue thee !

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUP.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time : Despatch ;  
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise, [*To THYR.*]  
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,  
From thine invention, offers : women are not,  
In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thyreus ;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and  
IRAS.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What although you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The mered question : 'Twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, with EUPHROSIA.*

*Ant.* Is this his answer?

*Eup.* Ay, my lord,

*Ant.* The queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield  
Us up.

*Eup.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should  
note

Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child, as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANT. and EUP.*]

*Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,  
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes: and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony?—See, my  
women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

*Eno.* Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.

[*Aside.*]

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make  
Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends; say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,  
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,  
Whose he is, we are; and that 's, Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So—

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Go on: Right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows, that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O!

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows  
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* To be sure of that, [*Aside.*]  
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENO.*]

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar

What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please  
him,

That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Cæsar this, In deputation  
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath<sup>51</sup> I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father  
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!—  
What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One, that but performs

The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now  
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd,  
“ho!”

Like boys unto a muss,<sup>52</sup> kings would start forth,  
And cry, “Your will?” Have you no ears? I am

*Enter Attendants.*

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-  
taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her  
name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—

*[Exeunt Attend. with THYR.]*

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders?

*Cleo.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever:—  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our eyes;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make  
us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O, is it come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should  
be,

You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, “God quit you!” be familiar with

My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Basau, to outroar  
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank  
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*

*1st Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

*1st Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter and be thou  
sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-  
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,  
He makes me angry with him: for he seems  
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;  
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;  
When my good stars, that were my former guides  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike  
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:  
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. *[Exit THYR.]*

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony!

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so  
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!<sup>53</sup>  
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.

CÆSAR sits down in Alexandria; where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too  
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-  
like.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,  
lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;  
There is hope in it yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me  
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birth-day:

I had thought, to have held it poor, but, since my  
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We'll yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night  
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my  
queen;

There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make death love me, for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt ANT., CLEO., and Attend.*]

*Eno.* Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be  
furious,

Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,  
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek

Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Caesar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA, ME-  
CÆNAS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy; and chides, as he had  
power  
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal  
combat,

Caesar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die; mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Caesar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;  
And feast the army: we have store to do 't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the  
Palace.

*Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHAR-  
MIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and Others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better  
fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

*Eno.* I'll strike; and cry, "Take all."

*Ant.* Well said; come on.—  
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

*Enter Servants.*

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—  
And thou,—and thou, and thou:—you have serv'd  
me well,  
And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* What means this?

*Eno.* 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots  
[*Aside.*

Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;  
And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony; that I might do you service  
So good as you have done.

*Serv.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:

Seant not my cups; and make as much of me,  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he mean?

*Eno.* To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:  
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,  
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow  
You'll serve another master. I look on you,  
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away; but, like a master  
Married to your good service, stay till death:  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for't!

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,  
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;  
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd; for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!  
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!  
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty  
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:  
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you  
To burn this night with torches: Know, my  
hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,  
And drown consideration. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.*

*1st Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

*2nd Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

*1st Sold.* Nothing: What news?

*2nd Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:  
Good night to you.

*1st Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter Two other Soldiers.*

*2nd Sold.* Soldiers,  
Have careful watch.

*3rd Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[*The first Two place themselves at their Posts.*

*4th Sold.* Here we: [*They take their Posts.*] and  
if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope  
Our landmen will stand up.

*3rd Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,  
And full of purpose.

[*Music of Hautboys under the Stage.*

*4th Sold.* Peace, what noise?

*1st Sold.* List, list!

*2nd Sold.* Hark:

*1st Sold.* Music i' the air.

*3rd Sold.* Under the earth.

*4th Sold.* It signs well,<sup>54</sup>

Does't not?

*3rd Sold.* No.

*1st Sold.* Peace, I say. What should  
this mean?

*2nd Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony  
lov'd,

Now leaves him.

*1st Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another Post.*

*2nd Sold.* How now, masters?

*Sold.* How now?

How now? do you hear this?

[*Several speaking together.*

*1st Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

*3rd Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you  
hear?

*1st Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have  
quarter;

Let's see how't will give off.

*Sold.* [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange.<sup>55</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*

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

*Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN and  
Others, attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,  
Eros!

*Enter EROS, with Armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on!—  
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
Because we brave her.—Come.

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.  
What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart.—False, false; this, this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well;  
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?  
Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir.

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:  
He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—  
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire  
More tight at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,  
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

*Enter an Officer, armed.*

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:  
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:  
To business that we love, we rise betime,  
And go to it with delight.

*1st Offi.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*]

*Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.*

*2nd Offi.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow,  
general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.  
This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.  
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:  
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*]  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,  
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANT., EROS., Offi., and Sold.*]

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber?

*Cleo.* Lead me.  
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
Determine this great war in single fight!  
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS;  
a Soldier meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to An-  
tony!

*Ant.* 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once  
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

*Sold.* Had'st thou done so,  
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sold.* Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp  
Say, "I am none of thine."

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sold.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure  
He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sold.* Most certain

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;  
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him  
(I will subscribe) gentlo adieus, and greetings:  
Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENO-  
BARBUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:  
Our will is, Antony be took alive;  
Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGR.*]

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Antony  
Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go, charge Agrippa  
Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆS. and his Train.*]

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt and went to Jewry,

On affairs of Antony ; there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill ;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus : The messenger  
Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now,  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.  
I tell you true : Best that you saf'd the bringer  
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Sold.*]

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows my  
heart :

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought : but thought will do 't, I  
feel.

I fight against thee !—No : I will go seek  
Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,  
and Others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :  
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression<sup>56</sup>  
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !  
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have  
yet  
Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage  
serves  
For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching ; SCARUS,  
and Forces.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp ; Run one  
before,  
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-mor-  
row,

Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all :  
For doughty-handed are you ; and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but has it had been  
Each man's like mine ; you have shown all Hectors.  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and  
kiss

The honoured gashes whole.—Give me thy hand :  
[*To SCAR.*]

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the  
world,

Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of lords !  
O infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught ?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ?  
though grey

Do something mingle with our brown ; yet have we  
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man ;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—  
Kiss it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.



*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.  
*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' ear.—Give me thy hand;  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them;  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together;  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;<sup>67</sup>  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-  
gether,  
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IX.—Caesar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARRUS.

*1st Sold.* If we be not relieved within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard: The night  
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

*2nd Sold.* This last day was  
A shrewd one to us.

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—

*3rd Sold.* What man is this?

*2nd Sold.* Stand close, and list to him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!—

*1st Sold.* Enobarbus!

*3rd Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy  
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me:  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault:  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:  
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*]

*2nd Sold.* Let's speak  
To him.

*1st Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he  
speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

*3rd Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

*1st Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as  
his

Was never yet for sleeping.

*2nd Sold.* Go we to him.

*3rd Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

*2nd Sold.* Hear you, sir?

*1st Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.

Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off*]

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note; our hour  
Is fully out.

*3rd Sold.* Come on then:  
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*]

## SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the  
air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,  
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven: Further on,  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

*Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force  
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

*Ant.* Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine  
does stand,  
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*]

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers  
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look  
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea Fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

*Ant.* All is lost;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:

My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together  
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis  
          thou

Has sold me to this novice ; and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[*Exit* SCAR.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :  
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here  
Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts  
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, to discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :  
O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,<sup>58</sup>—  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them  
          home ;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,  
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—  
What, Eros, Eros !

*Enter* CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt.

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?

*Ant.* Vanish ; or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee  
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians :  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts ;<sup>59</sup> and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well  
          thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live : But better 'twere  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me : Teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon  
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest  
          club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die ;  
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under this plot : she dies for 't.—Eros, ho ! [*Exit*]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
          MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad

Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd.

*Char.* To the monument ;  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are  
          dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument :—  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;  
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously : Hence,  
Mardian ; and bring me how he takes my death.—  
To the monument. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter* ANTONY and EROS.

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;  
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant 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.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body : here I am Antony ;  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt ; and the queen,—  
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't  
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory  
Unto an enemy's triumph.—  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady !

*Enter* MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony ;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace ;  
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once

And that she has discharg'd ; What thou would'st do,

Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake  
Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !  
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony ; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then ?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Eros, unarm ; the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence  
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly : Go.—Off, pluck off ;—  
[*Exit MAR.*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,  
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;  
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—  
[*Exit EROS.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stray no further : Now all labour  
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.—  
Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :  
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in  
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :  
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros ?

*Re-enter EROS.*

*Eros.* What would my lord ?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,  
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
The courage of a woman ; less noble mind  
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,  
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,  
That, when the exigent should come, (which now  
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me  
The inevitable prosecution of  
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
Thou then would'st kill me : do't ; the time is come :  
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me !

Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,  
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

*Ant.* *Eros,*

Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
Thy master thus with plench'd arms,<sup>60</sup> bending down  
His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensued ?

*Eros.* I would not see't.

*Ant.* Come then ; for with a wound I must be  
cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou  
not then

To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents un purpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me then that noble counte-  
nance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee. [Turning from him.

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor ! let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man ;—and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

*Ant.* Now, Eros.

*Eros.* Why, there then :—[*Falls on his Sword*  
Thus do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

*Ant.* Thrice nobler than myself !

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros  
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me  
A nobleness in record : But I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't  
As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus

[*Falling on his Sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How ; not yet dead ? not dead ?—  
The guard !—ho !—despatch me.

*Enter DERCEAS and Guard.*

*1st Guard.* What's the noise ?

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends ; O, make  
an end

Of what I have begun.

*2nd Guard.* The star is fallen.

*1st Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas, and woe!

*Ant.* Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

*1st Guard.* Not I.

*2nd Guard.* Nor I.

*3rd Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Where's Antony?

*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

*Dio.* Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DER.*]

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,  
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.* Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee?

*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a pro-  
phesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw  
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage,  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was  
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard,  
I pr'ythee.

*Dio.* What, ho! the emperor's guard! The  
guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

*Enter some of the Guard.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra  
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

*1st Guard.* Woe are we, sir, you may not live to  
wear

All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp  
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANT.*]

SCENE XIII.—*The same. A Monument.*

*Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not;

All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

As that which makes it,—How now? is he dead?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,

His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O thou sun

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—Darkling  
stand

The varying shore o' the world!<sup>61</sup>—O Antony!

Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;

Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,

But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying: only

I here impórtune death a while, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last

I lay upon thy lips.—

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,

Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,

Lest I be taken:<sup>62</sup> not the imperious show

Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall

Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,

And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour

Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—

Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs  
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,

That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,

The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—

Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come ;  
 [They draw ANTONY up.]  
 And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd ;  
 Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,  
 Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ;  
 Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,  
 That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
 Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :  
 Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O !

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me :  
 None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust ;  
 None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,  
 Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,  
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
 Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,  
 The noblest : and do now not basely die,  
 Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to  
 My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman  
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;  
 I can no more. [Dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?  
 Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide  
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
 No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,  
 The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord !—  
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
 The soldier's pole is fallen ;<sup>63</sup> young boys, and girls  
 Are level now with men : the odds is gone,

And there is nothing left remarkable  
 Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.]

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras. Royal Egypt !  
 Empress !

Char. Pence, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman ; and com-  
 manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
 And does the meanest chares.—It were for me  
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;  
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,  
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught  
 Patience is sottish ; and impatience does  
 Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,  
 To rush into the secret house of death,  
 Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?  
 What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, Char-  
 mian ?

My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,  
 Our lamp is spent, it's out :—Good sirs, take  
 heart :— [To the Guard below.]  
 We'll bury him : and then, what's brave what's  
 noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away :  
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
 Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend  
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY'S  
 Body.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS,  
 GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;  
 Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by  
 The pauses he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit DOL.]

Enter DERCEIAS, with the Sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou, that  
 dar'st  
 Appear thus to us ?

Der. I am call'd Dereetas ;  
 Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
 Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
 He was my master ; and I wore my life,  
 To spend upon his haters : If thou please  
 To take me to thee, as I was to him  
 I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,  
 I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should  
 make

A greater crack : The round world should have shook  
Lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar ;  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,  
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends ?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

*Agr.* And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
Waged equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before  
him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony !  
I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together  
In the whole world : But yet let me lament  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our  
stars,  
Unreconcilable, should divide  
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

*Enter a Messenger.*

The business of this man looks out of him,  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

*Mess.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my  
mistress,  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction ;  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart ;  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Mess.* So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*  
*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius ; Go, and say,  
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require ;  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,  
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PRO.*  
*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius ? [*Exit GAL.*

*Agr. Mec.* Dolabella !  
*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employed ; he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings : Go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the  
Monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life : 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar :  
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will ; And it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,  
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of  
Egypt ;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] What's thy name ?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you : but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must

No less beg than a kingdom : if he please  
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of my own, as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer ;  
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing :  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need ; Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependancy ; and you shall find  
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience : and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort ; for, I know, your plight is pitied  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpriz'd ;

[*Here Proc., and two of the Guard, ascend the  
Monument by a Ladder placed against a  
Window, and having descended, come behind  
CLEO. Some of the Guard unbar and open  
the Gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PRO. and the Guard. Exit GAL.*

*Iras.* Royal queen !

*Char.* O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !—

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold :  
[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Relieved, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too  
That rids our dogs of languish ?

*Pro.* Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by  
The undoing of yourself : let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death ?  
Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars !

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady !

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir ;  
If idle talk will once be necessary,  
I'll not sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;  
Nor once be châtis'd with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave to me ! rather on Nilus' mad  
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make  
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,<sup>64</sup>  
And hang me up in chains !

*Pro.* You do extend  
These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee : as for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.  
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[*To CLEO.*

If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PRO., and Soldiers.*

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard, or  
known,

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams ;  
Is't not your trick ?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dream'd, there was an emperor An-  
tony ;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man !

*Dol.* If it might please you,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens ; and therein  
stuck

A sun, and moon ; which kept their course, and  
lighted

The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd  
arm

Crested the world : his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping : His delights  
Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in : In his livery

Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands  
were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.<sup>65</sup>

*Dol.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Think you, there was, or might be, such a  
man

As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
But, if there be, or ever were one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff  
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam:  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never  
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you  
knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will;

I know it.

*Within.* Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,  
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the queen  
Of Egypt?

*Dol.* 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[*CLEO. kneels.*

*Cæs.* Arise,

You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:  
The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o'the world,  
I cannot project mine own cause so well  
To make it clear; but do confess, I have  
Been laden with like frailties, which before  
Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,  
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find  
A benefit in this change; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;  
and we  
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good  
lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and  
jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;  
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer; let him speak, my  
lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,

I had rather seel my lips, than, to my peril,  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made  
known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold,  
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;  
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd;—What, goest thou back?  
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain,  
dog!

O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so meek,<sup>66</sup> that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,  
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,



Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation; must I be unfolded  
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites

me

Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;  
[To SEL.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a  
man,

Thou would'st have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Selencus.  
[Exit SEL.]

*Cleo.* Be it known, that we, the greatest, are  
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i' the roll of conquest; still be it yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be  
cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear  
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.* Not so: Adieu.  
[Exeunt CÆS., and his Train.]

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I  
should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.  
[Whispers CHAR.]

*Iras.* Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again  
I have spoke already, and it is provided;  
Go, put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

*Dol.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Behold, sir. [Exit CHAR.]

*Cleo.* Dolabella?

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-  
mand,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria

Intends his journey; and, within three days,  
You with your children will be sent before:  
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,  
I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.  
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [Exit DOL.] Now,  
Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And fore'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid!

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy liars  
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers  
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians  
Extemporally will stage us, and present  
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness  
I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods!

*Cleo.* Nay, that is certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch  
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go—  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:  
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee  
leave

To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.  
Wherefore 's this noise?

[Exit IRAS. A Noise within.]

Enter one of the Guard.

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be denied your highness' presence;  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. How poor an instru-  
ment [Exit Guard.]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot

I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a Basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*  
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

*Clown.* Truly I have him: but I would not be  
the party that should desire you to touch him, for  
his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do  
seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard  
of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very  
honest woman, but something given to lie; as a  
woman should not do, but in the way of honesty:  
how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,  
—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm:  
But he that will believe all that they say, shall  
never be saved by half that they do: But this is  
most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the  
worm will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted,  
but in the keeping of wise people! for, indeed,  
there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good: give it nothing, I pray you,  
for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple, but  
I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I  
know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the  
devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson  
devils do the gods great harm in their women; for  
in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the  
worm. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I  
have

Immortal longings in me: Now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—  
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock

The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire, and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charinian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* IRAS falls and dies.

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I  
may say,

The gods themselves do weep!

*Cleo.* This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal  
wretch,

[*To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass  
Unpoliced!

*Char.* O eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*

What should I stay— [*Falls on a Bed, and dies.*

*Char.* In this wile world?—So, fare thee well.—  
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies  
A lass unparall'd.—Downy windows, close;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

*1st Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

*1st Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the Asp.*

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

*1st Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's  
beguil'd.

*2nd Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ; —  
call him.

*1st Guard.* What work is here ?—Charmian, is  
this well done ?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.  
Ah, soldier ! [ *Dies.*

*Enter* DOLABELLA.

*Dol.* How goes it here ?

*2nd Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this : Thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou  
So soughts to hinder.

*Within.* A way there, way for Cæsar !

*Enter* CÆSAR, and Attendants.

*Dol.* O, sir, you are too sure an augurer ;  
That you did fear, is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last :  
She lovell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them ?

*1st Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought  
her figs ;  
This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then.

*1st Guard.* O Cæsar,

This Charmian lived but now ; she stood, and spake :  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,  
And on a sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness !—  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,  
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :  
The like is on her arm,

*1st Guard.* This is an aspick's trail ; and these  
fig-leaves  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable,  
That so she died ; for her physician tells me,  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;  
And bear her women from the monument :—  
She shall be buried by her Antony :  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them : and their story is  
No less in pity, than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral ;  
And then to Rome.—Come Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [ *Exeunt.*

## NOTES TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

<sup>1</sup> *Renages*, i.e. discowns, casts off.

<sup>2</sup> *The triple pillar of the world.*

*Triple* is used inaccurately for *third*. The third pillar of the world; one of the triumvirs, or rulers of the civilised world.

<sup>3</sup> *Then must thou needst find out new heaven, new earth.*

Antony means, there is no boundary to my love in the known universe; if you would limit my affection for you, that limit must be placed at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords.

<sup>4</sup> *Where's Fulvius's process.*

*Process* is summons. Her summons or command to Antony to return to Rome.

<sup>5</sup> *To weet*, i.e. know.

<sup>6</sup> *But stirr'd by Cleopatra.*

Cleopatra has just said, "Antony will be himself." To which he replies as above; that is, if I am desired or stirred to it by Cleopatra, I will assert my dignity and my power.

<sup>7</sup> *That he approves the common liar.*

The *common liar* is rumour; Antony by his conduct proves the truth of the reports current in Rome respecting him.

<sup>8</sup> *O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands.*

Several emendations of this passage have been offered, but the following explanation by Mr. Steevens appears the most satisfactory:—"To change his horns *with* (i.e. for) garlands, signifies, to be a triumphant cuckold; a cuckold who will consider his state as an honourable one. Thus, says Benedick, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, 'There is no staff more honourable than one tipt with horn.' We are not to look for serious argument in such a 'skipping dialogue' as that before us."

<sup>9</sup> *Then, belike, my children shall have no names.*

That is, perhaps they shall be illegitimate.

<sup>10</sup> *Upon the first encounter, drave them.*

*Drave* is the ancient preterite of the verb to drive, and frequently occurs in the Bible. Thus in Joshua, xxiv. 12, "and *drave* them out before you."

