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THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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ALL THE GOOD TO MEET  
THE MAR 20 1914  
1914

THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

Accurately printed from the Text of the corrected Copy left by the late  
GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.

WITH  
A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS,  
FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS OF  
HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R. A. PROFESSOR OF PAINTING;

AND A SELECTION  
OF EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL NOTES,  
From the most eminent Commentators ;

*A History of the Stage, a Life of Shakspeare, &c.*

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

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A NEW EDITION.

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IN NINE VOLUMES.

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VOLUME VIII.

CONTAINING  
CYMBELINE.  
TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
PERICLES.  
KING LEAR.

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LONDON:

Printed for J. Nichols and Son; F. C. and J. Rivington; J. Stockdale;  
W. Lowndes; G. Wilkie and J. Robinson; T. Egerton; J. Walker;  
W. Clarke and Son; J. Baker; J. Cuthell; R. Lea; Lackington and  
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CYMBELINE.\*

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\* CYMBELINE.] Mr. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in some material parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*. STEEVENS.

The only part of the fable which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from the above, is, Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken at a subsequent period, into the service of the Roman General as a *page*. The general scheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakspeare has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. See Act II. sc. ii. It appears from the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately: "I know, most worthy lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory,) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] *have long since been published before*, as stolen from the original author, and yet not beautified with his sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither savouring of his singular moral applications."

*Cymbeline*, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian æra; notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Philario*, *Iachimo*, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. MALONE.

An ancient translation, or rather a deformed and interpolated imitation, of the ninth novel of the second day of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, has recently occurred. The title and colophon of this rare piece, are as follows:

"This mater treateth of a merchautes wyfe that afterwarde went lyke a mā and becam a great lorde and was called Frederyke of Jennen afterwarde."

“ Thus endeth this lytell story of lorde Frederyke. Impryted  
i Anwarpe by me John Dusborowhge, dwellynge besyde ye Camer  
porte in the yere of our lorde god a. M.CCCCC. and xvij.”

This novel exhibits the material features of its original; though the names of the characters are changed, their sentiments debased, and their conduct rendered still more improbable than in the scenes before us. John of Florence is the Ambrogiulo, Ambrosius of Jennens the Bernabo of the story. Of the translator's elegance of imagination, and felicity of expression, the two following instances may be sufficient. He has converted the picturesque mole under the left breast of the lady, into a black wart on her left arm; and when at last, in a male habit, she discovers her sex, instead of displaying her bosom only, he obliges her to appear before the King and his whole court completely “naked, save that she had a karcher of sylke before hyr members.”—The whole work is illustrated with wooden cuts representing every scene throughout the narrative.

I know not that any advantage is gained by the discovery of this antiquated piece, unless it serves to strengthen our belief that some more faithful translation had furnished Shakspeare with incidents which, in their original Italian, to him at least were inaccessible. STEEVENS.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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Cymbeline, *King of Britain.*

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

Leonatus Posthumus, *a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.*

Belarius, *a banished Lord, disguised under the Name of Morgan.*

Guiderius, { *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the*  
Arviragus, { *Names of Polydore and Cadwal, sup-*  
                  { *posed Sons to Belarius.*

Philario, *Friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*  
Iachimo, *Friend to Philario,* }

*A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.*

Caius Lucius, *General of the Roman Forces.*

*A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.*

Pisano, *Servant to Posthumus.*

Cornelius, *a Physician.*

*Two Gentlemen.*

*Two Gaolers.*

Queen, *Wife to Cymbeline.*

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

Helen, *Woman to Imogen.*

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

*SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.*

# CYMBELINE.

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## ACT I.

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

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

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

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

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

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,  
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,

<sup>1</sup> *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.*] This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods*—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey the laws of heaven,*—which direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our courtiers:*—that is, than the bloods of our courtiers; but our bloods, like theirs,—*still seem as doth the king's.* JOHNSON.

Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all  
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king ?

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

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

2 *Gent.* And why so ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,  
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan ;  
But had his titles by Tenantius,<sup>3</sup> whom

<sup>2</sup> *You speak him far.*] i. e. you praise him extensively.

<sup>3</sup> — *Tenantius,*] Was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain ; on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second inva-

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 :<sup>4</sup>  
 A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature,  
 A glass that feated them ;<sup>5</sup> and to the graver,  
 A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,<sup>6</sup>  
 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,

sion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son (his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome) was established on the throne, of which they had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan : according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth.

<sup>4</sup> ———— *Liv'd in court,*

(*Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd :*) This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised*, is truly *rare*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *A glass that feated them ;* ] *A glass that formed them ;* a model by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. *Feat* Minsheu interprets, *fine, neat, brave*.

<sup>6</sup> ———— *to his mistress,*] Means—as to his mistress.

What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him

Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,  
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

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

Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

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

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

1 *Gent.*

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

2 *Gent.*

I do well believe you.

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

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

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

After the slander of most step-mothers,  
Evil ey'd unto you: you 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.*

O

*Imo.*  
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,  
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,)<sup>7</sup> 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:

<sup>7</sup> (*Always reserv'd my holy duty,*) I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty.

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<sup>8</sup> my embracements from a next  
 With bonds of death !—Remain thou here

[Putting on the Ring.  
 While sense can keep it on ?<sup>9</sup> 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<sup>1</sup> 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 ?

<sup>8</sup> *And sear up —*] i. e. close up.

<sup>9</sup> *While sense can keep it on !*] i. e. while sense can maintain its operations ; while sense continues to have its usual power. To keep on signifies to continue in a state of action.

<sup>1</sup> *— a manacle —*] A manacle properly means what we now call a hand-cuff.

*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!

*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.<sup>2</sup>

*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>3</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.

<sup>2</sup> — a touch more rare  
[Subdues all pangs, all fears.] i. e. a more exquisite feeling; a  
superior sensation.

<sup>3</sup> — a puttock.] A puttock is a mean degenerate species of  
hawk, too worthless to deserve training.

*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.<sup>4</sup>

*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>5</sup>

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

*Enter PISANIO.*

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

<sup>4</sup> ——— overbuys me

[*Almost the sum he pays.*] So small is my value, and so great is his, that in the purchase he has made (for which he paid himself,) for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired.

<sup>5</sup> ——— your best advice.] i. e. consideration, reflection.

*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 publick Place.*

*Enter* CLOTEN, *and* *Two* Lords.

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

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

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

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

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

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

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

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

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

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

*2 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!

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

*1 Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and  
her brain go not together:<sup>6</sup> She's a good sign, but  
I have seen small reflection of her wit.<sup>7</sup>

*2 Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the re-  
flection should hurt her.  
[*Aside.*

<sup>6</sup> — *her beauty and her brain go not together*: ] I believe the lord means to speak a sentence, "Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together." JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.*] She has a fair outside, a specious appearance, but no wit. But to understand the whole force of Shakspeare's idea, it should be remembered, that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it.

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

2 *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?

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

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

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

## SCENE IV.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

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

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,  
As offer'd mercy is.<sup>s</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 on,  
How swift his ship.

<sup>s</sup> ——— 'twere a paper lost,

*As offer'd mercy is.*] Perhaps the meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemned criminal.

*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 Pisanio,  
When shall we hear from him ?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,  
With his next vantage.<sup>9</sup>

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him,  
How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such ; or I could make him swear  
The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest, and his honour ; or have charg'd him,  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
To encounter me with orisons,<sup>1</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 de-  
spatch'd.—

<sup>9</sup> — next vantage.] Next opportunity.

<sup>1</sup> — encounter me with orisons,] i. e. meet me with reciprocal prayer.



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<sup>2</sup> both without and within.

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

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

*French.* And then his banishment :—

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,<sup>4</sup> are wonderfully to extend him ; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for

<sup>2</sup> — makes him —] *Makes* him, in the text, means *forms* him.

<sup>3</sup> — words him, — a great deal from the matter,] *Makes* the description of him very distant from the truth.

<sup>4</sup> — under her colours,] Under her banner ; by her influence.

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;<sup>5</sup> it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.<sup>6</sup>

*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>7</sup> but, upon my mended judgment, (if

<sup>5</sup> ——— *I did atone, &c.]* To *atone* signifies in this place to *reconcile*.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature,]* *Importance* is here, as elsewhere in Shakspeare, *importunity, instigation*.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *rather shunned to go even with what I heard, &c.]* i. e. *he rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience.*

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,<sup>8</sup> or have fallen both.

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

*French.* Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction,<sup>9</sup> 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.<sup>1</sup>

*Iach.* As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and

<sup>8</sup> — confounded one the other,] To confound, in our author's time signified—to destroy.

<sup>9</sup> — which may, without contradiction,] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told.

<sup>1</sup> — though I profess, &c.] Posthumus means to bestow the most exalted praise on Imogen, a praise the more valuable as it was the result of reason, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, says he, in the character of her adorer, not of her possessor.—I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy.—I rather profess to describe her with the devotion of a worshipper, than the raptures of a lover.

too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe 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 outprized 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 unprizeable 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<sup>2</sup> the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

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

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her

<sup>2</sup> — to convince—] *Convince for overcome.*

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>3</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.

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

*Iach.* 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation<sup>4</sup> 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. 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.

<sup>3</sup> ——— abused—] Deceived.

<sup>4</sup> ——— approbation—] Proof.

*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 unsexed, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

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

*Post.* Agreed,

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.]

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

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

## 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 ?

*1 Lady.*

I, madam.

*Queen.* Despatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor ; have you brought those drugs ?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam :

[*Presenting a small Box.*

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

*Queen.*

I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question : Have I not been Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions ?<sup>5</sup> 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 ;

<sup>5</sup> *Other conclusions ?] Other experiments,*

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 PISANIO.*

*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 ;<sup>6</sup> and let instructions enter

<sup>6</sup> — quench ;] i. e. grow cool.



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>7</sup>  
 Is to exchange one misery with another;  
 And every day, that comes, comes to decay  
 A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,  
 To be depender on a thing that leans?<sup>8</sup>  
 Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a Box: PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up  
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:  
 It is a thing I made, which bath the king  
 Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
 What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;  
 It is an earnest of a further good  
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
 The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.  
 Think what a chance thou changest on;<sup>9</sup> 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 perferment, 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 con-  
 stant knave;  
 Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;  
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold

<sup>7</sup> — to shift his being.] To change his abode.

<sup>8</sup> — that leans?] That inclines towards its fall.

<sup>9</sup> Think what a chance thou changest on;] i. e. think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service.

The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of liegers for her sweet ;<sup>1</sup> and which she, after,  
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

*Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.*

To taste of too.—So, so ;—well done, well done :  
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
Bear to my closet :—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;  
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*  
*Pis.* And shall do :  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter IMOGEN.*

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

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

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

<sup>1</sup> *Of liegers for her sweet ;*] A *lieger* ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest.

*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 kindness 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? 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 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 PISANIO  
My man's abode where I did leave him : he  
Is strange and peevish.<sup>2</sup>

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

*Imo.* Continues well my lord ? His health, 'be-  
seech you ?

*Iach.* Well, madam.

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

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

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

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton

<sup>2</sup> ————— he

[*Is strange and peevish.*] He is a foreigner and easily fretted :  
but *strange* may signify *shy* or *backward* ; and *peevish* anciently  
meant weak, silly.

(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>3</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 unglorious 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,  
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce  
 The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces  
 That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,  
 Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my  
 heart  
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *What both you spur and stop.*] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *to an empery,*] *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command ; now obsolete.

Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd

With tomboys,<sup>5</sup> hir'd with that self-exhibition<sup>6</sup>  
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,  
That play with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,  
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd:  
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you  
Recoil 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

<sup>5</sup> *With tomboys,]* We still call a masculine, a forward girl, *tomboy*.

<sup>6</sup> — *hir'd with that self-exhibition, &c.]* *Gross strumpets,* hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband:

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>7</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.*

<sup>7</sup> ——— *being strange,*] i. e. being a stranger.

## 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,<sup>8</sup> to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

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

2 *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?

2 *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!

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

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

<sup>8</sup> — *kissed the jack upon an up-cast,*] He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage.

*Clo.* Sayest thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion<sup>9</sup> that you give offence to.

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

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

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

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

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

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

1 *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?

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

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

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

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* 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.

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

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,

<sup>9</sup> — every companion —] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

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.* IACHIMO, *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,<sup>1</sup> ere he waken'd

<sup>1</sup> — *press the rushes,*] It was the custom in the time of our

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>2</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 meaner 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.<sup>3</sup> Here's a voucher,  
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret

author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets.

<sup>2</sup> Under these windows:] i. e. her eyelids.

<sup>3</sup> — like the crimson drops

[I'the bottom of a cowslip:] This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was an observer of nature, though, in this instance, no very accurate describer of it, for the drops alluded to are of a deep yellow. STEEVENS.

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; 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!<sup>4</sup>—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!

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

### SCENE III.

*An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.*

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

1 *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.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the no-  
ble 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?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this musick would come: I am ad-

<sup>4</sup> — *you dragons of the night!*] The task of drawing the  
chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their  
supposed watchfulness.

vised to give her musick 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 Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies;<sup>5</sup>  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;<sup>6</sup>  
With every thing that pretty bin:  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better:<sup>7</sup> 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.

<sup>5</sup> *His steeds to water at those springs*

*On chalic'd flowers that lies;]* i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers: The cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*.

<sup>6</sup> *And winking Mary-buds begin*

*To ope their golden eyes;]* The *marigold* is supposed to shut itself up at sun-set.

<sup>7</sup> — *I will consider your musick the better:]* i. e. I will pay you more amply for it.

*Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.*

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

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

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

Will she not forth?

*Clo.* I have assailed her with musick, 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;<sup>8</sup> and be friended With aptness of the season; make denials Increase your services; so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.* Senseless? not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Cym.* A worthy fellow,  
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;

<sup>8</sup> *To orderly solicits;*] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion.



But that's no fault of his: We must receive him  
 According to the honour of his sender;  
 And towards himself his goodness forespent on us  
 We must extend our notice.<sup>9</sup>—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,<sup>1</sup> 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?

<sup>9</sup> *And towards himself his goodness forespent on us*

*We must extend our notice.*] That is, we must extend towards himself our notice of his goodness heretofore shown to us. Our author has many similar ellipses.

<sup>1</sup> *— false themselves,*] Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an adjective, but a verb.

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

*Lady.* That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

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

*Lady.*

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

*Clo.* There'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 :<sup>2</sup> and learn now, for all,  
 That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
 By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;  
 And am so near the lack of charity,  
 (To accuse myself) I hate you ; which I had rather  
 You felt, than make't my boast.

*Clot.* You sin against  
 Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
 The contract<sup>3</sup> 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 ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
 The consequence o'the crown ; and must not soil  
 The precious note of it with a base slave,  
 A hilding for a livery,<sup>5</sup> a squire's cloth,  
 A pantler, not so eminent.

*Imo.* Profane fellow !  
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,  
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base

<sup>2</sup> — so verbal :] Is, so *verbose*, so full of talk.

<sup>3</sup> *The contract, &c.*] Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one—

“ Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,  
 “ And leave eighteen——.”

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — in self-figur'd knot ;] A *self-figured knot* is a knot formed by yourself.

<sup>5</sup> *A hilding for a livery,*] A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery, and serve as a lacquey.

To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,  
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
 Comparative for your virtues,<sup>6</sup> to be styl'd  
 The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated  
 For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.* The south-fog rot him !

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

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,  
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,  
 In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,  
 Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio ?

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Clo.* His garment ? Now, the devil—

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

*Clo.* His garment ?

*Imo.* I am sprighted with a fool ;<sup>7</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 ?

<sup>6</sup> — *if 'twere made*

Comparative for your virtues,] If it were considered as a  
 compensation adequate to your virtues, to be styled, &c.

<sup>7</sup> *I am sprighted with a fool ;*] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as  
 by a sprig of.

*Imo.* Ay; I said so, sir.  
If you will mak'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 hers.

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

*Post.* Not any; but abide the change of time;  
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,  
I barely gratify your love; they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.

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

*Post.* I do believe,  
(Statist<sup>s</sup> though I am none, nor like to be,)  
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear

<sup>s</sup> *Statist* —] i. e. Statesman.

The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed  
 In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
 Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar  
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
 Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline  
 (Now mingled with their courages) will make known  
 To their approvers,<sup>9</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.

<sup>9</sup> To their approvers,] i. e. To those who try them.

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 :<sup>1</sup> 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 :<sup>2</sup> the cutter  
 Was as another nature, dumb ;<sup>3</sup> outwent her,  
 Motion and breath left out.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for*

*The press of boats, or pride :*] Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art.

<sup>2</sup> *So likely to report themselves :*] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*.

<sup>3</sup> *Was as another nature, dumb ;*] The meaning is this : The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb ; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*.



Depending on their brands.<sup>4</sup>

*Post.* This is her honour!—  
Let it be granted, you have seen all this,<sup>5</sup> (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; 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,

<sup>4</sup> ———— *nicely*

[*Depending on their brands.*] Here seems to be a kind of tautology. *Brands* may be a part of the *andirons*, on which the wood for the fire was supported, as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a spit, is more properly termed the *andiron*. These irons, on which the wood lies across, generally called *dogs*, are here termed *brands*.

<sup>5</sup> *This is her honour!*—

[*Let it be granted, you have seen all this, &c.*] The expression is ironical. *Iachimo* relates many particulars, to which *Posthumus* answers with impatience:

“This is her honour!”—

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. JOHNSON.

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<sup>6</sup> of her incontinency  
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus  
dearly.—

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

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

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

*Iach.* If you seek  
For further satisfying, under her breast

<sup>6</sup> *The cognizance* —] The badge; the token; the visible proof.

(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 arithmetick: 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.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;

<sup>1</sup> ——— pervert the present wrath —] For *avert*.

And that most venerable man, which I  
 Did call my father, was I know not where  
 When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools  
 Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd  
 The Dian of that time: so doth my wife  
 The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!  
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with  
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't  
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought  
 her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—  
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—  
 Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,  
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,  
 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,<sup>8</sup> (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

<sup>8</sup> — *thine uncle.*] Cassibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was son to Tenantius, the nephew of Cassibelan.

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 shipping,  
 (Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas,  
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd  
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof,  
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
 (O, giglot fortune!<sup>9</sup>) to master Cæsar's sword,  
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,  
 And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to be paid :  
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ;  
 and, as I said, there is no 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 ambi-  
 tion,  
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
 The sides o'the world,) against all colour,<sup>1</sup> here

<sup>9</sup> O, giglot fortune !] O false and inconstant fortune ! A *giglot*  
 was a strumpet.

<sup>1</sup> — against all colour,] Without any pretence of right.

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 fran-  
 chise,

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 domestick 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 ;<sup>2</sup> I am perfect,<sup>3</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

<sup>2</sup> — *keep at utterance ;*] Means to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants.

<sup>3</sup> — *I am perfect,*] I am well informed.

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

*Luc.* So, sir:

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :  
All the remain is, welcome. [ *Exeunt.* ]

## SCENE II.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter PISANIO.*

*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 tongue'd, as handed,<sup>4</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.<sup>5</sup>—O, my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low,<sup>6</sup> 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 too? *Do't : The letter*  
[ *Reading.* ]

<sup>4</sup> — *What false Italian*

( *As poisonous-tongue'd, as handed,* )] About Shakspeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common.

<sup>5</sup> — *take in some virtue.*] To *take in* a town, is to *conquer* it.

<sup>6</sup> *Thy mind to her is now as low.*] That is, thy mind *compared* to her is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to hers.



*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>7</sup> and look'st  
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.*

*Enter IMOGEN.*

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.<sup>8</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 physick love;<sup>9</sup>—of his content,  
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,  
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,  
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!  
[*Reads.*

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take  
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as  
you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even re-  
new me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in  
Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love*

<sup>7</sup> *Art thou a feodary for this act,]* Feodary means, here, a confederate, or accomplice.

<sup>8</sup> *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.]* i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder.

<sup>9</sup> *For it doth physick love;]* That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour.

*will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord? who long'st,— O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,— But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me; For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,<sup>1</sup> (Love's counsellor should fill the bores 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?<sup>2</sup> We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

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

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to 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:

<sup>1</sup> — *Speak thick,*] i. e. crowd one word on another, as fast as possible.

<sup>2</sup> *Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?*] Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done, for which excuse will be necessary.

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>3</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<sup>4</sup> through  
 And keep their impious turbands on,<sup>5</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,

<sup>3</sup> *A franklin's housewife.*] A franklin is literally a freholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal.

<sup>4</sup> — may jet—] i. e. strut, walk proudly.

<sup>5</sup> — Their impious turbands on,] The idea of a giant was among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
 When you above perceive me like a crow,  
 That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.  
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,  
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :  
 'This service is not service, so being done,  
 But being so allow'd :<sup>6</sup> To apprehend thus,  
 Draws us a profit from all things we see :  
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
 The sharded beetle<sup>7</sup> in a safer hold  
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life  
 Is nobler, than attending for a check ;<sup>8</sup>  
 Richer than doing nothing for a babe ;<sup>9</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

<sup>6</sup> This *service is not service*, &c.] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well ; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act.

<sup>7</sup> The sharded beetle—] i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry husks or shards.

<sup>8</sup> — attending for a check ;] *Check* may mean, in this place, a reproof ; but I rather think it signifies command, controul. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle's checks. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — than doing nothing for a babe ;] As it was once the custom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardship of infants who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occasion. Frequent complaints were made that *nothing was done* towards the education of these neglected orphans.

<sup>1</sup> — no life to ours.] i. e. compared with ours.

A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;  
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
 To stride a limit.<sup>2</sup>

*Arv.*                   What should we speak of,<sup>3</sup>  
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear  
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :  
 We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;  
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :  
 Our valour is, to chase what flies ; our cage  
 We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,  
 And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.*   How you speak !  
 Did you but know the city's usuries,  
 And felt them knowingly : the art o'the court,  
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb  
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that  
 The fear's as bad as falling : the toil 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 mark'd  
 With Roman swords ; and my report was once  
 First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;  
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
 Was not far off : 'Then was I as a tree,

<sup>2</sup> *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound.

<sup>3</sup> *What should we speak of,*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind. JOHNSON.

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 val-  
 leys. [*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

I'the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit  
 The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,  
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much  
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—  
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom  
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !  
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
 Into my story : say,—*This 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 posture  
 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;<sup>4</sup>  
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mo-  
 ther,  
 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:—Pisano! Man!  
 Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,  
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that  
 sigh

<sup>4</sup> — *I stole these babes;*] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.—The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
 Beyond self-explication: Put thyself  
 Into a haviour<sup>5</sup> 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<sup>6</sup> Italy hath out-craftied him,  
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy  
 tongue

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

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

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

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

<sup>5</sup> — haviour—] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakespeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time.

<sup>6</sup> — drug-damn'd—] This is another allusion to Italian poisons.



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,<sup>7</sup>  
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam ?

*Imo.* False to his bed ! What is it, to be false ?  
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?  
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge  
 nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
 And cry myself awake ? that's false to 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>8</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 :<sup>9</sup>—to pieces with me !—O,  
 Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming,  
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
 Put on for villainy ; not born, where't grows ;  
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

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

<sup>7</sup> — states,] Persons of highest rank.

<sup>8</sup> Whose mother was her painting,] Some jay of Italy, made by art ; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense painting may not be improperly termed her mother.

<sup>9</sup> And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,

*I must be ripp'd :*] To hang by the walls, does not mean, to be converted into hangings for a room, but to be hung up, as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe.

Were, in his time, thought false : and Sinon's weeping  
 Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity  
 From most true wretchedness : So, thou, Posthúmus,  
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;<sup>1</sup>  
 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.<sup>2</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ; &c.]* i. e. says Mr. Upton, “wilt infect and corrupt their good name, (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass,) and wilt render them suspected.”

<sup>2</sup> *That cravens my weak hand.]* i. e. makes me a coward.

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>3</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,<sup>4</sup> 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,

<sup>3</sup> *That now thou tir'st on,*] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which she pecks ; from *tirer*, French.

<sup>4</sup> *To be unbent,*] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to a hunter.

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 ; 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 nigh, at least,  
 That though his actions were not visible, yet  
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
 As truly as he moves.

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

*Pis.* Well then, here's the point :  
 You must forget to be a woman ; change  
 Command into obedience ; fear, and niceness,  
 (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
 Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage ;  
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
 As quarrellous as the weasel :<sup>5</sup> nay, you must  
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
 Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart !  
 Alack no remedy !) to the greedy touch  
 Of common-kissing Titan : 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

<sup>5</sup> *As quarrellous as the weasel :*] This character of the *weasel* is not warranted by naturalists. *Weasels*, however, were formerly kept in houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin.

From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
Wherein you are happy,<sup>6</sup> (which you'll make him  
know,

If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless  
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,  
And, doubling that, most holy: Your means abroad<sup>7</sup>  
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,<sup>8</sup> and will abide it with  
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;  
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;  
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,  
Or stomach-quálm'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.*

<sup>6</sup> *Wherein you are happy,*] i. e. wherein you are *accomplished.*

<sup>7</sup> ——— *your means abroad, &c.*] As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *This attempt*

*I'm soldier to,*] i. e. I am equal to this attempt; I have enough of *ardour* to undertake it.

## SCENE V.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.*

*Cym.* Thus far ; and so farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, royal sir.

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

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

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

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

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and Lords.*

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning : but it honours  
us,

That we have given him cause.