<sup>11</sup> *Extended Asia from Euphrates.*

Extended his dominions, by conquest, in Asia from Euphrates to, &c. Dr. Johnson, however, says that to extend is a term used for to *seize*, and he thinks that is the sense in which it is employed here.

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<sup>12</sup> ———— *O, then we bring forth weeds,  
When our quick winds lie still, &c.*

Dr. Warburton has proposed to read *minds* for winds; we bring forth weeds when our minds are idle; but the following elucidation by Mr. Henley is so happy that I prefer it. Antony himself, "figuratively, is the idle soil; the malice that speaks home, the quick or cutting winds, whose frosty blasts destroy the profusion of weeds; whilst our ills (that is the truth faithfully told us) are a representation of our vices in their naked odiousness—is as our earing; serves to plough up the neglected soil, and enables it to produce a profitable crop. *When the quick winds lie still*, that is, in a mild winter, those weeds which 'the tyrannous breathings of the north' would have cut off, will continue to grow and feed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow."

<sup>13</sup> *Expedience*, erroneously used for expedition.

<sup>14</sup> ———— *Much is breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,  
And not a serpent's poison.*

This is an allusion to the idle notion still prevalent in some ignorant rural districts, that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water will turn to a worm or serpent. Mr. Coleridge says that this is true, so far as appearances go, and that the hair "will become the supporter of seemingly one worm, though probably of an immense number of small slimy water-lice. The hair will twirl round a finger, and sensibly compress it. It is a common experiment with school-boys in Cumberland and Westmorland." Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, showed that what were vulgarly called animated horsehairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. This old supposition is alluded to in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 224:—"A horse-haire laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few," &c. Also in Churchyard's *Discourse of Rebellion*, &c., 1570:—

Hit is of kinde much worse than horses' heare  
That lyes in donge, where on vile serpents breede.

<sup>15</sup> *But was a race of heaven.*

That is, had a taste or flavour of heavenly enjoyment.

<sup>16</sup> *And that which most with you should safe my going.*

That is, reconcile you to my going; make my departure not likely to produce mischief to you.

<sup>17</sup> *Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill  
With sorrowful water?*

An allusion to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, said to be written by Fletcher and Shakspeare:—

Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,  
Sacred vials filled with tears.

<sup>18</sup> *How this Herculean Roman.*

Antony was very proud of his supposed descent from Anteon, a son of Hercules. This has been alluded to in the introduction to this play. He sought to give a colouring to this report by his dress and manners. "Thus," says Plutarch, "when he appeared in public, he wore his vest girt on the hips, a large sword, and over all a coarse mantle. That kind of conduct which would seem disagreeable to others, rendered him the darling of the army. He talked with the soldiers in their own swaggering and ribald strain, ate and drank with them in public, and would stand to take his victuals at their common table."

<sup>19</sup> *O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten.*

Oblivion or forgetfulness, as if it were another Antony, so entirely possesses her, that she has quite forgotten what she wished to utter.

<sup>20</sup> ——— *He is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar.*

That is, Pompey is loved and followed by those who from fear have professed allegiance to Cæsar.

<sup>21</sup> ——— *The gilded puddle.*

"There is frequently observable," says Mr. Henley, "on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold-coloured slime—to this appearance the poet here refers."

<sup>22</sup> *I knew it for my bond.*

That is, I knew it to be my agreement, recognize it for my duty.

<sup>23</sup> *And burgonet of men.*

That is, the cap or chief of men; a *burgonet* is a kind of helmet.

<sup>24</sup> *And soberly did mount a termagant steed.*

That is, a fiery, impatient steed. The furious Douglas, in *Henry IV.*, is called *the termagant Scot*.

<sup>25</sup> ——— *And their contestation*

*Was theme for you, you were the word of war.*

Shakspeare has here committed one of those errors in expression, which are not unfrequent in his writings. The quarrel of the wife and brother of Antony was not a theme for him; he did not in any way assist them against Cæsar, or indeed trouble himself at all about the matter. What the poet means is, that Antony was their theme, or subject of war; he was the cause of the dispute.

<sup>26</sup> ——— *My brother never  
Did urge me in his act.*

That is, never did make use of my name as an excuse for his war upon you.

<sup>27</sup> *And made the wars alike against my stomach  
Having alike your cause.*

It must be remembered that Antony and Cæsar are joined in office as triumvirs; the wars which were made against Cæsar also set the authority of Antony at defiance. The sense is clear, if we read—*I having alike your cause*. Dr. Johnson proposes to read—*Hating alike our cause*; but the alteration is, I think, needless.

<sup>28</sup> *Go to then; your considerate stone.*

Mr. Steevens says, this passage, "I believe means only this:—If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. *As silent as a stone*, however, might have been once a common phrase."

<sup>29</sup> *When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his  
heart, upon the river of Cydnus.*

The poet is here inconsistent with himself; from Enobarbus's own description, it appears that Antony had not seen Cleopatra on the river; for, that while she was there, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him, that they might witness her approach.

<sup>30</sup> *Bless her, when she is riggish.*

*Rigg* is an ancient word, meaning a strumpet. So, in Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:—

Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,  
Or else be sure such ryggs my care shall prove.

Dryden, who has given an emulative imitation of this exquisite description of Cleopatra, expresses this passage more delicately, thus:—

The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;  
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,  
They bless her wanton eyes.

<sup>31</sup> *Would I had never come from thence, nor you  
Thither.*

Mr. M. Mason very justly observes that both sense and grammar require that we should read *hither* instead of *thither*.

<sup>32</sup> *Beat mine, inhoop'd at odds.*

*Inhoop'd* is an obsolete word, meaning enclosed, confined. Placed within a hoop or circle that they may fight.

<sup>33</sup> *Let us to billiards.*

This is one of the numerous anachronisms to be found in our poet; this game was unknown in ancient times.

<sup>34</sup> *Ghosted, i.e. haunted.*

<sup>35</sup> ——— *At land indeed,*

*Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.*

*O'er-count* is here probably used equivocally to mean

you have over-reached me of my father's house; obtained it dishonestly, which was literally the truth. Plutarch tells us "Antony purchased Pompey's house; but, when he was required to make the payment, he expressed himself in very angry terms; and this he tells us was the reason why he would not go with Cæsar into Africa. His former services he thought insufficiently repaid." Again:—"when Antony asked him (Sextus Pompey,) where they should sup: 'There,' said he, pointing to the admiral-galley of six oars, 'that is the only patrimonial mansion-house that is left to Pompey;' and it implied, at the same time, a sarcasm on Antony, who was then in possession of his father's house."

<sup>36</sup> *Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already.*

*Plants* is used metaphorically for feet; they stagger in their walk, are unsteady from the effects of intoxication.

<sup>37</sup> *They have made him drink alms-drink.*

To drink *alms-drink*, is when one man at a feast will drink another's share, to relieve him of that which is not good for his health. He out of kindness will drink what his companion cannot. Antony and the rest were playing upon Lepidus, by making him in his nearly intoxicated state, drink both his own wine and theirs also.

<sup>38</sup> *Strike the vessels, ho!*

This is not an order relating to the ships, as they were under the command of Pompey, but an invitation to his fellow-revellers to chink the drinking vessels one against the other, as a mark of sociality and friendship. The custom is still common in modern society.

<sup>39</sup> *The holding every man shall bear, as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.*

That is, every man was to join in the burden or chorus of the song, which the poet styles the *holding*. The breast and sides are called into action in an attempt to sing loud and forcibly.

<sup>40</sup> *Thy Pacorus, Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.*

*Pacorus* was the son of Orodes, King of Parthia. *Crassus* was a Roman general, who was defeated and treacherously murdered by the Parthians. Orodes grieved so much on account of the death of his son Pacorus, that he fell into a languishing illness; when his second son Phraates, anxious for his death, administered poison to him, but not finding it effectual, afterwards strangled him.

<sup>41</sup> *O thou Arabian bird.*

That is, the phoenix. The immortal bird which was supposed to live single, and to rise again from its own ashes.

<sup>42</sup> *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*

The wings of the beetle are called his *shards*, as they are hard and brittle, like a tile or shard, i.e. a fragment of an earthen vessel; thus, in *Macbeth*, we have, "the

shard-borne beetle." Enobarbus likens Lepidus to a beetle, which is a dull, heavy insect, and Antony and Cæsar to the wings by which he is maintained in his elevated position.

<sup>43</sup> *Denied him rivalry.*

*Rivalry*, from the Latin *rivalitas*; an obsolete word meaning emulation, competition. Shakspeare here uses it for equal rank or glory in the action.

<sup>44</sup> *Upon his own appeal.*

To *appeal*, is used by Shakspeare in the sense of to accuse; upon his own accusation of Lepidus does Cæsar arrest him; thus being both complainant and judge.

<sup>45</sup> *And gives his potent regiment.*

*Regiment*, is government, authority; he gives up his power into the hands of an abandoned woman.

<sup>46</sup> *Away my Thetis!*

Antony probably addresses Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she was about to assist in his naval expedition.

<sup>47</sup> *His power went out in such distractions.*

In such minute detachments, small separate companies.

<sup>48</sup> *The greater cantle.*

A *cantle*, says Pope, is a piece or lump; on which Dr. Johnson exclaims, "Cantle is rather a corner. Cæsar, in this play, mentions the 'three-nook'd world.' Of this triangular world, every triumvir had a corner."

<sup>49</sup> *The brize upon her, like a cow in June.*

The *brize*, is the gad-fly; the fly that stings cattle.

<sup>50</sup> ———— *He alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry.*

*On* is probably used in the sense of *in*. Cæsar fought chiefly by proxy, in the persons of his lieutenants. Thus in a former scene, Ventidius says:—

Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer, than person.

<sup>51</sup> *Tell him from his all-obeying breath.*

This is an infelicitous expression; *all-commanding* breath, is what Cleopatra meant: but *all-obeying* breath is, in Shakspeare's language, breath which all obey Obeying, for obeyed.

<sup>52</sup> *Like boys unto a muss.*

A *muss*, is a scramble. This word is used by Dryden in his prologue to *The Widow Ranter*, by Mrs. Behn.

Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down  
But there's a *muss* of more than half the town.

<sup>53</sup> *The next Cesarion smite.*

*Cesarion* was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

<sup>54</sup> *It signs well.*

It is a good sign, a favourable omen.

<sup>55</sup> *'Tis strange.*

This curious phenomenon, which was received as

ominous of the defeat of Antony, is thus related by Plutarch:—"At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city, a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day, on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy, concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him."

<sup>60</sup> *And our oppression.*

That is, our *opposition*: the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered.

<sup>61</sup> *Our rattling tabourines.*

A *tabourin* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances.

<sup>62</sup> *This grave charm.*

That is, destructive beauty, deadly piece of witchcraft.

<sup>63</sup> ——— *Most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives to dolts.*

Be exhibited to the most stupid and vulgar of spectators for very small pieces of money.

<sup>64</sup> *Pleach'd arms*, i.e. folded arms.

<sup>65</sup> ——— *O thou sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand  
The varying shore o' the world.*

"According to the philosophy," says Mr. Heath, "which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakspeare, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid

sphere in which it was fixed. If the sun, therefore, was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that itself, for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space; and in this case, the earth would be involved in endless night."

<sup>66</sup> *Dear my lord pardon, I dare not,  
Lest I be taken.*

Both metre and sense are here defective; she does not fear to kiss Antony, as he requests, but she is apprehensive that if she descends from her monument she may be made a prisoner. Mr. Malone thinks that the poet wrote—I dare not *descend*. Mr. Theobald amends the passage differently, and reads—dare not *come down*.

<sup>67</sup> *The soldiers' pole is fallen.*

That is, their standard, the object of their love and admiration.

<sup>68</sup> *My country's high pyramides my gibbet.*

The poet intended we should read *pyramides*, Latin, instead of pyramids; the verse will otherwise be defective. There are several examples of the use of this word. Thus, in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:—

Besides the gates and high *pyramides*,  
That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

<sup>69</sup> ——— *Realms and islands were  
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.*

*Plates*, mean some kind of silver money. In *The Rich Jew of Malta*:—

Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred plates.

<sup>70</sup> *To one so meek*, i.e. lowly, subdued by adversity.

H. T.

## Timon of Athens.

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WHILE engaged in reading Plutarch, to obtain the facts on which he founded *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakspeare met with a passage which furnished him with a subject for a separate and very dissimilar tragedy. In Antony's reverse of fortune, after one of his defeats by Octavius Cæsar, he retired to a small house which he had built near Pharos, on a mound he had cast up in the sea, where he affected to live like Timon. "This Timon," says the chatty Greek biographer, "was a citizen of Athens, and lived about the time of the Peloponnesian war, as appears from the comedies of Aristophanes and Plato, in which he is exposed as the hater of mankind. Yet though he hated mankind in general, he caressed the bold and impudent boy Alcibiades, and being asked the reason of this by Apemantus, who expressed some surprise at it, he answered, it was because he foresaw that he would plague the people of Athens. Apemantus was the only one he admitted to his society, and he was his friend in point of principle. At the feast of sacrifices for the dead, these two dined by themselves, and when Apemantus observed that the feast was excellent, Timon answered, 'It would be so if you were not here.' Once in an assembly of the people, he mounted the rostrum, and the novelty of the thing occasioned an universal silence and expectation; at length he said, 'People of Athens, there is a fig-tree in my yard, on which many worthy citizens have hanged themselves; and as I have determined to build upon the spot, I thought it necessary to give this public notice, that such as choose to have recourse to this tree for the aforesaid purpose may repair to it before it is cut down.'"

From this passage Shakspeare derived that portion of his tragedy which relates to Timon, though, perhaps, he was also indebted to a manuscript play upon the same subject which "appears to have been written, or transcribed," says Mr. Malone, "about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of warm water he sets before them stones painted like artichokes, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master; Timon in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c., after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academic) is a very wretched one."

The plot of Shakspeare's tragedy is very simple: the principal event is Timon's loss of faith in humanity, and the consequent change of the generous and unsuspecting noble, who regrets that he has not kingdoms to bestow upon his friends, into the bitter and malignant misanthrope whose fearful denunciations of mankind strike his listeners into "strong shudders." The play is full of violent contrasts; luxury and abstemiousness, pomp and poverty, prodigality and avarice, love and hate, succeed each other rapidly. It is like a dissolving view which melts from bright day, made lovely with natural beauties, the songs of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the rich and varied foliage, and the spray of the waterfall, gilded by the cheering sunshine; to black midnight in which even the stars are hid. The change is abrupt, startling, and complete, and the gay generous Timon disappears in the bitter savage, who repudiates civilization, and spends the residue of his life in breathing eloquent curses upon his ungrateful countrymen.

Timon's is a wordy sorrow; he does not shut himself up in sullen impenetrability, but enters into converse with all who seek him, and relieves his feelings by bitter invectives. Like Coriolanus he abandons his native city, but he cannot, like the stern Roman, enfold himself in his own pride and estimation, and despise his countrymen. Coriolanus addressed himself to revenge his supposed wrongs: Timon contents himself with cursing the authors of his real ones. There is, besides, a quaintness and



pithiness about the speeches of Timon that seems hardly consistent with a heart-broken and dying man. Like a splenetic wrangler he is anxious to get the best of the argument; he endeavours to rival Apemantus in abuse, invents an apology for the thieves, and is bitterly pleasant with the poet and the painter. He is full of life and energy all the time he is before us; he disappears suddenly from the scene, and his death is a mystery. He calculates upon it, knows its precise period, and even builds his own tomb; but the immediate cause of it is unknown. Perhaps the poet intends to imply that Timon lays violent hands upon himself, for his death seems to follow too rapidly upon his misfortunes to be the mere effect of grief and passion.

Apemantus is another Diogenes, bitter and cynical by nature, naturally perverse, and loving singularity, but possessed of a keen caustic wit, and uttering many moral and wise aphorisms. He also has been called a misanthrope, though from different motives than Timon, but he rather dislikes and despises men than hates them. He dwells perpetually on what is gross and evil in the world, and his ideas become oblique and one-sided. He is keen in the detection of vice or folly, and on his first entrance we see that he knows the weakness of Timon's character, when he tells him, that "he who loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer." But Apemantus is dull and obtuse in the appreciation of virtue or loftiness of character; not understanding them he disbelieves their existence. His gaze is fixed for ever upon the earth; he cannot look up and see the heavens. He would sooner meet with deformity than beauty, and with vice than virtue, because he can more readily pour out his rancour upon it. Even in his religious moments he can scarcely be civil to the gods, and his prayer resembles a malediction.

Quiet virtue sometimes runs a risk of falling into insipidity and apathy or inaction: thus we find Flavius, the faithful steward, the single truly honest heart in the drama, a rather feeble character; he reserves his expostulations until his master's ruin, and then utters that which, if strongly urged before, might have checked Timon's wild course of reckless extravagance. The honesty of the weak is too often eclipsed by the worldliness of the strong, and energy of character is so admirable that it excuses many minor vices.

Even to the least important characters Shakspeare has extended his fullest consideration. The poet and the painter each speaks his own peculiar language; the artist idolises his own work, and the poet describes it in elevated diction. The first speaks the language of every day life, and the latter that of the study; his words remind us of the chamber and the lamp, and like the speeches of the Roman orator Cicero, seemed studied for the occasion. Again the servants of Timon describe their master's ruin with great feeling; one says:—

And his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.

This is the language of a nameless character, a second servant; some authors would have given it to the hero of their play, but Shakspeare was a very Timon in respect of his lavishness of poetical beauty; exquisite thoughts appear in his pages like the smaller stars, in radiant clusters. Still this liberality seems to have been involuntary, for words of strength and beauty fall from his pen with the same profusion as diamonds and roses fell from the lips of the little girl in the fairy tale; which we have all read and wondered at when children. But the language of the poet is not a cloying collection of sweets; his power is greater than his beauty. The words of Timon in his adversity are like poisoned arrows, bitter, rancorous, and deadly. His curses are a collection of horrors, aimed without reservation upon all mankind, upon the young and laughing girl just bursting from childhood, and on the "old limping sire," tottering to the grave. He supplicates the demons of lust and murder to confound his native city, and to desolate the world, and implores the earth itself no longer to bring forth ungrateful man, but to "teem with new monsters," and "go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears," as being less corrupt and mischievous.

## TIMON OF ATHENS.

It is to be regretted, however, that Shakspeare should so often have recurrence to offensive and loathsome ideas; Timon's language is not only bitter and malignant, but frequently revolting; all that is disgusting in the annals of disease is eagerly seized upon by the misanthrope, and pictures are presented which make the vicious shudder and the pure recoil in amazement.

The tragedy includes two incidents, each arising from a similar cause,—the flight of Timon and the banishment of Alcibiades; let us now turn our attention to the latter. Shakspeare also found his life in Plutarch, but the poet has not very fully elaborated the character of the Athenian general. Alcibiades was famous for his great personal beauty, his stubborn and ambitious temper, his eloquence, craftiness, and dissipation. His resolution was strongly shown even in his boyhood; for it is related that on one occasion he was playing at dice with some other boys in the street, when a loaded waggon coming up interrupted the game; Alcibiades called to the driver to stop, as it was his turn to throw, but the man disregarded him and drove on; while the other boys got out of the way, Alcibiades however was not to be so readily overcome, for throwing himself flat upon his face directly before the waggon, he told the rustic to drive on if he pleased. Upon this the man was so startled that he instantly stopped his horses, and the resolute boy got up and had his throw with the dice. Brought up in luxury, and universally courted, he gave way to every dissipation, but was still exceedingly attached to the philosopher Socrates.

When still a young man, Alcibiades happened to enter a grammar school, and asked the master for a copy of Homer. The pedagogue replied that he had nothing of Homer's, and immediately received a box on the ear from the indignant young soldier, for his neglect of the works of the great father of ancient poetry. Another story is told of him which shows an unhealthy love of distinction of any kind. He purchased a dog of remarkable size and beauty, for the extravagant sum of seventy *mina*.\* The chief beauty of this dog was his tail, which Alcibiades immediately caused to be cut off. This singular act furnished conversation for the whole city, and he was much censured for his folly and extravagance. He then laughed and said, "this is the very thing I wanted, for I would have the Athenians talk of this, lest they should find something worse to say of me." Shakspeare might have drawn a striking contrast between the characters of Alcibiades and Timon, but he has neglected the former for the perfect development of the latter. Both leave their native city through the ingratitude of their countrymen, but the resolute and worldly man returns in conquest and in honour, while the effeminate and feeble one perishes in solitude and despair. Plutarch compares Alcibiades with Coriolanus, but their circumstances only were alike, the men were widely different; both returned from banishment with an army at their heels, bent upon the destruction of their native cities; but the haughty and self-denying Roman is in most other matters the reverse of the subtle and luxurious Greek, of whom Plutarch tells us that, "his great abilities in politics, his eloquence, his reach of genius, and keenness of apprehension, were tarnished by his luxurious living, his drinking and debauches, his effeminacy of dress, and his insolent profusion."

Shakspeare does not adhere to history respecting the cause of the banishment of Alcibiades. He was accused of sacrilege towards the goddesses Ceres and Proserpine, and condemned to death, but he saved himself by taking refuge among the Spartans; to whose hospitality he made a vile return by seducing the wife of their king Agis. After a life spent in dissipation, war, and political intrigue, he was at length assassinated by a secret order of the magistrates of Sparta. He was at that time living in a small village in Phrygia with his mistress Timandra. His murderers surrounded the house at night and set it on fire, and on his issuing out sword in hand they fled to a distance and slew him with their darts and arrows. He was buried by Timandra as honourably as her circumstances would permit.

*Timon of Athens* is supposed to have been written by Shakspeare in the year 1609, and to have immediately followed the composition of *Antony and Cleopatra*. H. T.

\* The *mina* was equivalent to £3 4s. 7d. of our money. Alcibiades' dog therefore cost him £226 0s. 10d. A talent was sixty *mina* or £193 15s.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *an Athenian Noble.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LUCIUS, *a Noble, and a Flatterer of Timon.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6.

LUCULLUS, *a Noble, and a Flatterer of Timon.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6.

SEMPRONIUS, *a Noble, and a Flatterer of Timon.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6.

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 6.

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3.

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

FLAMINIUS, *Servant to Timon.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

LUCILIUS, *Servant to Timon.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

SERVILIUS, *Servant to Timon.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5.

CAPHIS, *a Servant to one of Timon's Creditors.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PHILOTUS,

TITUS,

HORTENSIUS,

} *Also Servants to the Creditors  
of Timon.*

*Appear* Act III. sc. 4.

SERVANTS to VARRO and ISIDORE, *Creditors of Timon.*

*Appear*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.

CUPID and MASKERS.

*Appear*, Act I. sc. 2.

THREE STRANGERS.

*Appear*, Act III. sc. 2.

A POET,

A PAINTER,

} *Parasites to Timon.*

*Appear*, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

SENATORS.

*Appear*, Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

A JEWELLER and A MERCHANT.

*Appear*, Act I. sc. 1.

AN OLD ATHENIAN.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

A FOOL and A PAGE.

*Appear*, Act II. sc. 2.

THIEVES.

*Appear*. Act IV. sc. 3.

PHYRYNIA,

TIMANDRA,

} *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

*Appear*, Act IV. sc. 3.

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE.—ATHENS; and the Woods adjoining.

# Timon of Athens.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several Doors.*

*Poet.* Good day, sir.

*Pain.* I am glad you are well.

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

*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.

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

*Pain.* I know them both; t' other's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O, 'tis a worthy lord!

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

*Mer.* A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness: He passes.<sup>1</sup>

*Jew.* I have a jewel here.

*Mer.* O, pray, let's see 't: For the lord Timon, sir?

*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate:<sup>2</sup> But, for that——

*Poet.* "When we for recompense have prais'd the vilo,

It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good."<sup>3</sup>

*Mer.* 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking at the Jewel.*]

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

*Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

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

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

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, sir. Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

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

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

*Poet.* I'll say of it, It tutors nature: artificial strife Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

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

*Poet.* The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

*Pain.* Look, more!

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

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man, Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug With amplest entertainment: My free drift Halts not particularly, but moves itself In a wide sea of wax:<sup>4</sup> no levell'd malice Infects one comma in the course I hold; But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I'll 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 to his love and tendance All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*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 with all deserts, all kind of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states: 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 waits to her;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.<sup>6</sup>  
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beekon'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,  
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him  
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.* 'Tis common:  
A thousand moral paintings I can show,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of for-  
tune  
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,  
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound.* Enter TIMON, attended; the  
Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.

*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:  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,  
Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well;  
I am not of that feather, to shake off  
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 ran-  
some;  
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?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man be-  
fore thee.

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

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

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

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

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:<sup>6</sup>  
His honesty rewards him in itself,  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt:  
Our own 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?

*Old Ath.* Three talents, on the present; in fu-  
ture, all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me  
long;  
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,  
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*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!

[*Exeunt Luc. and old Ath.*]

*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your  
lordship!

*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:  
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man:  
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,  
He is but outside: These pencil'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 you!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your  
hand;

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

*Jew.* What, my lord? dispraise?

*Tim.* A meer satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclew me quite.<sup>7</sup>

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated  
As those, which sell, would give: But you well  
know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by 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 will bear, with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

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

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay for thy good mor-  
row;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves  
honest.<sup>8</sup>

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

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou knowest, I do: I call'd thee by thy  
name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

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

*Tim.* Whither art going?

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

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

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

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

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

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

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

*Pain.* You are a dog.

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

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No: I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

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

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy  
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 'tis worth?

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

*Poet.* How now, philosopher?

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poët.* Yes.

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

*Poët.* That's not feign'd, he is so.

*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 would'st do then, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore?

*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord.<sup>9</sup>—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!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

*Tim.* What trumpet 's that?

*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them: give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attend.*

You must needs dine with me;—Go not you hence, Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner 's done, Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

*Apem.* So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!— That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man 's bred out Into baboon and monkey.

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir: Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEM.*

*Enter Two Lords.*

*1st Lord.* What time a day is 't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

*1st Lord.* That time serves still.

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

*2nd Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

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

*2nd Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

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

*2nd Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

*1st Lord.* Hang thyself.

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

*2nd Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee hence.

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*

*1st Lord.* He 's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in, And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.

*2nd Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.

*1st Lord.* The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man.

*2nd Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

*1st Lord.* I 'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing loud Music. A great Banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.*

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods 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

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 TIM.*

*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony  
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss  
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

*1st Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho, confess'd it ? hang'd it, have you  
not ?<sup>10</sup>

*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.* Fye, thou art a churl : you have got a  
humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame :—  
They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,  
But yond' man 's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself ;  
For he does neither affect company,  
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon ;  
I come to observe ; I give thee warning on 't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee ; thou art an Athe-  
nian ; therefore welcome : I myself would have no  
power : pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choke me, for  
I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number  
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !  
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat  
In one man's blood ; and all the madness is,  
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men :  
Methinks, they should invite them without knives,<sup>11</sup>  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.  
There 's much example for 't ; the fellow, that  
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and  
pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,  
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.  
If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;  
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous  
notes :

Great men should drink with harness on their  
throats.

*Tim.* My lord, in heart ;<sup>12</sup> and let the health go  
round.

*2nd Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way !

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

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;  
I pray for no man, but myself :  
Grant I may never prove so 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.  
Amen. So fall to 't :  
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich 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 ene-  
mies, than a dinner of friends.

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

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

*1st 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.

*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  
thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart ?  
I have told more of you to myself, than you can  
with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus  
far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what  
need we have any friends, if we should never have  
need of them ? they were the most needless crea-  
tures living, should we ne'er have use for them :  
and would most resemble sweet instruments hung  
up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves.  
Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I  
might come nearer to you. We are born to do  
benefits : and what better or properer can we call



our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, o' on made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

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

*2nd 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.

*3rd Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

*Apem.* Much! [ *Tucket sounded.* ]

*Tim.* What means that trump?—How now?

*Enter a Servant.*

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

*Tim.* Ladies? What are their wills?

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

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

*Enter CUPID.*

*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 thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome. [ *Exit CUP.* ]

*1st Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

*Music.* *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.*

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

They dance! they are mad women.  
Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.  
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;  
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's  
not  
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears  
Not one spurn to their graves of their friend's gift?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,  
Would one day stamp upon me; It has been done;  
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace,  
fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
You have added worth unto 't, and lively lustre,  
And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
I am to thank you for it.

*1st Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

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

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet  
Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.

[ *Exeunt CUP. and Lad.* ]

*Tim.* Flavius,—

*Flav.* My lord.

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [ *Aside.* ]  
Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,  
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he  
could.

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

[ *Exit, and returns with the Casket.* ]

*1st Lord.* Where be our men?

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

*2nd Lord.* Our horses.

*Tim.* O my friends, I have one word  
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must  
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to  
Advance this jewel;  
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

*1st Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

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

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

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

*Tim.* Near? why then another time I'll hear  
thee:

I pr'ythee, let us be provided  
To show them entertainment.

*Flav.*

I scarce know how.

[*Aside.*

*Enter another Servant.*

*2nd Serv.* May it please your honour, the 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 presents

*Enter a third Servant.*

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

*3rd Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable  
gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company  
to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your  
honour two brace of greyhounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be re-  
ceiv'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.—

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,

To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good:

His promises fly so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes

For every word; he is so kind, that he now

Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their books.

Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,

Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,

Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

*Tim.*

You do yourselves

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own  
merits:—

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

*2nd Lord.* With more than common thanks I  
will receive it.

*3rd Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

*Tim.* And now I remember me, my lord, you  
gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser

I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

*2nd Lord.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,  
in that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord; I know  
no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect:

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;

I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

*All Lords.*

None so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations

So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends

And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,

It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living

Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast

Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.*

Ay, defiled land, my lord.

*1st Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

*Tim.*

And so

Am I to you.

*2nd Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,—

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

*1st Lord.*

The best of happiness,

Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!<sup>13</sup>

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALC., Lords, &c.]

*Apem.*

What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, 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.

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

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
I'd 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 would'st sin the  
faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:<sup>14</sup>

What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

*Tim.*

Nay,

An you begin to rail on society once,

I am sworn, not to give regard to you.

Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

*Apem.*

So;—

Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll  
lock

Thy heaven from thee.<sup>15</sup> O, that men's ears should  
be

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





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

*Tim.* You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

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

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

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

*Flav.* O my good lord!  
At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,  
And say, you found them in mine honesty.  
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me  
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;  
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, 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,  
And your great flow of debts. My dear-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.

*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: the future comes apace:  
What shall defend the interim? and at length  
How goes our reckoning?

*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,  
Call me before the exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
When all our offices have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,<sup>21</sup>  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Pr'ythee, no more.

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

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,

This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord  
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?  
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are 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 conscience  
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument 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,

That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you  
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord,—

*Tim.* I will despatch you severally.—You, to  
lord Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his  
Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;  
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say  
That my occasions have found time to use them  
Toward a supply of money: let the request  
Be fifty talents.

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

*Flav.* Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph!  
[*Aside.*]

*Tim.* Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the  
senators,  
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most general way,)  
To them to use your signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

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

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

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot

Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—  
 But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but  
 Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
 May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis  
 pity—  
 And so, intending other serious matters,  
 After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,  
 With certain half-caps,<sup>22</sup> and cold-moving nods,  
 They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!—  
 I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows  
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows:  
 'Tis 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.—

Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*To FLAV.*] be not sad,  
 Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak,<sup>23</sup>  
 No blame belongs to thee:—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius  
 lately  
 Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd  
 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 remember'd  
 With those five talents:—that had,—[*To FLAV.*]  
 give it these fellows  
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.  
*Flav.* I would, I could not think it: That  
 thought is bounty's foe;  
 Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

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 ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Room in Lucullus's House.*

FLAMINIUS waiting. *Enter a Servant to him.*

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

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Serv.*] And how does that honourable complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

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

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

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he?

alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on 't, but I could never get him from it.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

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

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

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Serv., who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three 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? Fly, damned baucness,  
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

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

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

Let molten coin be thy damnation,  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!  
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 is sick to death, let not that part of  
nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!<sup>24</sup> [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public Place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with Three Strangers.*

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

*1st 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.

*2nd 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, urged  
extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged  
to 't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How?

*2nd Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that? now, before  
the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that hon-  
ourable man? there was very little honour showed  
in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I  
have received some small kindnesses from him, as  
money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing  
comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and  
sent to me,<sup>25</sup> I should ne'er have denied his occa-  
sion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have  
sweat to see his honour.—My honoured iord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*]

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare  
thee well;—Commend me to thy honourable-vir-  
tuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* 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, thinkest thou? And what has  
he sent now?

*Ser.* He has only sent his present occasion now,  
my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his  
instant use with so many talents.<sup>26</sup>

*Luc.* I know, his lordship is but merry with me,  
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

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

If his occasion were not virtuous,  
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfurni  
myself against such a good time, when I mig'  
have shown myself honourable? how unluckily  
happened, that I should purchase the day bef'  
for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—  
Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to  
do 't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use  
lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness;  
but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had  
done it now. Commend me bountifully to his  
good lordship; and I hope, his honour will con-  
ceive 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?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SER.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;  
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUC.*]

*1st Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

*2nd Stran.* Ay, too well.

*1st 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,  
What charitable men afford to beggars.

*3rd Stran.* Religion groans at it.

*1st 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,  
I would have put my wealth into donation,  
And the best half should have return'd to him,<sup>27</sup>  
So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense :  
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in Sempronius's House.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in 't ? Humph !  
'Bove all others ?

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

*Serv.* O my lord,  
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal ;  
for

They have all denied him ?

*Sem.* How ! have they denied him ?  
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?  
And does he send to me ? Three ? humph !—  
It shows but little love or judgment in him.  
Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physi-

cians,  
Thrice give him over ; Must I take the cure upon  
me ?

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

But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er receiv'd gift from him :  
And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I'll requite it last ? No : So it may prove  
An argument of laughter to the rest,  
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.  
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;

I had such a courage to do him good. But now  
return,

And with their faint reply this answer join ;

Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*]

*Serv.* Excellent ! your lordship's a goodly villain.  
The devil knew not what he did, when he made man  
politic ; he crossed himself by 't ; and I cannot  
think, but, in the end, the villanies of man will set  
him clear. 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 the gods only : Now his friends are dead,  
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their  
wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows ;

Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.<sup>28</sup>

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants to TIMON's Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

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

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

*Hor.* Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and, I think,

One business does command us all ; for mine  
Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And sir

Philotus too !

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour ?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much ?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet ?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

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



*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are waxed shorter  
with him :

You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable.  
I fear,  
'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse ;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.

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

*Tit.* I'll show you how to observe a strange event.  
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

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

*Hor.* I am weary of this charge, the gods can  
witness :

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

*1st Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand  
crowns : What's yours ?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

*1st Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep : and it should  
seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine ;  
Else, surely, his had equall'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.

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

*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 ?

*1st Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

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

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

*Flav.* Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not  
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat

Of my lord's meat ? Then they could smile, and  
fawn

Upon his debts, and take down th' interest  
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves  
but wrong,

To stir me up ; let me pass quietly :  
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end ;  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

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

*Flav.* If 'twill not,  
'Tis not so base as you ; for you serve knaves.

[*Exit.*]

*1st Var. Serv.* How ! what does his cashier'd  
worship mutter ?

*2nd Var. Serv.* No matter what ; he's poor, and  
that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader  
than he that has no house to put his head in ? such  
may rail against great buildings

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

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

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen,  
To repair some other hour, I should much  
Derive from it ; for, take it on my soul,  
My lord leans wondrously to discontent.  
His comfortable temper has forsook him ;  
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

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

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

*Ser.* Good gods !

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

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

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

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

Have I ever been 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.

*Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

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

*Phi.* All our bills.

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

*Luc. Serv.* Alas! my lord,——

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

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

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

*1st Var. Serv.* My lord,——

*2nd Var. Serv.* My lord,——

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

*Hor.* 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

*Flav.* My dear lord,——

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord,——

*Tim.* I'll have it so:—My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; 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 provide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. The Senate-House.*

*The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES attended.*

*1st Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die: Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

*2nd Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

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

*1st Sen.* Now, captain?

*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues; For pity is the virtue of the law, And none but tyrants use it cruelly. It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth To those that, without heed, do plunge into it. He is a man, setting his fate aside,<sup>29</sup>

Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact 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: And with such sober and unnoted passion He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, As if he had but prov'd an argument.

*1st Sen.* You undergo too strict 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, 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 The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs

His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill, What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

*Alcib.* My lord,——

*1st Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear; To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle, And not endure all threat'nings? sleep upon it, And let the foes quietly cut their throats, Without repugnancy? but 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 th' ass more captain than the lion; the felon, Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge, If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords, As you are great, be pitifully good: Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood? To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust; But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.<sup>30</sup> To be in anger, is impiety; But who is man, that is not angry? Weigh but the crime with this.

*2nd Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain? his service done

At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

*1st Sen.* What 's that ?

*Alcib.* Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair  
service,

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

*2nd Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,  
he

Is a sworn rioter : h' as a sin that often  
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner :  
If there were no foes, that were enough alone  
To overcome him : in that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages,  
And cherish factions : 'Tis inferr'd to us,  
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

*1st Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate ! he might have died in war.  
My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,  
Take my deserts to his, and join them both :  
And, for I know, your reverend ages love  
Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all  
My honour to you, upon his good returns.  
If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore ;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

*1st Sen.* We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,  
On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you, know me.

*2nd Sen.* How ?

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

*3rd Sen.* What ?

*Alcib.* I cannot think, but your age has forgot  
me ;

It could not else be, I should prove so base,  
To sue, and be denied such common grace :  
My wounds ache at you.

*1st 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.

*1st Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain  
thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell  
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 am worse than mad : I have kept back their foas,  
While they have told their money, and let out  
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,  
Rich only in large hurts ;—All those, for this ?  
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate  
Pours into captains' wounds ? ha ! banishment ?  
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be 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.  
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds ;  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in Timon's  
House.*

*Music.* Tables set out : *Servants attending.* Enter  
*divers* Lords, at several Doors.

*1st Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

*2nd Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this  
honourable lord did but try us this other day.

*1st Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,  
when we encountered : I hope, it is not so low  
with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his  
several friends.

*2nd Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of  
his new feasting.

*1st Lord.* I should think so : He hath sent me  
an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions  
did urge me to put off ; but he hath conjured me  
beyond them, and I must needs appear.

*2nd 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.

*1st Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I under-  
stand how all things go.

*2nd Lord.* Every man here 's so. What would  
he have borrowed of you ?

*1st Lord.* A thousand pieces.

*2nd Lord.* A thousand pieces !

*1st Lord.* What of you ?

*3rd Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter* TIMON, and Attendants.

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

*1st Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your  
lordship.

*2nd Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

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

*1st Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

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

*2nd Lord.* My noble lord,—

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

[*The Banquet brought in.*]

*2nd 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.