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

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

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

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

[*Exit an Attendant.*

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

*Re-enter an Attendant.*

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

*Atten.* Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer  
That will be given to 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 CLOTEN.*]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—  
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;  
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's 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>9</sup>  
[*Exit Queen.*]

*Clo.* I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

<sup>9</sup> ————— *May*

*This night forestall him of the coming day!]* i. e. may his grief  
this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an antici-  
pated and premature destruction!

Than lady, ladies, woman;<sup>1</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

<sup>1</sup> *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
 Than lady, ladies, woman;]* She has all courtly parts, says he,  
 more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

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 Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah,  
if thou would'st not be 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 villainy so'er I bid thee do, to  
perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee  
an honest man; thou shouldest neither want my  
means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good lood.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently  
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune  
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the  
course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of  
mine. Wilt thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

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

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

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

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

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

Be those the garments ?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

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

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

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

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

## SCENE VI.

*Before the Cave of Belarius.*

*Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.*

*Imo.* I see, a man's life is a tedious one:  
 I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together  
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,  
 But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,  
 When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,  
 Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,  
 Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,  
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told  
 me,  
 I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,  
 That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis  
 A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,  
 When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness  
 Is sorer, 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:

\* *To him that is most true.*] Pisanio, notwithstanding his masters's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as true, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both.

I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,  
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever  
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?  
 If any thing that's civil,<sup>2</sup> speak; if savage,  
 Take, or lend:—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.  
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
 Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the Cave.*]

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

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

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

<sup>2</sup> *If any thing that's civil,*] *Civil*, for human creature.

<sup>3</sup> — *woodman,*] A *woodman*, in its common acceptation (as in the present instance) signifies a *hunter*.

<sup>4</sup> — *'tis our match:*] i. e. our compact.

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.

*Gwi.* 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.<sup>5</sup>

*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.—

<sup>5</sup> *I am fallen in this offence.*] *In*, according to the ancient mode of writing, is here used instead of *into*.

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 welcome!  
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. } *Aside.*

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.<sup>6</sup>

*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,<sup>7</sup>)  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus false.

*Bel.* It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:  
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,

<sup>6</sup> He *wrings* at some distress.] i. e. writhes with anguish.

<sup>7</sup> That nothing gift of differing multitudes,] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value.



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.*

*1 Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ ;  
'That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite  
The gentry to this business : He creates  
Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commands  
His absolute commission.<sup>8</sup> Long live Cæsar !

*Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces ?

*2 Sen.* Ay.

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia ?

*1 Sen.* With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be suppliant : The words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time  
Of their despatch.

<sup>8</sup> ——— and to you the tribunes,

For this immediate levy, he commands

His absolute commission.] He commands the commission to be  
given to you. So we say, I ordered the materials to the workmen.

*Tri.* We will discharge our duty.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

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

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for<sup>9</sup> 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:<sup>1</sup> yet this imperseverant<sup>2</sup> thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall

<sup>9</sup> — *for* —] i. e. because.

<sup>1</sup> — *in single* oppositions:] In single combat.

<sup>2</sup> — *imperseverant* —] *Imperseverant* may mean no more than *perseverant*, like *imbosomed*, *impassioned*, *immasked*.

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 IMOGEN.]* remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arv.*

Brother, stay here: *[To IMOGEN.]*

Are we not brothers?

*Imo.*

So man and man should be;  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

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

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

But not so citizen a wanton, as

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

Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom

Is breach of all.<sup>3</sup> 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.

<sup>3</sup> *Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom*

*Is breach of all.]* Keep your daily course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.

*Gui.* I love thee; I have spoke it:  
How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do love my father.

*Bel.* What? how? how?

*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault: I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,  
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,  
*My father, not this youth.*

*Bel.* 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.

*Arv.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health.—So please you, sir.

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

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:  
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!  
The imperious seas<sup>4</sup> breed monsters; for the dish,  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,  
I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Gui.* I could not stir him:<sup>5</sup>  
He said, he was gentle,<sup>6</sup> but unfortunate;  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Arv.* Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter

<sup>4</sup> *The imperious seas* —] *Imperious* was used by Shakspeare for *imperial*.

<sup>5</sup> *I could not stir him:*] Not *move* him to tell his story.

<sup>6</sup> — gentle, but unfortunate:] *Gentle*, is *well-born*, of birth above the vulgar.

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* IMOGEN.]

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.<sup>7</sup>

*Arv.* Grow, patience!

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

*Bel.* It is great morning.<sup>8</sup> Come; away.—Who's  
there?

<sup>7</sup> *Mingle their spurs together.*] *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees.

<sup>8</sup> *It is great morning.*] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*.

*Enter CLOTEN.*

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

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

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

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Clo.* Soft! What are you  
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, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou? Have  
not I  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;  
Why I should yield to thee?

*Clo.* Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes?

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence then, and thank  
The man that 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, rustick mountaineer.<sup>9</sup> [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

<sup>9</sup> *Yield, rustick mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I. sc. iv. the Lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Guiderius. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or ideot; and yet Act. III. sc. i. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though *it may lack form a little*, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgment;) and yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress, by means of her attendants; to get her person into his power afterwards; and seems to be no less acquainted with the

*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,<sup>1</sup> were as his: I am absolute,  
'Twas very Cloten.

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

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for 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:<sup>2</sup> cut off one Cloten's  
head,

character of his father, and the ascendancy the Queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutish, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — the snatches in his voice,

*And burst of speaking,]* This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding.

<sup>2</sup> *I am perfect, what :]* I am well informed, what.



Son to the queen, after his own report ;  
 Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,  
 With his own single hand he'd take us in,<sup>3</sup>  
 Displace our heads, where (thank the gods ! ) they  
 grow,  
 And set them on Lud's town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,  
 But, that he swore, to take our lives ? The law  
 Protects not us : Then why should we be tender,  
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;  
 Play judge, and executioner, all himself ;  
 For we do fear the law ?<sup>4</sup> 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 hear-  
 ing,

(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.

*Arc.* Let ordinance  
 Come as the gods foresay it : howsoe'er,  
 My brother hath done well.

<sup>3</sup> — take us in,] i. e. conquer, or subdue us.

<sup>4</sup> For we do fear the law?] For is here used in the sense of be-  
 cause.

*Bel.* I had no mind  
To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.<sup>5</sup>

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

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

*Arv.* 'Would I had done't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly ; but envy much,  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would, 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,<sup>6</sup>  
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

<sup>5</sup> *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's sickness made my walk forth from the cave tedious.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *To gain his colour,*] i. e. to restore him to the bloom of health, to recall the colour of it into his cheeks.

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
 Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,  
 Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,  
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
 And make him stoop to 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 Musick.*

*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,<sup>7</sup>  
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,  
 Is Cadwal mad?

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

*Bel.* Look, here he comes,

<sup>7</sup> — *lamenting toys,*] *Toys* formerly signified freaks, or frolicks.

And brings the dire occasion in his arms,  
Of what we blame him for!

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

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

*Bel.* O, melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare<sup>8</sup>  
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;  
but I,  
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!  
How found you him?

*Arv.* Stark,<sup>9</sup> 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:

<sup>8</sup> — what coast thy sluggish crare] A *crare* is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*.

<sup>9</sup> *Stark*,] i. e. stiff.

<sup>1</sup> — clouted brogues —] Are shoes strengthened with *clout* or *hob-nails*. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts*, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rusticks. *Brog* is the Irish word for a kind of shoe peculiar to that kingdom.

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<sup>2</sup> would,  
 With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming  
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
 Without a monument!) bring thee all this ;  
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
 To winter-ground thy corse.<sup>3</sup>

*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.

<sup>2</sup> The *ruddock* is the *red-breast*, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser.

<sup>3</sup> To winter-ground thy corse.] To winter-ground a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

*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:<sup>3</sup> Though mean and mighty,  
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,  
(That angel of the world,<sup>4</sup>) 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* BELARIUS.]

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the  
east:

My father hath a reason for't.

*Arv.* 'Tis true.

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

*Arv.* So,—Begin.

### SONG.

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

<sup>3</sup> He was paid for that:] Paid is for punished.

<sup>4</sup> ——— reverence,

(That angel of the world,)—] Reverence, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.

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, physick, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.*

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

Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash ;*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee,<sup>5</sup> and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee !<sup>6</sup>*

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 !<sup>7</sup>*

*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,

<sup>5</sup> *Consign to thee,*] Perhaps *To consign to thee,* is to seal the same contract with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death.

<sup>6</sup> *No exorciser harm thee !*] Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorciser* to express a person who can raise spirits, not one who lays them.

<sup>7</sup> — *thy grave !*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. JOHNSON.

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* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and AR-  
 VIRAGUS.

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

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?  
 'Ods pittikins!<sup>s</sup>—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.  
 But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the Body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;  
 This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;  
 For, 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 fumes: Our very eyes  
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,  
 I tremble still with fear: But if there be  
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!  
 The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is  
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.  
 A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!  
 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<sup>9</sup>—  
 Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,

<sup>s</sup> 'Ods pittikins!'] This diminutive adjuration is derived from *God's my pity*, which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*.

<sup>9</sup> — *his Jovial face* —] *Jovial face* signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramattick writers.



All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
 Conspir'd with that irregulous devil,<sup>1</sup> Cloten,  
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,  
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio  
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—  
 From this most bravest vessel of the world  
 Struck the main-top!<sup>2</sup>—O, Posthumus! alas,  
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's  
 that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
 And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?  
 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!<sup>3</sup>  
 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 Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
 That we the horrider may seem to those  
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

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

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,  
 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,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *that irregulous devil,*] *Irregulous* (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata*.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the main-top!*] i. e. the top of the mainmast.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *'tis pregnant, pregnant!*] i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite conclusion.

That promise noble service : and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
Sienna's brother.<sup>4</sup>

*Luc.* When expect you them ?

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

*Luc.* This forwardness  
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present num-  
bers

Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,  
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's pur-  
pose ?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a vision :  
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus :—  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spongy south to this part of the west,  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends,  
(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,

<sup>4</sup> *Sienna's brother.*] i.e. (as I suppose Shakspeare to have meant) brother to the Prince of Sienna ; but, unluckily, *Sienna* was a republick. STEEVENS.

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. 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<sup>5</sup> can dig: and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his  
grave,  
And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;  
And, leaving so his service, follow you,

<sup>5</sup> — these poor pickaxes —] Meaning her fingers.

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 daizied plot we can,

And make him with our pikes and partisans

A grave: Come; arm him.<sup>6</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 high-

ness,

<sup>6</sup> — arm him.] That is, *Take him up in your arms.*

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.*

Good, my liege,

The day that she was missing, he was here :  
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten,—

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

*Cym.*

The time's troublesome :

We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy

[*To PISANIO.*

Does yet depend.

1 *Lord.*

So please your majesty,

The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—  
I am amaz'd with matter.<sup>7</sup>

1 *Lord.*

Good my liege,

Your preparation can affront no less

Than what you hear of :<sup>8</sup> come more, for more  
you're ready :

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

*Cym.*

I thank you : Let's withdraw :

And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us ; but

We grieve at chances here.—Away.

[*Exeunt.*

*Pis.* I heard no letter 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

<sup>7</sup> *I am amaz'd with matter.*] i. e. confounded by a variety of business.

<sup>8</sup> *Your preparation can affront, &c.*] Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us.

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>9</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<sup>1</sup>  
During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.*

Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.  
To the king's party there's no going : newness  
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not mus-  
ter'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render  
Where we have liv'd ;<sup>2</sup> and so extort from us

<sup>9</sup> ——— to the note o'the king,] I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour.

<sup>1</sup> ——— revolts—] i. e. revolters.

<sup>2</sup> ————— a render

*Where we have liv'd ;*] An account of our place of abode.  
This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man.

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,<sup>3</sup> have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

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

From my remembrance. And besides, the king  
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
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 vension?  
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel

<sup>3</sup> — *their quarter'd fires,*] *Quarter'd fires,* I believe, means  
no more than *fires in the respective quarters* of the Roman army.

Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his blessed 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!

*Arr.* 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.*<sup>4</sup>

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth,<sup>5</sup> I'll keep thee; for I  
wish'd

<sup>4</sup> — *bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing Act determined to send.

<sup>5</sup> *Yea, bloody cloth, &c.*] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence;



Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
 If each of you would take this course, how many  
 Must murder wives much better than themselves,  
 For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!  
 Every good servant does not all commands;  
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you  
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
 Had liv'd to put on<sup>6</sup> 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 ill with ill, each elder worse;  
 And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.<sup>7</sup>  
 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,

then tries to disburden himself by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— to put on—] Is to incite, to instigate.

<sup>7</sup> And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.] Of the various meanings assigned by the commentators, the following appears the most intelligible:—"Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ill on ill, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers."

The whole speech is in a religious strain.—*Thrift* signifies a *state of prosperity*. It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doer's thrift, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course repenting, which ensures his salvation.

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 carl,\*  
 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 carl,*] *Carl* or *churl* (ceopl, Sax.) is a clown or husbandman.

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 villainy 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 hood-wink'd.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes  
 Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

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

*Post.* I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

*Lord.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought: The king himself  
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,  
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
 Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd  
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living  
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.* Where was this lane?

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

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—  
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd  
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
 In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,  
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run  
 The country base,<sup>9</sup> than to commit such slaughter;  
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)<sup>1</sup>  
 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,

<sup>9</sup> *The country base,*] i. e. a rustick game called *prison-bars*,  
 vulgarly *prison-base*.

<sup>1</sup> — *for preservation cas'd, or shame,*] *Shame* for modesty.

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 need; having found the back-door  
open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!  
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends  
O'er-borne i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:  
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown  
The mortal bugs<sup>2</sup> o'the field.

*Lord.* This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it:<sup>3</sup> You are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,  
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,  
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

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

*Post.* 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:  
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,  
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

<sup>2</sup> — bugs —] Terrors.

<sup>3</sup> *Nay, do not wonder at it:*] Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for.

You have put me into rhyme.

*Lord.*

Farewell; you are angry.

[*Exit.*

*Posi.* 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 charin'd,<sup>4</sup>  
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 re-sum'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<sup>5</sup>  
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.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:  
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

<sup>4</sup> — *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition.

<sup>5</sup> — *great the answer be —*] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,<sup>6</sup>  
That gave the affront with them.<sup>7</sup>

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

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

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his  
service  
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE,*<sup>8</sup> *attended; BELARIUS, GUIDE-*  
*RIUS, 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.*

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

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.  
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

<sup>6</sup> — a silly habit,] *Silly* is *simple* or *rustick*.

<sup>7</sup> *That gave the affront with them.*] That is, that turned their  
faces to the enemy.

<sup>8</sup> *Enter Cymbeline, &c.*] This is the only instance in these  
plays of the business of the scene being entirely performed in  
dumb show. The direction must have proceeded from the players,  
as it is perfectly unnecessary, and our author has elsewhere [in  
*Hamlet*] expressed his contempt of such mummery. RITSON.

*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 Musick.*<sup>9</sup> *Enter, as an Apparition, SICI-*

<sup>9</sup> *Solemn musick, &c.*] It is the universal opinion that this vision, masque, and prophecy, were the interpolation of the players. One would think that, Shakspeare's style being too refined for his audiences, the managers had employed some playwright of the *old school* to regale them with a touch of "King Cambyses' vein." The margin would be too honourable a place for so impertinent an interpolation.



LIUS 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 Musick before them. Then, after other Musick, 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 Posthumus ript,  
Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
A thing of pity !

*Sici.* Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,

That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,  
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,  
In Britain where was he

That could stand up his parallel ;  
Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity ?

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

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
 Slight thing of Italy,  
 To taint his nobler heart and brain  
 With needless jealousy;  
 And to become the geck<sup>9</sup> and scorn  
 O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,  
 Our parents, and us twain,  
 That, striking in our country's cause,  
 Fell bravely, and were slain;  
 Our fealty, and 'Tenantius' right,  
 With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
 To Cymbeline perform'd:  
 Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
 The graces for his merits due;  
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

*Sici.* Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
 No longer exercise,  
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh  
 And potent injuries:

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

*Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion; help!  
 Or we poor ghosts will cry  
 To the shining synod of the rest,  
 Against thy deity.

<sup>9</sup> *And to become the geck —] A geck is a fool.*

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

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

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you ghosts,  
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,  
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?  
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest  
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :  
Be not with mortal accidents opprest ;  
No care of yours it is ; you know, 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,  
The more delay'd, delighted.— Be content ;  
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.  
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—  
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
And happier much by his affliction made.  
This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein  
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;  
And so, away : no further with your din  
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—  
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*

*Sici.* He came in thunder ; his celestial breath  
Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle  
Stoop'd, as to foot us :<sup>1</sup> his ascension is  
More sweet than our bless'd fields : his royal bird  
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,  
As when his god is pleas'd.

*All.*

Thanks, Jupiter !

<sup>1</sup> ——— to foot us : ] i. e. to grasp us in his pounces.

*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 Posthu-  
mus 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;<sup>2</sup> purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness:<sup>3</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> ——— sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;] i. e. sorry that you have paid too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you are paid, or subdued, too much by the liquor.

<sup>3</sup> ——— being drawn of heaviness:] Drawn is embowelled, exenterated.—So in common language a fowl is said to be drawn, when its intestines are taken out.

*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-enquiry<sup>4</sup> 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* POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

*Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.<sup>5</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.*]

<sup>4</sup> ——— jump the after-enquiry —] That is, venture at it without thought.

<sup>5</sup> ——— I never saw one so prone.] i. e. forward.

SCENE V.<sup>6</sup>

## 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

<sup>6</sup> *Scene V.*] Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramattick violence than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion, to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,  
 [To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.  
 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<sup>7</sup>

With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,  
But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend!  
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she  
had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life, and, 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!

<sup>7</sup> — bore in hand to love —] i. e. insidiously taught to depend on her love.

*Euter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the Soothsayer, and other*  
 Roman Prisoners, *guarded*; POSTHUMUS *behind,*  
*and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that  
 The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss  
 Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,  
 That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter  
 Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :  
 So, think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day  
 Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,  
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have  
 threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
 May be call'd ransome, let it come : sufficeth,  
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :  
 Augustus lives to think on't : and so much  
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
 I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born,  
 Let him be ransom'd : never master had  
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
 So tender over his occasions, true,  
 So feat,<sup>8</sup> so nurse-like : let his virtue join  
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-  
 ness

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,  
 Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,  
 And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him :  
 His favour is familiar<sup>9</sup> to me.—  
 Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,

<sup>8</sup> *So feat,*] So ready ; so dexterous in waiting.

<sup>9</sup> *His favour is familiar—*] I am acquainted with his countenance.

And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,  
To say, live, boy :<sup>1</sup> ne'er thank thy master ; live :  
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;  
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;  
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no : alack,  
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,  
Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me,  
He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—  
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

*Cym.* What would'st thou, boy ?  
I love thee more and more ; think more and more  
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?  
speak,  
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

*Imo.* He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,  
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,  
Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so ?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*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.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

<sup>1</sup> *I know not why, nor wherefore,*

*To say, live, boy :*] I know not what should induce me to  
say, live, boy.

*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.

[*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN 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 render  
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 villainy  
I got this ring ; 'twas Leonatus' jewel :

Whom thou didst banish; and (which more, may  
grieve thee,  
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd  
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my  
lord?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter,—  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quail to remember,<sup>2</sup>—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 Posthúmus,  
(What should I say? he was too good, to be  
Where 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

<sup>2</sup> Quail to remember,] To quail is to sink into dejection.

That had a royal lover,) took his hint ;  
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein  
 He was as calm as virtue) he began  
 His mistress picture ; which by his tongue being  
 made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
 Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description  
 Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—There it begins.  
 He spake of her as Dian<sup>3</sup> 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 villainous. Being thus quench'd  
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
 Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;  
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  
 That I return'd with simular proof enough  
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
 By wounding his belief in her renown  
 With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — as Dian —] i. e. as if Dian.

<sup>4</sup> — averring notes—] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report.

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!<sup>5</sup> Thou, king, send out  
For tortures 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.<sup>6</sup>  
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!

<sup>5</sup> *Some upright justicer!*] *Justicer* is used by Shakspeare thrice in *King Lear*. The most ancient law books have *justicers* of the peace, as frequently as *justices* of the peace.

<sup>6</sup> — and she herself.] That is,—She was not only *the temple of virtue*, but *virtue herself*.

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<sup>7</sup> on me?

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!

*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.* How fares my mistress?

*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;

Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!

Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!

*Pis.* Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
That box I gave you was not thought by me  
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

*Cym.* New matter still?

*Imo.* It poison'd me.

*Cor.* O Gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,  
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio  
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection  
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd  
As I would serve a rat.

*Cym.* What's this, Cornelius?

*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me  
To temper poisons for her; still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs  
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life; but, in short time,  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

<sup>7</sup> ——— *these staggers*—] This wild and delirious perturbation.  
*Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy.



*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.

*Bel.*

My boys,

There was our error.

*Gui.*

This is sure, Fidele.

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

Think, that you are upon a rock;<sup>8</sup> 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<sup>9</sup> in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

*Imo.*

Your blessing, sir.

[*Kneeling.*

*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;

You had a motive for't.

[*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS:*

*Cym.*

My tears, that fall,

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

*Imo.*

I 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,

<sup>8</sup> *Think, that you are upon a rock;*] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. Perhaps, she would say,—Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it.

<sup>9</sup> — a dullard—] In this place means a person stupidly unconcerned.

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 punishment 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 hearts 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.<sup>2</sup> 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:

<sup>1</sup> *Your pleasure was my mere offence, &c.]* My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only.

<sup>2</sup> *Thou weep'st, and speak'st.]* "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The King reasons very justly. JOHNSON.

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 brothers,  
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When you were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?

*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd;  
Continued so, until we thought he died.

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct!  
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridge-  
ment;<sup>3</sup>  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which

<sup>3</sup> fierce abridgement —] Fierce is vehement, rapid.

Distinction should be rich in.<sup>4</sup>—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,<sup>5</sup> with  
I know not how much more, should be demanded;  
And all the other by-dependancies.  
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,  
Will serve our long intergatories. See,  
Posthúmus 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 BELARIUS.

*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 besceaming; 'twas a fitment for

<sup>4</sup> ————— which

*Distinction should be rich in.*] i. e. which ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative.

<sup>5</sup> *And your three motives to the battle,*] That is, though strangely expressed, the motives of you three for engaging in the battle.

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<sup>6</sup>  
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found  
This label on my bosom; whose containing  
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no collection of it;<sup>7</sup> let him show  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus,—

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

<sup>6</sup> — spritely shows —] Are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances.

<sup>7</sup> Make no collection of it;] A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises.

*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 CYMBELINE.]

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 majestick 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 Caesar,  
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.* <sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

JOHNSON.

See page 95, note 7.

### A SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,  
SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,  
And rife all the breathing spring.*

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.*

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
No goblins lead their nightly crew:  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

*The red-breast oft at evening hours  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

*When howling winds, and beating rain,  
In tempests shake the syloan cell;  
Or midst the chace on every plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;  
For thee the tear be duly shed:  
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;  
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.\*

\* TITUS ANDRONICUS.] It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakspeare, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of Arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakspeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other authority. If there should be a play in being with that title, though without Shakspeare's name, I should be glad to see it; and I think the editor would be sure of the publick thanks, even if it should prove no better than the *Love's Labour's Lost*. TYRWHITT.

The work of criticism on the plays of our author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itself in proportion to the value of the piece under consideration; and we shall always do little where we desire but little should be done. I know not that this piece stands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in some countries,—any experiments might be justifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the same subject. "John Danter] Feb. 6, 1593. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*." "Enter'd unto him also the ballad thereof."

Entered again April 19, 1602, by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. Dr. Percy adds, that "there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had theu

been exhibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years:' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramattick writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performanee, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being discreditably mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very sparingly censured *The Tempest*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakspeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious sneer on him.

Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. speaks of the story of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora*: And, in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to it:

" ————— as welcome shall you be  
" To me, my daughters, and my son in law,  
" As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,  
" When he had made a conquest on the *Goths*."

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakspeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a Thersites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided. STEEVENS.

On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author, in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. "I have been told" (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687,) "by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

"A booke entitled *A noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*" was entered at Stationers'-Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Sussex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same

company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The old Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.* by whom not one of Shakspeare's plays is said to have been performed.

From Ben Jonson's Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth: those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question.—I will however mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Gismund*, *The Battle of Alcazar*, *Jeronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *The Wounds of Civil War*, *The Wars of Cyrus*, *Locrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *King Edward I.* *The Spanish Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perseda*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.

The testimony of Meres, mentioned in a preceding note, alone remains to be considered. His enumerating this among Shakspeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being printed by his fellow-comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and probably acquainted with some of the dramatick poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For six of the plays which he has mentioned, (exclusive of the evidence which the representation of the pieces themselves might have furnished,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whisper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnson supposes; for Shakspeare's name is not in the title-page of the edition printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impression. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakspeare, can it be sup-

posed that the booksellers would not have endeavoured to procure a sale for it by stamping his name upon it?

In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of our author, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted compositions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, when some of his contemporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himself written for the stage in 1629, did not die till April 1668;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare. MALONE.