*2nd Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

*2nd Lord.* All covered dishes!

*1st Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

*3rd Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

*1st Lord.* How do you? What's the news.

*3rd Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

*1st and 2nd Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

*3rd Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

*1st Lord.* How? how?

*2nd Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

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

*3rd Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

*2nd Lord.* This is the old man still.

*3rd Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

*2nd Lord.* It does: but time will—and so—

*3rd 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 praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the

gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees,<sup>31</sup> O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The Dishes uncovered are full of warm Water.*]

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold, You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their Faces.*]

Your reeking villany. Live 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! Of man, and beast, the infinite malady Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go? Soft, take thy physic first—thou too—and thou;—

[*Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.— What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast, Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest. Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.*

*1st Lord.* How now, my lords?

*2nd Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

*3rd Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

*4th Lord.* I have lost my gown.

*3rd Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

*4th Lord.* Did you see my cap?

*2nd Lord.* Here 'tis.

*4th Lord.* Here lies my gown.

*1st Lord.* Let's make no stay.

*2nd Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

*3rd Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

*4th Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*]

## 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  
Convert o' the instant, green<sup>32</sup> virginity!  
Do 't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;

Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants,  
steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;  
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,  
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,  
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries,  
And yet confusion live! — Plagues, incident to men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,  
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty  
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;  
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,  
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop  
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;  
That their society, as their friendship, may  
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
But nakedness, thou detestable town!  
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!<sup>33</sup>  
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods  
all),

The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!  
Amen.

[*Exit.*]SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Timon's House**Enter FLAVIUS, with Two or Three Servants.*

*1st Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

*Flav.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded<sup>34</sup> by the righteous gods,  
I am as poor as you.

*1st 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!

*2nd Serv.* As we do turn our backs  
From our companion, thrown into his grave;  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
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.*

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

*3rd 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,  
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

*Flav.* Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,  
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
"We have seen better days." Let each take some:  
[*Giving them money.*]  
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:  
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Serv.*]

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?  
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,  
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?  
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,  
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!  
Who then dares to be half so kind again?  
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,  
Rich, only to be wretched; thy great fortunes  
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat  
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to  
Supply his life, or that which can command it.  
I'll follow, and inquire him out:  
I'll serve his mind with my best will;  
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Woods.**Enter* TIMON.

*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,  
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several for-  
tunes;  
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature,<sup>35</sup>  
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;  
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
The beggar native honour.  
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,<sup>36</sup>  
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  
So are they all; for every grize of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;  
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd  
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
Destruction fang mankind!<sup>37</sup>—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.<sup>38</sup> Roots, you clear heavens!  
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;  
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,  
valiant.  
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?  
Why this  
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:  
This yellow slave  
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'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 widow<sup>39</sup> wed again;  
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores  
Would cast the gorge at,<sup>40</sup> this embalms and spices  
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,  
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds  
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature.<sup>41</sup>—[*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.*]

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, with *Drum and Fife*, in war-  
like manner; *PHRYNIA*<sup>42</sup> and *TIMANDRA*.*Alcib.* What art thou there?  
Speak.*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw  
thy heart,  
For showing me again the eyes of man!*Alcib.* What is thy name? Is man so hateful to  
thee,  
That art thyself a man?*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.*Alcib.* I know thee well;  
But in thy fortunes am 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:<sup>43</sup>  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;  
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.*Phry.* 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:  
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'rt a man!

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a blessed time.<sup>44</sup>

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of hur-  
lots.

*Timan.* Is this the Athenian minion, whom the  
world  
Voic'd so regardfully?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still; they love thee not, that  
use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.  
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves  
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-checked  
youth

To the tub-fast, and the diet.

*Timan.* 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,  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt  
In my penurious band: I have 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 pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee  
gone.

*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost  
trouble?

I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well:  
Here's some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep't, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a  
heap,—

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all i' thy conquest;  
and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That,  
By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer  
My country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;  
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-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's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;  
It is her habit only that is honest,  
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek  
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,  
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,  
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,  
Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the  
babe,  
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their  
mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
And mince in sans remorse: Swear against objects;  
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.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse  
upon thee!

*Phr. and Timan.* 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: You are not oathable,—  
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,  
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your  
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions:<sup>45</sup> Be whores still;  
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;  
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  
And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six  
months,

Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin  
roofs

With burdens of the dead;<sup>46</sup>—some that were  
hang'd,

No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore  
still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:  
A pox of wrinkles!

*Phr. aud Timan.* Well, more gold;—What  
then?—

Believ't, that we'll do anything 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 quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself: down with the nose,  
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to foresee,  
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate  
ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'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 you all!

*Phr. and Timan.* More counsel with more money,  
bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first; I have  
given you earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens.  
Farewell, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it such. Get thee away,  
And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him.—  
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIB., PHR., and TIMAN.*

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkind-  
ness,

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,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven<sup>47</sup>  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine:  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root:  
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!  
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips!

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man? Plague! plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither: Men report,  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a  
dog

Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but affected;  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this  
place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft?  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes,<sup>48</sup> and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper,  
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,  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;  
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-  
come,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,  
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like  
thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd  
trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold  
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the crea-  
tures,—

Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven: whose bare unhoused trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
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 caittiff.

*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 ?<sup>49</sup>

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou  
Dost it enforcedly ; thou'dst courtier be again,  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd 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 should'st desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath, that is more miserable.  
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 swarth, pro-  
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive drugs of it  
Freely command, thou would'st have 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, but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself  
Who had the world as my confectionary ;  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of  
men

At duty, more than I could frame employment ;  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows ;—I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden ;  
Thy nature-did commence in sufferance, time  
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why should'st thou  
hate men ?

They never flatter'd thee : What hast thou given ?  
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,  
Must be thy subject ; who, in spite, put stuff  
To some she beggar, and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone !—  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet ?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was  
No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now ;  
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,  
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—  
That the whole life of Athens were in this !

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a Root.*

*Apem.* Here ; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thy-  
self.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of  
thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;  
If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What would'st thou have to Athens ?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,  
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best, and truest ;  
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st o' nights, Timon ?

*Tim.* Under that 's above me.  
Where feedst 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 would'st thou send it ?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never  
knewest, but the extremity of both ends : When  
thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they  
mocked thee for too much curiosity ;<sup>50</sup> in thy rags  
thou knowest none, but art despised for the con-  
trary. There 's a medlar for thee, eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate, I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar ?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou  
should'st have lov'd thyself better now. What  
man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was  
beloved after his means ?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talkest of,  
didst thou ever know beloved ?

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee ; thou hadst some means  
to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou  
nearest compare to thy flatterers ?

*Tim.* Women nearest ; but men, men are the  
things themselves. What would'st thou do with  
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power ?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Would'st thou have thyself fall in the

confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee,<sup>51</sup> and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

*Apem.* If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

*Apem.* A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would, my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* 'Would thou would'st burst!

*Tim.* Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEM. retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought  
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;  
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat  
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,  
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.  
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorcee

[*Looking on the Gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler  
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,  
That solder'st close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every  
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!<sup>52</sup>  
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue  
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire!

*Apem.* 'Would 'twere so;—  
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:  
Thou will be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I pr'ythee.

*Apem.* Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit APEM.*]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor  
them.

*Enter Thieves.*

*1st Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It  
is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his re-  
mainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-  
from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

*2nd Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of trea-  
sure.

*3rd Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if  
he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he  
covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

*2nd Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him,  
'tis hid.

*1st Thief.* Is not this he?

*Thieves.* Where?

*2nd Thief.* 'Tis his description.

*3rd Thief.* He; I know him.

*Thieves.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*Thieves.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too; and women's sons.

*Thieves.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.<sup>53</sup>

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

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?

*1st Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,<sup>54</sup>

That you are thieves professed; that you work not

In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,

Till the high fever seeth 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 profess to do't,

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

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,

But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this

I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen.

[TIMON retires to his Cave.]

*3rd Thief.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

*1st Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

*2nd Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

*1st Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [Exit Thieves.]

*Enter FLAVIUS.*

*Flav.* O you gods!

Is you 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!

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely 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!

He has caught me in his eye: I will present

My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

*Tim.* Away! what art thou.

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir?

*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man

About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,

To serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief

For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;— then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,

But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward so true, so just, and now

So comfortable? It almost turns

My dangerous nature wild.<sup>55</sup> Let me behold

Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,

Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim

One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;

No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—  
How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,  
I fell with curses.  
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;  
For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
Thou might'st 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:

Suspect 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,

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 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  
them,

Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,  
And may diseases lick up their false bloods  
And so, farewell, and thrive.

*Flav.* O, let me stay

And comfort you, my master.

*Tim.* If thou hat'st

Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou 'rt bless'd and  
free:

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

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before TIMON'S Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.*

*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 is so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia  
and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise en-  
riched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity:  
'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a  
try for his friends.

*Pain.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm  
in Athens again, and flourish with the highest.  
Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to  
him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show  
honestly in us; and is very likely to load our pur-  
poses with what they travel for, if it be a just and  
true report that goes of his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation:  
only I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too; tell him of an  
intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very  
air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation:  
performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but  
in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed  
of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most  
courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of  
will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in  
his judgment that makes it.

*Tim.* Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint  
a man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking, what I shall say I have  
provided for him: It must be a personating of him-  
self: a satire against the softness of prosperity;  
with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow  
youth and opulency.

*Tim.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in  
thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults  
in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True ;  
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

*Tim.* I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's  
gold,  
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 do meet them. [*Admiring.*]

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon !

*Pain.* Our late noble master.

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest  
men ?

*Poet.* Sir,  
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 influence  
To their whole being ! I'm rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see 't the better :  
You, that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen, and known.

*Pain.* He, and myself,  
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you are honest men.

*Pain.* We are hither come to offer you our ser-  
vice.

*Tim.* Most honest men ! Why, how shall I re-  
quite you ?  
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you  
service.

*Tim.* You are honest men ; You have heard that  
I have gold ;  
I am sure you have : speak truth : you are honest  
men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord : but therefore  
Came not my friend, nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest men :—Thou draw'st a coun-  
terfeit<sup>56</sup>

Best in all Athens : thou art, indeed, the best ;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* Even so, sir, as I say :—And, for thy fiction,  
[*To the Poet.*]

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,  
I must needs say, you have a little fault :  
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither wish I,  
You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your 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, see him dis-  
semble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom : yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up 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,  
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,  
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.  
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be.

[*To the Painter.*]

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside  
[*To the Poet.*]

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—  
Hence ! pack ! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye  
slaves :

You have done work for me, there's payment :  
Hence !

You are an alchemist, make gold of that :—  
Out, rascal dogs ! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, and Two Senators.*

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with  
Timon ;

For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.

*1st Sen.* Bring us to his cave:  
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,  
To speak with Timon.

*2nd Sen.* At all times alike  
Men are not still the same: 'Twas 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.

*Flav.* Here is his cave.—  
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,  
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:  
Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,  
and be hang'd:  
For each true word, a blister! and each false  
Be as a caut'ring to the root o' the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking!

*1st Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

*2nd Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee,  
Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them; and would send them back  
the plague,  
Could I but catch it for them.

*1st 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.

*2nd Sen.* They confess,  
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:  
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom  
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself  
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;  
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,  
Together with a recompense more fruitful  
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;  
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,  
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,  
And write in thee the figures of their love,  
Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it;  
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

*1st 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 with absolute power,<sup>57</sup> and thy good name  
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back  
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

*2nd Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

*1st 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,  
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,  
And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care  
not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,  
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,  
But I do prize it at my love, before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous 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  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

*1st Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country; and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
As common bruit doth put it.

*1st Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

*1st Sen.* These words become your lips as they  
pass through them.

*2nd Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triump-  
phers

In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do  
them :

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

*2nd Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree, which grows here in my  
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that 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;  
Which once a day with his embossed froth  
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.

[*Exit TIM.*]

*1st Sen.* His discontents are unremovably  
Coupled to nature.

*2nd Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,  
And strain what other means is left unto us  
In our dear peril.

*2nd Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Walls of Athens.*

*Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.*

*1st Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his  
files  
As full as thy report?

*Mess.* I have spoke the least:  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

*2nd Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring  
not Timon.

*Mess.* I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—  
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends:—this man was  
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter Senators from TIMON.*

*1st Sen.* Here come our brothers.

*3rd Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him ex-  
pect.—

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;  
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a  
Tomb-stone 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?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:  
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.  
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—  
What's on his 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 V.—*Before the Walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach. [*A Parley sounded.*]

*Enter Senators on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,<sup>58</sup> and  
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,<sup>59</sup>  
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,  
Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;  
And porsy insolence shall break his wind,  
With fear, and horrid flight.

*1st Sen.* Noble and young,  
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,

We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity.

*2nd Sen.* So did we woo  
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.

*1st 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.

*2nd Sen.* Nor are they living,  
Who were the motives that you first went out ;  
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess  
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,  
Into our city with thy banners spread :  
By decimation, and a tithed death,  
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,  
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth ;  
And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
Let die the spotted.

*1st Sen.* All have not offended ;  
For those that were, it is not square, to take,  
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,  
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :  
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,  
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall  
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,  
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,  
But kill not all together.

*2nd Sen.* What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

*1st Sen.* Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

*2nd Sen.* Throw thy glove,  
Or any token of thine honour else,

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>60</sup>  
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,  
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,  
Fall, and no more : and,—to atone your fears  
With my more noble meaning,<sup>61</sup>—not a man  
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
But shall be remedied, to your public laws  
At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the Gates.*]

*Enter a 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 impression  
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* [*Reads.*] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched  
soul bereft :

Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left !  
Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :  
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here thy  
gait.<sup>62</sup>

These well express in thee thy latter spirits ;  
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets  
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead  
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory  
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,  
And I will use the olive with my sword :  
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ;  
make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]



## NOTES TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

<sup>1</sup> *He passes.*

That is, he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds; the meter would be perfect, and the passage less abrupt, if we were to read, he passes praise.

<sup>2</sup> *If he will touch the estimate.*

Agree to the price.

<sup>3</sup> *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile, &c.*

The poet is here reading his own work, and these three lines are the introduction of a poem addressed to Timon.

<sup>4</sup> *In a wide sea of wax.*

The ancients wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. The meaning is, he does not limit his subject, but lets it run out to such extent, that the writing of it consumes a wide sea of wax.

<sup>5</sup> *'Tis conceiv'd to scope.*

Grandly imagined; it is a conception without restraint.

<sup>6</sup> *Therefore he will be, Timon.*

He is honest because it is his nature to be so; let him enjoy the happiness arising from his honesty, but not the love of my daughter.

<sup>7</sup> *It would unclaw me quite.*

To unclaw is to unwind or undo.

<sup>8</sup> *Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow,*

*When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.*

Wait for my courtesy until that happen, which will never happen; namely, until thou art transformed to a dog, and these parasites become honest men.

<sup>9</sup> *That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*

Warburton reads;—

That I had *so hungry* a wit to be a lord.

That is, I should hate myself for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. Mr. Heath proposes to read;—

That I had *so wrong'd* my wit to be a lord.

But all alterations of the line must be merely conjectural.

<sup>10</sup> *Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?*

The line contains an allusion to a proverbial saying of the time of Shakspeare, "Confess and be hanged."

<sup>11</sup> *Methinks they should invite them without knives.*

"It was the custom," says Ritson, "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. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's Museum. They were strangers at that period to the use of forks.

<sup>12</sup> *My lord in heart.*

That is, your health, my lord, with all my heart, in all sincerity.

<sup>13</sup> *Honour, and fortunes, keep with you Lord Timon.*

The sense would be more clearly expressed, and the line more metrical, if the word *you* were omitted.

<sup>14</sup> *Will give away thyself in paper shortly.*

That is, be ruined by securities entered into. Dr. Farmer would read —thyself in *paper*.

<sup>15</sup> ——— *I'll lock*

*Thy heaven from thee.*

By his *heaven* he means good advice. He will no longer by counsel attempt to save Timon from ruin.

<sup>16</sup> *Be not ceased, i.e. silenced or stopped.*

<sup>17</sup> *Good even, Varro.*

Dr. Johnson says that this *good even* is before dinner, for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will go forth again as soon as dinner's done. On this Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks that *good even*, or as it was sometimes written, *good den*, was the usual salutation after noon, the moment that good morrow became improper. It may also be remarked that the servants here call each other by their masters' names; this might have been a sly satire on the assumptions of servants, or it might have proceeded from the negligence of the poet.

<sup>18</sup> *That with your other noble parts you'll suit.*

That is, that you will on this occasion act in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities.

<sup>19</sup> *Enter Apemantus and a Fool.*

Dr. Johnson supposes something to be here lost, in which the audience are informed that the Fool and the Page, who subsequently enters, were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan; upon a knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities. Shakspeare, however, frequently introduces his characters with much abruptness, and leaves their condition and previous history to the imagination of his readers.

<sup>20</sup> *More than his artificial one.*

His *artificial one* was the philosopher's stone, which in those times was much talked of.

<sup>21</sup> *I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock.*

Sir T. Hanmer says a *wasteful cock* is a cock-loft or garret put to no use, but Mr. Collins has an explanation which I prefer. He says a wasteful cock is what we now call a waste-pipe; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns, and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation.

<sup>22</sup> *With certain half-caps.*

With a stiff and cold courtesy; a *half-cap* signifies a cap slightly moved, not put off.

<sup>23</sup> *Ingeniously I speak.*

*Ingenious*, that is, witty, inventive; was anciently used in the same sense as *ingenuous*—open, frank, candid.

<sup>24</sup> *To expel sickness, but prolong his hour.*

That is, prolong the hour of sickness. *His* for *its*.

<sup>25</sup> *Yet had he mistook him and sent to me.*

Dr. Johnson proposes to read—"had he *not* mistook him," i.e. had he not been deceived in his opinion of him, and sent to me, I would have supplied his wants.

<sup>26</sup> *With so many talents.*

Thus the old copy, but we should certainly read with fifty talents, the sum Servilius was directed to apply for. This is evident by the answer—"He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents."

<sup>27</sup> *I would have put my wealth into donation,  
And the best half should have return'd to him.*

This passage is evidently corrupt; the wealth of the speaker could not have *returned* to Timon, because it never came from him. Sir T. Hanmer proposed to substitute *attorn'd*, but that reading would be hard and forced. Mr. Steevens says the word *returns* being sometimes used by Shakspeare in the sense of replies; as thus he returns, i.e. answers, he would so explain it in this passage, and the sense would be as follows:—"The best half of my wealth should have been the reply returned to Timon, in answer to his request.

<sup>28</sup> *Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.*

That is, keep within doors for fear of duns.

<sup>29</sup> *He is a man setting his fate aside.*

That is, setting aside this unfortunate deed which was predetermined by fate, and for which he is therefore not strictly chargeable.

<sup>30</sup> *But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.*

That is, I call mercy herself to witness that defensive violence is just.

<sup>31</sup> *The rest of your fees.*

*Fees* has no sense; it is probably a misprint for *foes*.

<sup>32</sup> *Green*, i.e. young, immature.

<sup>33</sup> *With multiplying banns.*

That is, accumulated curses; multiplying is used for multiplied.

<sup>34</sup> *Let me be recorded.*

Sir T. Hanmer would substitute the much clearer and more forcible reading—*Let it* be recorded.

<sup>35</sup> ————— *Not nature,*

*To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature.*

This passage is unintelligible, but may be made clear enough by the addition of a single letter. If we read—*not natures*, &c., the sense will be:—Not those wretched beings who are afflicted with all kinds of evils, can bear a sudden reverse of fortune, and become prosperous without despising their fellow-creatures.

<sup>36</sup> *It is the pasture lards the brother's sides.*

This is an obscure line which the editors of Shakspeare have, in their attempts to explain, rendered still more doubtful. Warburton proposes—the *wether's* sides. This is merely a conjectural reading, but I think it the best offered.

<sup>37</sup> *Fang mankind*, i.e. seize upon, gripe, or tear.

<sup>38</sup> *Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods?  
I am no idle votarist.*

No, I do not desire wealth; my protestations against it are sincere. I am no inconstant suppliant of nature, gold will not tempt me to forsake her solitudes for society.

<sup>39</sup> *The wappen'd widow.*

Of this word, Johnson says, he has found no example, nor does he know the meaning. Mr. Steevens suggests the meaning of it to be debilitated by the diseases of debauchery.

<sup>40</sup> *She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores  
Would cast the gorge at.*

Mr. Steevens would read:—

She whose ulcerous sores the spital-house, &c.

But the passage may stand without emendation; the *spital-house* is used metaphorically, for the inmates of it, and ulcerous sores for the possessors of them.

<sup>41</sup> ————— *I will make thee  
Do thy right nature.*

That is, I will bury thee again, consign thee to the earth where nature placed thee.

<sup>42</sup> *Phrynia.*

Shakspeare probably meant *Phryne*, but spelt the name from recollection. She was an Athenian courtesan, so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom, which was artfully uncovered by her advocate so softened her judges that they spared her life.

NOTES TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

<sup>43</sup> *With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules.*

We might repair the defective metre by adopting a Shaksperean epithet, and reading—gules total gules.

<sup>44</sup> *I see them now ; then was a blessed time.*

From Timon's answer it is probable that Shakspere wrote—*Thine* was a blessed time.

<sup>45</sup> *I'll trust to your conditions.*

You need not swear to continue your dissolute lives, I will trust to your wanton natures that you will do so.

<sup>46</sup> ———— *And thatch your poor thin roofs,  
With burdens of the dead.*

*Poor thin roofs* mean heads which have lost much of their hair from the effects of disease, which he tells them to hide by wearing false hair, hair which belonged to the dead. Thus in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:—

And with large sums they stick not to procure  
Hair from the dead, yea, and the most unclean  
To help their pride they nothing will disdain.

<sup>47</sup> *Below crisp heaven.*

Mr. Upton says *crisp* is used as curled, bent, hollow ; Dr. Warburton would read *cript*, i.e. vaulted.

<sup>48</sup> *Hug their deceas'd perfumes*, i.e. their mistresses.

<sup>49</sup> *What a knave too ?*

I always knew thee for a fool, now I see thou art a knave also, for to vex another by design is villany.

<sup>50</sup> *They mock'd thee for too much curiosity.*

For too much refinement, or rather finical delicacy.

<sup>51</sup> *Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would con-  
found thee.*

In Gesner's *Animal History*, it is said that the unicorn and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn, he betakes himself to a tree ; the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion descends and kills him.

<sup>52</sup> *O thou touch of hearts.*

*Touch* is used for *touchstone*: Thou touchstone of hearts.

<sup>53</sup> *Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.*

We should read *much of meet*, i.e. much of what you ought to be.

<sup>54</sup> *Yet thanks I must you con.*

To *con* thanks, is a common expression among our old dramatic writers, for to give or owe thanks.

<sup>55</sup> ———— *It almost turns*

*My dangerous nature wild.*

Warburton says it should be *mild* for *wild*. Timon's nature was already wild enough, but the conduct of the steward was such as to calm and soften his distraction.

<sup>56</sup> *Thou draw'st a counterfeit*

A *counterfeit* is a portrait or picture.

<sup>57</sup> *Allow'd with absolute power.*

*Allow'd* is licensed, privileged : absolute command shall be granted him.

<sup>58</sup> *Travers'd arms*, i.e. arms folded across.

<sup>59</sup> *The time is flush*, i.e. mature.

<sup>60</sup> *Your uncharg'd ports*, i.e. unattacked ports.

<sup>61</sup> ———— *To atone your fears,*

*With my more noble meaning.*

To reconcile them to his noble intention, to gain their belief of it.

<sup>62</sup> *But pass, and stay not here thy gait.*

Shakspere formed this epitaph out of two which he found in Plutarch ; the following is the passage containing them. " He [Timon] was buried at Halæ near the sea, and the water surrounded his tomb in such a manner, that he was even then inaccessible to mankind. The following epitaph is inscribed on his monument :—

At last I've bid the knaves farewell ;

Ask not my name—but go—to hell.

It is said that he wrote this epitaph himself. That which is commonly repeated was written by Callimachus :—

My name is Timon : knaves begone !

Curse me, but come not near my stone !

H. T.

## Troilus and Cressida.

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SHAKSPERE, in the two concluding lines of the prologue to this play, appears to have anticipated that it would not be exceedingly popular; to say the truth, it is the most desultory and rambling of his acknowledged works: extending over too great a period of time for the poet fairly to grasp, consisting of too many incidents for effective combination, and of too many characters to permit of their complete development. In this play we miss that constructive art which is generally to be traced in the works of Shakspeare; it is less a drama than a narrative; the story is unconnected and incomplete, and the end is no conclusion. Hector, the hero and favourite of the poet—the brave, yet gentle and generous Hector—is shamefully murdered, in violation both of the laws of arms and humanity, and the large-limbed savage who hacks him to death by deputy, escapes unhurt and in triumph. Troilus talks largely of revenge, but accomplishes none; Cressida is false and unpunished, and, we are to suppose, lives to be the happy mistress of Diomedes, until her voluptuous and fickle nature prompts her to abandon him as readily as she has previously left Troilus.

The destruction of Troy would have been a theme worthy of the pen of Shakspeare, had he confined his overflowing and sometimes erratic genius to his subject; he had admirable materials in his hand, had he attempted less. The play abounds with characters, but they are introduced and then abandoned: before we are fairly acquainted with them, they vanish. Cressida is little more than a sketch, and Cassandra, the mad prophetess, something less than one. The best developed character is Pandarus, and he is altogether contemptible. Thersites is probably the original of Apemantus; there is, at least, a resemblance between them, but the latter is the most finished character. Shakspeare apparently intended to create a sympathy and admiration for Troilus, for he makes "that same dog-fox, Ulysses," speak eloquently in his favour, comparing him with Hector, and declaring that he was:—

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;  
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calmed:  
His heart and hand both open and both free.

Still, a mere lover is generally an insipid creation, and Troilus is scarcely an exception to the rule; he wants purpose, decision, and moral courage. The conduct of Pandarus is mean and officious enough, but Troilus shares his shame by employing him. Cressida was open to be wooed, and easy to be won; she is sufficiently complying, in all conscience, and only retires when she is feebly pursued. Had Troilus won her in an open, manly manner, he would probably have preserved both her affection and her honour. Fanciful, giddy coquette as she is, she would have remained virtuous, had she not encountered temptation.

But I must qualify my censure; vague as the play is, it is full of fine poetry and profound observations; if we are for a moment angry with Shakspeare for his wanderings or his inconsistency, he soon wins us back to him with bribes of thought and beauty. The play also has many fine scenes; for instance, that between Cressida and her uncle, in the first act, is remarkable for sparkling dialogue; the same may be said of the first scene of the second act, between the savage jester Thersites, and the blunt Ajax. The short scene in the third act, where Helen is introduced, is exceedingly natural and lively; the equivocations of the servant whom Pandarus addresses, are fully as humorous as the sayings of the licensed fools in other of our poet's plays. The following scene in the garden of Pandarus, where the lovers meet and confess their affection, is exceedingly beautiful; we are reminded for a moment of a similar scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, but the resemblance soon ceases—the passionate, though chaste and womanly affection of Juliet, compared to the wanton

## TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.

appetite of Cressida, is as a pure bright star in heaven to the cold delusive fire which dances in darkness over the stagnant pool or trackless marsh. The dialogue between Achilles and Hector, after the tournament, is in Shakspeare's happiest style. The bulky Achilles scanning the Trojan prince with his eyes, and soliciting the gods to tell him in what part of his body he should destroy great Hector, is the sublime of chivalry. Hector's passionate rejoinder:—

Henceforth, guard thee well;  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
But, by the forge that stithed Mars his helm,  
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.

is equally fine; while the whole of the fifth act is full of vigour and bustle, and exceedingly animated.

Schlegel ingeniously accounts for the manner in which Shakspeare has treated this subject by saying:—"The whole is one continued irony of that crown of all heroic tales, the tale of Troy. The contemptible nature of the Trojan war, the laziness and discord with which it was carried on, so that the siege was made to last ten years, are only placed in clearer light by the noble descriptions, the sage and ingenious maxims with which the work overflows, and the high ideas which the heroes entertain of themselves and each other."

Shakspeare is supposed to have produced this drama in 1601 or 1602; he borrowed the story chiefly from Chaucer's poem of the same name; though he was also indebted to Lydgate's *Historie of the Destruction of Troy*, and the first seven books of Chapman's translation of Homer. But his chief obligations were certainly to Chaucer, who details the love of Troilus and Cressida, and the assistance they derived from Pandarus, at great length. In his story Troilus is slain by Achilles; and, says the venerable old gossip:—

And whan that he was slain in this manere  
His lightè goste ful blisfully is went  
Up to the holownesse of the seventh sphere,  
In his place leting everiche element,  
And there he sawe, with ful avisèment,  
The erratike sterres, hearkening harmonie,  
With sownis ful of hevin's melodie.

And doun from thennis fast he gan avise  
This litil spotte of erth that with the se  
Embraced is, and fully gan dispise  
This wretchid world, and helde al vanite  
In respecte of the plaine felicite  
That is in heven above, and at the last  
There he was slaine his loking doun he cast.

The old poet's story consists of eighteen hundred and sixty-nine stanzas, and is, in my estimation, sufficiently tedious to wade through. It may be very barbarous and tasteless to say so: but although sentiments, which might be eloquent but for the rude and obsolete language in which they are expressed, occasionally occur, still the whole tale does not contain one great or brilliant thought, or one exquisitely poetical simile. Little more than a century and-a-half occurred between the death of Chaucer and the birth of Shakspeare, yet the works of the former are obsolete and half-forgotten, while the dramas of the latter are yet as fresh, vivid, and attractive as if they had but just been given to the world. The works of Chaucer have but a feeble ray of genius, cold and flickering—those of Shakspeare contain a pregnant heat of vital power which attracts and warms all hearts.

In the collected works of Chaucer, the story of *Troilus and Cressida* is followed by *The Testament of Creseide*, a conclusion of the tale by another writer, supposed to be one Robert Henderson, a school-master of Dunfermline. In this continuation, Creseide, for railing upon Venus and Cupid, is by the gods transformed into a leper; and ends her life in great poverty and misery. The idea is coarse and unpoetical but it is not unskillfully treated, when we consider the rudeness of our language at that period.

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

HECTOR, *a Son of Priam.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 9.

TROILUS, *a Son of Priam.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 9.

PARIS, *a Son of Priam.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 8.

DEIPHOBUS, *a Son of Priam.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

HELENUS, *a Son of Priam.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

ÆNEAS, *a Trojan Commander.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 11.

ANTENOR, *a Trojan Commander.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 11.

MARGARELON, *a bastard Son of Priam.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 8.

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 8; sc. 10.

ACHILLES, *a Grecian Commander.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 9.

AJAX, *a Grecian Commander.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

ULYSSES, *a Grecian Commander.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.

NESTOR, *a Grecian Commander.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.

DIOMEDES, *a Grecian Commander.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

PATROCLUS, *a Friend of Achilles.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Greek.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 8.

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.

SERVANT to Troilus.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2

SERVANT to Paris.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

SERVANT to Diomedes.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 5.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus, but living with Paris.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3.

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

*Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE.—TROY; and the Grecian Camp before it.

# Troilus and Cressida.

## PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece  
The princes orgulous,<sup>1</sup> their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore  
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,  
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come;  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,

Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,  
And Antenorides, with massy staples,  
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Sperr up the sons of Troy.<sup>2</sup>  
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come  
A prologue arm'd,<sup>3</sup>—but not in confidence  
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited  
In like conditions as our argument,—  
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
Leaps o'er the vaunt<sup>4</sup> and firstlings of those broils,  
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away  
To what may be digested in a play.  
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

*Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*

*Tro.* Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:  
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within?  
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

*Pan.* Will this geer ne'er be mended?

*Tro.* The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;  
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

*Pan.* Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

*Tro.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

*Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.  
At Priam's royal table do I sit;  
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—  
So, Traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

*Pan.* Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;

Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,  
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)  
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:  
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

*Pan.* An her hair were not somewhat darker  
than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more  
comparison between the women,—But, for my part,  
she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it,  
praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her  
talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your  
sister Cassandra's wit; but—

*Tro.* O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—  
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;  
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seisure  
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st  
me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;  
But, saying, thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
The knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

*Pan.* 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as  
she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she  
be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

*Tro.* Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

*Pan.* I have had my labour for my travel; ill-  
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone  
between and between, but small thanks for my  
labour.

*Tro.* What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,  
with me?

*Pan.* Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's  
not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me,  
she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sun-  
day. But what care I? I care not, an she were a  
black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

*Tro.* Say I, she is not fair?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's  
a fool to stay behind her father;<sup>5</sup> let her to the  
Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her:  
for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the  
matter.

*Tro.* Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave  
all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PAN.* *An Alarm.*]

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace,  
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,  
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.  
I cannot fight upon this argument;  
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.  
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!  
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;  
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,  
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.  
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,  
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?  
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:  
Between our Ilium,<sup>6</sup> and where she resides,  
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;  
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,  
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

*Alarum.* *Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not  
afield?<sup>7</sup>

*Tro.* Because not there; This woman's answer  
sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

*Æne.* That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

*Tro.* By whom, Æneas?

*Æne.* Troilus, by Menelaus.

*Tro.* Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;  
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

*Æne.* Hark! what good sport is out of town  
to-day!

*Tro.* Better at home, if "would I might," were  
"may."—

But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thi-  
ther?

*Æne.* In all swift haste.

*Tro.* Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.* *A Street.*

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.*

*Cres.* Who were those went by?

*Alex.* Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

*Cres.* And whither go they?

*Alex.* Up to the eastern tower,  
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,



To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd ;  
He chid Andronache, and struck his armourer ;  
And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,  
And to the field goes he ; where every flower  
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.

*Cres.* What was his cause of anger ?

*Alex.* The noise goes, this : There is among the  
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;  
They call him, Ajax.

*Cres.* Good ; And what of him ?

*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*,<sup>s</sup>  
And stands alone.

*Cres.* So do all men ; unless they are drunk,  
sick, or have no legs.

*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts  
of their particular additions ; he is as valiant as the  
lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant : a  
man into whom nature hath so crowded humours,  
that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced  
with discretion : There is no man hath a virtue  
that he hath not a glimpse of ; nor any man an  
attaint, but he carries some stain of it : he is  
melancholy without cause, and merry against the  
hair : He hath the joints of every thing ; but every  
thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus,  
many hands and no use ; or purblind Argus, all  
eyes and no sight.

*Cres.* But how should this man, that makes me  
smile, make Hector angry ?

*Alex.* They say, he yesterday coped Hector in  
the battle, and struck him down ; the disdain and  
shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting  
and waking.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* Who comes here ?

*Alex.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Cres.* Hector's a gallant man.

*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.

*Pan.* What's that ? what's that ?

*Cres.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid : What do  
you talk of ?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do  
you, cousin ? When were you at Ilium ?

*Cres.* This morning, uncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of, when I came ?  
Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium ?  
Helen was not up, was she ?

*Cres.* Hector was gone ; but Helen was not up.

T.

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*Pan.* E'en so ; Hector was stirring early.

*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry ?

*Cres.* So he says here.

*Pan.* True, he was so ; I know the cause too ;  
he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that ;  
and there is Troilus will not come far behind him ;  
let them take heed of Troilus ; I can tell them that  
too.

*Cres.* What, is he angry too ?

*Pan.* Who, Troilus ? Troilus is the better man  
of the two.

*Cres.* O, Jupiter ! there's no comparison.

*Pan.* What, not between Troilus and Hector ?  
Do you know a man if you see him ?

*Cres.* Ay ; if ever I saw him before, and knew  
him.

*Pan.* Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

*Cres.* Then you say as I say ; for, I am sure, he  
is not Hector.

*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some  
degrees.

*Cres.* 'Tis just to each of them ; he is himself.

*Pan.* Himself ? Alas, poor Troilus ! I would, he  
were,—

*Cres.* So he is.

*Pan.* —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to  
India.

*Cres.* He is not Hector.

*Pan.* Himself ? no, he's not himself.—Would  
'a were himself ! Well, the gods are above ; Time  
must friend, or end : Well, Troilus, well,—I would,  
my heart were in her body !—No, Hector is not a  
better man than Troilus.

*Cres.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* The other's not come to't ; you shall tell  
me another tale, when the other's come to't.  
Hector shall not have his wit this year.

*Cres.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities ;—

*Cres.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cres.* 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece : Helen her-  
self swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown  
favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown  
neither.

*Cres.* No, but brown.

*Pan.* 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

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*Cres.* Why, Paris hath colour enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

*Cres.* Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

*Cres.* Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed window,<sup>9</sup>—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

*Pan.* Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

*Cres.* Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?<sup>10</sup>

*Pan.* But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

*Cres.* Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

*Cres.* O, he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not?

*Cres.* O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

*Pan.* Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

*Pan.* Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

*Cres.* Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

*Cres.* With mill-stones.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed.

*Cres.* But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

*Pan.* And Hector laughed.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

*Cres.* An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

*Pan.* They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

*Cres.* What was his answer?

*Pan.* Quoth she, "Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true; make no question of that. "One and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck it out, and give it him." But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

*Cres.* So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

*Cres.* So I do.

*Pan.* I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

*Pan.* Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

*ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.*

*Cres.* Speak not so loud.

*Pan.* That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*ANTENOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

*Cres.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall have more.

*HECTOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

*Cres.* O, a brave man!

*Pan.* Is 'n not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*PARIS passes over.*

*Pan.* Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder come Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now;—you shall see Troilus anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*HELENUS passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

*Cres.* Can Helenus fight, uncle?

*Pan.* Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROIILUS passes over.*

*Pan.* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

*Cres.* Peace, for shame, peace!

*Pan.* Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you, how his sword is blooded, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris

is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

*Forces pass over the Stage.*

*Cres.* Here come more.

*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

*Cres.* There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

*Pan.* Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

*Cres.* Well, well.

*Pan.* Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

*Cres.* Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

*Pan.* You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

*Cres.* Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches.

*Cres.* Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

*Pan.* You are such another!

*Enter TROIILUS' Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your own house; there he unarms him.

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.* I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cres.* Adieu, uncle.

*Pan.* I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

*Cres.* To bring, uncle,—

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus.

*Cres.* By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit PAN.*

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise:  
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see  
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;  
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:  
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:<sup>11</sup>  
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not  
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:  
That she was never yet, that ever knew  
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:  
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—  
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:  
Then though my heart's content firm love doth  
bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before  
Agamemnon's Tent.*

*Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,  
MENELAUS, and Others.*

*Agam.* Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
The ample proposition, that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.  
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,  
That we come short of our suppose so far,  
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;  
Sith every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,  
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;  
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought  
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,  
To find persistive constancy in men?  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:  
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself  
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

*Nest.* With due observance of thy godlike seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains  
cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse:<sup>12</sup> Where's then the saucy  
boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,  
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,  
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,<sup>13</sup>  
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing  
of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent turn'd in self-same key,  
Returns to chiding fortune.