In the library of the Duke of Bridgewater, at Ashridge, is a volume of old quarto plays, numbered R. 1. 7, in which the first is *Titus Andronicus*. This, the ingenious and accurate Mr. Todd has collated with the edition of 1793, and most of his collations may be seen in the edition of Shakspeare in 21 volumes, 1803.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.*

Lucius,  
Quintus,  
Martius,  
Mutius, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

*Young Lucius; a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

Publius, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

Æmilius, *A noble Roman.*

Alarbus,  
Chiron,  
Demetrius, } *Sons to Tamora.*

Aaron, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

*A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans. Goths and Romans.*

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

*A Nurse, and a black Child.*

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

*SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.*



# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol.

*The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other; with Drum and Colours.*

*Sat.* Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title<sup>1</sup> with your swords:  
I am his first-born son, that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas.* Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of  
my right,—  
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility:

<sup>1</sup> — my successive title —] i. e. my title to the succession.

But let desert in pure election shine ;  
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the Crown.*

*Mar.* Princes—that strive by factions, and by  
 friends,  
 Ambitiously for rule and empery,—  
 Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand  
 A special party, have, by common voice,  
 In election for the Roman empery,  
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius  
 For many good and great deserts to Rome ;  
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
 Lives not this day within the city walls :  
 He by the senate is accited home,  
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;  
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook  
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
 Our enemies' pride : Five times he hath return'd  
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
 In coffins from the field ;  
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
 Let us entreat.—By honour of his name,  
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,  
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—  
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;  
 Dismiss your followers, and, 'as suitors should,  
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm my  
 thoughts !

*Bas.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy

In thy uprightness and integrity,  
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
 Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,  
 And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,  
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd!

[*Exeunt the Followers of* BASSIANUS.

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in my  
 right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;  
 And to the love and favour of my country  
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of* SATURNINUS.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,  
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—  
 Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt  
 with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter a Captain and Others.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,  
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
 Successful in the battles that he fights,  
 With honour and with fortune is return'd,  
 From where he circumscribed with his sword,  
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of Trumpets, &c. enter* MUTIUS *and* MAR-  
 TIUS: *after them, two Men bearing a Coffin co-*

vered with black; then **QUINTUS** and **LUCIUS**.  
 After them, **TITUS ANDRONICUS**; and then **TAMORA**,  
 with **ALARBUS**, **CHIRON**, **DEMETRIUS**,  
**AARON**, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and  
 People, following. The Bearers set down the  
 Coffin, and **TITUS** speaks.

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning  
 weeds!

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,  
 Returns with precious lading to the bay,  
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
 To re-salute his country with his tears;  
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—  
 Thou great defender of this Capitol,<sup>2</sup>  
 Stand gracious to the rights that we intend!—  
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
 Half of the number that king Priam had,  
 Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!  
 These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;  
 These, that I bring unto their latest home,  
 With burial amongst their ancestors:  
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.  
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx!<sup>3</sup>—  
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The Tomb is opened.*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!  
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,

<sup>2</sup> *Thou great defender of this Capitol,*] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

<sup>3</sup> *To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx!*] Here we have one of the numerous classical notions that are scattered with a pedantick profusion through this piece. MALONE.

Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
 That thou wilt never render to me more?

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
 Before this earthly prison of their bones;  
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.<sup>4</sup>

*Tit.* I give him you; the noblest that survives,  
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

*Tam.* Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
 A mother's tears in passion for her son:  
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.  
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,  
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,  
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;  
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?  
 O! if to fight for king and common weal  
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.  
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:  
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
 Draw near them then in being merciful:  
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;  
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

*Tit.* Patient yourself,<sup>5</sup> madam, and pardon me.  
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld  
 Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,  
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

<sup>4</sup> *Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral.

<sup>5</sup> *Patient yourself, &c.*] *Patient* is here a verb.

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,  
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

*Luc.* Away with him; and make a fire straight;  
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and  
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety!

*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

*Dem.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.  
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.  
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,  
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,  
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,  
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)  
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,  
with their Swords bloody.

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have perform'd  
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

*Tit.* Let it be so, and let Andronicus  
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the Coffin laid in the  
Tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here my sons;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damn'd grudges ; here are no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :

*Enter LAVINIA.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

*Lav.* In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;  
My noble lord and father, live in fame !  
Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears  
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;  
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy  
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :  
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

*Tit.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd  
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—  
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !<sup>6</sup>

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BAS-  
SIANUS, and Others.*

*Mar.* Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

*Mar.* And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,  
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your swords :  
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !]* To outlive an eternal date is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,]* The maxim of Solon here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy before his death.

And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—  
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
 Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,  
 This palliament of white and spotless hue;  
 And name thee in election for the empire,  
 With these our late deceased emperor's sons:  
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,  
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits,  
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:  
 What! should I don this robe,<sup>8</sup> and trouble you?  
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day;  
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,  
 And set abroad new business for you all?  
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
 In right and service of their noble country:  
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
 But not a sceptre to control the world:  
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Mar.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em-  
 pery.<sup>9</sup>

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou  
 tell?—

*Tit.* Patience, prince Saturnine.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right;—  
 Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not  
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—  
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

*Luc.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

<sup>8</sup> — don *this robe*,] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on.

<sup>9</sup> *Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery*,] Here is rather  
 too much of the ὑστέρων πρότερον.



*Tit.* Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee  
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

*Bas.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will do till I die;  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men  
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

*Tit.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,  
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

*Trib.* To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And congratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,  
That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this common-weal:  
Then if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

*Mar.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;  
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long Flourish.*]

*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:  
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name, and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my empress,  
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:  
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

*Tit.* It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,  
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:

And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—  
King and commander of our common-weal,  
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate  
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;  
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :  
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

*Sat.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !  
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,  
Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget  
The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

*Tit.* Now, madam, are you prisoner to an em-  
peror ; [To TAMORA.  
To him, that for your honour and your state,  
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

*Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue  
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—  
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;  
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of  
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :  
Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes ; Madam, he comforts you,  
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—  
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

*Lav.* Not I, my lord ;<sup>1</sup> sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

<sup>1</sup> *Lav. Not I, my lord ;*] It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again ; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetick justice. STEEVENS.

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go :  
Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free :  
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

*Bas.* Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.  
[Seizing LAVINIA.]

*Tit.* How, sir ? Are you in earnest then, my lord ?

*Bas.* Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,  
To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.]

*Mar.* *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

*Luc.* And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

*Tit.* Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's  
guard ?

Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

*Sat.* Surpriz'd ! By whom ?

*Bas.* By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.]

*Mut.* Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

*Tit.* Follow my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here.

*Tit.* What, villain boy !

Barr'st me my way in Rome ?

[TITUS kills MUTIUS.]

*Mut.* Help, Lucius, help !

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* My lord, you are unjust ; and, more than so,  
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine :  
My sons would never so dishonour me :  
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

*Luc.* Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

*Sat.* No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,  
Not her, nor thee; nor any of thy stock:  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.  
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,  
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are  
these?

*Sat.* But go thy ways; go, give that changing  
piece<sup>2</sup>

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.<sup>3</sup>

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of  
Goths,—

That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,  
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,  
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
And will create thee emperess of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my  
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—

<sup>2</sup> ——— *changing piece*—] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was, then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt.

<sup>3</sup> *To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of King Henry VIII. Hence, perhaps, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 183.

Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I  
swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, ac-  
company

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:  
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his Followers; TAMORA, and her Sons; AARON and Goths,*

*Tit.* I am not bid<sup>d</sup> to wait upon this bride;—  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

*Mar.* O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed  
That hath dishonour'd all our family;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as becomes;  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:

<sup>d</sup> I am not bid—] i. e. invited.

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,  
 Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—  
 Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

*Mar.* My lord, this is impiety in you:  
 My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;  
 He must be buried with his brethren.

*Quin. Mart.* And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Tit.* And shall? What villain was it spoke that  
 word?

*Quin.* He that would vouch't in any place but here.

*Tit.* What, would you bury him in my despite?

*Mar.* No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee  
 To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
 And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast  
 wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;  
 So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Mart.* He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

*Quin.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*]

*Mar.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

*Mar.* Renowned Titus, more than half my  
 soul,——

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

*Mar.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
 His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
 That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.  
 Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.  
 The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax  
 That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son  
 Did graciously plead for his funerals.  
 Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,  
 Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.*

Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with  
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

*All.* No man shed tears for noble Mutius;  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Mar.* My lord,—to step out of these dreary  
dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

*Tit.* I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;  
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:  
Is she not then beholden to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?  
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish.* Re-enter at one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: At the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.

*Sat.* So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;<sup>5</sup>  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,  
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

*Bas.* Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all;  
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

<sup>5</sup> — play'd your prize;] A technical term in the ancient fencing-school.

*Sat.* 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge?

*Tam.* Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome fore-  
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,

Ner with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—



My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,  
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
 You are but newly planted in your throne;  
 Lest then the people, and patricians too,  
 Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
 And so supplant us for ingratitude,  
 (Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)  
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone;  
 I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
 And raze their faction, and their family,  
 The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,  
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life;  
 And make them know, what 'tis to let  
     a queen  
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in  
     vain.—

} *Aside.*

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,  
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Sat.* Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:  
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
 A Roman now adopted happily,  
 And must advise the emperor for his good.  
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—  
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—  
 For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
 My word and promise to the emperor,  
 That you will be more mild and tractable.—  
 And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—  
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Luc.* We do; and vow to heaven, and to his  
     highness,  
 That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,

Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

*Mar.* That on mine honour here I do protest.

*Sat.* Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;  
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.  
Stand up:

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend: and sure as death I swore,  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty,  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

*SCENE I.* *The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;  
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiack in his glistening coach:

And overlooks the highest-peering hills;  
 So Tamora:—  
 Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,  
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
 And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long  
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;  
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,  
 Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!  
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.  
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
 This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,  
 This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
 And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.  
 Holla! what storm is this?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.*

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants  
 edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;  
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;  
 And so in this to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,  
 Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:

I am as able, and as fit, as thou,  
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;

And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

*Aar.* Clubs, clubs!<sup>9</sup> these lovers will not keep  
 the peace.

<sup>9</sup> *Clubs, clubs!*] This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened.

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,  
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?  
Go to: have your lath glued within your sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chi.* Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

*Dem.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

*Aar.* Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
And maintain such a quarrel openly?  
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;  
I would not for a million of gold,  
The cause were known to them it most concerns:  
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,  
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.  
For shame, put up.

*Dem.* Not I; till I have sheath'd

My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,  
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

*Chi.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—  
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy  
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

*Aar.* Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,  
Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,  
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware! an should the empress know  
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

*Chi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world ;  
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner  
choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*Aar.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome,  
How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brook competitors in love?  
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

*Chi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths  
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

*Aar.* To achieve her!—How?

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?  
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;  
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.  
What, man ! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,<sup>7</sup> we know :  
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aar.* Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

[*Aside.*

*Dem.* Then why should he despair, that knows  
to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?  
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aar.* Why then, it seems, some certain snatch  
or so

Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* 'Would you had hit it too ;

<sup>7</sup> — to steal a shive,] A shive is a slice.

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.  
 Why, liark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,  
 To square for this?<sup>8</sup> Would it offend you then  
 That both should speed?

*Chi.* I'faith, not me.

*Dem.* Nor me,  
 So I were one.

*Aar.* For shame, be friends; and join for that  
 you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do  
 That you affect; and so must you resolve;  
 That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,  
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste  
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment  
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind<sup>9</sup> for rape and villainy:

Single you thither then this dainty doc,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,<sup>1</sup>

To villainy and vengeance consecrate,<sup>1</sup>

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *To square for this?*] *To square* is to quarrel.

<sup>9</sup> *— by kind —*] That is, by nature, which is the old signification of *kind*.

<sup>1</sup> *— with her sacred wit,*] *Sacred* here signifies accursed; a Latinism.

<sup>2</sup> *— file our engines with advice,*] i. e. remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery.

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,  
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears;  
 The woods, are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;  
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your  
 turns :

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,  
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

*Chi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

*Dem.* *Sit fas aut nefus*, till I find the stream,  
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.* [ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance.  
 Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.*

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c.  
 MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,  
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :  
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,  
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
 And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,  
 That all the court may echo with the noise.  
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
 To tend the emperor's person carefully :  
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,  
 BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and  
 Attendants.*

*Tit.* Many good morrows to your majesty ;—

Madam, to you as many and as good!—

I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

*Sat.* And you have rung it lustily, my lords,  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

*Bas.* Lavinia, how say you?

*Lav.*

I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

*Sat.* Come on then, horse and chariots let us  
have,

And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see

Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.]

*Mar.*

I have dogs, my lord,

Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,

And climb the highest promontory top.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

*Dem.* Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor  
hound,

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*A desert Part of the Forest.*

*Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.*

*Aar.* He that had wit, would think that I had  
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,

And never aft to inherit it.<sup>3</sup>

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,

Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;

Which, cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villainy:

<sup>3</sup> ——— to inherit it.] To inherit formerly signified to possess.



And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,<sup>4</sup>  
 [Hides the Gold.  
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter TAMORA.*

*Tam.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou  
 sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?  
 The birds chaunt melody on every bush;  
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;  
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
 And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground:  
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
 And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,—  
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:  
 And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
 The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,  
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,  
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—  
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;  
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious  
 birds,  
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song  
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *for their unrest,*] *Unrest*, for disquiet, is a word frequently used by the old writers.

<sup>5</sup> *That have their alms, &c.*] This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *as is a nurse's song*

*Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.*] Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, says, "it is observable that the nurses call sleep *by*, *by*; *lullaby* is therefore *lull to sleep*." But to *lull* originally signified to *sleep*. To *compose to sleep by a pleasing sound* is a secondary sense retained after its primitive import became obsolete. The

*Aar.* Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
 Saturn is dominator over mine :  
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?  
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,  
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll  
 To do some fatal execution ?  
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;  
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
 Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,  
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—  
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;  
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day :  
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
 Seest thou this letter ? take it up I pray thee,  
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll :—  
 Now question me no more, we are espied ;  
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction :

*Tam.* Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than  
 life !

*Aar.* No more, great empress, Bassianus comes :  
 Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
 To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

*Bas.* Who have we here ? Rome's royal emperess,  
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?  
 Or is it Dian, habited like her ;

verbs to *loll* and *lollop* evident spring from the same root. And *by* meant *house* ; go to *by* is to go to house or cradle. The common compliment at parting, good *by* is good *house*, *may your house prosper* ; and Selby, the Archbishop of York's palace, is great *house*. So that *lullaby* implies literally *sleep in house*, i. e. the *cradle*. HOLT WHITE.

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
To see the general hunting in this forest?

*Tam.* Saucy controller of our private steps!  
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds  
Should drive<sup>7</sup> upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle emperess,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;  
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments:  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!  
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

*Bas.* Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian<sup>\*</sup>  
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

*Bas.* The king, my brother, shall have note of  
this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted  
long:

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this?

<sup>7</sup> *Should drive*—] i. e. fly with impetuosity at him.

\* — swarth *Cimmerian*—] *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?  
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,  
A barren detested vale, you see, it is :  
'The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.  
Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,  
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,  
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,<sup>9</sup>  
Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
As any mortal body, hearing it,  
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.<sup>1</sup>  
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
But straight they told me, they would bind me here  
Unto the body of a dismal yew ;  
And leave me to this miserable death.  
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,  
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms  
That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
This vengeance on me had they executed :  
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *urchins,*] i. e. hedgehogs.

<sup>1</sup> *Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.*] This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up.

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*]

*Lav.* Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her; First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:<sup>2</sup>

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

*Chi.* An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

*Tam.* But when you have the honey you desire, Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

*Chi.* I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy

That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

*Lav.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away with her.

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory To see her tears; but be your heart to them,

As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:

The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble:

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

<sup>2</sup> *And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:] Painted hope is only specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than sold. JOHNSON.*

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;  
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.  
*Chi.* What ! would'st thou have me prove myself  
a bastard ?

*Lav.* 'Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark :  
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now !)  
The lion mov'd with pity, did endure  
To have his princely paws par'd all away.  
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :  
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

*Tam.* I know not what it means ; away with her.

*Lav.* O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,  
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain  
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

*Tam.* Had thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless :—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;  
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.  
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will ;  
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*Lav.* O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place :  
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long ;  
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou then ; fond woman, let  
me go.

*Lav.* 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more,  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :  
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;  
Where never man's eye may behold my body :  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :  
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*Dem.* Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

*Lav.* No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly  
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall——

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou  
her husband;

[*Dragging off LAVINIA.*

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

*Tam.* Farewell, my sons: see, that you make  
her sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,  
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV.

*The same.*

*Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

*Aar.* Come on, my lords; the better foot before:  
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,  
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

*Mart.* And mine, I promise you; wer't not for  
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the Pit!*

*Quin.* What art thou fallen? What subtle hole  
is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Mart.* O, brother, with the dismallest object  
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

*Aar.* [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find  
them here;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*]

*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me  
out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

*Quin.* I am surprized with an uncouth fear:  
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Quin.* Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:  
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring,<sup>3</sup> that lightens all the hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy checks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,

<sup>3</sup> *A precious ring,*] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence. JOHNSON.



When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
 O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—  
 If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—  
 Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
 As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee  
 out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
 I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
 Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.  
 I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy  
 help.

*Quin.* Thy hand once more; I will not loose  
 again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

*Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.*

*Sat.* Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,  
 And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.  
 Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend  
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

*Mart.* The unhappy son of old Andronicus;  
 Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
 To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead? I know thou dost but  
 jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
 Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;  
 'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

*Mart.* We know not where you left him all alive,  
 But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord, the king?

*Sat.* Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
[*Giving a Letter.*]

The complot of this timeless<sup>4</sup> tragedy;

And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

*Sat.* [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—*

*Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;*

*Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward  
Among the nettles at the elder tree,*

*Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,  
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.*

*Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,  
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.  
[*Showing it.*]

*Sat.* Two of thy whelps, [To TIT.] fell curs of  
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

<sup>4</sup> *timeless—*] i. e. untimely.

There let them bide, until we have devis'd  
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tam.* What, are they in this pit? O wond'rous  
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee  
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,  
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,  
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,——

*Sat.* If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—  
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

*Tam.* Andronicus himself did take it up.

*Tit.* I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:  
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,  
They shall be ready at your highness' will,  
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

*Sat.* Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow  
me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the mur-  
derers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;  
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
That end upon them should be executed.

*Tam.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king;  
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

*Tit.* Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with  
them. [Exeunt severally.]

## SCENE V.

*The same.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ra-  
vished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.*

*Dem.* So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,  
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning  
so ;

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can  
scowl.

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy  
hands.

*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to  
wash ;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

*Chi.* An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the  
cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*

*Enter MARCUS.*

*Mar.* Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so  
fast ?

Cousin, a word ; Where is your husband ?—

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me !<sup>s</sup>

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches ? those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep  
in ;

And might not gain so great a happiness,

As half thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?—

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

<sup>s</sup> *If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me !*] If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee ;  
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.  
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !  
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—  
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—  
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,  
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.  
Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say, 'tis so ?  
O, that I knew thy heart ; and knew the beast,  
That I might rail at him to ease my mind !  
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind :  
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;  
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them ;  
He would not then have touch'd them for his life :  
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,  
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's<sup>6</sup> feet.  
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind :  
For such a sight will blind a father's eye :  
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;  
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?  
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee ;  
O, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Thracian poet's* —] Orpheus.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the Place of Execution; TITUS going before, pleading.*

*Tit.* Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!  
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;  
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!  
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.  
 For these, these tribunes, in the dust I write

*[Throwing himself on the Ground.*

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.  
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
 My son's sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

*[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.*

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,  
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,  
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers:  
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;  
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,  
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes ! gentle aged men !  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Luc.* O, noble father, you lament in vain ;  
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,  
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

*Tit.* Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you  
speak.

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,  
They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,  
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.  
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale :  
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;  
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.  
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than  
stones :

A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.  
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their death :  
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Tit.* O happy man ! they have befriended thee.  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?  
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,  
But me and mine : How happy art thou then,

From these devourers to be banished ?  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

*Enter* MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

*Mar.* Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep ;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break ;  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

*Mar.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ah me ! this object kills me !

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon  
her :—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?  
What fool hath added water to the sea ?  
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?  
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;  
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use :  
Now, all the service I require of them  
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—  
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;  
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

*Mar.* O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage ;  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

*Luc.* O, say thou for her, who hath done this  
deed ?



*Mar.* O, thus, I found her, straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,  
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

*Tit.* It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,  
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:  
For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;  
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;  
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—  
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,  
It would have madd'd me; What shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so?  
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;  
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:  
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:  
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Mar.* Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd  
her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;  
Or make some sign how I may do thee case:  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
 How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry  
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,  
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?  
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?  
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
 What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,  
 Plot some device of further misery,  
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your  
 grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Mar.* Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine  
 eyes.

*Tit.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,  
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

*Luc.* Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:  
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
 That to her brother which I said to thee;  
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this?  
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss!<sup>7</sup>

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
 Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,

<sup>7</sup> — as limbo is from bliss!] The *Limbo patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools. REED.

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself old Titus,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the king: he, for the same,  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;  
And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

*Tit.* O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor  
My hand;  
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

*Luc.* Stay, father: for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:  
My youth can better spare my blood than you:  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended  
Rome,  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle!  
O, none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve  
To ransome my two nephews from their death;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go  
along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Mar.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go.

*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as  
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Mar.* And, for our father's sake, and mother's  
care,  
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Mar.* But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you, in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS's Hand.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

*Tit.* Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is de-  
spatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*Aar.* I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*]

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

*Tit.* O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*]

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our  
prayers:

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Mar.* O! brother, speak with possibilities,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Mar.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes:  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-  
flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:

For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave; for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and a Hand.*

*Mess.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;

And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:

That woe is me to think upon thy woes,

More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

*Mar.* Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!

These miseries are more than may be borne!

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

*Luc.* Ah, that this sight should make so deep a  
wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*]

*Mar.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an end?

*Mar.* Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;  
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;  
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:  
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this  
hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears;  
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;  
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—  
You heavy people, circle me about;  
That I may turn me to each one of you,

And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
 The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;  
 And in this hand the other will I bear:  
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;  
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.  
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;  
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:  
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:  
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,  
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.

*Luc.* Farewell; Andronicus, my noble father;  
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!  
 Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,  
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.  
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;  
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!  
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,  
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.  
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;  
 And make proud Saturninus and his empress  
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.*

*Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.

*Tit.* So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more  
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;  
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands

And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;  
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
 Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To LAVINIA.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;  
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,  
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,  
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

*Mar.* Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay  
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now! has sorrow made thee dote al-  
 ready?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.  
 What violent hands can she lay on her life!  
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—  
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?  
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;  
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.—  
 Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!  
 As if we should forget we had no hands,  
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—  
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—  
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—  
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—  
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,  
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:<sup>s</sup>—

<sup>s</sup> — mesh'd upon her cheeks:] A very coarse allusion to brewing.



Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;  
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,  
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:  
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,  
 And, by still practice,<sup>9</sup> learn to know thy meaning.

*Boy.* Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep  
 laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

*Mar.* Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of  
 tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[MARCUS strikes the Dish with a Knife.

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

*Mar.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;  
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:  
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,  
 Becomes not 'Titus' brother: Get thee gone;  
 I see, thou art not for my company.

*Mar.* Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*Tit.* But how, if that fly had a father and mo-  
 ther?<sup>1</sup>

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
 And buz lamenting doings in the air?

Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,  
 Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd  
 him.

<sup>9</sup> — by still practice,] By constant or continual practice.

<sup>1</sup> — a father and mother?] Mother perhaps should be omitted, as the following line speaks only in the singular number, and Titus most probably confines his thoughts to the sufferings of a father. STEEVENS.

*Mar.* Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,  
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

*Tit.* O, O, O,  
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed.  
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,  
Come hither purposely to poison me.—  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—  
Ah, sirrah!<sup>2</sup>  
Yet I do think we are not brought so low,  
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

*Mar.* Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,  
He takes false shadows for true substances.

*Tit.* Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:  
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee  
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—  
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*SCENE. I. The same. Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.*

*Boy.* Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia  
Follows me every where, I know not why:—

<sup>2</sup> *Ah, sirrah!*] This was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Pains uses the same address to the Prince of Wales.

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*Mar.* Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

*Mar.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;

Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

*Mar.* Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the Books which LUCIUS has let fall.

*Tit.* How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see:—

Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—  
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

*Mar.* I think, she means, that there was more  
than one

Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—  
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

*Tit.* Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

*Boy.* Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;  
My mother gave't me.

*Mar.* For love of her that's gone,  
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

*Tit.* Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!  
Help her:—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?  
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,  
And treats of 'Tereus' treason, and his rape;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

*Mar.* See, brother, see; note, how she quotes  
the leaves.<sup>3</sup>

*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,  
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—  
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,  
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)  
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

*Mar.* O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

*Tit.* Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none  
but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as 'Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

<sup>3</sup> — how she quotes the leaves.] To quote is to observe.

*Mar.* Sit down, sweet niece ;—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—  
My lord, look here ;—Look here, Lavinia :  
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me, when I have writ my name  
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift !—  
Write thou, good niece ; and here display, at last,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge :  
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors, and the truth !

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with her Stumps, and writes.*

*Tit.* O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ ?  
*Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.*

*Mar.* What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora  
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

*Tit.* *Magne Dominator poli,*<sup>4</sup>  
*Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

*Mar.* O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I  
know,

There is enough written upon this earth,  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.  
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;  
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,<sup>5</sup>  
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

<sup>4</sup> *Magne Dominator poli, &c.*] *Magne Regnator Deum, &c.* is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovered the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's tragedy. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,*] Feere signifies a companion, and here metaphorically a husband.