*Ulyss.* Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.  
Besides the applause and approbation  
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*To AGAM.*]

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out-life.—

[*To NEST.*]

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,  
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,  
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,<sup>14</sup>  
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree  
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears  
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please both,—  
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

*Agam.* Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less  
expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,  
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,  
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,  
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

*Ulyss.* Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,  
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,  
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected :  
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.  
 When that the general is not like the hive,  
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this  
 centre,<sup>16</sup>

Observe degree, priority, and place,  
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
 Office, and eustom, in all line of order :  
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
 Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye  
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
 Sans check, to good and bad : But, when the planets,  
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,  
 What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?  
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?  
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,  
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate<sup>16</sup>  
 The unity and married calm of states  
 Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shak'd,  
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,  
 The enterprise is sick! How could communities,  
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
 Peaceful commérce from dividable shores,  
 The primogenitive and due of birth,  
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
 Take but degree away, untune that string,  
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets  
 In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters  
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,  
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides,)  
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
 Then every thing includes itself in power,  
 Power into will, will into appetite;  
 And appetite, an universal wolf,  
 So doubly seconded with will and power,  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,  
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
 Follows the choking.  
 And this neglect of degree it is,  
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose  
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd

By him one step below; he, by the next;  
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,  
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick  
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

*Nest.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

*Agam.* The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,  
 What is the remedy?

*Ulyss.* The great Achilles,—whom opinion  
 crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,—  
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
 Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,  
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day  
 Breaks scurril jests;  
 And with ridiculous and awkward action  
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)  
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
 Thy topless deputation he puts on;  
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit  
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—  
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming  
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,  
 'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms un-  
 squar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd  
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,  
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;  
 Cries—"Excellent!—'tis Agamemnon just.—  
 Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,  
 As he, being 'drest to some oration."  
 That's done;—as near as the extremest ends  
 Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:  
 Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!  
 'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,  
 Arming to answer in a night alarm."  
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,  
 And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,  
 Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,  
 Sir Valour dies; cries, "O!—enough, Patroclus;—  
 Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all  
 In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,  
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
 Severals and generals of grace exact,

Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.<sup>17</sup>

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain  
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;  
Makes fictitious feasts; rails on our state of war,  
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites  
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)  
To match us in comparisons with dirt;  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;  
Count wisdom as no member of the war;  
ForeSTALL prescience, and esteem no act  
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—  
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure  
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:  
They call this—bed work, mappery, closet-war:  
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness o' his poize,  
They place before his hand that made the engine;  
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls  
By reason guide his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Agam.* What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Men.* From Troy.

*Agam.* What would you 'fore our tent?

*Æne.* Is this  
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

*Agam.* Even this.

*Æne.* May one, that is a herald, and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles' arm  
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice  
Call Agamemnon head and general.

*Æne.* Fair leave and large security. How may  
A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

*Agam.* How?

*Æne.* Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush

Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

*Agam.* This Trojan scorns us; or the men of  
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,  
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Joves'  
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,  
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!  
The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,  
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:  
But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure,  
transcends.

*Agam.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Agam.* What's your affair, I pray you?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

*Agam.* He hears nought privately, that comes  
from Troy.

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:  
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;  
To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
And then to speak.

*Agam.* Speak frankly as the wind;  
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:  
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

*Æne.* Trumpet, blow loud,  
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—  
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy  
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce<sup>18</sup>  
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!  
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,  
That holds his honour higher than his ease;  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;  
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;  
That loves his mistress more than in confession,  
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,  
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.  
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;  
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,  
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,  
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:  
If any come, Hector shall honour him;  
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,  
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth  
The splinter of a lance.<sup>19</sup> Even so much.

*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;  
If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;  
But, if there be not in our Grecian host  
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire  
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—  
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,  
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;  
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady  
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste  
As may be in the world; His youth in flood,  
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

*Ænc.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

*Ulyss.* Amen.

*Agam.* Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your  
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:  
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,  
And find the welcome of a noble fee.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSS. and NEST.*]

*Ulyss.* Nestor,—

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* I have a young conception in my brain,  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is 't?

*Ulyss.* This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how?

*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant Hector  
sends,  
However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as sub-  
stance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:  
And, in the publication, make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,  
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judg-  
ment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
Pointing on him.

*Ulyss.* And wake him to the answer, think you?

*Nest.* Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,  
That can from Hector bring those honours off,  
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,  
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd  
In this wild action: for the success,  
Although particular, shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general;  
And in such indexes, although small pricks  
To their subséquent-volumes, there is seen  
The baby-figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,  
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:  
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
Makes merit her election: and doth boil,  
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd  
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,  
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,  
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,  
In no less working, than are swords and bows  
Directive by the limbs.

*Ulyss.* Give pardon to my speech;—  
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.  
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,  
The lustre of the better shall exceed,  
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
For both our honour and our shame, in this,  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes; what  
are they?

*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from  
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with him.  
But he already is too insolent;  
And we were better parch in Afric sun,  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,

Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,  
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush  
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;  
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax<sup>20</sup> draw  
 The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,  
 Give him allowance for the better man,  
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,  
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall  
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,  
 We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,

Yet go we under our opinion still  
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—  
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.  
*Nest.* Ulysses,  
 Now I begin to relish thy advice;  
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.  
 Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone  
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.  
 [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the Grecian Camp.**Enter AJAX and THERSITES.**Ajax.* Thersites,——*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full,  
all over, generally?*Ajax.* Thersites,——*Ther.* And those boils did run?—Say so,—did  
not the general run then? were not that a botchy  
core?*Ajax.* Dog,——*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him;  
I see none now.*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not  
hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.]*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee,<sup>21</sup> thou  
mongrel beef-witted lord!*Ajax.* Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak:  
I will beat thee into handsomeness.*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holi-  
ness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an  
oration, than thou learn a prayer without book.  
Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy  
jade's tricks!*Ajax.* Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.*Ther.* Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou  
strikest me thus?*Ajax.* The proclamation,——*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.*Ajax.* Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers  
itch.*Ther.* I would, thou didst itch from head to  
foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would  
make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When  
thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as  
slow as another.*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation,——*Ther.* Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on  
Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his great-  
ness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that  
thou barkest at him.*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites!*Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him.*Ajax.* Cobloaf!*Ther.* He would pun thee into shivers<sup>22</sup> with his  
fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.*Ajax.* You whoreson cur! [Beating him.]*Ther.* Do, do.*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!*Ther.* Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou  
hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows;  
an assinego<sup>23</sup> may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant  
ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou  
art bought and sold among those of any wit, like  
a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will  
begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches,  
Thou thing of no bowels, thou!*Ajax.* You dog!*Ther.* You scurvy lord!*Ajax.* You cur! [Beating him.]*Ther.* Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel;  
do, do.*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.**Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you  
thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you?*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.*Achil.* So I do; What's the matter?*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.



*Achil.* Well, why I do so.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pin mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax—

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHIL. interposes.]

*Ther.* Has not so much wit—

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool!

*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

*Ajax.* O thou damned cur! I shall—

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's?

*Ther.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.

*Achil.* What's the quarrel?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serve here voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

*Ther.* Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

*Achil.* What, with me too, Thersites?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

*Achil.* What, what?

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

*Patr.* No more words, Thersites; peace.

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*Ther.* I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.]

*Patr.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,  
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,  
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,  
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare  
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him?

*Achil.* I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

*Ajax.* O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter* PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;  
“Deliver Helen, and all damage else—  
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-  
sum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—  
Shall be struck off:”—Hector, what say you to't?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks  
than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,  
Dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out—“Who knows what fol-  
lows?”

Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:  
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,<sup>21</sup>  
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten;  
What merit's in that reason, which denies  
The yielding of her up?

*Tro.* Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,  
So great as our dread father, in a scale  
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum  
The past-proportion of his infinite?  
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,  
With spans and inches so diminutive  
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at  
reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father  
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,  
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

*Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother  
priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your  
reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm  
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,  
And reason flies the object of all harm:  
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
The very wings of reason to his heels;  
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,  
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and  
honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their  
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect  
Makes livers pale, and lustihood deject.

*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth  
cost

The holding.

*Tro.* What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,  
To make the service greater than the god;  
And the will dotes, that is attributive  
To what infectiously itself affects,  
Without some image of the affected merit.

*Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will;  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,  
Although my will distaste what it elected,

The wife I chose? there can be no evasion  
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:  
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,  
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands  
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,  
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;  
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,  
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;  
And, for an old aunt,<sup>25</sup> whom the Greeks held cap-  
tive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and  
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:  
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,  
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,  
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—"Go, go,")  
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,  
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,  
And cry'd—"Inestimable!") why do you now  
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;  
And do a deed that fortune never did,  
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd  
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;  
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!  
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,  
That in their country did them that disgrace,  
We fear to warrant in our native place!

*Cas.* [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

*Pri.* What noise? what shriek is this?

*Tro.* 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

*Cas.* [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

*Hect.* It is Cassandra.

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*

*Cas.* Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand  
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

*Hect.* Peace, sister, peace.

*Cas.* Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled  
elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,

Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our fire-brand brother,<sup>26</sup> Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

*Hect.* Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains

Of divination in our sister work  
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood  
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,  
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,  
Can qualify the same?

*Tro.* Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act  
Such and no other than event doth form it;  
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,  
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures  
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,  
Which hath our several honours all engag'd  
To make it gracious. For my private part,  
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:  
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain!

*Par.* Else might the world convince of levity  
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:  
But I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project.  
For what, alas, can these my single arms?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,  
And had as ample power as I have will,  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
You have the honey still, but these the gall;  
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape<sup>27</sup>  
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up,  
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,  
That so degenerate a strain as this,  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,  
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,  
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,  
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,  
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Hect.* Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle<sup>28</sup> thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:  
The reasons, you allege, do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure and revenge,  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves,  
All dues be rendered to their owners; Now  
What nearer debt in all humanity,  
Than wife is to the husband? if this law  
Of nature be corrupted through affection;  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory.  
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—  
As it is known she is,—these moral laws  
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud  
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist  
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,  
My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen still;  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:  
Were it not glory that we more affected  
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
She is a theme of honour and renown;  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:  
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,  
For the wide world's revenue.

*Hect.* I am yours,  
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—  
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:  
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,  
Whilst emulation in the army crept;  
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.**Enter* THERSITES.

*Ther.* How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the boneache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

*Enter* PATROCLUS.

*Patr.* Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

*Patr.* What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

*Ther.* Ay; The heavens hear me!

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served

thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

*Achil.* O, tell, tell.

*Ther.* I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal!

*Ther.* Peace, fool; I have not done.

*Achil.* He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

*Achil.* Derive this; come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand of the prover.<sup>29</sup>—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

*Achil.* Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

*Ther.* Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*]

*Agam.* Where is Achilles?

*Patr.* Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

*Agam.* Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

*Patr.* I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*]

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

*Ajax.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man;

but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Takes AGAM. aside.*]

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

*Ulyss.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

*Nest.* Who? Thersites?

*Ulyss.* He.

*Nest.* Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

*Ulyss.* No you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

*Nest.* All the better; their faction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

*Ulyss.* The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

*Re-enter PATROCLUS.*

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

*Patr.* Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him: he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus;—

We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,— Not virtuously on his own part beheld,— Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him: and you shall not  
sin,

If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than  
himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him like an engine

Not portable, lie under this report—

Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give

Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*]

*Agam.* In second voice we'll not be satisfied,

We come to speak with him.—*Ulysses, enter.*

[*Exit ULYSSES.*]

*Ajax.* What is he more than another?

*Agam.* No more than what he thinks he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

*Agam.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

*Agam.* No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

*Nest.* And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?

[*Aside.*]

*Re-enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

*Agam.* What's his excuse?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*Agam.* Why will he not, upon our fair request, Untent his person, and share the air with us?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,

And batters down himself: What should I say?

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it Cry—"No recovery."

*Agam.* Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:  
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,  
At your request, a little from himself.

*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon, let it not be so!  
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud  
    lord,  
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve  
And ruminatè himself,—shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,  
By going to Achilles:  
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;  
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion.  
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;  
And say in thunder—"Achilles, go to him."

*Nest.* O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

*Dio.* And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll  
    pash him  
Over the face.

*Agam.* O, no, you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his  
    pride:

Let me go to him.

*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our  
    quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow,—

*Nest.* How he describes  
Himself! [ *Aside.*

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable?

*Ulyss.* The raven  
Chide's blackness. [ *Aside.*

*Ajax.* I will let his humours blood.

*Agam.* He'll be physician, that should be the  
    patient. [ *Aside.*

*Ajax.* An all men  
Were o' my mind,—

*Ulyss.* Wit would be out of fashion.  
[ *Aside.*

*Ajax.* He should not bear it so,  
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* An 'twould, you'd carry half. [ *Aside.*

*Ulyss.* He'd have ten shares.  
[ *Aside.*

*Ajax.* I'll knead him, I will make him sup-  
    ple:—

*Nest.* He's not yet thorough warm: force him  
    with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [ *Aside.*

*Ulyss.* My lord, you feed too much on this dis-  
    like. [ *To AGAM.*

*Nest.* O noble general, do not do so.

*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

*Ulyss.* Why, 'tis this naming of him does him  
    harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus  
    with us!

I would, he were a Trojan!

*Nest.* What a vice

Were it in Ajax now—

*Ulyss.* If he were proud?

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise?

*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne?

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected?

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of  
    sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee  
    suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half; and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father?

*Nest.* Ay, my good son.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here; the hart  
    Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,  
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

*Agam.* Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.*

*Pan.* Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You do depend upon him, I mean?

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

*Pan.* You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised!

*Pan.* You know me, do you not?

*Serv.* 'Faith, sir, superficially.

*Pan.* Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

*Serv.* I hope, I shall know your honour better.

*Pan.* I do desire it.

*Serv.* You are in the state of grace.

[*Music within.*]

*Pan.* Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

*Pan.* Know you the musicians?

*Serv.* Wholly, sir.

*Pan.* Who play they to?

*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.

*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?

*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir?

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

*Serv.* That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida?

*Serv.* No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris

from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

*Serv.* Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

*Par.* You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.

*Helen.* O, sir,—

*Pan.* Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

*Par.* Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

*Pan.* Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

*Helen.* You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

*Helen.* Nay, but my lord,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

*Par.* I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.<sup>30</sup>

*Pan.* No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

*Par.* Well, I'll make excuse.

*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

*Par.* I spy.

*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done.

*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

*Pan.* He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

*Helen.* Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Helen.* Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

*Pan.* Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow  
Shoots buck and doe:  
The shaft confounds,  
Not that it wounds  
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,  
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!  
So dying love lives still:  
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!  
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

*Helen.* In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts,

and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy; I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece.

*Pan.* I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A Retreat sounded.*

*Par.* They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,  
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,  
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,  
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more  
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

*Helen.* 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,  
Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,  
Give us more palm in beauty than we have;  
Yea, overshines ourself.

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.* Pandarus' Orchard.

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.*

*Pan.* How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

*Serv.* No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Pan.* O, here he comes.—How now, how now?  
*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,  
And give me swift transportance to those fields,  
Where I may wallow in the lily beds



Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to Cressid!

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her  
straight. [Exit PAN.]

*Tro.* I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,  
When that the watry palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear  
me;

Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* She's making her ready, she'll come  
straight: you must be witty now. She does so  
blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were  
frayed with a sprito: I'll fetch her. It is the pret-  
tiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a  
new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit PAN.]

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my  
bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring  
The eye of majesty.

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush? shame's  
a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to  
her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you  
gone again? you must be watched ere you be made  
tame, must you? Come your ways, come your  
ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the  
fills.<sup>31</sup>—Why do you not speak to her?—Come,  
draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas  
the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an  
'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on,  
and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-  
farm!<sup>32</sup> build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.  
Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you.  
The falcon as the tereel, for all the ducks i' the  
river: go to, go to.

*Tro.* You have bereft me of all words, lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but  
she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your  
activity in question. What, billing again? Here's

—"In witness whereof the parties interchange-  
ably"—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[Exit PAN.]

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O Cressida, how often have I wished me  
thus?

*Cres.* Wished my lord?—The gods grant!—O  
my lord!

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this  
pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my  
sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cres.* More dregs than water, if my fears have  
eyes.

*Tro.* Fears make devils cherubims; they never  
see truly.

*Cres.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds  
safer footing than blind reason stumbling without  
fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

*Tro.* O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all  
Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Nor nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro.* Nothing, but our undertakings; when we  
vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame  
tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to  
devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo  
any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity  
in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the  
execution confined; that the desire is boundless,  
and the act a slave to limit.

*Cres.* They say, all lovers swear more perform-  
ance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability  
that they never perform; vowing more than the  
perfection of ten, and discharging less than the  
tenth part of one. They that have the voice of  
lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we: Praise  
us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head  
shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in  
reversion shall have a praise in present: we will  
not name desert, before his birth; and, being  
born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to  
fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as  
what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his  
truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer  
than Troilus.

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* What, blushing still? have you not done  
talking yet?

*Cres.* Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedi-  
cate to you.

*Pan.* I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy

of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

*Tro.* You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

*Cres.* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day  
For many weary months.

*Tro.* Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

*Cres.* Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;— If I confess much, you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but not, till now, so much But I might master it:—in faith, I lie; My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves? But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man; Or that we women had men's privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue: For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence, Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss: I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?— For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid?

*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,——

*Cres.* Pray you, content you.

*Tro.* What offends you, lady?

*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.* You cannot shun Yourself.

*Cres.* Let me go and try: I have a kind of self resides with you; But an unkind self, that itself will leave, To be another's fool. I would be gone:— Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

*Tro.* We'll know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

*Cres.* Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;  
Or else you love not; For, to be wise, and love,  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

*Tro.* O, that I thought it could be in a woman,  
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)  
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!  
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—  
That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be affronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;  
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,  
I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

*Cres.* In that I'll war with you.

*Tro.* O virtuous fight,  
When right with right wars who shall be most  
right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,  
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,  
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,  
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—  
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,<sup>33</sup>  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—  
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
As truth's authentic author to be cited,  
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,  
And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be!  
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as  
false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;  
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
As false as Cressid.

*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it;  
I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here,  
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to  
another, since I have taken such pains to bring you  
together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to  
the world's end after my name, call them all—

Pandars ; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars ! say, amen.

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death : away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,  
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,  
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud  
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,  
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove<sup>34</sup>  
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
To doubtful fortunes ; séquest'ring from me all  
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;  
And here, to do you service, am become  
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted  
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
To give me now a little benefit,  
Out of those many register'd in promise,  
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

*Agam.* What would'st thou of us, Trojan ? make demand.

*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
Yesterday took ; Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,)  
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied : But this Antenor,  
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,  
That their negotiations all must slack,  
Wanting his manage ; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither ; Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange :

Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden  
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIO. and CAL.

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

*Ulyss.* Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :—  
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :  
I will come last : 'Tis like, he'll question me,  
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on  
him :

If so, I have derision med'cinable,  
To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;  
It may do good : pride hath no other glass  
To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees  
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

*Agam.* We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;—  
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What, comes the general to speak with me ?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Agam.* What says Achilles ? would he aught  
with us ?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the  
general ?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing, my lord.

*Agam.* The better. [*Exeunt* AGAM. and NEST.

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you ? how do you ? [*Exit* MEN.