Lord Junius Brutus sware for Luerece' rape,—  
That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

*Tit.* 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,  
But if you hurt these bear whelps, then beware :  
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,  
She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.  
You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad of steel<sup>6</sup> will write these words,  
And lay it by : the angry northern wind  
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,  
And where's your lesson then ?—Boy, what say you ?

*Boy.* I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe  
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

*Mar.* Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft  
For this ungrateful country done the like.

*Boy.* And uncle, so will I, an if I live.

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armoury ;  
Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy  
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
Presents, that I intend to send them both :  
Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou  
not ?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-  
sire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another  
course.

Lavinia, come :—Marcus, look to my house ;  
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;

<sup>6</sup> *And with a gad of steel—*] A *gad*, from the Saxon, *gab*, i. e. the point of a spear, is used here for some similar pointed instrument.

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.

*Mar.* O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,  
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:

But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—

Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one Door; at another Door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.

*Chi.* Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;  
He hath some message to deliver to us.

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

*Boy.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—  
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[*Aside.*

*Dem.* Gramercy,<sup>7</sup> lovely Lucius: What's the news?

*Boy.* That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,

My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,

<sup>7</sup> Gramercy,] i. e. grand mercy; great thanks.

The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;  
 And so I do, and with his gifts present  
 Your lordships, that whenever you have need,  
 You may be armed and appointed well :  
 And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody vil-  
 lains. [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

*Dem.* What's here ? A scroll ; and written round  
 about ?

Let's see ;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,  
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

*Chi.* O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :  
 I read it in the grammar long ago.

*Aar.* Ay, just !—a verse in Horace ;—right, you  
 have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !  
 Here's no sound jest ! the old man hath  
 found their guilt ;  
 And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with  
 lines,  
 That wound, beyond their feeling, to the  
 quick. } *Aside.*

But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.  
 But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
 Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,  
 Captives, to be advanced to this height ?  
 It did me good, before the palace gate  
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a lord  
 Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

*Aar.* Had he not reason, lord Demetrius ?  
 Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

*Dem.* I would, we had a thousand Roman dames  
 At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

*Chi.* A charitable wish, and full of love.



*Aar.* Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.

*Dem.* Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar.* Pray to the devils; the gods have given us  
o'er. [*Aside. Flourish.*]

*Dem.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish  
thus?

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft; who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her  
Arms.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor.

*Aar.* Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

*Nur.* O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

*Nur.* O, that which I would hide from heaven's  
eye,

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—  
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom?

*Nur.* I mean, she's brought to bed.

*Aar.* Well, God  
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

*Nur.* A devil.

*Aar.* Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful  
issue.

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

*Aar.* Out, out, you whore? is black so base a  
hue?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done?

*Aar.* Done! that which thou  
Canst not undo.

*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Aar.* Villain, I have done thy mother.

*Dem.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.  
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!  
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

*Chi.* It shall not live.

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

*Aar.* What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll broach the tadpole<sup>s</sup> on my rapier's point;  
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.  
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*  
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?  
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,  
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,  
That touches this my first-born son and heir!  
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,  
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,  
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.  
What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!  
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!  
Coal-black is better than another hue,

<sup>s</sup> I'll broach the tadpole —] A broach is a spit. I'll spit the tadpole.

In that it scorns to bear another hue :  
 For all the water in the ocean  
 Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,  
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.  
 Tell the emperess from me, I am of age  
 To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;  
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth :  
 This, before all the world, do I prefer ;  
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,  
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Dem.* By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

*Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foul escape.<sup>9</sup>

*Nur.* The emperor, in his rage, will doom her  
 death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignomy.<sup>1</sup>

*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears :  
 Fye, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blushing  
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart !  
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer :<sup>2</sup>  
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father ;  
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*  
 He is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed  
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;  
 And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,  
 He is enfranchis'd and come to light :  
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,  
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

*Nur.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;  
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *for this foul escape.*] This foul illegitimate child.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *ignomy.*] i. e. ignominy.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *another leer :*] *Leer* is complexion, or hue.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
My son and I will have the wind of you :  
Keep there : Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the Ground.*]

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his ?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords ; When we all join in  
league,

I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—  
But, say again, how many saw the child ?

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife, and myself,  
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The emperess, the midwife, and yourself :  
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :  
Go to the empress ; tell her, this I said :—

[*Stabbing her.*]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, Aaron ? Wherefore  
didst thou this ?

*Aar.* O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy :  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?  
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.  
And now be it known to you my full intent.  
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are :  
Go pack with him,<sup>3</sup> and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;  
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,  
And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine,  
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

<sup>3</sup> *Go pack with him,*] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamesters, to act collusively, or to contrive insidiously.

Hark ye, lords; ye see, that I have given her  
physick, [Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral;  
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:  
This done, see that you take no longer days,  
But send the midwife presently to me.  
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,  
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

*Chi.* Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air  
With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of Tamora,  
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*

*Aar.* Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;  
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—  
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;  
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:  
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,  
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up  
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*The same: A publick Place.*

*Enter TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the  
ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS,  
and other Gentlemen, with Bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is  
the way:

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;  
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:  
*Terras Astræa reliquit:*

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall  
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;  
 Happily you may find her in the sea;  
 Yet there's as little justice as at land:—  
 No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;  
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,  
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth:  
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
 I pray you, deliver him this petition:  
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid:  
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—  
 Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,  
 What time I threw the people's suffrages  
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—  
 Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,  
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;  
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,  
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Mar.* O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,  
 By day and night to attend him carefully;  
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
 Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war  
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

*Tit.* Publius, how now? how now, my masters?

What,

Have you met with her?

*Pub.* No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you  
 word

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:  
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—  
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size:  
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;  
Yet wrung with wrongs,<sup>4</sup> more than our backs can  
bear:

And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,  
To send down justice for to wreak<sup>5</sup> our wrongs:  
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—

*Ad Martem*, that's for myself:—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the  
court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well  
said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

*Mar.* My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

*Tit.* Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!  
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

<sup>4</sup> Yet wrung *with wrongs*,] To *wring* a horse is to press or strain his back.

<sup>5</sup> — to wreak —] i. e. revenge.

*Mar.* This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,  
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock  
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;  
And who should find them but the empress' villain ?  
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not  
choose  
But give them to his master for a present.

*Tit.* Why, there it goes : God give your lordship joy.

*Enter a Clown, with a Basket and Two Pigeons.*

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?  
Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

*Clo.* Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

*Tit.* But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

*Clo.* Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter ; I never drank with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why villain, art not thou the carrier ?

*Clo.* Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

*Clo.* From heaven ! alas, sir, I never came there : God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

*Mar.* Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace ?



*Clo.* Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

*Tit.* Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

*Clo.* Ay, sir.

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

*Clo.* I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:— And when thou hast given it to the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clo.* God be with you, sir; I will.

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS.*

*Lords and Others:* SATURNINUS with the Arrows in his Hand, that TITUS shot.

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,

Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for the extent  
 Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt ?  
 My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,  
 However these disturbers of our peace  
 Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,  
 But even with law, against the wilful sons  
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,  
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness ?  
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress :  
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury ;  
 This to Apollo ; this to the god of war :  
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome !  
 What's this, but libelling against the senate,  
 And blazoning our injustice every where ?  
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords ?  
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.  
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages :  
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives  
 In Saturninus' health ; whom, if she sleep,  
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall  
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his  
 heart ;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,  
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,  
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become  
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all : [*Aside.*  
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
 Thy life-blood out : if Aaron now be wise,  
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

*Clo.* Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clo.* 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den; I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*SATURNINUS reads the Letter.*

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clo.* How much money must I have?

*Tam.* Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

*Clo.* Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

What news with thee, Æmilius?

*Æmil.* Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Sat.* Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
 As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.  
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
 'Tis he the common people love so much;  
 Myself hath often over-heard them say,  
 (When I have walked like a private man,)  
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not your city  
 strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;  
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy  
 name.<sup>6</sup>

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
 And is not careful what they mean thereby;  
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,  
 He can at pleasure stint their melody:<sup>7</sup>  
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.  
 Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,  
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;<sup>8</sup>  
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he will:  
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
 With golden promises: that were his heart  
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

<sup>6</sup> — imperious, like thy name.] *Imperious* was formerly used for *imperial*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — stint their melody:] i. e. stop their melody.

<sup>8</sup> — honey stalks to sheep:] *Honey-stalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for black cattle to over-charge themselves with clover, and die, but not for sheep.

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—  
 Go thou before, be our ambassador : [To ÆMILIUS.  
 Say, that the emperor requests a parley  
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,  
 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

*Sat.* Æmilius, do this message honourably :  
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually.  
 [Exit ÆMILIUS.

*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus ;  
 And temper him, with all the art I have,  
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successfully, and plead to him.  
 [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. Plains near Rome.

*Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with Drum and Colours.*

*Luc.* Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
 I have received letters from great Rome,  
 Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,  
 And how desirous of our sight they are.  
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
 Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;  
 And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,<sup>9</sup>  
 Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great An-  
 dronicus,

<sup>9</sup> — scath,] i. e. harm.

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;  
 Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,  
 Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
 Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,—  
 Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
 Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—  
 And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

*Goths.* And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
 But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his Arms.*

*2 Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I  
 stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;  
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall :  
 I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard  
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :  
*Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !  
 Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
 Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :  
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
 They never do beget a coal-black calf.*

<sup>1</sup> *To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;*] Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*. And yet the *ruined monastery*, the *popish tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another. STEEVENS.

*Peace, villain, peace!*—even thus he rates the  
babe,—

*For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;  
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*

With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,  
To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,  
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:  
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;<sup>2</sup>  
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—  
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey  
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a  
word?

A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aar.* Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

*Luc.* Too like the sire for ever being good.—  
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  
Get me a ladder.

[*A Ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to  
ascend.*

*Aar.* Lucius, save the child;  
And bear it from me to the emperess.  
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear:  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

*Luc.* Say on; and, if it please me which thou  
speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

<sup>2</sup> *This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;*] Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye."

*Aar.* An if it please thee? why, assure thee,  
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:  
And this shall all be buried by my death,  
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

*Luc.* Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall  
live.

*Aar.* Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

*Luc.* Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no  
god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

*Aar.* What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;  
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—  
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,  
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;  
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow  
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—  
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

*Aar.* First, know thou, I begot him on the em-  
press.

*Luc.* O most insatiate, luxurious woman!<sup>3</sup>

*Aar.* Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.  
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:

<sup>3</sup> ——— luxurious woman!] i. e. lascivious woman.



They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
And cut her hands ; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

*Luc.* O, détestable villain ! call'st thou that trim-  
ming ?

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ;  
and t'was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luc.* O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself ?

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them ;

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,  
As sure a card as ever won the set ;

'That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,  
As true a dog as ever fought at head.<sup>4</sup>

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons ;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

'That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,

And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

*Goth.* What ! canst thou say all this, and never  
blush ?

*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

<sup>4</sup> *As true a dog as ever fought at head.*] An allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose.

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.  
 Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,  
 Few come within the compass of my curse,)  
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill:  
 As kill a man, or else devise his death;  
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;  
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:  
 Set deadly enmity between two friends;  
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks;  
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,  
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.  
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,  
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;  
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
*Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.*  
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,  
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;  
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*Luc.* Bring down the devil;<sup>5</sup> for he must not die  
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

*Aar.* If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,  
 To live and burn in everlasting fire;  
 So I might have your company in hell,  
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no  
 more.

*Enter a Goth.*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,

<sup>5</sup> *Bring down the devil,*] It appears from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. STEEVENS.

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.—

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

*Æmil.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,  
The Roman emperor greets you all by me :

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,

Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*1 Goth.* What says our general?

*Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,  
I will encounter with Andronicus ;

And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,

To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.

Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,

To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge ;

Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,

And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*]

*Enter TITUS, above.*

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick, to make me ope the door ;

That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And all my study be to no effect?

You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do,  
See here, in bloody lines I have set down ;  
And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No ; not a word : How can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action ?  
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk  
with me.

*Tit.* I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :  
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines ;  
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ;  
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ;  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :  
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

*Tam.* Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :  
I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,  
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;  
Confer with me of murder and of death :  
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,  
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,  
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,  
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

*Tam.* I am ; therefore come down, and welcome  
me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.  
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;  
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;

And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,  
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.  
 Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,  
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves :  
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
 I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel  
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ;  
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,  
 Until his very downfall in the sea.  
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me.

*Tit.* Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

*Tam.* Rapine, and Murder ; therefore called so,  
 'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!

And you, the empress ! But we worldly men  
 Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee :  
 And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit* TITUS, *from above.*]

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy :  
 Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,  
 Do you uphold and máintain in your speeches.  
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;  
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
 I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;  
 And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,  
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
 Or, at the least, make them his enemies.  
 See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter Titus.*

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :  
 Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ;—  
 Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too :—  
 How like the empress and her sons you are !  
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—  
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?  
 For, well I wot, the empress never wags,  
 But in her company there is a Moor ;  
 And, would you represent our queen aright,  
 It were convenient you had such a devil :  
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

*Tam.* What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus ?

*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Chi.* Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,  
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

*Tam.* Show me a thousand that hath done thee  
 wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of  
 Rome ;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—

Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap,

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.—

Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court

There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;

Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee ;

I pray thee, do on them some violent death,

They have been violent to me and mine.

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house :  
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
 I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
 The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;  
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
 What says Andronicus to this device ?

*Tit.* Marcus, my brother !—'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter* MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;  
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths ;  
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;  
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :  
 Tell him, the emperor and the empress too  
 Feast at my house : and he shall feast with them.  
 This do thou for my love ; and so let him,  
 As he regards his aged father's life.

*Mar.* This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business,  
 And take my ministers along with me.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;  
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

*Tam.* What say you, boys ? will you abide with  
 him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,  
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?  
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,

[*Aside.*

And tarry with him till I come again.

*Tit.* I know them all, though they suppose me  
 mad ;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,  
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*

*Dem.* Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

*Tam.* Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes  
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit TAMORA.*

*Tit.* I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,  
farewell.

*Chi.* Tell us, old man, how shall we be em-  
ploy'd?

*Tit.* Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—  
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

*Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.*

*Pub.* What's your will?

*Tit.* Know you these two?

*Pub.* Th' empress' sons,  
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

*Tit.* Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much de-  
ceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:  
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;  
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:  
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,  
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;  
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

*Chi.* Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are com-  
manded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a  
word:

Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.



*Re-enter* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *she bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.*

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia: look, thy foes are bound;—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me; But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say, if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

'This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The bason, that receives your guilty blood.

You know, your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—

Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;

And of the paste a coffin<sup>6</sup> I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads;

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.<sup>7</sup>

'This is the feast that I have bid her to,

<sup>6</sup> *And of the paste a coffin—*] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye.

<sup>7</sup> — *her own increase.*] i. e. her own *produce*.

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;  
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,  
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd :  
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,  
   [*He cuts their Throats.*]  
 Receive the blood : and, when that they are dead,  
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;  
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 Come, come, be every one officious  
 To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove  
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.  
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,  
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.  
   [*Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.*

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, Prisoner.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,  
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

*1 Goth.* And ours, with thine,<sup>s</sup> befall what fortune will.

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;  
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
 Till he brought unto the empress' face,  
 For testimony of her foul proceedings :  
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong :  
 I fear the emperor means no good to us.

<sup>s</sup> *And ours, with thine,]* And our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—  
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt* Goths, with AARON. *Flourish.*

The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

*Enter* SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,  
Senators, and Others.

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more suns than  
one?

*Luc.* What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

*Mar.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the  
parle;<sup>9</sup>

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your  
places.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound.* *The Company sit down at  
Table.*

*Enter* TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA, veiled,  
young LUCIUS, and Others. TITUS places the  
Dishes on the Table.

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread  
queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

<sup>9</sup> ——— break the parle;] That is, begin the parley: We yet  
say, he breaks his mind.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

*Tam.* We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you  
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this ;  
Was it well done of rash Virginius,  
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,  
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord !

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her  
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,  
For me, most wretched to perform the like :—  
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

{ *He kills LAVINIA.*

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural, and un-  
kind ?

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me  
blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was :  
And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

*Sat.* What, was she ravish'd ? tell, who did the  
deed.

*Tit.* Will't please you eat ? will't please your  
highness feed ?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter  
thus ?

*Tit.* Not I ; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius :  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pye ;  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*

*Sat.* Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?  
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great Tumult. The  
People in confusion disperse. MARCUS,  
LUCIUS, and their Partisans ascend the  
Steps before TITUS's House.*

*Mar.* You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of  
Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,  
O, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body.

*Sen.* Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself ;  
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,  
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,—

Speak, Rome's dear friend ; [*To LUCIUS.*] as erst  
our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,  
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,

The story of that baleful burning night,  
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy ;  
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,  
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel ;  
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
 And break my very utterance ; even i'the time  
 When it should move you to attend me most,  
 Lending your kind commiseration :  
 Here is a captain, let him tell the tale :  
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,  
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius  
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother ;  
 And they it were that ravished our sister :  
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;  
 Our father's tears despis'd ; and basely cozen'd'  
 Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,  
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.  
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,  
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;  
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend ;  
 And I am the turn'd forth, be it known to you,  
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;  
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.  
 Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;  
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
 That my report is just, and full of truth.  
 But, soft ; methinks, I do digress too much,  
 Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;  
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Mar.* Now is my turn to speak ; Behold this child,  
 [*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*]  
 Of this was Tamora delivered ;  
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,

' — and basely cozen'd—] i. e. and he basely cozened.

Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;  
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.  
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge  
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,  
 Or more than any living man could bear.  
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro-  
 mans ?

Have we done aught amiss ? Show us wherein,  
 And, from the place where you behold us now,  
 The poor remainder of Andronici  
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,  
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
 And make a mutual closure of our house.  
 Speak, Romans, speak ; and, if you say, we shall,  
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Æmil.* Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,  
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
 Lucius our emperor ; for, well I know,  
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

*Rom.* [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's  
 royal emperor !

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

*Mar.* Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house ;  
 [To an Attendant.

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

*Rom.* [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's  
 gracious governor !

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans ; May I govern so,  
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !  
 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—  
 For nature puts me to a heavy task ;—  
 Stand all aloof ;—but, uncle, draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk :—  
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips.

[*Kisses* **TITUS**,

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son !

*Mar.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :  
O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

*Luc.* Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn  
of us

To melt in showers : Thy grandsire lov'd thee well :  
Many a time he dan'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy ;  
In that respect then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so :  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe :  
Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;  
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

*Boy.* O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my  
heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again !  
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;  
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Enter Attendants, with AARON.*

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes ;  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish  
him ;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :  
If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.



Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.<sup>2</sup>

*Aar.* O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,  
I should repent the evils I have done;

Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,

Would I perform, if I might have my will;

If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very soul.

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperor  
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:

My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,

No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;

But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;

And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:

Then, afterwards, to order well the state;

That like events may ne'er it rinate. [*Exeunt.*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — to see him fasten'd in the earth.] That justice and cookery may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once raked and roasted on the stage.

<sup>3</sup> All the editors and criticks agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestible*, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which

it is ascribed to Shakspeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakspeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakspeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakspeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakspeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakspeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of James II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakspeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakspeare's touches very discernible. JOHNSON.

**PERICLES.\***

\* PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.] The story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1488;\* in that edition the history of *Appolonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewise related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, Lib. VIII. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a MS. poem on the same subject, which appears, from the hand-writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. There is also an ancient romance on this subject, called *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing *The most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Adventures of Prince Appolonius, Lucine his wyfe, and Tharsa his daughter*. The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, as in the present play, called *Prince of Tyre*; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Copland's prose Romance, he is entitled *King*. Most of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower's expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early prose translation of this popular story, from the *Gest. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewise, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was published at London, by Valentine Sims, "The patterne of painful adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Accidents that befell unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Translated into English by T. Twine, Gent." I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that published by W. Howe in 1576.

*Pericles* was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Gosson; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no

\* There are several editions of the *Gesta Romanorum* before 1488.

play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much-admired play of PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE*; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance.

For the division of this piece into scenes I am responsible, there being none found in the old copies. MALONE.

Chaucer refers to the story of Appolonius, King of Tyre, in *The Man of Lawe's Prologue* :

“ Or elles of Tyrius Appolonius,  
 “ How that the cursed king Antiochus  
 “ Beraft his doughter of hire maidenhede,  
 “ That is so horrible a tale for to rede,” &c.

There are three French translations of this tale, viz.—“ *La Chronique d'Appollin, Roy de Thyr;*” 4to. Geneva, bl. l. no date;—and “ *Plaisante et agreable Histoire d'Appollonius Prince de Thyr en Affrique, et Roi d'Antioche; traduit par Gilles Corozet,*” Svo. Paris, 1530;—and (in the seventh volume of the *Histoires Tragiques*, &c. 12mo. 1604, par François Belle-Forest, &c.) “ *Accidens diuers aduenus à Appollonie Roy des Tyriens : ses malheurs sur mer, ses pertes de femme & fille, & la fin heureuse de tous ensemble.*”

The popularity of this tale of Apollonius, may be inferred from the very numerous MS. in which it appears.

Both editions of Twine's translation are now before me. Thomas Twine was the continuator of Phaer's *Virgil*, which was left imperfect in the year 1558.

In Twine's book our hero is repeatedly called—“ *Prince of Tyrus.*” It is singular enough that this fable should have been republished in 1607, the play entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1608, and printed in 1609.

It is almost needless to observe that our dramattick *Pericles* has not the least resemblance to his historical namesake; though the adventures of the former are sometimes coincident with those of *Pyrocles*, the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*; for the amorous, fugitive, shipwrecked, musical, tilting, despairing Prince of Tyre is

an accomplished knight of romance, disguised under the name of a statesman,—

“ Whose resistless eloquence

“ Wielded at will a fierce democratic,

“ Shook th’ arsenal, and fulmin’d over Greece.”

As to Sidney’s *Pyrocles*,—*Tros*, *Tyriusve*,—

“ The world was all before him, where to choose

“ His place of rest.”

but *Pericles* was tied down to Athens, and could not be removed to a throne in Phœnicia. No poetick licence will permit a unique, classical, and conspicuous name to be thus unwarrantably transferred. A Prince of Madagascar must not be called Æneas, nor a Duke of Florence Mithridates; for such peculiar appellations would unseasonably remind us of their great original possessors. The playwright who indulges himself in these wanton and injudicious vagaries will always counteract his own purpose. Thus, as often as the appropriated name of *Pericles* occurs, it serves but to oppose our author’s gross departure from established manners and historick truth; for laborious fiction could not designedly produce two personages more opposite than the settled demagogue of Athens, and the vagabond Prince of Tyre.

It is remarkable, that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney’s worthies on the stage; and when his subordinate agents were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus, (his companion,) Argalus and Parthenia, Phalantus and Eudora, Andromana, &c. furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney, had once such popularity, that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. Nay, so high was the credit of this romance, that many a fashionable word and glowing phrase selected from it, was applied, like a Promethean torch, to contemporary sonnets, and gave a transient life even to those dwarfish and enervate bantlings of the reluctant Muse.

I must add, that the *Appolyn* of the Story-book and Gower, could have been rejected only to make room for a more favourite name; yet, however conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might have been, that of *Pericles* could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection.

I am aware, that a conclusive argument cannot be drawn from the false quantity in the second syllable of *Pericles*; and yet if the Athenian was in our author’s mind, he might have been taught by repeated translations from fragments of satiric poets in Sir Thomas North’s Plutarch, to call his hero *Pericles*; as for instance, in the following couplet;

“ O Chiron, tell me, first, art thou indeede the man  
“ Which did instruct *Pericles* thus? make answer if  
thou can,” &c. &c.

Again, in George’s Gascoigne’s *Steele Glas* :

“ *Pericles* stands in rancke amongst the rest.”

Again, *ibidem* :

“ *Pericles* was a famous man of warre.”

Such therefore was the poetical pronounciation of this proper name, in the age of Shakspeare. The address of Persius to a youthful orator—*Magni pupille Pericli*, is familiar to the ear of every classical reader.

By some of the observations scattered over the following pages, it will be proved that the illegitimate *Pericles* occasionally adopts not merely the ideas of Sir Philip’s heroes, but their very words and phraseology. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that our author designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*, however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter (a name of almost similar sound) into the place of the former. The true name, when once corrupted or changed in the theatre, was effectually withheld from the publick; and every commentator on this play agrees in a belief that it must have been printed by means of a copy “far as Deucalion off” from the manuscript which had received Shakspeare’s revisal and improvement. STEEVENS.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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Antiochus, *King of Antioch.*  
Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*  
Helicanus, } *two Lords of Tyre.*  
Escanes, }  
Simonides, *King of Pentapolis.*<sup>1</sup>  
Cleon, *Governor of Tharsus.*  
Lysimachus, *Governor of Mitylene.*  
Cerimon, *a Lord of Ephesus.*  
Thaliard, *a Lord of Antioch.*  
Philemon, *Servant to Cerimon.*  
Leonine, *Servant to Dionyza. Marshal.*  
*A Pandar, and his Wife. Boulton, their Servant.*  
Gower, *as Chorus.*

*The Daughter of Antiochus. Dionyza, Wife to Cleon.*  
Thaisa, *Daughter to Simonides.*  
Marina, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*  
Lychorida, *Nurse to Marina. Diana.*

*Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,  
Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.*

*SCENE, dispersedly in various Countries.*

<sup>1</sup> *Pentapolis.*] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from some romance. We meet indeed in history with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of five cities; and from thence perhaps some novelist furnished the sounding title of *Pentapolis*, which occurs likewise in the 37th chapter of *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, as well as in Gower, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Twine's translation from it.

It should not, however, be concealed, that *Pentapolis* is also found in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, British Museum, Tiberius, B. V.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre*, a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tharsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia. STEEVENS.



PERICLES,  
PRINCE OF TYRE.

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ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Before the Palace of ANTIOCH.*

To sing a song of old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear; and please your eyes  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;<sup>2</sup>  
And lords and ladies of their lives  
Have read it for restoratives:

'Purpose to make men glorious;

*Et quo antiquius, eo melius.*

If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that to hear an old man sing,  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—

<sup>2</sup> *It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;]* i. e. says Dr. Farmer, *church-ales.*

This city then, Antioch the great  
 Built up for his chiefest seat ;  
 The fairest in all Syria ;  
 (I tell you what mine authors say ;) <sup>2</sup>  
 This king unto him took a pheere,<sup>3</sup>  
 Who died and left a female heir,  
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,<sup>4</sup>  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace ;  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke :  
 Bad father ! to entice his own  
 To evil, should be done by none.  
 By custom, what they did begin,  
 Was, with long use, account no sin.<sup>5</sup>  
 The beauty of this sinful dame  
 Made many princes thither frame,<sup>6</sup>  
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :  
 Which to prevent, he made a law,  
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)  
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not, lost his life :  
 So for her many a wight did die,  
 As yon grim looks do testify.<sup>7</sup>  
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

<sup>2</sup> — unto him took a pheere,] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a *mate* or companion.

<sup>4</sup> — full of face,] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful.

<sup>5</sup> — account no sin,] *Account for accounted.*

<sup>6</sup> — thither frame,] i. e. shape or direct their course thither.

<sup>7</sup> *As yon grim looks do testify.*] Gower must be supposed here to point to the heads of those unfortunate wights, which, he tells us, in his poem, were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch.

## SCENE I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large  
recciv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

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

*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections,

*Enter the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.

*Per.* See, where she comes, apparell'd like the  
spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!  
Her face, the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.\*  
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,

\* — and testy wrath

Could never be her mild companion.] i. e. the companion of her  
mildness.

As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,—

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

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
A countless glory,<sup>9</sup> which desert must gain:  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.<sup>1</sup>  
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance  
pale,

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

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must:<sup>2</sup>  
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.  
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,  
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *A countless glory,*] i. e. her face, like the firmament, invites you to a blaze of beauties too numerous to be counted.

<sup>1</sup> — *all thy whole heap must die,*] i. e. thy whole mass must be destroyed. There seems to have been an opposition intended. *Thy whole heap*, thy body, must suffer for the offence of a *part*, thine *eye*. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the present passage, was used for *body* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries.

<sup>2</sup> — *like to them, to what I must :*] That is,—to prepare this body for that state to which I must *come*.

<sup>3</sup> *Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe, &c.*] The meaning may be—*I will act as sick men do; who having had expe-*

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

[*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*]

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

*Ant.* Read the conclusion then ;  
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
 As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous !

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness !

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

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
 On mother's flesh, which did me breed :  
 I sought a husband, in which labour,  
 I found that kindness in a father.  
 He's father, son, and husband mild,  
 I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
 How they may be, and yet in two,  
 As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physick is the last :<sup>4</sup> but O you powers !  
 That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,

*rience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former ; but at length feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity.*

<sup>4</sup> Sharp physick is the last : ] i. e. the intimation in the last line.

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?  
 Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,  
     [Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]  
 Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :  
 But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt ;  
 For he's no man on whom perfections wait,<sup>5</sup>  
 That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
 You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;  
 Who, finger'd to make man<sup>6</sup> his lawful musick,  
 Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to  
     hearken ;

But, being play'd upon before your time,  
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime :  
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,  
 For that's an article within our law,  
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd ;  
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,  
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;  
 'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown ;  
 For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,  
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;  
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear :  
 To stop the air would hurt them.<sup>7</sup> The blind mole  
     casts

<sup>5</sup> For he's no man on whom perfections wait,] Means no more than—he's no honest man, that knowing, &c.

<sup>6</sup> — to make man —] i. e. to produce for man, &c.

<sup>7</sup> The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear :

To stop the air would hurt them.] Pericles means, by this similitude, to show the danger of revealing the crimes of princes; for as they feel themselves hurt by the publication of their shame, they

Copp'd hills<sup>s</sup> towards heaven, to tell, the earth is  
wrong'd

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

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;  
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to smother it.

All love the womb that their first beings bred,

'Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found  
the meaning;—

But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince  
of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,

Your exposition misinterpreting,<sup>9</sup>

We might proceed to cancel of your days;

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:

Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,

This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:

And until then, your entertain shall be,

As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANTIOCHUS, his Daughter, and  
Attendants.*]

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin!

When what is done is like an hypocrite,

The which is good in nothing but in sight.

will, of course, prevent a repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged it.

<sup>s</sup> Copp'd hills —] i. e. rising to a top or head. *Copped Hall*, in Essex, was so named from the lofty pavilion on the roof of the old house, which has been since pulled down. The upper tire of masonry that covers a wall is still called the *copping* or *coping*. High-crowned hats were anciently called *copatain hats*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Your exposition misinterpreting,*] Your exposition of the riddle being a mistaken one; not interpreting it rightly.

If it be true that I interpret false,  
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,  
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;  
 Where' now you're both a father and a son,  
 By your untimely claspings with your child,  
 (Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;)   
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;  
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.  
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for the which  
 we mean

To have his head.

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin

In such a loathed manner:

And therefore instantly this prince must die;

For by his fall my honour must keep high.

Who attends on us there?

*Enter* THALIARD.<sup>2</sup>

*Thal.*

Doth your highness call?

<sup>1</sup> Where] *Where*, in this place, has the power of *whereas*.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Thaliard.*] This name is somewhat corrupted from *Thaliarch*, i. e. *Thaliarchus*.



*Ant.* Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our  
mind

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

*Thal.* My lord,  
'Tis done.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ant.* Enough;  
Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

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

[*Exit Messenger.*

*Ant.* As thou

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

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

[*Exit.*

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

## SCENE II.

Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.*

*Per.* Let none disturb us: Why this charge of  
thoughts?  
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,

By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,  
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
 (The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me  
 quiet!

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

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,  
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here :  
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,  
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
 Have after-nourishment and life by care ;  
 And what was first but fear what might be done,  
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.<sup>3</sup>

And so with me ;—the great Antiochus  
 (Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)  
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;  
 Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,  
 If he suspect I may dishonour him :

And what may make him blush in being known,  
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known ;  
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,  
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,  
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;  
 Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,  
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence :  
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 (Who am no more but as the tops of trees,  
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend  
 them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

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

<sup>3</sup> — and cares it be not done,] And makes provision that it may not be done.

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

*Hel.* Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience  
tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him :  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
To which that breath<sup>4</sup> gives heat and stronger glowing ;  
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.  
When signior Sooth<sup>5</sup> here does proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life :  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook  
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,  
thou

Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

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

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

They have their nourishment ?

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

*Hel.* [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself ;  
Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, pr'ythee rise ;  
Sit down, sit down ; thou art no flatterer :  
I thank thee for it ; and high heaven forbid,  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> To which that breath —] i. e. the breath of flattery.

<sup>5</sup> When signior Sooth —] A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale* : “ — and his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by *sir Smile*, his neighbour.”

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
 Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
 What would'st thou have me do?

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

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;  
 Who minister'st a potion unto me,  
 That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.  
 Attend me then: I went to Antioch,  
 Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,  
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
 From whence an issue I might propagate,  
 Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.  
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
 The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;  
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:<sup>7</sup> but thou know'st  
 this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.  
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
 Under the covering of a careful night,  
 Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,  
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
 Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:  
 And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)  
 That I should open to the listening air,  
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—  
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done  
 him;

<sup>6</sup> *That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!*] Heaven forbid, that kings should stop their ears, and so prevent them from hearing their secret faults!—*To let* formerly signified to hinder.

<sup>7</sup> *Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:*] *To smooth* formerly signified to flatter, but in this place means to stroke.

When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :  
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,  
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

*Hel.* Alas, sir !

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from  
my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts  
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came ;  
And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.<sup>8</sup>

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me  
leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,  
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
Who either by publick war, or private treason,  
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,  
Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any ; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith ;  
But should he wrong my liberties in absence——

*Hel.* We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

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

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
The care I had and have of subjects' good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;  
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :  
But in our orbs<sup>9</sup> we'll live so round and safe,

<sup>8</sup> —— to grieve them.] That is to lament their fate.

<sup>9</sup> But in our orbs] i. e. in our different spheres.

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,  
 Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.  
 [Exit.]

## SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, Further to question of your king's departure. His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

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

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

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

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,) Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:

— this truth shall ne'er convince,] Overcome.

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

*Thal.* Well, I perceive [*Aside.*  
 I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
 But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,  
 He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—  
 But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

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

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

## SCENE IV.

*Tharsus.* *A Room in the Governour's House.*

*Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants,

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

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench  
 it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
 Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.  
 O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;  
 Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,  
 But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza,

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

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

*Cle.* This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,  
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)  
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;  
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the  
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;  
Whose men and dames so jetted<sup>2</sup> and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glass to trim them by:  
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feed on, as delight;  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* O, 'tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this our  
change,  
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:  
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;  
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,

<sup>2</sup> — so jetted] To jet is to strut, to walk proudly.



Thought nought too curious, are ready now,  
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:  
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,  
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
 Is not this true?

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

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

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.

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

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbouring  
 shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,  
 That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,  
 Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,<sup>3</sup>  
 To beat us down, the which are down already;

And make a conquest of unhappy me,

Whereas no glory's<sup>4</sup> got to overcome.

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

<sup>3</sup> ——— *their power,*] By *power* is meant *forces*.

<sup>4</sup> *Whereas no glory's—*] *Whereas*, it has been already observed, was anciently used for *where*.

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

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,<sup>5</sup>  
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?  
'The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.  
Go tell their general, we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

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

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;<sup>6</sup>  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men,  
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets :  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;  
And these our ships you happily may think  
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,  
With bloody views expecting overthrow,  
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,  
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half  
dead.

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

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

<sup>5</sup> *Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,*] The sense is—  
*Deceived by the pacifick appearance of this navy, you talk like one,*  
*who has never learned the common adage, "that the fairest out-*  
*sides are most to be suspected."*

<sup>6</sup> — *if he on peace consist ;*] If he stands on peace.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring;  
A better prince, and benign lord,  
Prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then, as men should be,  
Till he hath pass'd necessity.  
I'll show you those<sup>7</sup> in troubles reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good in conversation<sup>8</sup>  
(To whom I give my benizon,)  
Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *I'll show you those—*] I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness.

<sup>8</sup> *The good in conversation—*] *Conversation* is conduct, behaviour. Gower means to say—The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus, where every man, &c.

<sup>9</sup> *Thinks all is writ he spoken can:*] Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy writ.

And, to remember what he does,  
 Gild his statue glorious :  
 But tidings to the contrary  
 Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON ; all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a Letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON ; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.*

*Gow.* Good Helicane hath staid at home,  
 Not to eat honey, like a drone,  
 From others' labours ; forth he strive  
 To killen bad, keep good alive ;  
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire,  
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :  
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
 And hid intent, to murder him ;  
 And that in Tharsus was not best  
 Longer for him to make his rest :  
 He knowing so, put forth to seas,  
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;  
 For now the wind begins to glow ;  
 Thunder above, and deeps below,  
 Make such unquiet, that the ship  
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split ;  
 And he, good prince, having all lost,  
 By waves from coast to coast is tost ;  
 All perishen of man, of pelf,  
 Ne aught escapen but himself ;  
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad :

— [forth, &c.] i. e. thoroughly, from beginning to end.

And here he comes : what shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower ; this long's the text.<sup>2</sup>

[*Exit.*

## SCENE I.

Pentapolis. *An open Place by the Sea Side.*

*Enter PERICLES, wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you ;  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you ;  
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath  
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
'To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;  
And having thrown him from your watry grave,  
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

*Enter Three Fishermen.*

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche !

2 *Fish.* Ho ! come, and bring away the nets.

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

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come away,  
or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.<sup>3</sup>

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

<sup>2</sup> — *what shall be next,*

*Pardon old Gower ; this long's the text.]* The meaning of this may be—*Excuse old Gower from telling you what follows. The very text to it has proved of too considerable length already.*

<sup>3</sup> — *with a wannion.]* A phrase of which the meaning is obvious, though I cannot explain the word at the end of it. It is common in many of our old plays. STEEVENS.

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

3 *Fish*. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?<sup>4</sup> they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

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

*Per*. A pretty moral.

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

2 *Fish*. Why, man?

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

*Per*. Simonides?

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

*Per*. How from the finny subject of the sea  
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;  
And from their watry empire recollect

<sup>4</sup> ——— when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?]  
Malone considers this prognostick as arising merely from the superstition of the sailors: but Captain Cook, in his second voyage to the South Seas, mentions the playing of *porpusses* round the ship as a certain sign of a violent gale of wind.

All that may men approve, or men detect!—

Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish*. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

*Per*. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

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

*Per*. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

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

2 *Fish*. Can'st thou catch any fishes then?

*Per*. I never practis'd it.

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

*Per*. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For I am a man,<sup>5</sup> pray see me buried.

1 *Fish*. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;<sup>6</sup> and thou shalt be welcome.

<sup>5</sup> For *I am a man,*] *For is because.*

<sup>6</sup> ——— *flap-jacks;*] In some counties a *flap-jack* signifies an apple-puff; but anciently it seems to have meant a *pancake*.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

*2 Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

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

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

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

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

*1 Fish.* Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

*Per.* Not well.

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

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

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

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

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

*Per.* Did but my fortunes equal my desires, I'd wish to make one there.

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



*Re enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.*

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't,<sup>7</sup> 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself: And, though it was mine own,<sup>8</sup> part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) *Keep it my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace:)*<sup>9</sup> *For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity, Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.* It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give't again: I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill, Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

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

For it was sometime target to a king;  
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,  
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;  
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,  
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;  
And if that ever my low fortunes better,  
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

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

<sup>7</sup> — bots on't,] The *bots* are the worms that breed in horses.

<sup>8</sup> *And, though it was mine own,*] i. e. And I thank you, though it was my own.

<sup>9</sup> — *this brace:*] The *brace* is the armour for the arm.

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

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

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

*Per.* Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;  
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,  
This jewel holds his bidding<sup>1</sup> on my arm;  
Unto thy value will I mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful step  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—  
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
Of a pair of bases.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

## SCENE II.

*The same.* A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — his bidding —] i. e. holds its being, or place, there.

<sup>2</sup> — a pair of bases,] Bases appear to have been a kind of loose breeches.

<sup>3</sup> — the triumph?] A triumph, in the language of Shaks-

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege ;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready ;<sup>4</sup> and our daughter,

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

[*Exit a Lord.*

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim.* 'Tis fit it should be so ; for princes are  
A model, which heaven makes like to itself :  
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected ;  
So princes their renown, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight, in his device.

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

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

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

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun ;  
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*<sup>5</sup>

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

[*The second Knight passes.*

Who is the second, that presents himself ?

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

peare's time, signified any publick *show*, such as a *Mask*, or *Revel*, &c.

<sup>4</sup> *Return them, we are ready ;*] i. e. return them notice, that we are ready, &c.

<sup>5</sup> *The word, Lux tua vita mihi.*] What we now call the *motto*, was sometimes termed the *word* or *mot* by our old writers. *Le mot*, French.

And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady :  
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que  
per fuerça.*<sup>6</sup>

[*The third Knight passes.*

*Sim.* And what's the third ?

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

[*The fourth Knight passes.*

*Sim.* What is the fourth ?

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

*Sim.* Which shows, that beauty hath his power  
and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*

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

[*The sixth Knight passes.*

*Sim.* And what's the sixth and last, which the  
knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

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

*Sim.* A pretty moral ;

From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his out-  
ward show

Can any way speak in his just commend :

<sup>6</sup> — [*Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*] That is, *more by sweetness than by force.* The author should have written *Mas per dulçura, &c.* *Piu* in Italian signifies *more* ; but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word. MALONE.

For, by his rusty outside, he appears  
To have practis'd more the whipstock,<sup>7</sup> than the  
lance.

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

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

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.<sup>8</sup>

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw  
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*  
*Great Shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.*

## SCENE III.

*The same.* A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, LORDS, KNIGHTS, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Knights,  
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,  
Since every worth in show commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:  
You are my guests.

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

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

<sup>7</sup> — the whipstock,] i. e. the carter's whip.

<sup>8</sup> *The outward habit by the inward man.*] i. e. that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit. This kind of inversion was formerly very common.

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

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

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Simo-  
 nides.

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

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

*Marsh.* Sir, yond's your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir ; for we are gentle-  
 men,

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

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*Sim.* Sit, sit, sir ; sit.

*Per.* By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
 These eates resist me, she not thought upon.\*

*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen  
 Of marriage, all the viands that I eat  
 Do seem unsavory, wishing him my meat !  
 Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but

A country gentleman :

He has done no more than other knights have done ;  
 Broken a staff, or so ; so let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

*Per.* You king's to me, like to my father's picture,  
 Which tells me, in that glory once he was ;

\* *These eates resist me, she not thought upon.*] i. e. go against  
 my stomach. I would read, however, — be not thought upon.

Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
 And he the sun, for them to reverence.  
 None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,  
 Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;  
 Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,  
 The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;  
 Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,  
 For he's their parent, and he is their grave,  
 And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

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

1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?

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

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

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

*Thai.* What is it

To me, my father?

*Sim.* O, attend, my daughter;  
 Princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
 Who freely give to every one that comes  
 To honour them; and princes, not doing so,  
 Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd  
 Are wonder'd at.<sup>1</sup>

Therefore to make's entrance<sup>2</sup> more sweet, here say,

<sup>1</sup> ——— and princes, not doing so,

Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd

Are wonder'd at.] i. e. when they are found to be such small insignificant animals, after making so great a noise.

<sup>2</sup> Therefore to make's entrance —] By his *entrance*, I believe, is meant his present *trance*, the *reverie* in which he is supposed to be sitting. STEEVENS.

We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.<sup>3</sup>

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

*Sim.* How !

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

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

*Sim.* And further tell him, we desire to know,  
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

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

*Per.* I thank him.

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

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

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

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

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

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by  
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft  
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

*Sim.* Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, getlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *this standing-bowl of wine to him.*] A *standing-bowl* was a bowl resting on a foot.

<sup>4</sup> *Even in your armours, as you are address'd,*] As you are accoutred, prepared for combat.



Will very well become a soldier's dance.  
 I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
 Loud musick is too harsh for ladies' heads;  
 Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.<sup>5</sup>

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:  
 And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre  
 Are excellent in making ladies trip;  
 And that their measures are as excellent.

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

*Sim.* O, that's as much, as you would be denied  
 [*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;  
 Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
 But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights,  
 conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,  
 We have given order to be next our own.

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

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
 For that's the mark I know you level at:  
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
 To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.*

*Hel.* No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—  
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;

<sup>5</sup> *So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.*] i. e. the excellence of this exhibition has justified the solicitation by which it was obtained.

For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
 Due to this heinous capital offence;  
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
 When he was seated, and his daughter with him,  
 In a chariot of inestimable value,  
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up  
 Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,  
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Esca.* 'Twas very strange.

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

*Esca.* 'Tis very true.

*Enter Three Lords.*

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,  
 Or council, has respect with him but he.<sup>6</sup>

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without re-  
 proof.

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

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

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

*Hel.* Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince  
 you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Heli-  
 cane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.

<sup>6</sup> See not a man, &c.] To what this charge of partiality was designed to conduct, we do not learn; for it appears to have no influence over the rest of the dialogue.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out ;  
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there ;  
 And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,<sup>7</sup>  
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
 And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in  
 our censure :<sup>8</sup>

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,  
 (Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)  
 Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,  
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,  
 We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

*All.* Live, noble Helicane !

*Hel.* Try honour's cause ; forbear your suffrages :  
 If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.  
 Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
 Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.  
 A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you  
 To forbear choice i'the absence of your king ;  
 If in which time expir'd, he not return,  
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
 But if I cannot win you to this love,  
 Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,  
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;  
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield ;  
 And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
 We with our travels will endeavour it.

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

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>7</sup> *And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,]* *Resolv'd* is satisfied, free from doubt.

<sup>8</sup> *Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:]* i. e. the most probable in our opinion.

## SCENE V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter, the Knights meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

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

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

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

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

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

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,<sup>9</sup>  
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take  
our leaves. [*Exeunt.*

*Sim.* So

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:  
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

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

Well, I commend her choice;

<sup>9</sup> *This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,*] It were to be wished that Simonides (who is represented as a blameless character) had hit on some more ingenuous expedient for the dismissal of these wocers. Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own.

And will no longer have it be delay'd.  
Soft, here he comes :—I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides !

*Sim.* To you as much, sir ! I am beholden to you,  
For your sweet musick this last night : my ears,  
I do protest, were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

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

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

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

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

*Per.* As of a most virtuous princess.

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

*Per.* As a fair day in summer ; wond'rous fair.

*Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;  
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,  
And she'll your scholar be ; therefore look to it.

*Per.* Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

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

*Per.* What's here !

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?  
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*]  
O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentlemen,  
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

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

A villain.

*Per.* By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence ;  
 Nor never did my actions yet commence  
 A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor !

*Sim.* Ay, traitor, sir.

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

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

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

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

*Sim.* No !—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.*

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
 Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
 Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
 To any syllable that made love to you ?

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,  
 Who takes offence at that would make me glad ?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory ?—  
 I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame  
 you ;

I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow  
 Your love and your affections on a stranger ?

(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,  
 Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*

Hear therefore, mistress ; frame your will to mine,—  
 And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,

Or I will make you—man and wife.—  
 Nay, come ; your hands and lips must seal it too.—  
 And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy ;—  
 And for a further grief,—God give you joy !  
 What, are you both pleas'd ?

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

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

*Sim.* What, are you both agreed ?

*Both.* Yes, 'please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed ;  
 Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;  
 No din but snores, the house about,  
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.  
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
 Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole ;  
 And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,  
 As the blither for their drouth.  
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
 A babe is moulded ;—Be attent,  
 And time that is so briefly spent,

<sup>1</sup> — get you to bed.] I cannot dismiss the foregoing scene, till I have expressed the most supreme contempt of it. Such another gross, nonsensical dialogue, would be sought for in vain among the earliest and rudest efforts of the British theatre. It is impossible not to wish that the *Knights* had horsewhipped *Simonides*, and that *Pericles* had kicked him off the stage. STEEVENS.

With your fine fancies quaintly eche;<sup>2</sup>  
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a Letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former.<sup>3</sup> Then enter THAÏSA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.*

*Gow.* By many a dearn and painful perch,<sup>4</sup>  
 Of Pericles the careful search  
 By the four opposing coignes,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which the world together joins,  
 Is made, with all due diligence,  
 That horse, and sail, and high expence,  
 Can stead the quest.<sup>6</sup> At last from Tyre  
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire,)  
 To the court of king Simonides  
 Are letters brought the tenour these:  
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead;  
 The men of Tyrus, on the head

<sup>2</sup> *With your fine fancies quaintly eche;]* i. e. eke out.

<sup>3</sup> — *the Lords kneel to the former.]* The Lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

<sup>4</sup> *By many a dearn and painful perch, &c.]* *Dearn* signifies lonely, solitary. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half.

<sup>5</sup> *By the four opposing coignes,]* By the four opposite cornerstones that unite and bind together the great fabrick of the world.

<sup>6</sup> *Can stead the quest.]* i. e. help, befriend, or assist the search.



Of Helicanus would set on  
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none :  
 The mutiny there he hastes t'appease ;  
 Says to them, if king Pericles  
 Come not, in twice six moons, home,  
 He obedient to their doom,  
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
 Y-ravished the regions round,  
 And every one with claps, 'gan sound,  
*Our heir apparent is a king :*  
*Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?*  
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :  
 His queen with child makes her desire  
 (Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;  
 (Omit we all their dole and woe ;)  
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut ;<sup>7</sup> but fortune's mood  
 Varies again ; the grizzled north  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth  
 That, as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives,  
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near !<sup>8</sup>  
 Doth fall in travail with her fear :  
 And what ensues in this fell storm,  
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.  
 I will relate,<sup>9</sup> action may  
 Conveniently the rest convey :

<sup>7</sup> — *half the flood*

*Hath their keel cut ;*] They have made half their voyage with a favourable wind.

<sup>8</sup> — *well-a-near !*] This exclamation is equivalent to *well-a-day*, and is still used in Yorkshire.

<sup>9</sup> *I will relate,*] The *further* consequences of this storm I shall not describe.

Which might not what by me is told.<sup>1</sup>  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-tost<sup>2</sup> prince appears to speak. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.*

*Per.* Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these  
 surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that  
 hast  
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy  
 deaf'ning,  
 Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,  
 Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,  
 How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! veno-  
 mously  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
 Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O  
 Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
 Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida——

<sup>1</sup> *Which might not what by me is told.*] i. e. which might not conveniently convey what by me is told, &c. What ensues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related.

<sup>2</sup> *In your imagination hold  
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-tost, &c.*] It is clear from these lines, that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. The ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the stage-apparatus in the time of our author.

*Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.*

*Lyc.* Here is a thing  
Too young for such a place, who, if it had  
Conceit,<sup>3</sup> would die as I am like to do.  
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

*Per.* How! how, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—  
A little daughter; for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.*

O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Vie honour with yourselves.<sup>4</sup>

*Lyc.*

Patience, good sir,

Even for this charge.

*Per.*

Now, mild may be thy life!

For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!<sup>5</sup>  
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
'Thou hast as chiding a nativity,<sup>6</sup>  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — who, if it had

Conceit,] If it had thought.

<sup>4</sup> Vie honour with yourselves.] The meaning is, *In this particular you might learn from us a more honourable conduct.*

<sup>5</sup> Quiet and gentle thy conditions!] Conditions anciently meant qualities; dispositions of mind.

<sup>6</sup> — as chiding a nativity,] i. e. as noisy a one.

<sup>7</sup> Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,] i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee.

With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods  
Throw their best eyes upon it!

*Enter Two Sailors.*

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

*Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;<sup>8</sup>  
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,  
I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there;<sup>9</sup> thou wilt not,  
wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

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

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

*Per.* That's your superstition.

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

*Per.* Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched  
queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And eye-remaining lamps,<sup>1</sup> the belching whale

<sup>8</sup> — *I do not fear the flaw;* i. e. the blast.

<sup>9</sup> *Slack the bolins there;* *Bowlines* are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable. They are slackened when it is high.

<sup>1</sup> *And eye-remaining lamps, &c.]* Instead of a monument erected above thy bones, AND perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spout-

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the sattin coffer: lay the babe  
Upon the pillow; hic thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* Lychorida.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,  
caulk'd and bitumed ready.

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

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

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

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

*Per.* O make for Tharsus.

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

## SCENE II.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

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

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

*Enter* PHILEMON.

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?

*ing-whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters  
shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head.*

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men ;  
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

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

Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

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

[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, Servant, and those who  
had been shipwrecked.

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early ?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook, as the earth did quake ;

The very principals did seem to rend,  
And all to topple ;<sup>2</sup> pure surprize and fear  
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early ;  
'Tis not our husbandry.<sup>3</sup>

*Cer.* O, you say well.

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

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

It is most strange,

<sup>2</sup> *The very principals did seem to rend,*

*And all to topple:]* The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building. The word *topple* means *tumble*.

<sup>3</sup> *'Tis not our husbandry.]* *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence.

Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

*Cer.* I held it ever,  
Virtue and cunning<sup>4</sup> were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend ;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever  
Have studied physick, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice,) made familiar  
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions  
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;  
And I can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures ; which give me  
A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death.<sup>5</sup>

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

*Enter Two Servants with a Chest.*

*Serv.* So ; lift there.

*Cer.* What is that ?

*Serv.* Sir, even now

<sup>4</sup> *Virtue and cunning—*] *Cunning* means here *knowledge*.

<sup>5</sup> *To please the fool and death.*] Mr. Malone says, that the *Fool* and *Death* were principal personages in the old moralities, but Mr. Steevens thinks this more than doubtful, yet allows that they occurred in dances.

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest ;  
'Tis of some wreck.

*Cer.* Set 't down, let's look on it.

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

*Cer.* Whate'er it be,  
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight ;  
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,  
It is a good constraint of fortune, that  
It belches upon us.

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

*Cer.* How close 'tis caul'd and bitum'd !—  
Did the sea cast it up ?

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

*Cer.* Come, wrench it open ;  
Soft, soft !—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

*2 Gent.* A delicate odour.

*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril ; so,—up with it.  
O you most potent god ! What's here ? a corse !

*1 Gent.* Most strange !

*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state ; balm'd and en-  
treasur'd

With bags of spices full ! A passport too !  
Apollo, perfect me i'the characters !

[*Unfolds a scroll.*

*Here I give to understand,* [Reads.  
(*If e'er this coffin drive a-land,*)  
*I, king Pericles, have lost*  
*This queen, worth all our mundane<sup>6</sup> cost.*  
*Who finds her, give her burying,*  
*She was the daughter of a king:*  
*Besides this treasure for a fee,*  
*The gods requite his charity !*

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
That even cracks for woe !—This chanc'd to-night.

<sup>6</sup> — *mundane*—] i. e. worldly.



2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night ;  
For look, how fresh she looks !—They were too  
rough,  
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within ;  
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.  
Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The overpressed spirits. I have heard  
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,  
By good appliance was recovered.

*Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.*

Well said, well said ; the fire and the cloths.—  
The rough and woful musick that we have,  
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.  
The vial once more ;—How thou stirr'st, thou  
block !

The musick there.—I pray you, give her air :—  
Gentlemen,

This queen will live : nature awakes ; a warmth  
Breathes out of her ; she hath not been entranc'd  
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow  
Into life's flower again !

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

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

[*She moves.*]

*Thai.* O dear Diana,

Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, gentle neighbours;

Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;

And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.*]

### SCENE III.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;  
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

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

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

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom  
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here  
I charge your charity withal, and leave her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you

To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

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

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

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

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cle.* We'll bring your grace even to the edge  
o'the shore ;  
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,<sup>7</sup> and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> — mask'd Neptune,] i. e. insidious waves that wear a  
treacherous smile.

## SCENE IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now  
At your command. Know you the character?

*Thai.* It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Even on my yearning time; but whether there  
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,  
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.\*  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

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

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles at Tyre,  
Welcom'd to his own desire.

\* *Where you may 'bide until your date expire.]* Until you die.

His woful queen leave at Ephess,  
 To Dian there a votaress.  
 Now to Marina bend your mind,  
 Whom our fast growing scene must find  
 At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd  
 In musick, letters ; who hath gain'd  
 Of education all the grace,  
 Which makes her both the heart and place  
 Of general wonder.<sup>9</sup> But alack !  
 That monster envy, oft the wrack  
 Of earned praise.<sup>1</sup> Marina's life  
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife,  
 And in this kind hath our Cleon  
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
 Even ripe for marriage fight ; this maid  
 Hight Philoten : and it is said  
 For certain in our story, she  
 Would ever with Marina be :  
 Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk<sup>2</sup>  
 With fingers, long, small, white as milk ;  
 Or when she would with sharp needl wound  
 The cambrick, which she made more sound  
 By hurting it ; or when to the lute  
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
 That still records with moan ;<sup>3</sup> or when  
 She would with rich and constant pen  
 Vail to her mistress Dian ;<sup>4</sup> still  
 This Philoten contends in skill

<sup>9</sup> Which makes her both the heart and place

Of general wonder.] Such an education as rendered her the center and situation of general wonder.

<sup>1</sup> ——— oft the wrack

Of earned praise,] Praise that has been well deserved.

<sup>2</sup> Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk—] Sleided silk is untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sley* or *slay*.

<sup>3</sup> That still records with moan ;] To record anciently signified to sing.

<sup>4</sup> Vail to her mistress Dian ;] To vail is to bow, to do homage.

With absolute Marina:<sup>5</sup> so  
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
 All praises; which are paid as debts,  
 And not as given. This so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks,  
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good Marina, that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;  
 And cursed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath<sup>6</sup>  
 Prest for this blow.<sup>7</sup> The unborn event  
 I do commend to your content:  
 Only I carry winged time  
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;  
 Which never could I so convey,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—  
 Dionyza does apper,  
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

## SCENE I.

Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
 Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,

<sup>5</sup> *With absolute Marina:]* i. e. highly accomplished, perfect.

<sup>6</sup> *The pregnant instrument of wrath—]* *Pregnant*, in this instance, means *prepared, instructed*; or perhaps *ready*.

<sup>7</sup> *Prest for this blow.]* *Prest* is *ready*; *pret.* Fr.

To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,  
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which  
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

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

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

Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.  
Thou art resolv'd?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd.

*Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.*

*Mar.* No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,  
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Whirring me from my friends.<sup>7</sup>

*Dion.* How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?  
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have  
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd<sup>8</sup>  
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;  
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.  
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Whirring me from my friends.] Whirring or whirring, had formerly the same meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noise, is said to whirr away.

<sup>8</sup> — your favour's chang'd—] i. e. countenance; look.

<sup>9</sup> — ere the sea mar it, &c.] i. e. ere the sea mar your walk upon the shore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with Leonine. We see plainly by the circumstance of the pirates, that Marina, when seized upon, was walking on the sea-shore; and Shakspeare was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean. CHARLEMONT.

Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;—  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

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

*Dion.* Come, come;  
I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign heart.<sup>1</sup> We every day  
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find  
Our paragon to all reports,<sup>2</sup> thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;  
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en  
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,  
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;  
I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go;  
But yet I have no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.  
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;  
Remember what I have said,

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam,

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;  
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:  
What! I must have a care of you.

*Mar.* Thanks, sweet madam.—  
[*Exit DIONYZA.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

*Leon.* South-west.

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

*Leon.* Was't so?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
But cry'd, *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling

<sup>1</sup> *With more than foreign heart.*] With the same warmth of affection as if I was his countryman.

<sup>2</sup> *Our paragon to all reports.*] Our fair charge, whose beauty was once equal to all that fame said of it.



His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes ;  
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
 That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-  
 tackle

Wash'd off a canvas-climber :<sup>3</sup> *Ha!* says one,  
*Wilt out?* and, with a dropping industry,  
 They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,  
 The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* And when was this ?

*Mar.* It was when I was born :  
 Never was waves nor wind more violent.

*Leon.* Come, say your prayers speedily.

*Mar.* What mean you ?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
 I grant it: Pray ; but be not tedious,  
 For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
 To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why, will you kill me ?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

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

*Leon.* My commission  
 Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.  
 You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
 You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,

<sup>3</sup> *Wash'd off a canvas-climber:]* A *canvas-climber* is one who climbs the mast, to furl, or unfurl, the *canvas* or *sails*.

When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :  
 Good sooth, it show'd well in you ; do so now :  
 Your lady seeks my life ; come you between,  
 And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,  
 And will despatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEONINE runs away.*

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

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

[*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.*

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Re-enter LEONINE.*

*Leon.* These roving thieves serve the great pirate  
 Valdes ;  
 And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go :  
 There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,  
 And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further ;  
 Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
 Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
 Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.  
 [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.*

*Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Boul't.

*Boult.* Sir.

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

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

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.<sup>4</sup>

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true; 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven——

*Boult.* Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

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

*Pand.* Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome o'conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

*Boult.* Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[*Exit BOULT.*

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

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

*Pand.* O, our credit comes not in like the com-

<sup>4</sup> *Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.*] The sentiments incident to vicious professions suffer little change within a century and a half.—This speech is much the same as that of *Mother Cole*, in *The Minor*: “’Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?” STEEVENS.

modity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger;<sup>5</sup> therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

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

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

*Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.*

*Boulton.* Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

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

*Boulton.* Master, I have gone thorough<sup>6</sup> for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boulton, has she any qualities?

*Boulton.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boulton?

*Boulton.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.<sup>7</sup>

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

*Bawd.* Boulton, take you the marks of her; the

<sup>5</sup> — *the commodity wages not with the danger;* ] i. e. is not equal to it.

<sup>6</sup> — *I have gone thorough—*] i. e. I have bid a high price for her, *gone far* in my attempt to purchase her.

<sup>7</sup> — *that she may not be raw in her entertainment.*] Unripe, unskillful.

colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity : and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boult.* Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

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

(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard  
Thrown me, to seek my mother !

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one ?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

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

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

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

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

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

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well ; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What ! do you stop your ears ?

*Mar.* Are you a woman ?

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

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

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

*Mar.* The gods defend me !

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by

men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

*Enter BOULT.*

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

*Boult.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

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

*Boult.* Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

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

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i'the hams?<sup>8</sup>

*Bawd.* Who? monsieur Veroles?

*Boult.* Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.<sup>9</sup>

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

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *that cowers i'the hams?*] To cower is to sink by bending the hams.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.*] If there were no other proof of Shakspeare's hand in this piece, this admirable stroke of humour would furnish decisive evidence of it.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *we should lodge them with this sign.*] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin.

*Bawd.* Pray you, come hither awhile: You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.<sup>2</sup>

*Mar.* I understand you not.

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

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

*Boult.* Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,——

*Bawd.* Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

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

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

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,<sup>3</sup> as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

<sup>2</sup> —— a mere profit.] i. e. an absolute, a certain profit.

<sup>3</sup> —— thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,] Thunder is not supposed to have an effect on fish in general, but on eels only, which are roused by it from the mud, and are therefore more easily taken.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

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

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

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

#### SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

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

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

*Dion.*

I think

You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,  
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o'the earth,

I'the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,  
Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy feat:<sup>4</sup> what canst thou say,

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,  
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

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

Unless you play the impious innocent,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Becoming well thy feat:*] *Feat*, i. e. of a piece with the rest of thy exploit.

<sup>5</sup> *Unless you play the impious innocent,*] She calls him, an *impious* simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife. An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an idiot.



And for an honest attribute, cry out,

*She died by foul play.*

*Cle.* O, go to: Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods  
Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those, that think  
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how cow'd a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow  
From honourable courses.

*Dion.* Be it so then:  
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,  
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.  
She did disdain my child, and stood between  
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,  
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;  
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,  
Not worth the time of day.<sup>6</sup> It pierced me thorough;  
And though you call my course unnatural,  
You not your child well loving, yet I find,  
It greets me,<sup>7</sup> as an enterprize of kindness,  
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles,  
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And even yet we mourn: her monument

<sup>6</sup> ————— a malkin,

[Not worth the time of day.] A *malkin* is a coarse wench. *Not worth the time of day*, is, not worth a *good day*, or, *good morrow*; undeserving the most common and usual salutation.

<sup>7</sup> *It greets me*,] Perhaps *it greets me*, may mean, *it pleases me*; *c'est a mon gré*. If *greet* be used in its ordinary sense of *saluting* or *meeting with congratulation*, it is surely a very harsh phrase.

Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs  
 In glittering golden characters express  
 A general praise to her, and care in us  
 At whose expence 'tis done.

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

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

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA  
 at Tharsus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues  
 make short;  
 Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;  
 Making, (to take your imagination,)  
 From bourn to bourn,<sup>8</sup> region to region.  
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
 To use one language, in each several clime,  
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech  
 you,  
 To learn of me, who stand i'the gaps to teach  
 you  
 The stages of our story. Pericles  
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,  
 (Attended on by many a lord and knight,)  
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

<sup>8</sup> Making, (to take your imagination,)

From bourn to bourn,] Making, &c. is travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story.

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.  
 Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have  
 brought  
 This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought ;  
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow  
 on,)  
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.  
 Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ;  
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door, PERICLES with his Train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.*

*Gow.* See how belief may suffer by foul show!  
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;<sup>9</sup>  
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears  
 o'ershow'r'd,  
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears  
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;  
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,<sup>1</sup>  
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit<sup>2</sup>  
 The epitaph is for Marina writ

<sup>9</sup> — *for true old woe :*] i. e. for such tears as were shed when, the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to persuade themselves that sincerity expired with the first ages.

<sup>1</sup> *A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,*] What is here called his *mortal vessel*, (i. e. his body,) is styled by Cleopatra her *mortal house*.

<sup>2</sup> — *Now please you wit—*] Now be pleased to *know*.

By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on MARINA'S Monument.*

*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,  
Who wither'd in her spring of year.*

*She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,  
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;  
Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,  
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the  
earth,*

*Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd ;  
Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never  
stint,<sup>3</sup>)*

*Make raging battery upon shores of flint.*

No visor does become black villainy,  
So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
And bear his courses to be ordered

By lady fortune ; while our scenes display  
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,  
In her unholy service. Patience then,  
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

*Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.*

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

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

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

<sup>3</sup> — (and swears she'll never stint,) ] She'll never cease.

2 *Gent.* No, 'no.' Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

*Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter LYSIMACHUS.*

*Lys.* How now? How a dozen of virginitics?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to-bless your honour!<sup>4</sup>

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

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

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

*Lys.* If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

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

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

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

*Lys.* What, pr'ythee?

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

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

*Enter MARINA.*

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

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

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

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

<sup>4</sup> Now, the gods to-bless your honour!] This use of *to* in composition with verbs (as Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks) is very common in Gower and Chaucer.

*Bawd.* First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

[*To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Lys.* Have you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.*

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

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* What I cannot name but I shall offend.

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

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

*Mar.* Ever since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?<sup>5</sup>

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

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

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you

<sup>5</sup> *Were you a gamester, &c.] A gamester was formerly used to signify a wanton.*

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

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

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

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

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

*Lys.* How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.<sup>9</sup>

*Mar.* For me,  
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune  
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,  
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold  
Dearer than physick,—O that the good gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i'the purer air!

*Lys.* I did not think  
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd  
thou could'st.  
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for  
thee:

Perséver still in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The gods preserve you!

<sup>9</sup> — Some more;—be sage.] Lysimachus says this with a sneer.—Proceed with your fine moral discourse.



*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent : for to me  
The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and  
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—  
Hold ; here's more gold for thee.—

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou hear'st  
from me,  
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* LYSIMACHUS *is putting up his Purse,*  
BOULT *enters.*

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

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper ! Your  
house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it up,  
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away !

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.

*Boult.* How's this ? We must take another course  
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not  
worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the  
cope,<sup>7</sup> shall undo a whole household, let me be  
gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me ?

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

*Re-enter* Bawd.

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

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

*Bawd.* O abominable !

<sup>7</sup> ——— *under the cope,*] i. e. under the *cope* or *covering* of  
heaven,

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

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

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

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

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

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's horn to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!<sup>8</sup> [Exit Bawd.]

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

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

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

*Mar.* Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

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

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend  
Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel  
That hither comes enquiring for his tib;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!*] Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

<sup>9</sup> — *to every coystrel*

*That hither comes enquiring for his tib;*] To every mean or drunken fellow that comes to enquire for a girl. *Coysterel* is pro-

To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear  
Is liable ; thy very food is such  
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.<sup>1</sup>

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

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty  
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth ;  
Serve by indenture to the common hangman ;  
Any of these ways are better yet than this :  
For that which thou professest, a baboon,  
Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.  
O that the gods would safely from this place  
Deliver me ! Here, here is gold for thee.  
If that thy master would gain aught by me,  
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;  
And I will undertake all these to teach.  
I doubt not but this populous city will  
Yield many scholars.

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

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

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

*Mar.* But, amongst honest women ?

*Boult.* 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst  
them. But since my master and mistress have bought  
you, there's no going but by their consent ; there-

perly a wine-vessel. *Tib* is a contraction of *Tabitha*, probably it  
was formerly a cant name for a strumpet.

<sup>1</sup> *As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.*] *Marina*, who is  
designed for a character of juvenile innocence, appears much too  
knowing in the impurities of a brothel ; nor are her expressions  
more chastised than her ideas. STEEVENS.

fore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances  
 Into an honest house, our story says.  
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
 As goddess-like to her admired lays:  
 Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needl  
 composes<sup>2</sup>  
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or  
 berry;  
 That even her art sisters the natural roses;  
 Her inkle,<sup>3</sup> silk, twin with the rubied cherry:  
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain  
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;  
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him  
 lost;  
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd  
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this  
 coast  
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

<sup>2</sup> — and with her needl composes —] *Needl for needle.*

<sup>3</sup> *Her inkle,*] *Inkle*, anciently signified a particular kind of crewel or worsted with which ladies worked flowers, &c.

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from  
whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expence;  
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.

In your supposing once more put your sight;<sup>4</sup>  
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:  
Where, what is done in action, more, if  
might,<sup>5</sup>

Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

[Exit.

### SCENE I.

*On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.*

*Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

[*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

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

<sup>4</sup> *In your supposing once more put your sight;]* Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination.

<sup>5</sup> *Where, what is done in action, more, if might,]* Where all that may be displayed in action, shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit. The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene.

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call ?

*Hel.* Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard ; I pray  
you,  
To greet them fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the Two Sailors descend,  
and go on board the Barge.*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords ; the  
Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,

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

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

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

*Lys.* You wish me well.

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

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

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

*Hel.* Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king ;  
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance,  
But to prorogue his grief.<sup>6</sup>

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature ?

*Hel.* Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat ;  
But the main grief of all springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

*Lys.* May we not see him, then ?

<sup>6</sup> *But to prorogue his grief.*] To lengthen or prolong his grief.

*Hel.* You may indeed, sir,  
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak  
To any.

*Lys.* Yet, let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him, sir: [PERICLES discovered.]  
this was a goodly person,  
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,<sup>7</sup>  
Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!  
Hail!

Hail, royal sir!

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst  
wager,  
Would win some words of him.

*Lys.* 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony  
And other choice attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,<sup>8</sup>  
Which now are midway stopp'd:  
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,  
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—*  
*Exit Lord, in the Barge of LYSIMACHUS.*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — one mortal night,] *Mortal* is here used for *pernicious*, *destructive*.

<sup>8</sup> — through his deafen'd parts,] i. e. his ears.

<sup>9</sup> *Exit Lord, in the Barge of Lysimachus.*] It may seem strange that a fable should have been chosen to form a drama upon, in which the greater part of the business of the last Act should be transacted at sea: and wherein it should even be necessary to produce two vessels on the scene at the same time. But the customs and exhibitions of the modern stage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as by any stretch of the imagination could be supposed to present either a sea, or a ship; and that the audi-

*Hel.* Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit  
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kind-  
ness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you fur-  
ther,

That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy,  
Which if we should deny, the most just God  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir, I will recount it;—  
But, see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge, Lord, MARINA, and a  
young Lady.*

*Lys.* O, here is  
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is't not a goodly presence?<sup>1</sup>

*Hel.* A gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such, that were I well assur'd she came  
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish  
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:

ence were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port,  
in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the  
poet, the lord, in the instance now before us, walked off the  
stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina,  
without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama, exhib-  
ited before such indulgent spectators, was not more incommo-  
dious in the representation than any other would have been.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Is't not a goodly presence?]* Is she not beautiful in her form?



If that thy prosperous-artificial feat  
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
 Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay  
 As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
 My utmost skill in his recovery,  
 Provided none but I and my companion  
 Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her,  
 And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MARINA sings.*

*Lys.* Mark'd he your musick?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

*Per.* Hum! ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,  
 My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
 But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks,  
 My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
 Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
 My derivation was from ancestors  
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
 And to the world and aukward casualties<sup>a</sup>  
 Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;  
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
 And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

[*Aside.*

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
 To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my pa-  
 rentage,  
 You would not do me violence.

<sup>a</sup> — and aukward casualties —] *Aukward* is adverse.

*Per.*

I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—  
You are like something that—What countrywoman?  
Here of these shores?

*Mar.*

No, nor of any shores :

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weep-  
ing.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been : my queen's square  
brows ;

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;

As silver-voic'd ; her eyes as jewel-like,

And cas'd as richly : in pace another Juno ;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them  
hungry ;

The more she gives them speech.—Where do you  
live ?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger : from the deck  
You may discern the place.

*Per.*

Where were you bred ?

And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe ?<sup>3</sup>

*Mar.*

Should I tell my history,  
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Pr'ythee speak ;

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st

Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace

For the crown'd truth to dwell in :<sup>4</sup> I'll believe thee,

<sup>3</sup> *You make more rich to owe ?*] *To owe* in ancient language is to possess. The meaning of the compliment is :—These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heighten'd by being in your possession. They acquire additional grace from their owner. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ————— *a palace*

*For the crown'd truth to dwell in :*] It is observable that our poet, when he means to represent any quality of the mind as emi-

And make my senses credit thy relation,  
 To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
 Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?  
 Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,  
 (Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st  
 From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st  
 Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal  
 mine,  
 If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing indeed  
 I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
 Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story;  
 If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
 Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
 Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look  
 Like Patience, gazing on king's graves, and smiling  
 Extremity out of act.<sup>5</sup> What were thy friends?  
 How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind  
 virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name, sir, is Marina.

*Per.* O, I am mock'd,  
 And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
 To make the world laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir,  
 Or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient;

nently perfect, furnishes the imaginary being whom he personifies,  
 with a crown.

<sup>5</sup> ——— and smiling

Extremity out of act.] By her beauty and patient meekness  
 disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her up-lifted  
 sword.

Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name Marina,  
Was given me by one that had some power;  
My father, and a king.

*Per.* How! a king's daughter?  
And call'd Marina?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?  
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?  
No motion?<sup>6</sup> Well; speak on. Where were you  
born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina,  
For I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea? thy mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the very minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O, stop there a little!  
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.  
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where were  
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did  
give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable<sup>7</sup>  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—  
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

<sup>6</sup> No motion?] i. e. no puppet dress'd up to deceive me.

<sup>7</sup> I will believe you by the syllable, &c.] i. e. I will believe every word you say.

*Mar.* The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave  
me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now good sir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It  
may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
If good king Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my gracious lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.* I know not; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,  
Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She would never tell

Her parentage; being demanded that,  
She would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come  
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud  
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—  
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,

Though doubts did ever sleep.<sup>8</sup>

*Mar.*

First, sir, I pray,

What is your title?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now  
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)  
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of  
kingdoms,

And another life to Pericles thy father.

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter, than  
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,  
The minute I began.

*Per.* Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my  
child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,  
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,  
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,  
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

*Hel.* Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

*Per.*

I embrace you, sir.

Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick?—  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None?

The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give him way,

*Per.* Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

<sup>8</sup> *Though doubts did ever sleep.] i. e. though nothing ever hap-  
pened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your veracity.*

*Lys.* Musick? My lord, I hear—

*Per.* Most heavenly musick:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

*Lys.* A pillow for his head;

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES  
is closed.*]

So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,  
and attendant Lady.]