*Achil.* What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus ?

*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha ?

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit* AJAX.

*Achil.* What mean these fellows ? Know they  
not Achilles ?

*Patr.* They pass by strangely : they were us'd  
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;  
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep  
To holy altars.

*Achil.* What, am I poor of late ?  
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too : What the declin'd is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,  
 As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,  
 Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;  
 And not a man, for being simply man,  
 Hath any honour; but honour for those honours  
 That are without him, as place, riches, favour,  
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit:  
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
 Do one pluck down another, and together  
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:  
 Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy  
 At ample point all that I did possess,  
 Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out  
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;  
 I'll interrupt his reading.—  
 How now, Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son?

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here  
 Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,<sup>35</sup>  
 How much in having, or without, or in,—  
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;  
 As when his virtues shining upon others  
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
 To the first giver.

*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.  
 The beauty that is borne here in the face  
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
 To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself  
 That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,  
 Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd  
 Salutes each other with each other's form.  
 For speculation turns not to itself,  
 Till it hath travell'd, and is married there  
 Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,  
 It is familiar; but at the author's drift:  
 Who, in his circumstance,<sup>36</sup> expressly proves—  
 That no man is the lord of any thing,  
 (Though in and of him there be much consisting,)  
 Till he communicate his parts to others:  
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
 Where they are extended; which, like an arch  
 reverberates  
 The voice again; or like a gate of steel  
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;  
 And apprehended here immediately  
 The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;  
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what things  
 there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!  
 What things again most dear in the esteem,  
 And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,  
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him,  
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,  
 While some men leave to do!  
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!  
 How one man eats into another's pride,  
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness!  
 To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;  
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
 And great Troy shrinking.

*Achil.* I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,  
 As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me  
 Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude:  
 Those scraps are good deeds past: which are  
 devour'd,

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
 As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
 Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
 That one by one pursue: If you give way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
 And leave you hindmost;—  
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
 O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in  
 present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:  
 For time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;  
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was;  
 For beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time.  
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—

That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past;  
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
More laud than gilt o'er dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:  
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
And still it might; and yet it may again,  
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,  
And ease thy reputation in thy tent;  
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,  
And drove great Mars to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

*Ulyss.* But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroical:  
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.<sup>37</sup>

*Achil.* Ha! known? *Ulyss.* Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;  
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the  
gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
There is a mystery (with whom relation  
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;<sup>38</sup>  
Which hath an operation more divine,  
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:  
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,  
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;  
And better would it fit Achilles much,  
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:  
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;  
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—  
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;  
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."  
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[*Exit.*]

*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:  
A woman impudent and mannish grown  
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man  
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;  
They think, my little stomach to the war,  
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:  
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to air.

*Achil.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

*Patr.* Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour  
by him.

*Achil.* I see, my reputation is at stake;  
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

*Patr.* O, then beware;  
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:  
Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*Achil.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:  
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him  
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,  
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's long-  
ing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;  
To talk with him, and to behold his visage  
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* A wonder.

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field, asking  
for himself.

*Achil.* How so?

*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with  
Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic  
eudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be?

*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,  
a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an  
hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to  
set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a poli-  
tic regard, as who should say—there were wit in  
this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it  
lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will  
not show without knocking. The man's undone  
for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the  
combat, he'll break it himself in vain glory. He  
knows not me: I said, "Good-morrow, Ajax;" and  
he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think  
you of this man, that takes me for the general?  
He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a mon-  
ster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on  
both sides, like a leather jerkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him,  
Thersites.

*Ther.* Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he

professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax.

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent!—

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

*Ther.* Agamemnon?

*Patr.* Ay, my lord.

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* What say you to 't?

*Ther.* God be wi' you, with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart.

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*Ther.* Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHIL. and PATR.]

*Ther.* 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Troy. *A Street.*

*Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHORUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with Torches.*

*Par.* See, ho! who's that there?

*Dei.* 'Tis the lord Æneas.

*Æne.* Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,  
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business  
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

*Dio.* That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:  
Witness the process of your speech, wherein  
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir,  
During all question of the gentle truce:  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,  
As heart can think, or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:  
But when contention and occasion meet.  
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,  
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly  
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,  
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,  
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,  
No man alive can love, in such a sort,  
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathise:—Jove, let Æneas live,  
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun!  
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,  
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

*Æne.* We know each other well.

*Dio.* We do; and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—  
What business, lord, so early?

*Æne.* I was sent for to the king; but why, I  
know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you<sup>39</sup> 'Twas to bring  
this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,  
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid:  
Let's have your company; or, if you please,  
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,  
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain know-  
ledge.)

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;  
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,  
We shall be much unwelcome.

*Ane.* That I assure you;  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*Par.* There is no help;  
The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

*Ane.* Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me  
true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—  
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,  
Myself, or Menelaus?

*Dio.* Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her  
(Not making any scruple of her soilure),  
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;  
And you as well to keep her, that defend her  
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour),  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:  
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:  
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor  
more;

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your countrywoman,

*Dio.* She's bitter to her country: Hear me,  
Paris,—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,  
She hath not given so many good words breath,  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—  
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.  
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Court before the House  
of Pandarus.*

*Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle  
down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

*Tro.* Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give us soft attachment to thy senses,  
As infants' empty of all thought!

*Cres.* Good morrow then.

*Tro.* 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

*Cres.* Are you aweary of me?

*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,  
I would not from thee.

*Cres.* Night hath been too brief.

*Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights  
she stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cres.* 'Pr'ythee, tarry;—

You men will never tarry,—  
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,  
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's  
one up.

*Pan.* [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open  
here?

*Tro.* It is your uncle.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* A pestilence on him! now will he be  
mocking:

I shall have such a life,—

*Pan.* How now, how now? how go maidenheads?  
—Here, you maid; where's my cousin Cressid?

*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking  
uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what?—let her say  
what: what have I brought you to do?

*Cres.* Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll  
ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor ca-  
pocchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not,  
a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*Knocking.*]

*Cres.* Did I not tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—  
My lord, come you again into my chamber;  
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha!

*Cres.* Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing. — [Knocking.]

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;  
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt* TRO. and CRES.]

*Pan.* [Going to the door.] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

*Enter* ÆNEAS.

*Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

*Æne.* Is not prince Troilus here?

*Pan.* Here! what should he do here?

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;

It doth import him much, to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

*Æne.* Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:  
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:  
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither;  
Go.

*As* PANDARUS *is going out, enter* TROILUS.

*Tro.* How now? what's the matter?

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash:<sup>40</sup> There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it so concluded?

*Æne.* By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me!  
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,  
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.<sup>41</sup>

[*Exeunt* TRO. and ÆNE.]

*Pan.* Is 't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

*Enter* CRESSIDA.

*Cres.* How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

*Pan.* Ah, ah!

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

*Cres.* O the gods!—what's the matter?

*Pan.* Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

*Cres.* O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; No, kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

*Pan.* Do, do.

*Cres.* Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks:  
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before* Pandarus' House.

*Enter* PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

*Par.* It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek

Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,



Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk in to her house;  
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;  
And to his hand when I deliver her,  
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus  
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* I know what 'tis to love;  
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—  
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violenteth in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?  
If I could temporize with my affection,  
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
The like allayment could I give my grief:  
My love admits no qualifying dross:  
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*Enter TROIUS.*

*Pan.* Here, here, here, he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

*Cres.* O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here: Let me embrace too: "O heart,"—as the goodly saying is,—

———— O heart, O heavy heart,  
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,  
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,  
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,  
More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envy?

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

*Cres.* And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.

*Cres.* What, and from Troilus too?

*Tro.* From Troy, and Troilus.

*Cres.* Is it possible?

*Tro.* And suddenly; where injury of chance  
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows  
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:  
We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves  
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.  
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,  
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:  
As many farewells as he stars in heaven,  
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,  
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;  
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

*Ane.* [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

*Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the  
Genuis so  
Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—  
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,  
or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[*Exit PAN.*]

*Cres.* I must then to the Greeks?

*Tro.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry  
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

*Tro.* Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of  
heart,—

*Cres.* I true! how now? what wicked deem is  
this?<sup>2</sup>

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly  
For it is parting from us:  
I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;  
For I will throw my glove to death himself,  
That there's no maculation in thy heart:  
But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in  
My sequent protestation; be thou true,  
And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dan-  
gers  
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

*Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear  
this sleeve.

*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I see you?

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true,

*Cres.* O heavens!—be true, again?

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love;

The Grecian youths are full of quality ;  
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature  
    flowing,  
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;  
How novelty may move, and parts with person,  
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy  
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)  
Makes me afraid.

*Cres.* O heavens ! you love me not.

*Tro.* Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in question,  
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,  
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :

But I can tell, that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,  
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think, I will ?

*Tro.* No.

But something may be done, that we will not :  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeful potency.

*Æne.* [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

*Tro.* Come, kiss ; and let us part.

*Par.* [*Within.*] Brother Troilus !

*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither ;

And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

*Cres.* My lord, will you be true ?

*Tro.* Who I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault :  
While others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper  
    crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit  
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

*Enter* ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and  
    DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed ! here is the lady,  
Which for Antenor we deliver you :  
At the port,<sup>43</sup> lord, I'll give her to thy hand ;  
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.  
Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilium.

*Dio.* Fair lady Cressid,  
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects :  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,

Pleads your fair usage : and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,  
In praising her : I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,  
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge ;  
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus :  
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,  
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,  
I'll answer to my lust : And know you, lord,  
I'll nothing do on charge : To her own worth  
She shall be priz'd ; but that you say—be't so,  
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

*Tro.* Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,  
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—  
Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,  
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TRO., CRES., and DIO.

[*Trumpet heard.*

*Par.* Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

*Æne.* How have we spent this morning !  
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
That swore to ride before him to the field.

*Par.* 'Tis Troilus' fault : Come, come, to field  
    with him.

*Dei.* Let us make ready straight.

*Æne.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter* AJAX, armed ; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,  
    PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and  
    Others.

*Agam.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and  
    fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.  
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air  
May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
And hale him hither.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :  
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias check  
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon :

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout  
blood ;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Ulyss.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early days.

*Agam.* Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter ?

*Ulyss.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;  
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.*

*Agam.* Is this the lady Cressid ?

*Dio.* Even she.

*Agam.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet  
lady.

*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

*Ulyss.* Yet is the kindness but particular ;  
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

*Nest.* And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.—  
So much for Nestor.

*Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips, fair  
lady :

Achilles bids you welcome.

*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing now :  
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;  
And parted thus you and your argument.

*Ulyss.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !  
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

*Patr.* The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this, mine :  
Patroclus kisses you.

*Men.* O, this is trim !

*Patr.* Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

*Men.* I'll have my kiss, sir :—Lady, by your  
leave.

*Cres.* In kissing, do you render or receive ?

*Patr.* Both take and give.

*Cres.* I'll make my match to live,  
The kiss you take is better than you give ;  
Therefore no kiss.

*Men.* I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for  
one.

*Cres.* You're an odd man ; give even, or give  
none.

*Men.* An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

*Cres.* No, Paris is not ; for you know, 'tis true,  
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

*Men.* You fillip me o' the head.

*Cres.* No, I'll be sworn.

*Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail against his  
horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

*Cres.* You may.

*Ulyss.* I do desire it.

*Cres.* Why, beg then.

*Ulyss.* Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,  
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

*Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

*Ulyss.* Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.

*Dio.* Lady, a word ;—I'll bring you to your  
father. [*Dio. leads out CRES.*]

*Nest.* A woman of quick sense.

*Ulyss.* Fye, fye upon her !

There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.<sup>44</sup>

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,<sup>45</sup>  
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
To every ticklish reader ! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,  
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

*All.* The Trojans' trumpet.

*Agam.* Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter HECTOR, armed ; ÆNEAS, TROIUS, and  
other Trojans, with Attendants.*

*Æne.* Hail, all the state of Greece ! what shall  
be done

To him that victory commands ? Or do you pur-  
pose,

A victor shall be known ? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other ; or shall they be divided

By any voice or order of the field ?

Hector bade ask.

*Agam.* Which way would Hector have it ?

*Æne.* He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

*Achil.* 'Tis done like Hector ; but securely done,  
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing  
The knight oppos'd.

*Æne.* If not Achilles, sir,  
What is your name ?

*Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing.

*Æne.* Therefore Achilles : But, whate'er, know  
this ;—

In the extremity of great and little,  
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector ;  
The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood :

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home ;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.<sup>46</sup>

*Achil.* A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

*Re-enter* DIOMED.

*Agam.* Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight, stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas consent upon the order of their fight, so be it; either to the uttermost, or else a breath:<sup>47</sup> the combatants being kin, half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECT. enter the lists.

*Ulyss.* They are oppos'd already.

*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

*Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam, a true knight; not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word; speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue; not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free; for what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows; yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty, nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:<sup>48</sup> manly as Hector, but more dangerous; for Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes to tender objects; but he, in heat of action, is more vindicative than jealous love: they call him Troilus; and on him erect a second hope, as fairly built as Hector. Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth even to his inches, and, with private soul, did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. HECT. and AJAX fight.

*Agam.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

*Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st; awake thee!

*Agam.* His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

*Dio.* You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

*Æne.* Princes, enough, so please you.

*Ajax.* I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

*Dio.* As Hector pleases.

*Hect.* Why then, will I no more:—Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son, a cousin-german to great Priam's seed: the obligation of our blood forbids a gory emulation 'twixt us twain: were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so, that thou could'st say—"This hand is Grecian all, and this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg all Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member wherein my sword had not impressure made of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay, that any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother, my sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax: by him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms; Hector would have them fall upon him thus: Cousin, all honour to thee!

*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector: Thou art too gentle, and too free a man: I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence a great addition earned in thy death.

*Hect.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable (On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes

cries, "This is he,") could promise to himself a thought of added honour torn from Hector.

*Æne.* There is expectance here from both the sides, What further you will do.

*Hect.* We'll answer it; The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success, (As seld I have the chance,) I would desire my famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

*Hect.* Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me: And signify this loving interview to the expectors of our Trojan part; Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin; I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me name by name;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes shall find him by his large and portly size.

*Agam.* Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one that would be rid of such enemy; But that's no welcome: Understand more clear, What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion; But in this extant moment, faith and troth, strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing, bids thee, with most divine integrity, From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

*Hect.* I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.<sup>49</sup>

*Agam.* My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [To Tro.

*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

*Hect.* Whom must we answer?

*Men.* The noble Menelaus.<sup>50</sup>

*Hect.* O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;  
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:  
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

*Men.* Name her not now, sir: she's a deadly theme.

*Hect.* O, pardon; I offend.

*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,  
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have  
seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
Despising many forfeits and subduements,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the  
air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd;  
That I have said to some my standers-by,  
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"  
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,  
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,  
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;  
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*Aene.* 'Tis the old Nestor.

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,  
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—  
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

*Nest.* I would, my arms could match thee in  
contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

*Hect.* I would they could.

*Nest.* Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.  
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

*Hect.* I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.  
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:  
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,

You towers whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,  
Must kiss their own feet.

*Hect.* I must not believe you:  
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;  
And that old common arbitrator, time,  
Will one day end it.

*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it.  
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:  
After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,  
though!—<sup>51</sup>

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.

*Hect.* Is this Achilles?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on  
thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief; I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me  
o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.  
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of  
his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?  
That I may give the local wound a name;  
And make distinct the very breach, whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens

*Hect.* It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud  
man,

To answer such a question: Stand again  
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,  
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,  
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag.  
His insolence draws folly from my lips;  
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words  
Or may I never—

*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee, cousin;—  
And you Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't:  
You may have every day enough of Hector,  
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field;  
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd  
The Grecians' cause.

*Achil.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector?  
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;  
To-night, all friends.

*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match.

*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my  
tent;  
There in the full convive we: afterwards,  
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally entreat him.—  
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,  
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TRO. and ULYSS.*

*Tro.* My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:  
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;  
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,  
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir.  
As gentle tell me, of what honour was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there  
That wails her absence?

*Tro.* O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,  
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?  
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:  
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine  
to-night,  
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—  
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter* THERSITES.

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy?  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,  
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

*Achil.* From whence, fragment?

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now?

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

*Patr.* Well said, Adversity! and what need  
these tricks?

*Ther.* Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by  
thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male  
varlet.

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now the  
rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, rup-

tures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies,  
cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing  
lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-  
kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the  
rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take  
again such preposterous discoveries!

*Patr.* Why thou damnable box of envy, thou,  
what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why, no, you ruinous butt; you where-  
son indistinguishable cur,<sup>52</sup> no.

*Ther.* No? why art thou then exasperate, thou  
idle immaterial skein of sleive silk, thou green  
sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodi-  
gal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is  
pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of  
nature!

*Patr.* Out, gall!

*Ther.* Finch egg!

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;  
A token from her daughter, my fair love;  
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep  
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:  
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;  
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banquetting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus. [Exit ACHIL. and PATR.]

*Ther.* With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, with Lights.

*Agam.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

*Agam.* So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

*Men.* Good night, my lord.

*Hect.* Good night, sweet Menelaus.

*Ther.* Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

*Achil.* Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

*Agam.* Good night. [Exit AGAM. and MEN.]

*Achil.* Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

*Dio.* I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

*Ulyss.* Follow his torch, he goes To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[Aside to TRO.]

*Tro.* Sweet sir, you honour me.

*Hect.* And so good night.

[Exit DIO.; ULYSS. and TRO. following.]

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exit ACHIL., HECT., AJAX, and NEST.]

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* What are you up here, ho? speak.

*Cal.* [Within.] Who calls?

*Dio.* Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

*Cal.* [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

*Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

*Tro.* Cressid come forth to him!

*Dio.* How now, my charge?

*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [Whispera.]

*Tro.* Yea, so familiar!

*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.

*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

*Dio.* Will you remember?

*Cres.* Remember? yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

*Tro.* What should she remember?

*Ulyss.* List!

*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

*Ther.* Roguery!

*Dio.* Nay, then,—

*Cres.* I'll tell you what:—

*Dio.* Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

*Cres.* In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

*Ther.* A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me?

*Cres.* I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

*Dio.* Good night.

*Tro.* Hold, patience!

*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan?

*Cres.* Diomed,—

*Dio.* No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

*Tro.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Hark! one word in your ear.

*Tro.* O plague and madness!

*Ulyss.* You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous; The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!

*Ulyss.* Now, good my lord, go off: You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

*Tro.* I pr'ythee, stay.

*Ulyss.* You have not patience; come.

*Tro.* I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

*Dio.* And so, good night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

*Ulyss.* Why how now, lord?

*Tro.* By Jove,

I will be patient.

*Cres.* Guardian!—why, Greek!

*Dio.* Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

*Cres.* In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!

*Ulyss.* Come, come.

*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

*Ther.* How the devil luxury, with his fat rump,

and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

*Dio.* But will you then?

*Cres.* In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.

*Cres.* I'll fetch you one. [Exit.]

*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.

*Tro.* Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition Of what I feel; I am all patience.

*Re-enter CRESSIDA.*

*Ther.* Now the pledge; now, now, now!

*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

*Tro.* O beauty! where's thy faith?

*Ulyss.* My lord,—

*Tro.* I will be patient; outwardly I will.

*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—

He loved me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.

*Dio.* Who was 't?

*Cres.* No matter, now I have 't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

*Ther.* Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.

*Dio.* I shall have it.

*Cres.* What, this?

*Dio.* Ay, that.

*Cres.* O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge! Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me

He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

*Dio.* I had your heart before, this follows it.

*Tro.* I did swear patience.