## SCENE II.

*The same,*

PERICLES on the Deck asleep; DIANA appearing to  
him as in a vision.

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee  
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the life.<sup>9</sup>

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*]

*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,<sup>1</sup>

I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

<sup>9</sup> *And give them repetition to the life.*] i. e. Repeat your misfortunes so feelingly and so exactly, that the language of your narration may imitate to the life the transactions you relate.

<sup>1</sup> — goddess argentine,] That is, regent of the silver moon.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

*Hel.* Sir.

*Per.* My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown sails;<sup>2</sup> eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—  
[*To* HELICANUS.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need?

*Lys.* With all my heart, sir; and when you come  
ashore,  
I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at  
Ephesus.

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then done.  
This, as my last boon, give me,  
(For such kindness must relieve me,)  
That you aptly will suppose  
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
The regent made in Mitylin,  
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,  
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd  
To fair Marina; but in no wise,  
Till he had done his sacrifice,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — blown sails;] i. e. swollen.

<sup>3</sup> Till he had done his sacrifice,] That is, till Pericles had done his sacrifice.



As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
 The interim, pray you, all confound.<sup>4</sup>  
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd  
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
 At Ephesus, the temple see,  
 Our king, and all his company.  
 That he can hither come so soon,  
 Is by your fancy's thankful boon.<sup>5</sup>

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the Altar, as high Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

*Per.* Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,  
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
 The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.  
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
 A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,  
 Wears yet thy silver livery.<sup>6</sup> She at Tharsus  
 Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years  
 He sought to murder: but her better stars  
 Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore

<sup>4</sup> *The interim, pray you, all confound.] To confound here signifies to consume.*

<sup>5</sup> *That he can hither come so soon, Is by your fancy's thankful boon.] Thankful boon may signify—the licence you grant us in return for the pleasure we have afforded you in the course of the play; or, the boon for which we thank you.*

<sup>6</sup> *——— who, O goddess, Wears yet thy silver livery.] i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.*

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favour!—

You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—*[She faints.]*

*Per.* What means the woman? she dies! help,  
gentlemen!

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain.

*Cer.* Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.  
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was  
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd  
her

Here in Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my  
house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is  
Recover'd.

*Thai.* O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense<sup>7</sup> bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,  
And drown'd.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — to my sense —] *Sense* is here used for *sensual passion*.

*Per.* Immortal Dian!

*Thai.* Now I know you better.—

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.]

*Per.* This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness

Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAISA.]

*Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,  
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Bless'd and mine own!

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly from  
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

*Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus then.

*Per.* Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;  
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man

<sup>s</sup> — supposed dead,

And drown'd.] Drown'd, in this instance, does not signify suffocated by water, but overwhelmed in it.

Through whom the gods have shown their power ;  
that can

From first to last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir,  
The gods can have no mortal officer  
More like a god than you. Will you deliver  
How this dead queen re-lives ?

*Cer.* I will, my lord.  
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;  
How she came placed here within the temple ;  
No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Diana !  
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer  
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,  
This prince, the fair-betroth'd<sup>9</sup> of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,  
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,  
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form ;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,  
Sir, that my father's dead.

*Per.* Heavens make a star of him ? Yet there,  
my queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days ;  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> ——— *the fair-betrothed* ———] i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* In Antioch,<sup>1</sup> and his daughter, you have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :  
 In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen  
 (Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,  
 Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
 Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.  
 In Helicanus may you well descry  
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :  
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
 The worth that learned charity aye wears.  
 For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
 Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd  
 name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;  
 That him and his they in his palace burn.  
 The gods for murder seem'd so content  
 To punish them ; although not done, but meant.  
 So on your patience evermore attending,  
 New joy wait on you ! Here our play has  
 ending. [*Exit GOWER.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *In Antioch,*] i. e. *Antiochus.*

<sup>2</sup> To a former edition of this play were subjoined two Dissertations ; one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the latter I urged such arguments as then appeared to me to have weight, to prove that it was the entire work of Shakspeare, and one of his earliest compositions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of some elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whose hand was acknowledged to be visible in many scenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypothesis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no difficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationers' books, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookseller of eminence, and one of the publishers of the first folio

edition of Shakspeare's works. It was printed with his name in the title-page, in his life-time; but this circumstance proves nothing; because by the knavery of booksellers other pieces were also ascribed to him in his life-time, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it necessary to urge in support of its genuineness, that at a subsequent period it was ascribed to him by several dramattick writers. I wish not to rely on any circumstance of that kind; because in all questions of this nature, internal evidence is the best that can be produced, and to every person intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, must in the present case be decisive. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set the seal of Shakspeare on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the last three Acts may, I think, on this ground be safely ascribed to him; and his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two divisions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unsuccessful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe, much more common in the time of Shakspeare than is generally supposed. This piece having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy strokes from his pen, is unquestionably entitled to that place among his works which it has now obtained. MALONE.

KING LEAR.\*

\* KING LEAR.] The story of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakspeare seems to have been more indebted to *The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that some play on this subject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the same title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. From *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1587, Shakspeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The episode of Gloster and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the least trace of it in any other work. For the first *King Lear*, see likewise *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross.

The reader will also find the story of *K. Lear*, in the second book and 10th canto of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albiou's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harsnet's pamphlet, to which it contains so many references, was not published till that year. STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306. ed. 1674,) tells a similar story to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the West Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wise Speeches*. PERCY.

The story told by Camden in his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605, is this: "Ina, king of West Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and so would do during their lives, above all others: the two elder sware deeply they would; the youngest, but the wisest, told her father flatly, without flattery, that albeit she did love, honour, and reverence him, and so would whilst she lived, as much as nature and daughterly dutie at the uttermost could expect, yet she did think that one day it would come to passe that she should affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when she were married; who being made one flesh with her, as God by commandement had told, and nature had taught her, she was to cleave fast to, forsaking father and mother, kiffe and kinne. [Anonymous.] One referreth this to the daughters of King Leir."

It is, I think, more probable that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote Cordelia's reply concerning her future marriage, than *The Mirror for Magistrates*, as Camden's book was published recently before he appears to have composed this play, and that portion of it which is entitled *Wise Speeches*,



where the foregoing passage is found, furnished him with a hint in *Coriolanus*.

The story of King Leir and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed transcribed it; and in his Chronicle Shakspeare had certainly read it, as it occurs not far from that of *Cymbeline*; though the old play on the same subject probably *first* suggested to him the idea of making it the ground-work of a tragedy.

Geoffrey of Monmouth says, that Leir, who was the eldest son of Bladud, "nobly governed his country for sixty years." According to that historian, he died about 800 years before the birth of Christ.

The name of Leir's youngest daughter, which in Geoffrey's history, in Holinshed, *The Mirror for Magistrates*, and the old anonymous play, is *Cordeilla*, *Cordila*, or *Cordella*, Shakspeare found softened into *Cordelia*, by Spenser in his Second Book, Canto X. The names of Edgar and Edmund were probably suggested by Holinshed. See his *Chronicle*, Vol. I. p. 122. "*Edgar*, the son of *Edmund*, brother of *Athelstane*," &c.

This tragedy, I believe, was written in 1605. MALONE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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Lear, *King of Britain.*

*King of France.*

*Duke of Burgundy.*

*Duke of Cornwall.*

*Duke of Albany.*

*Earl of Kent.*

*Earl of Gloster.*

Edgar, *Son to Gloster.*

Edmund, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*

Curan, *a Courtier.*

*Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.*

*Physician.*

*Fool.*

Oswald, *Steward to Goneril.*

*An Officer, employed by Edmund.*

*Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.*

*A Herald.*

*Servants to Cornwall.*

Goneril, }  
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*  
Cordelia, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Britain.

# KING LEAR.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.*

*Enter* KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

*Kent.* I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

*Glo.* It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom,<sup>1</sup> it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither<sup>2</sup> can make choice of either's moiety.<sup>3</sup>

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord?

*Glo.* His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

<sup>1</sup> — in the division of the kingdom,] There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — that curiosity in neither —] Curiosity is scrupulousness, or captiousness.

<sup>3</sup> — of either's moiety.] The strict sense of the word moiety is half, one of two equal parts: but Shakspeare commonly uses it for any part or division.

*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother could: where-upon she grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.<sup>4</sup>

*Glo.* But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this,<sup>5</sup> who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better.

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deserving.

*Glo.* He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

*Enter* LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

*Lear.* Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

*Glo.* I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

*Lear.* Mean-time we shall express our darker purpose.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *being so proper.*] i. e. handsome.

<sup>5</sup> — *some year elder than this,*] i. e. about a year.

<sup>6</sup> — *express our darker purpose.*] That is, we have already made known in some measure our desire of parting the kingdom:

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,  
 In three, our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent<sup>7</sup>  
 To shake all cares and business from our age ;  
 Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
 Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Corn-  
 wall

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
 We have this hour a constant will<sup>8</sup> to publish  
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife  
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and  
 Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,  
 And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,  
 (Since now we will divest us, both of rule,  
 Interest of territory, cares of state,)  
 Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most ?  
 That we our largest bounty may extend  
 Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,  
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

*Gon.*

Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,  
 Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty ;  
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;  
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, ho-  
 nour :

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.  
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;  
 Beyond all manner of so much<sup>9</sup> I love you.

we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition. This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — and 'tis our fast intent —] Our determined resolution.

<sup>8</sup> — constant will —] Constant is firm, determined. Constant will is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil.

<sup>9</sup> Beyond all manner of so much —] Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is so much, for how much soever I should name, it would be yet more,

*Cor.* What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. [Aside.]

*Lear.* Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,  
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue  
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,  
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

*Reg.* I am made of that self metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
I find, she names my very deed of love;  
Only she comes too short,—that I profess<sup>1</sup>  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;<sup>2</sup>  
And find, I am alone felicitate  
In your dear highness' love.

*Cor.* Then poor Cordelia! [Aside.]  
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's  
More richer than my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;  
No less in space, validity,<sup>3</sup> and pleasure,  
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,  
Although the last, not least; to whose young love  
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,  
Strive to be interest'd;<sup>4</sup> what can you say, to draw  
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

<sup>1</sup> ——— that *I profess*, &c.] *In that*, i. e. *inasmuch as*, I profess myself, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Which the most precious square of sense possesses;] Perhaps *square* means only *compass*, *comprehension*; or, the full complement of all the senses.

<sup>3</sup> *No less in space, validity,*] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title.

<sup>4</sup> *Strive to be interest'd;*] *To interest* and *to interesse*, are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but are two distinct words though of the same import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *interessé*.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing?

*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty  
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.*

Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I

Return those duties back as are right fit,

Obeys you, love you, and most honour you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,

They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,

That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall  
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.

*Lear.* But goes this with thy heart?

*Cor.*

Ay, good my lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy  
dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;

The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;

By all the operations of the orbs,

From whom we do exist, and cease to be;

Here I disclaim all my paternal care

Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous

Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation<sup>5</sup> messes  
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
 As thou my sometime daughter.

*Kent.*

Good my liege,—

*Lear.* Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:  
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest  
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[*To CORDELIA.*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who  
 stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,  
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:  
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.  
 I do invest you jointly with my power,  
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
 That troop with majesty.—Ourselves, by monthly  
 course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,  
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain  
 The name, and all the additions to a king;<sup>6</sup>  
 The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest,<sup>7</sup>

Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,  
 This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*

*Kent.*

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,  
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

<sup>5</sup> — generation —] i. e. his children.

<sup>6</sup> — all the additions to a king;] All the titles belonging to a king.

<sup>7</sup> — execution of the rest,] All the other business.



*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly, When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak, When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom; And, in thy best consideration, check

This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment, Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least; Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound Reverbs<sup>s</sup> no hollowness.

*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no more.

*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it, Thy safety being the motive.

*Lear.* Out of my sight!

*Kent.* See better, Lear; and let me still remain The true blank of thine eye.<sup>9</sup>

*Lear.* Now, by Apollo,—

*Kent.* Now, by Apollo, king, Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

*Alb. Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.

*Kent.* Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;

<sup>8</sup> *Reverbs* —] This is, perhaps, a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as *reverberates*.

<sup>9</sup> *The true blank of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the *white* or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. See *better*, says *Kent*, and *keep me always in your view*.

Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

*Lear.*

Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!—

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,  
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd  
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power;  
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)  
Our potency made good,<sup>1</sup> take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision  
To shield thee from diseases of the world;  
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,  
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death; Away! by Jupiter,<sup>2</sup>  
This shall not be revok'd.

*Kent.* Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt  
appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—  
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—  
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*

That good effects may spring from words of love.—  
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course<sup>3</sup> in a country new.

[*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> (*Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,*)

*Our potency made good,*] i. e. *They to whom I have yielded my power and authority, yielding me the ability to dispense it in this instance, take thy reward.*

<sup>2</sup> — *By Jupiter,*] Shakspeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he had Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *He'll shape his old course* —] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles.

*Re-enter GLOSTER ; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.*

*Glo.* Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

*Lear.* My lord of Burgundy,  
We first address towards you, who with this king  
Hath rivall'd for our daughter ; What, in the least,  
Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love ?<sup>4</sup>

*Bur.* Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,  
Nor will you tender less.

*Lear.* Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;  
But now her price is fall'n : Sir, there she stands ;  
If aught within that little, seeming<sup>5</sup> substance,  
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.

*Bur.* I know no answer.

*Lear.* Sir,  
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,<sup>6</sup>  
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our  
oath,  
Take her, or leave her ?

*Bur.* Pardon me, royal sir ;  
Election makes not up on such conditions.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — quest of love ?] *Quest of love* is *amorous expedition*. The term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged.

<sup>5</sup> — seeming —] is *beautiful*, or rather *specious*.

<sup>6</sup> — owes,] i. e. is possessed of.

<sup>7</sup> *Election makes not up on such conditions.*] *Election comes not to a decision* ; in the same sense as when we say, " I have made up my mind on that subject."

*Lear.* Then leave her, sir; for, by the power  
that made me,  
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,  
[*To FRANCE.*

I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you  
To avert your liking a more worthier way,  
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd  
Almost to acknowledge hers.

*France.* This is most strange?  
That she, that even but now was your best object,  
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,  
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree  
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection  
Fall into taint:<sup>8</sup> which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle  
Could never plant in me.

*Cor.* I yet beseech your majesty,  
(If for I want<sup>9</sup> that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,  
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known  
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,  
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:  
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;  
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,  
Hath lost me in your liking:

<sup>8</sup> — or your fore-vouch'd affection

*Fall into taint:]* Either her offence *must be* monstrous, or, if she has not committed any such offence, the affection which you always professed to have for her *must be tainted and decayed*, and is now without reason alienated from her.

<sup>9</sup> *If for I want, &c.]* If this be my offence, that I want the glib and oily art, &c.

*Lear.* Better thou  
Had'st not been born, than not to have pleas'd me  
better.

*France.* Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,  
Which often leaves the history unspoke,  
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,  
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,  
When it is mingled with respects,<sup>1</sup> that stand  
Aloof from the entire point.<sup>2</sup> Will you have her?  
She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.* Royal Lear,  
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

*Lear.* Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

*Bur.* I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,  
That you must lose a husband.

*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy!  
Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

*France.* Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, be-  
ing poor;  
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st  
neglect  
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,  
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy  
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—

<sup>1</sup> — with respects,] i. e. with cautious and prudential considerations.

<sup>2</sup> — from the entire point.] Single, unmixed with other considerations.

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :  
Thou lovest here,<sup>3</sup> a better where to find.

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France : let her be thine ;  
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again :—Therefore be gone,  
Without our grace, our love, our benison.

Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-  
WALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Cor.* The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes  
Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;  
And, like a sister, am most loath to call  
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father :  
To your professed bosoms I commit him :  
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place.  
So farewell to you both.

*Gon.* Prescribe not us our duties.

*Reg.*

Let your study

Be, to content your lord ; who hath receiv'd you  
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,  
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plaited cunning<sup>4</sup>  
hides ;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

Well may you prosper !

*France.*

Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE and CORDELIA.]

*Gon.* Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of  
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think,  
our father will hence to-night.

<sup>3</sup> *Thou lovest here,*] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns.  
Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another  
place.

<sup>4</sup> — plaited cunning—] i. e. *complicated, involved* cunning.

*Reg.* That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,<sup>5</sup> but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

*Gon.* There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit<sup>6</sup> together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

*Reg.* We shall further think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i' the heat.<sup>7</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, nature, art my goddess;<sup>8</sup> to thy law

<sup>5</sup> — of long-engrafted condition,] i. e. of qualities of mind, confirmed by long habit.

<sup>6</sup> — let us hit —] i. e. let us agree.

<sup>7</sup> — i' the heat.] i. e. We must strike while the iron's hot.

<sup>8</sup> Thou, nature, art my goddess;] Edmund calls nature his goddess, for the same reason that we call a bastard a natural son; one,

My services are bound : Wherefore should I  
 Stand in the plague of custom ;<sup>9</sup> and permit  
 The curiosity of nations<sup>1</sup> to deprive me,<sup>2</sup>  
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines  
 Lag of a brother ? Why bastard ? wherefore base ?  
 When my dimensions are as well compact,  
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
 As honest madam's issue ? Why brand they us  
 With base ? with baseness ? bastardy ? base, base ?  
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
 More composition and fierce quality,  
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
 Got 'tween asleep and wake ?—Well then,  
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land :  
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,  
 As to the legitimate : Fine word,—legitimate !  
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,  
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow ; I prosper :—  
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards !

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus ! And France in choler  
 parted !

And the king gone to-night ! subscrib'd his power !<sup>3</sup>  
 Confin'd to exhibition !<sup>4</sup> All this done

who according to the law of nature, is the child of his father, but according to those of civil society is *nullius filius*.

<sup>9</sup> *Stand in the plague of custom ;* ] Wherefore should I acquiesce, submit tamely to the plagues and injustice of custom ?

<sup>1</sup> *The curiosity of nations —* ] i. e. the idle, nice distinctions of the world.

<sup>2</sup> — *to deprive me,* ] *To deprive* was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit*.

<sup>3</sup> — *subscrib'd his power !* ] *To subscribe* in Shakspeare is to *yield*, or *surrender*.

<sup>4</sup> — *exhibition !* ] is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities.



Upon the gad!<sup>5</sup>—Edmund! How now; what news?

*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the Letter.

*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

*Edm.* I know no news, my lord.

*Glo.* What paper were you reading?

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

*Glo.* No? what needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see; Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

*Edm.* I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

*Glo.* Give me the letter, sir.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

*Glo.* [Reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond<sup>6</sup> bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,*

<sup>5</sup> — All this done

Upon the gad!] i. e. is done suddenly, or as before, while the iron is hot. A gad is an iron bar.

<sup>6</sup> — idle and fond—] Weak and foolish.

Edgar.—Humph—Conspiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,—*My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

*Edm.* It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the case-ment of my closet.

*Glo.* You know the character to be your brother's?

*Edm.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

*Glo.* It is his.

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; but I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

*Glo.* Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

*Edm.* Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

*Glo.* O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

*Edm.* I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you<sup>7</sup> violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him,

<sup>7</sup> ——— where, if you—] *Where, for whereas.*

that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour,<sup>8</sup> and no other pretence<sup>9</sup> of danger.

*Glo.* Think you so?

*Edm.* If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

*Glo.* He cannot be such a monster.

*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

*Glo.* To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

*Edm.* I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business<sup>2</sup> as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature<sup>3</sup> can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best

<sup>8</sup> — to your honour,] It has been already observed that this was the usual mode of address to a lord in Shakspeare's time.

<sup>9</sup> — pretence—] Pretence is design, purpose.

<sup>1</sup> — I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.] i. e. he would give all he possessed to be certain of the truth; for that is the meaning of the words to be in a due resolution.

<sup>2</sup> — convey the business—] To convey is to carry through; in this place it is to manage artfully: we say of a juggler, that he has a clean conveyance.

<sup>3</sup> — the wisdom of nature—] That this, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.

of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange!

[Exit.]  
*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail: and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

*Enter EDGAR.*

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — and treachers,] for treacherous.

<sup>5</sup> — O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.] The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this passage perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakspeare however shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural, that ancient

*Edg.* How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

*Edm.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busy yourself with that?

*Edm.* I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

*Edg.* How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

*Edm.* Come, come; when saw you my father last?

*Edg.* Why, the night gone by.

*Edm.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Edm.* Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*Edm.* That's my fear. I pray you, have a con-

musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on musick say, *mi contra fa est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus*, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones, without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, *the times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and offensive sound, *fa sol la mi*. DR. BURNEY.

minent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

*Edg.* Armed, brother?

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

### SCENE III.

*A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and Steward.*

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

*Stew.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That set us all at odds: I'll not endure it:  
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us  
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,  
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—

If you come slack of former services,  
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

*Stew.* He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please,  
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:  
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,  
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,  
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,  
That still would manage those authorities,  
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,  
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd  
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen  
abus'd.<sup>5</sup>

Remember what I have said.

*Stew.* Very well, madam.

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder looks among  
you;  
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:  
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,  
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,  
To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*A Hall in the same.*

*Enter KENT, disguised.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow,

<sup>5</sup> *Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd*

*With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.]* i. e.  
When old fools will not yield to the appliances of persuasion,  
harsh treatment must be employed to compel their submission.  
When flatteries are seen to be abused by them, checks must be used,  
as the only means left to subdue them.

That can my speech diffuse,<sup>6</sup> my good intent,  
 May carry through itself to that full issue  
 For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd  
 Kent,

If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand con-  
 demn'd,  
 (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
 Shall find thee full of labours.

*Hornswithin. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get  
 it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art  
 thou?

*Kent.* A man, sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? What would'st  
 thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to  
 serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love  
 him that is honest; to converse with him that is  
 wise, and says little;<sup>7</sup> to fear judgment; to fight,  
 when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.<sup>8</sup>

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor  
 as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is  
 for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st  
 thou?

*Kent.* Service.

<sup>6</sup> That can my speech diffuse,] To diffuse speech, signifies to dis-  
 order it, and so to disguise it.

<sup>7</sup> — to converse with him that is wise, and says little;] To  
 converse signifies immediately and properly to keep company, not  
 to discourse or talk.

<sup>8</sup> — and to eat no fish.] In Queen Elizabeth's time the Pa-  
 pists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the go-  
 vernment. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man,  
 and eats no fish*; to signify he's a friend to the government and a  
 Protestant.



*Lear.* Who would'st thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, manage a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for; I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

*Lear.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho; dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

*Enter Steward.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

*Stew.* So please you,— [*Exit.*

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho!—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

*Knight.* Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not!

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not en-

ertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! say'st thou so?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken: for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

*Lear.* Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity,<sup>9</sup> than as a very pretence<sup>1</sup> and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.<sup>2</sup>

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

*Re-enter Steward.*

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

*Stew.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

*Stew.* I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?  
[Striking him.]

<sup>9</sup> — *jealous curiosity,*] *Punctilious jealousy.*

<sup>1</sup> — *a very pretence —*] *Pretence* in Shakspeare generally signifies *design.*

<sup>2</sup> *Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.*] This is an endearing circumstance in the Fool's character, and creates such an interest in his favour, as his wit alone might have failed to procure for him. STEEVENS.

*Stew.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.  
[*Tripping up his Heels.*]

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes the Steward out.*]

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT Money.*]

*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his Cap.*]

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* If I gave them all my living,<sup>3</sup> I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he

<sup>3</sup> — all my living,] *Living* in Shakspeare's time signified estate, or property.

must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach,<sup>4</sup> may stand by the fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me!

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,  
 Speak less than thou knowest,  
 Lend less than thou owest,<sup>5</sup>  
 Ride more than thou goest,  
 Learn more than thou trowest,<sup>6</sup>  
 Set less than thou throwest;  
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
 And keep in-a-door,  
 And thou shalt have more  
 Than two tens to a score.

*Lear.* This is nothing, fool.

*Fool.* Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[To KENT.

*Lear.* A bitter fool!

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

*Lear.* No, lad; teach me.

*Fool.* That lord, that counsel'd thee  
 To give away thy land,  
 Come place him here by me,—  
 Or do thou for him stand:

<sup>4</sup> — Lady, the brach,] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind.

<sup>5</sup> Lend less than thou owest,] That is, do not lend all that thou hast. To owe, in old English, is to possess.

<sup>6</sup> Learn more than thou trowest,] To *trow*, is an old word which signifies to believe.

The sweet and bitter fool  
 Will presently appear;  
 The one in motley here,  
 The other found out there.

*Lear.* Dost thou call me fool, boy?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away;  
 that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't:<sup>7</sup> and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool.* Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year ;*<sup>8</sup> [Singing.

*For wise men are grown foppish ;*

*And know not how their wits to wear,*

*Their manners are so apish.*

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

<sup>7</sup> — *if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't :*] A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee.

<sup>8</sup> *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year ;*] There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place, Such I think is the meaning. JOHNSON.

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep,* [Singing.  
*And I for sorrow sung,*  
*That such a king should play bo-peep,*  
*And go the fools among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

*Lear.* If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

*Fool.* I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast par'd thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o'the parings.

*Enter GONERIL.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet<sup>9</sup> on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [To GON.] bids me; though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

<sup>9</sup> — that frontlet —] A *frontlet* was a forehead-cloth, used formerly by ladies at night to render that part smooth. Lear, I suppose, means to say, that Goneril's brow was as completely covered by a frown, as it would be by a frontlet. MALONE.