*Cres.* You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

*Dio.* I will have this; Whose was it?

*Cres.* 'Tis no matter.

*Dio.* Come, tell me whose it was.

*Cres.* 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

*Dio.* Whose was it?

*Cres.* By all Diana's waiting-women yonder, And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

*Dio.* To-morrow will I wear it on my helm; And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

*Tro.* Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,

It should be challeng'd.



*Cres.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet  
it is not;

I will not keep my word.

*Dio.* Why then, farewell:

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

*Cres.* You shall not go:—One cannot speak a  
word,

But it strait starts you.

*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.

*Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not  
you, pleases me best.

*Dio.* What, shall I come? the hour?

*Cres.* Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

*Dio.* Farewell till then.

*Cres.* Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—

[*Exit* *DIO.*]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* *CRES.*]

*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not publish  
more,

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

*Ulyss.* All's done, my lord.

*Tro.* It is.

*Ulyss.* Why stay we then?

*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.

*Tro.* She was not sure.

*Ulyss.* Most sure she was.

*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

*Ulyss.* Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but  
now.

*Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,

For depravation,—to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that can soil  
our mothers?

*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?

*Tro.* This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This was not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and

loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

*Ulyss.* May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

*Tro.* Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulg'd well

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed:

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,

Which shipmen do the hurricano call

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed.

*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.

*Tro.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,

And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulyss.* O, contain yourself;

Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter* *ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour, my

lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy ;  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince:—My courteous  
lord adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TRO., ÆNE., and ULYSS.*]

*Ther.* 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed!  
I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would  
bode. Patrocius will give me any thing for the  
intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do  
more for an almond, than he for a commodious  
drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery;  
nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take  
them! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently tem-  
per'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train me to offend you; get you in:  
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to  
the day.

*Hect.* No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?

*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:  
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaugh-  
ter.

*Cas.* O, it is true.

*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet  
brother.

*Hect.* Begone, I say: the gods have heard me  
swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish  
vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Cas.* It is the purpose, that makes strong the  
vow;

But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

*Enter TROILUS.*

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-  
day?

*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CAS.*]

*Hect.* No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy har-  
ness, youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide  
me for it.

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.

*Hect.* O, 'tis fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

*Hect.* How now? how now?

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;  
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

*Hect.* Eye, savage, fye!

*Tro.* Hector, then 'tis wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

*Tro.* Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:  
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come, go back :  
Thy wife hath dream'd ; thy mother hath had visions ;  
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
To tell thee—that this day is ominous  
Therefore, come back.

*Hect.* Aeneas is a-field ;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

*Pri.* But thou shalt not go.

*Hect.* I must not break my faith.  
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*Cas.* O Priam, yield not to him.

*And.* Do not, dear father.

*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you :  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit AND.*]

*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* O farewell, dear Hector.  
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns pale !  
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !  
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Heecuba cries out !  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth !  
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry—Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

*Tro.* Away !—Away !—

*Cas.* Farewell.—Yet, soft :—Hector, I take my  
leave :

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim :  
Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

*Pri.* Farewell : the gods with safety stand about  
thee !

[*Exeunt severally PRI. and HECT. Alarums.*]

*Tro.* They are at it ; hark ! Proud Diomed, be-  
lieve,  
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROIUS is going out, enter, from the other side,  
PANDARUS.

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

*Tro.* What now ?

*Pan.* Here's a letter from you' poor girl.

*Tro.* Let me read.

*Pan.* A whoreson phthisic, a whoreson rascally  
phthisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of

this girl ; and what one thing, what another, that  
I shall leave you one o' these days : And I have a  
rheum in mine eyes too ; and such an ache in my  
bones, that, unless a man were curs'd, I cannot  
tell what to think on't.—What says she there ?

*Tro.* Words, words, mere words, no matter from  
the heart ; [*Tearing the letter.*]

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change toge-  
ther.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds ;  
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter THESSITES.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one ano-  
ther ; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable  
varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy dotting  
foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his  
helm : I would fain see them meet ; that that same  
young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might  
send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the  
sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on  
a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy  
of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old  
mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor ; and that same  
dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a black-  
berry :—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel  
cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind,  
Achilles : and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the  
cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day ; whereupon  
the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and  
policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft ! here come  
sleeve, and t' other.

*Enter DIOMEDES, TROIUS following.*

*Tro.* Fly not ; for, shouldst thou take the river  
Styx,

I would swim after.

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire :

I do not fly ; but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :  
Have at thee !

*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian !—now for thy  
whore, Trojan !—now the sleeve, now the sleeve !

[*Exeunt TRO. and DIO., fighting.*]

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* What art thou, Greek ? art thou for  
Hector's match ?

Art thou of blood, and honour ?

*Ther.* No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

*Hect.* I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

*Ther.* God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same.*

*Enter* DIOMEDES and a Servant.

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:  
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;  
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.

*Serv.* I go, my lord. [*Exit* Serv.]

*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

*Agam.* Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus  
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner;  
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
Upon the pashed corsers of the kings  
Epistrophus and Cadius: Polixenes is slain;  
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;  
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,  
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter* NESTOR.

*Nestor.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—  
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:  
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,  
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,  
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls  
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:  
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;  
Dexterity so obeying appetite,  
That what he will, he does; and does so much,  
That proof is call'd impossibility.

*Enter* ULYSSES.

*Ulyss.* O, courage, courage, princes! great  
Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:  
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come  
to him,  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution;  
Engaging and redeeming of himself,  
With such a careless force, and forceless care,  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

*Enter* AJAX.

*Ajax.* Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*]

*Dio.* Ay, there, there.

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Where is this Hector?  
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;  
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.  
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter* AJAX.

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy  
head!

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

*Ajax.* What would'st thou?

*Dio.* I would correct him.

*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou should'st have  
my office.

Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

*Enter* TROIILUS.

*Tro.* O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,  
thou traitor,  
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

*Dio.* Ha! art thou there?

*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

*Dio.* He is my prize, I will not look upon.

*Tro.* Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at  
you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest  
brother!

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee,  
Hector.

*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.  
Be happy, that my arms are out of use;  
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,  
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;  
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*]

*Hect.* Fare thee well:—  
I would have been much more a fresher man,  
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

*Re-enter* TROILUS.

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,  
Or bring him off:—Fate, here me what I say!  
I reek not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

*Enter one in sumptuous Armour.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a  
goodly mark:—  
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;  
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,  
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,  
abide?  
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

*Enter* ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;  
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:  
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;  
And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about;  
In fellest manner execute your arms.  
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye;—  
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*The Same.*

*Enter* MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then  
THERSITES.

*Ther.* The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are  
at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo!  
now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!  
The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!  
[*Exeunt* PARIS and MEN.]

*Enter* MARGARELON.

*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

*Ther.* I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am  
a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind,  
bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One  
bear will not bite another, and wherefore should  
one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most omi-  
nous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore,  
he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* Most putrified core, so fair without,  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath!  
Rest, sword! thou hast thy fill of blood and death!  
[*Puts off his Helmet, and hangs his Shield  
behind him.*]

*Enter* ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:  
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I  
seek. [*HECT. falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—  
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,  
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."

[*A Retreat sounded.*]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the  
earth,

And, stickler like, the armies separate.

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,  
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheaths his Sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;  
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The same.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,  
DIOMEDES, and Others, marching. *Shouts within.*

*Agam.* Hark! hark! what shout is that?

*Nest.* Peace, drums.  
 [*Within.*] Achilles!  
 Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!  
*Dio.* The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.  
*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be;  
 Great Hector was as good a man as he.  
*Agam.* March patiently along:—Let one be sent  
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—  
 If in his death the gods have us befriended,  
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.  
 [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI.—*Another Part of the Field.**Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.*

*Æne.* Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:  
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

*Enter TROIILUS.*

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.* Hector?—The gods forbid!

*Tro.* He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's  
 tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—  
 Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!  
 Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!  
 I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,  
 And linger not our sure destructions on!

*Æne.* My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

*Tro.* You understand me not, that tell me so:  
 I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;  
 But dare all imminence, that gods and men,  
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!  
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?  
 Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,  
 Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:  
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone;  
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,  
 Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,  
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:  
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,  
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,  
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-  
 siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;  
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—  
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:  
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

*As TROIILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,*  
 PANDARUS.

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you!

*Tro.* Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame  
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit Tro.*]

*Pan.* A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—  
 O world! world! world! this is the poor agent  
 despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are  
 you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should  
 our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so  
 loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—  
 Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
 Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:  
 And being once subdued in armed tail,  
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—  
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted  
 cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,  
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:  
 Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,  
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made:  
 It should be now, but that my fear is this,—  
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:  
 Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;  
 And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*]

## NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

<sup>1</sup> *Orgulous*, i.e. proud, disdainful.

<sup>2</sup> *Sperr up the sons of Troy.*

To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word *Speren*, signifies to shut up or defend by bars.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *And hither am I come  
A prologue armed.*

The speaker of the prologue was to be habited in armour, not, says Dr. Johnson, "defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war before a warlike play."

<sup>4</sup> *Leaps o'er the vaunt.*

That is, the *avant*, what went before.

<sup>5</sup> *She's a fool to stay behind her father.*

Calchas, the father of Cressida, was a priest of Troy, who being sent by Priam to consult the oracle at Delphi, concerning the event of the war, and finding that the Greeks would obtain the victory, he deserted to them, and never returned to his own country.

<sup>6</sup> *Between our Ilium.*

*Ilium* is here used to mean the royal palace of Priam, but Mr. Steevens says that *Ilium*, properly speaking, is the name of the city; *Troy*, that of the country.

<sup>7</sup> *How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?*

From various lines in this play it appears that Shakspeare pronounced *Troilus* improperly as a dissyllable.

<sup>8</sup> *They say he is a very man, per se.*

That is, paramount, the paragon or flower of men.

<sup>9</sup> *Into a compassed window.*

That is, a circular or bow window.

<sup>10</sup> *Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?*

*Lifter* is here used equivocally to mean *thief*.

<sup>11</sup> *Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.*

This appears a contradiction, and the following lines express a meaning entirely opposite. We should read, "joy's soul *dies* in the doing;" which means that the fire of passion is extinguished by enjoyment.

<sup>12</sup> *Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse.*

Pegasus is the only flying horse that we hear of in ancient mythology, and he did not belong to Perseus, but Bellerophon. But Shakspeare followed the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, in which he found the fol-

lowing account:—"Of the blood that issued out (from Medusa's head) there engendered Pegasus, or the flying-horse. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood, that of her riches issuing of that realme, he (Perseus) founded and made a ship, named Pegase, and this ship was likened unto a horse flying."

<sup>13</sup> *The brize*, i.e., the gad or horse-fly.

<sup>14</sup> *As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver.*

We should read *thatched* with silver, his head roofed or covered with silvery white hair.

<sup>15</sup> *The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre.*

By this *centre*, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the centre of the earth. According to the Ptolemaic system, the earth is the centre of the solar system.

<sup>16</sup> *Deracinate*, i.e. tear up by the roots.

<sup>17</sup> *As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.*

*Paradoxes* has no discoverable meaning; we should probably read *parodies*.

<sup>18</sup> *Who in this dull and long-continued truce.*

Shakspeare has fallen into an error here. In the previous scene the Trojan princes are represented as returning home from that day's fight; and Cressida's servant tells her that Ajax "yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down;" yet here a long truce is spoken of as being then in operation.

<sup>20</sup> *Let blockish Ajax.*

Shakspeare appears to have confounded Ajax Telamoni-  
nius with Ajax Oileus. Perhaps he was led into this error by the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, who, in describing these two persons, improperly calls Ajax Oileus, simply *Ajax*, as the more eminent of the two.

<sup>21</sup> *The plague of Greece upon thee.*

Probably an allusion to the plague supposed to be sent by Apollo on the Greek army.

<sup>22</sup> *He would pun thee into shivers.*

*Pun*, says Dr. Johnson, is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*.

<sup>23</sup> *An assinego*, i.e. an ass.

<sup>24</sup> *Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes.*

*Disme* is the tithe or tenth. Every tenth among many thousand tenths.

NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

<sup>25</sup> *And, for an old aunt.*

Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax.

<sup>25</sup> *Our fire-brand brother.*

Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she would be delivered of a flaming torch.

<sup>27</sup> *The soil of her fair rape.*

Rape anciently signified the carrying away of a female without any idea of personal violence.

<sup>28</sup> *Aristotle.*

Aristotle was not born until 382 years before Christ, and Troy was taken by the Greeks 1,184 years before Christ; so that the poet is guilty of an anachronism of more than eight hundred years.

<sup>28</sup> *Make that demand of the prover.*

The folio somewhat profanely reads, *to thy Creator*. The quarto has, *of the prover*, but the meaning is, I think, the same. Make that demand (i.e. why thou art a fool?) to thy Creator who hath made thee one.

<sup>30</sup> *I'll lay my life with my disposer Cressida.*

It is difficult to know how Cressida can be the disposer of Paris; Mr. Malone suggests that Shakspeare might have written *despiser*; and adds:—"What Pandarus says afterwards, that 'Paris and Cressida are *twain*,' supports this conjecture." Mr. Ritson offers a different solution; the line ought, he thinks, to be spoken by Helen. She calls Cressida her deposer, because she had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus is ready to swear she loved more than Paris.

<sup>31</sup> *An you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.*

That is, in the shafts. *Fills* is a word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon.

<sup>32</sup> *A kiss in fee-farm.*

That is, a prolonged kiss, a kiss of unlimited duration.

<sup>33</sup> *As true as steel, as plantage to the moon.*

*As true as steel* is an old proverbial expression, a sword of good steel being a weapon on which its owner could rely. *Plantage* probably means vegetation, plants of any kind, and the allusion is to the common opinion of the influence which the moon was supposed to possess over the vegetable kingdom.

<sup>34</sup> *That through the sight I bear in things, to Jove.*

This, some editors have altered to—the sight I bear in things to *come*. "The word," says Dr. Johnson, "is so printed, that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning."

<sup>35</sup> *That man—how dearly ever parted.*

However excellently endowed.

<sup>36</sup> *Who, in his circumstance.*

That is, in the detail or circumduction of his argument.

<sup>37</sup> *'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.*

Polycena, in the act of marrying whom he was afterwards killed by Paris.

<sup>38</sup> *There is a mystery (with whom relation  
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state.*

A secret administration of affairs, a sort of ubiquity, in wise governments, which no historian can unveil.

<sup>39</sup> *His purpose meets you.*

I bring you his meaning and his orders.

<sup>40</sup> *My matter is so rash.*

That is, my business is so hasty and abrupt.

<sup>41</sup> *—————The secrets of nature  
Have not more gift in taciturnity.*

The first line is defective; Mr. Theobald would read—the secret *things* of nature, &c.

<sup>42</sup> *What wicked deem*, i.e. thought, doubt, or judgment.

<sup>43</sup> *The port*, i.e. the gate.

<sup>44</sup> *At every joint and motive of her body.*

*Motive* is used for *motion*. Her wantonness shews in every act or motion.

<sup>45</sup> *That give a coasting welcome ere it comes.*

A *coasting welcome* has been surmised to be an amorous glance of invitation, and, *ere it come*, to imply that the lady makes the first advance, and intimates by her manner that familiarity will not be unwelcome.

<sup>46</sup> *This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.*

Ajax and Hector were cousins, Ajax being the son of Hesione, the sister of Priam and aunt of Hector.

<sup>47</sup> *Or else a breath.*

A breathing, a friendly encounter just sufficient to make the combatants pant with their exertion.

<sup>48</sup> *Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath.*

Does not utter an immature or unsuitable thought.

<sup>49</sup> *Most imperious Agamemnon.*

*Imperious* and *imperial* had the same meaning.

<sup>50</sup> *The noble Menelaus.*

Menelaus would scarcely apply the epithet *noble*, to himself; Mr. Ritson supposes that this sentence should be spoken by Æneas.

<sup>51</sup> *I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou.*

By the utterance of this line as it stands, Achilles would evidently insult Ulysses. Should we not read *though* for *thou*?

<sup>52</sup> *You ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur.*

This is said in allusion to the deformity of Thersites; he is called a ruinous butt, on account of his graceless and lump-like figure; and indistinguishable, because he is of an unnatural and undeterminate shape.

H. T.











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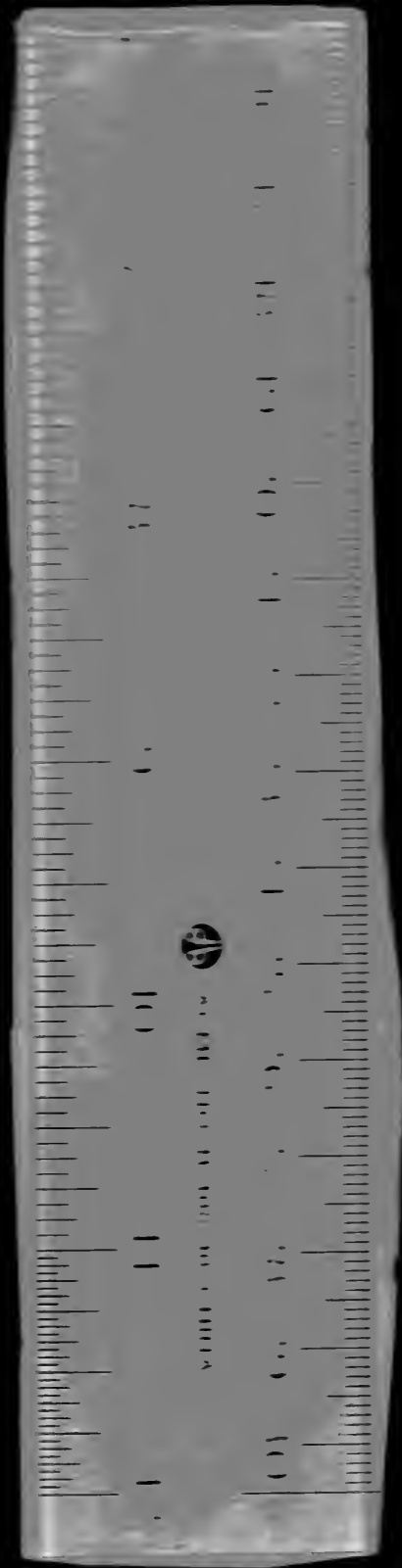
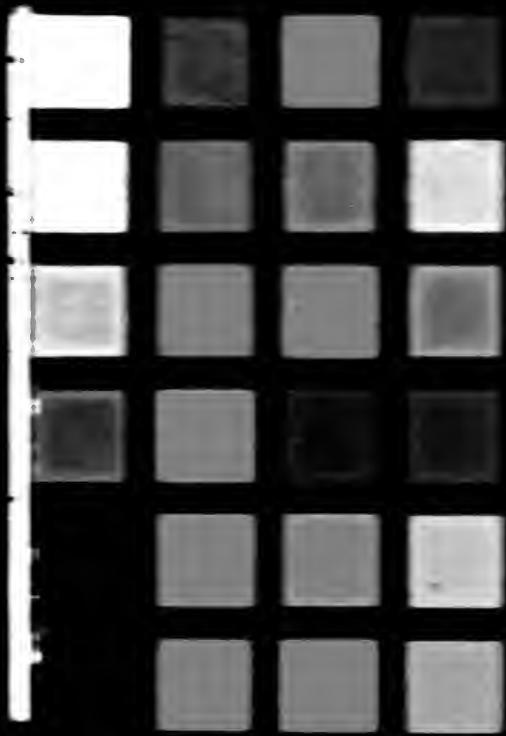
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