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,  
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod.<sup>1</sup> [*Pointing to LEAR.*

*Gon.* Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,  
But other of your insolent retinue  
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth  
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,  
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,  
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,  
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,  
That you protect this course, and put it on<sup>2</sup>  
By your allowance;<sup>3</sup> which if you should, the fault  
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;  
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,  
Might in their working do you that offence,  
Which else were shame, that then necessity  
Will call discreet proceeding.

*Fool.* For you trow, nuncle,  
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.<sup>4</sup>

*Lear.* Are you our daughter?

<sup>1</sup> *That's a sheal'd peascod.*] i. e. Now a mere husk, which contains nothing. The outside of a king remains, but all the intrinsic parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give.

<sup>2</sup> — *put it on* —] i. e. promote, push it forward.

<sup>3</sup> *By your allowance;*] By your approbation.

<sup>4</sup> — *were left darkling.*] Shakspeare's Fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and sarcastick. Though they were licensed to say any thing, it was still necessary to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air: we may suppose therefore that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakspeare often finishes this Fool's speeches.

*Gon.* Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

*Fool.* May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

*Lear.* Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.<sup>5</sup>—

*Fool.* Which they will make an obedient father.<sup>6</sup>

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman?

*Gon.* Come, sir;

This admiration is much o'the favour<sup>7</sup>  
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you  
To understand my purposes aright:  
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:  
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;  
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,  
That this our court, infected with their manners,  
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust  
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,  
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak  
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd

<sup>5</sup> — for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, &c.] Were I to judge from the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, or reason, I should be induced to think I had daughters, yet that must be a false persuasion;—It cannot be.

<sup>6</sup> Which they will make an obedient father.] Which, is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed, according to a mode now obsolete, for *whom*, the accusative case of *who*.

<sup>7</sup> — o'the favour —] i. e. of the complexion.



By her, that else will take the thing she begs,  
 A little to disquantity your train;  
 And the remainder, that shall still depend,<sup>8</sup>  
 To be such men as may besort your age,  
 And know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!—  
 Saddle my horses; call my train together.—  
 Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;  
 Yet have I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people; and your disorder'd  
 rabble  
 Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are  
 you come?  
 Is it your will? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my  
 horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
 More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,  
 Than the sea-monster!<sup>9</sup>

*Alb.* Pray, sir, be patient.

*Lear.* Detested kite! thou liest: [*To GONERIL.*]  
 My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
 That all particulars of duty know;  
 And in the most exact regard support  
 The worships of their name.—O most small fault,  
 How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!  
 Which, like an engine,<sup>1</sup> wrench'd my frame of  
 nature  
 From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,  
 And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

<sup>8</sup> — still depend,] *Depend*, for continue in service.

<sup>9</sup> *Than the sea-monster!*] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude.

<sup>1</sup> — like an engine,] By an engine is meant the *rack*.

Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,  
 [Striking his Head.]  
 And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

*Alb.* My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant  
 Of what hath mov'd you.

*Lear.* It may be so, my lord,—Hear, nature, hear;  
 Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if  
 Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!  
 Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;  
 And from her derogate body<sup>2</sup> never spring  
 A babe to honour her! If she must teem,  
 Create her child of spleen; that it may live,  
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!  
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;  
 With cadent tears<sup>3</sup> fret channels in her cheeks;  
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,<sup>4</sup>  
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel  
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
 To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes  
 this?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know the cause;  
 But let his disposition have that scope  
 That dotage gives it.

*Re-enter LEAR.*

*Lear.* What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!  
 Within a fortnight?

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

*Lear.* I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am ashamed

<sup>2</sup> — from her derogate body —] Derogate for degraded, blasted.

<sup>3</sup> — cadent tears —] i. e. Falling tears.

<sup>4</sup> Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,] Her maternal cares and good offices.

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :  
 [To GONERIL.

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,  
 Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs  
 upon thee!

The untented woundings<sup>5</sup> of a father's curse  
 Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,  
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out ;  
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,  
 To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?  
 Let it be so :—Yet have I left a daughter,  
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;  
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,  
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think  
 I have cast off for ever ; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and *Attendants*.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord ?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,  
 To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!  
 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool*.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take  
 the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,  
 And such a daughter,  
 Should sure to the slaughter,  
 If my cap would buy a halter ;  
 So the fools follow after.

[*Exit*.

Gon. This man hath had good counsel :—A  
 hundred knights!

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep

<sup>5</sup> *The untented woundings*—] *Untented* wounds, means wounds in their worst state, not having a *tent* in them to digest them; and may possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a *tent* put into them for that purpose.

At point,<sup>6</sup> a hundred knights. Yes, that on every  
dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,  
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,  
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

*Alb.* Well, you may fear too far.

*Gon.*

Safer than trust:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,  
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:  
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;  
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,  
When I have show'd the unfitness.—How now,  
Oswald?

*Enter Steward.*

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

*Stew.* Ay, inadam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse:  
Inform her full of my particular fear;  
And thereto add such reasons of your own,  
As may compact it more.<sup>7</sup> Get you gone;  
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my  
lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,  
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,  
You are much more attack'd<sup>8</sup> for want of wisdom,  
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;  
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Gon.* Nay, then—

*Alb.* Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> *At point,*] Completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice.

<sup>7</sup> — *compact it more.*] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account.

<sup>8</sup> — *more attack'd* —] *To be at task*, is to be liable to reprehension and correction.

## SCENE V.

*Court before the same.*

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Lear.* Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.<sup>9</sup>

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

*Fool.* If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

*Lear.* Ay, boy.

*Fool.* Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fool.* Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly:<sup>1</sup> for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear.* Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i'the middle of his face?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong:<sup>2</sup>—

<sup>9</sup> — there before you.] He means the town of Gloster.

<sup>1</sup> — thy other daughter will use thee kindly:] The Fool uses the word *kindly* here in two senses; it means *affectionately*, and like the rest of her *kind*.

<sup>2</sup> I did her wrong:] He is musing on Cordelia.

*Fool.* Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight?

*Fool.* Yes, indeed: Thou wouldest make a good fool.

*Lear.* To take it again perforce!<sup>3</sup>—Monster ingratitude!

*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Fool.* Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

*Enter Gentleman.*

How now! are the horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy.

<sup>3</sup> *To take it again perforce!*] The subject of Lear's meditation is the resumption of that moiety of the kingdom which he had given to Goneril.

*Fool.* She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,  
 Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter, [Exit.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

*Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

*Edm.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

*Edm.* Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [Exit.]

*Edm.* The duke be here to-night? The better!  
 Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!  
 My father hath set guard to take my brother;  
 And I have one thing, of a queazy question,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—

<sup>4</sup> — queazy question,] *Queazy*, means, delicate, unsettled, what requires to be handled nicely.

Brother, a word ;—descend :—Brother, I say ;

*Enter EDGAR.*

My father watches :—O sir, fly this place ;  
Intelligence is given where you are hid ;  
You have now the good advantage of the night :—  
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall ?  
He's coming hither ; now, i' the night, i' the haste,  
And Regan with him ; Have you nothing said  
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany ?  
Advise yourself.<sup>5</sup>

*Edg.* I am sure on't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming,—Pardon me :—  
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you :—  
Draw : Seem to defend yourself : Now quit you well,  
Yield : come before my father ;—Light, ho, here!—  
Fly, brother ;—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—

[*Exit EDGAR.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion  
[*Wounds his Arm.*  
Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunkards  
Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !  
Stop, stop ! No help ?

*Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.*

*Glo.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword  
out

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon  
To stand his auspicious mistress :—

*Glo.* But where is he ?

*Edm.* Look, sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, Edmund ?

*Edm.* Fled this way, sir. When by no means he  
could—

<sup>5</sup> Advise yourself.] i. e. consider, recollect yourself.



*Glo.* Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Serv.*]

By no means,—what?

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;  
But that I told him, the revenging gods  
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;  
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond  
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,  
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood  
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,  
With his prepared sword, he charges home  
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:  
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,  
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,  
Or whether gasted<sup>6</sup> by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;  
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,  
My worthy arch<sup>7</sup> and patron, comes to-night:  
By his authority I will proclaim it,  
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,  
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;  
He, that conceals him, death.

*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech<sup>8</sup>  
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,  
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,  
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal  
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee  
Make thy words faith'd? No; what I should deny,  
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce  
My very character,<sup>9</sup>) I'd turn it all*

<sup>6</sup> — gasted—] Frighted.

<sup>7</sup> — arch—] i. e. Chief; a word now used only in composition, as arch-angel, arch-duke.

<sup>8</sup> And found him pight to do it, with curst speech—] Pight is pitched, fixed, settled. Curst is severe, harsh, vehemently angry.

<sup>9</sup> My very character,—] i. e. my very handwriting.

*To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :  
And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
If they not thought the profits of my death  
Were very pregnant and potential spurs  
To make thee seek it.*

*Glo.* Strong and fasten'd villain !  
Would he deny his letter ?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*

Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not why he  
comes :

All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;  
The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture  
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom  
May have due note of him ; and of my land,  
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee capable.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend ? since I came  
hither,  
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange  
news.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,  
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my  
lord ?

*Glo.* O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is  
crack'd !

*Reg.* What, did my father's godson seek your  
life !

He whom my father nam'd ? your Edgar ?

*Glo.* O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid !

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous  
knights

That tend upon my father ?

<sup>1</sup> — of my land,—

To make thee capable.] i. e. capable of succeeding to my land.

*Glo.* I know not, madam :  
It is too bad, too bad.—

*Edm.* Yes, madam, he was.

*Reg.* No marvel then, though he were ill affected ;

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,  
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.  
I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them ; and with such cau-  
tions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
I'll not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—  
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father  
A child-like office.

*Edm.* 'Twas my duty, sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray his practice ;<sup>2</sup> and receiv'd  
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Corn.* Is he pursued ?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord, he is.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more  
Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,  
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,  
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours ;  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;  
You we first seize on.

*Edm.* I shall serve you, sir,  
Truly, however else.

*Glo.* For him I thank your grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit you,—

*Reg.* Thus out of season ; threading dark-ey'd  
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *He did bewray his practice ;*] i. e. Discover, betray. *Practice* is always used by Shakspeare for *insidious mischief*.

<sup>3</sup> ——— of some poize,] i. e. of some weight or moment.

Wherein we must have use of your advice :—  
 Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
 Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
 To answer from our home ;<sup>4</sup> the several messengers  
 From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,  
 Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow  
 Your needful counsel to our business,  
 Which craves the instant use.

*Glo.* I serve you, madam :  
 Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Before Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter KENT and Steward, severally.*

*Stew.* Good dawning to thee, friend : Art of the  
 house ?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Stew.* Where may we set our horses ?

*Kent.* I' the mire.

*Stew.* Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Stew.* Why, then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would  
 make thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why dost thou use me thus : I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Stew.* What dost thou know me for ?

*Kent.* A knave ; a rascal, an eater of broken  
 meats ; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited,  
 hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave ; a  
 lily-liver'd, action-taking knave ;<sup>5</sup> a whorson, glass-

<sup>4</sup> — from our home ;] Not at home, elsewhere.

<sup>5</sup> — action-taking knave ;] i. e. a fellow, who, if you beat  
 him, would bring an action for the assault.

gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.<sup>6</sup>

*Stew.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

*Kent.* What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'the moonshine of you: Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [Drawing his Sword.

*Stew.* Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part,<sup>7</sup> against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

*Stew.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave,<sup>8</sup> strike. [Beating him.

*Stew.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.*

*Edm.* How now? What's the matter? Part.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *addition.*] i. e. titles. These titles were probably familiar in Shakspeare's time among the lower classes, although their meaning be now lost. The conjectures of the annotators have been but idly employed on them.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *vanity the puppet's part,*] Alluding to the old *moralities*, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *neat slave,*] You finical rascal.

*Kent.* With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

*Glo.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Stew.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Stew.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,—

*Kent.* Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain<sup>9</sup> into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

<sup>9</sup> ——— *this unbolted villain*—] *Unbolted mortar* is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. *This unbolted villain* is therefore this *coarse rascal*.

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain  
Which are too intrinse<sup>1</sup> t'unloose: smooth every  
passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;  
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;  
Renegè, affirm, and turn their halcyon<sup>2</sup> beaks  
With every gale and vary of their masters,  
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—  
A plague upon your epileptick visage!<sup>3</sup>

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.<sup>4</sup>

*Corn.* What, art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glo.* How fell you out?

Say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy,  
Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? What's  
his offence?

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.<sup>5</sup>

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, or his,  
or hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;  
I have seen better faces in my time,  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow,

<sup>1</sup> *Which are too intrinse—*] for *intrinsicate*.

<sup>2</sup> *— and turn their halcyon beaks, &c.*] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would *vary* with the wind, and by that means show from what point it blew.

<sup>3</sup> *— epileptick visage!*] The frightened countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit.

<sup>4</sup> *— Camelot.*] Was the place where the romances say king Arthur kept his court in the West; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances.

<sup>5</sup> *— likes me not.*] i. e. pleases me not.

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect  
 A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,  
 Quite from his nature:<sup>6</sup> He cannot flatter, he!—  
 An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:  
 An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.  
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-  
 ness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,  
 Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
 That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.* Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,  
 Under the allowance of your grand aspect,  
 Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire  
 On flickering Phœbus' front,<sup>6</sup>—

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you dis-  
 commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer:  
 he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain  
 knave: which, for my part, I will not be, though I  
 should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.<sup>7</sup>

*Corn.* What was the offence you gave him?

*Stev.* Never any:

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,  
 To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;  
 When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,  
 Tripp'd me behind: being down, insulted, rail'd,  
 And put upon him such a deal of man,  
 That worthy'd him, got praises of the king  
 For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;

<sup>6</sup> — constrains the garb,

*Quite from his nature:]* Forces his *outside* or his *appearance* to something totally *different* from his natural disposition.

<sup>6</sup> *On flickering Phœbus' front,]* To *flicker* is to *flutter*; like the motion of a *flame*.

<sup>7</sup> — *though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.]* Though I should win you, displeas'd as you now are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON.



And, in the fleshment<sup>8</sup> of this dread exploit,  
Drew on me here.

*Kent.* None of these rogues, and cowards,  
But Ajax is their fool.<sup>9</sup>

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks, ho!  
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,  
We'll teach you—

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn:  
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;  
On whose employment I was sent to you:  
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice  
Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks:  
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night  
too.

*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,  
You should not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.  
[*Stocks brought out.*]

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same colour  
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so;  
His fault is much, and the good king his master  
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction  
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,  
For pilferings and most common trespasses,  
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,  
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

<sup>8</sup> — *fleshment*—] A young soldier is said to flesh his sword, the first time he draws blood with it. *Fleshment*, therefore, is here metaphorically applied to the first act of service, which Kent, in his new capacity, had performed for his master.

<sup>9</sup> *But Ajax is their fool.*] i. e. is a fool to them.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more worse,  
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*KENT is put in the Stocks.*<sup>1</sup>

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt REGAN and CORNWALL.*

*Glo.* I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's  
pleasure,  
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,  
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for  
thee.

*Kent.* Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and  
travell'd hard;  
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.  
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:  
Give you good morrow!

*Glo.* The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill  
taken. [Exit.

*Kent.* Good king, that must approve the com-  
mon saw!<sup>2</sup>

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,  
That by thy comfortable beams I may  
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,  
But misery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;  
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured course; and shall find time  
From this enormous state,—seeking to give  
Losses their remedies:—All weary and o'er-watch'd,  
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

<sup>1</sup> It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still in some colleges, there were moveable *stocks* for the correction of the servants. FARMER.

<sup>2</sup> *Good king, that must approve the common saw! &c.*] The saw alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*,

“ In your running from him to me, ye runne

“ Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne.”

This shameful lodging.  
 Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy  
 wheel! [He sleeps.

## SCENE III.

*A Part of the Heath.*

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* I heard myself proclaim'd;  
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,  
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,  
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
 Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,  
 I will preserve myself: and am bethought  
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,  
 That every penury, in contempt of man,  
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth  
 Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;<sup>3</sup>  
 And with presented nakedness out-face  
 The winds and persecutions of the sky.  
 The country gives me proof and precedent  
 Of Bedlam beggars,<sup>4</sup> who, with roaring voices,  
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms  
 Pins, wooden pricks,<sup>5</sup> nails, sprigs of rosemary;  
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
 Poor pelting villages,<sup>6</sup> sheep-cotes and mills,  
 Sometime with lunatick bans,<sup>7</sup> sometime with prayers,

<sup>3</sup> — *elf all my hair in knots;*] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night.

<sup>4</sup> *Of Bedlam beggars,*] These were a species of vagabonds, described by contemporary writers, as half rogue, half fool. Edgar borrows his dress from them, and the phrases of *Poor Tom*, *Poor Tom is a-cold*.

<sup>5</sup> — *wooden pricks,*] i. e. skewers.

<sup>6</sup> *Poor pelting villages,*] beggarly or petty.

<sup>7</sup> — *lunatick bans,*] To *ban*, is to curse.

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!<sup>8</sup>  
That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

*Before Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

*Lear.* 'Tis strange, that they should so depart  
from home,  
And not send back my messenger.

*Gent.* As I learn'd,  
The night before there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove.

*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master!

*Lear.* How!  
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

*Kent.* No, my lord.

*Fool.* Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters!<sup>9</sup>  
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by  
the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the  
legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he  
wears wooden nether-stocks.<sup>1</sup>

*Lear.* What's he, that hath so much thy place  
mistook  
To set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both he and she,  
Your son and daughter.

<sup>8</sup> — poor Turlygood! poor Tom!] For *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gipsies, called *Turlupins*, a *fraternity of naked beggars*, which ran up and down Europe.

<sup>9</sup> — he wears cruel garters!] Probably a quibble was here intended. *Crewel* signifies *worsted*, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made.

<sup>1</sup> — wooden nether-stocks.] *Nether-stocks* is the old word for *stockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called "men's *overstockes*."

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No, I say.

*Kent.* I say, yea.

*Lear.* No, no ; they would not.

*Kent.* Yes, they have.

*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear, no.

*Kent.* By Juno, I swear, ay.

*Lear.* They durst not do't ;

They could not, would not do't ; 'tis worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage :<sup>2</sup>

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way

Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us.

*Kent.* My lord, when at their home  
I did commend your highness' letters to them,  
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd  
My duty kneeling, came there a recking post,  
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth  
From Goneril his mistress, salutations ;  
Deliver'd letters spite of intermission,<sup>3</sup>  
Which presently they read : on whose contents,  
They summon'd up their meiny,<sup>4</sup> straight took horse ;  
Commanded me to follow, and attend  
The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold looks :  
And meeting here the other messenger,  
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,  
(Being the very fellow that of late  
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)  
Having more man than wit about me, drew ;

<sup>2</sup> *To do upon respect such violent outrage :*] To be grossly deficient in respect.

<sup>3</sup> — *spite of intermission,*] i. e. without pause, without suffering time to intervene.

<sup>4</sup> *They summon'd up their meiny,*] *Meiny*, i. e. people ; from *mesne*, a house. *Mesnie*, a family, Fr.

He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries :  
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth  
The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly  
that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,  
Do make their children blind ;  
But fathers, that bear bags,  
Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,  
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours<sup>5</sup>  
for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

*Lear.* O, how this mother<sup>6</sup> swells up toward my  
heart !

*Hysterica passio!* down, thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy element's below !—Where is this daughter ?

*Kent.* With the earl, sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not ;  
Stay here. [Exit.

*Gent.* Made you no more offence than what you  
speak of !

*Kent.* None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train ?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that  
question, thou hadst well deserved it.

*Kent.* Why, fool ?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach  
thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that  
follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind  
men ; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can  
smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when

<sup>5</sup> — *dol urs*—] Quibble between *dolours* and *dollars*.

<sup>6</sup> O, how this mother, &c.] *Lear* here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica Passio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only.

a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

*Kent.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They are sick?  
they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;  
The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

*Glo.* My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremoveable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

Fiery? what quality? why, Gloster, Gloster,

I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,  
man?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall; the  
dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:  
vice:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—  
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,  
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,  
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the  
mind.

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;  
And am fallen out with my more headier will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit  
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on* KENT.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,  
That this remotion<sup>7</sup> of the duke and her  
Is practice only.<sup>8</sup> Give me my servant forth:  
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,  
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,  
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,  
Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*

*Glo.* I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

*Lear.* O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,  
down.

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to  
the eels, when she put them i' the paste<sup>8</sup> alive; she  
rapp'd 'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd,  
*Down, wantons, down:* 'Twas her brother, that, in  
pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

<sup>7</sup> — *this remotion*—] From their own house to that of the Earl of Gloster.

<sup>8</sup> *Is practice only.*] *Practice* is, in Shakspeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawful artifice*.

<sup>8</sup> — i' the paste—] The *paste*, or *crust of a pie*, in Shakspeare's time, was called a *coffin*.



*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and  
*Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

*Corn.* Hail to your grace!

[*KENT is set at Liberty.*

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness.

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know what  
reason

I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,  
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,  
Sepulch'ring an adultress.—O, are you free?

[*To KENT.*

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,  
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied  
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[*Points to his Heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,  
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

*Reg.* I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,  
You less know how to value her desert,  
Than she to scant her duty.<sup>9</sup>

*Lear.* Say, how is that?

*Reg.* I cannot think, my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,  
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,  
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,  
As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her!

*Reg.* O, sir, you are old;  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led  
By some discretion, that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,

<sup>9</sup> — scant *her duty*,] i. e. be deficient in her duty, but the expression is inaccurate.

That to our sister you do make return ;  
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness ?  
Do you but mark how this becomes the house :<sup>1</sup>  
*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;*  
*Age is unnecessary :*<sup>2</sup> *on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.*  
*That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.*

*Reg.* Good sir, no more ; these are unsightly  
tricks :

Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* Never, Regan :  
She hath abated me of half my train ;  
Look'd black upon me ; struck me with her tongue,  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart ;—  
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,  
You taking airs, with lameness !

*Corn.* Fye, fye, fye !

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding  
flames

Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,  
To fall and blast her pride !

*Reg.* O the blest gods !  
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

*Lear.* No, Regan, thou shalt never have my  
curse ;

Thy tender-hefted nature<sup>3</sup> shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but thine  
Do comfort, and not burn : 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

<sup>1</sup> ——— the house ?] The order of families, duties of relation.

<sup>2</sup> *Age is unnecessary :*] i. e. Old age has few wants, or it may mean that *old people are useless.*

<sup>3</sup> *Thy tender-hefted nature—*] *Hefted* seems to mean the same as *heaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions.

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,<sup>4</sup>  
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt  
 Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;  
 Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,  
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good sir, to the purpose.  
 [*Trumpets within.*]

*Lear.* Who put my man i'the stocks?

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

*Enter Steward.*

*Reg.* I know't, my sister's: this approves her  
 letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride  
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—  
 Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

*Lear.* Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have  
 good hope  
 Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O,  
 heavens,

*Enter GONERIL.*

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
 Allow obedience,<sup>5</sup> if yourselves are old,  
 Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—  
 Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

[*To GONERIL.*]

<sup>4</sup> — to scant my sizes,] To contract my allowances or proportions settled. *Sizes* are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in publick societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in colleges.

<sup>5</sup> Allow obedience,] Allow sometimes signifies approve.

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,<sup>6</sup>  
And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O, sides, you are too tough!  
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

*Corn.* I set him there, sir: but his own disorders  
Deserv'd much less advancement.<sup>7</sup>

*Lear.* You! did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.<sup>8</sup>  
If, till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;  
I am now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o'the air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—  
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?  
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took  
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought  
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg  
To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter<sup>9</sup>  
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*

*Gon.* At your choice, sir.

<sup>6</sup> ——— [*that indiscretion finds,*] Or *thinks.*

<sup>7</sup> ——— [*less advancement.*] A still worse or more disgraceful situation.

<sup>8</sup> ——— [*being weak, seem so.*] Since *you are weak*, be content to think yourself weak.

<sup>9</sup> ——— [*and sumpter —*] *Sumpter* is a horse that carries necessaries on a journey, though sometimes used for the case to carry them in.

*Lear.* I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;  
 I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:  
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—  
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;  
 Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,  
 Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,  
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,<sup>1</sup>  
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;  
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:  
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:  
 Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:  
 I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,  
 I, and my hundred knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so, sir;  
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
 For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;  
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,  
 Must be content to think you old, and so—  
 But she knows what she does.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken now?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?  
 Is it not well? What should you need of more?  
 Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger  
 Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one  
 house,

Should many people, under two commands,  
 Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, receive at-  
 tendance  
 From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

*Reg.* Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to  
 slack you,  
 We could control them: If you will come to me,  
 (For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you

<sup>1</sup> — embossed carbuncle,] Embossed is swelling, protuberant.

To bring but five and twenty ; to no more  
Will I give place, or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all—

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;  
But kept a reservation to be follow'd  
With such a number : What, must I come to you  
With five and twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

*Reg.* And speak it again, my lord ; no more with  
me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do look well-  
favour'd,

When others are more wicked ; not being the worst,  
Stands in some rank of praise :—I'll go with thee ;

[To GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,  
And thou art twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord ;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,  
To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you ?

*Reg.* What need one ?

*Lear.* O, reason not the need : our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;  
If only to go warm were gorgeous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true  
need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !  
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !  
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !  
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—  
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;  
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,  
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.]

*Corn.* Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a Distance.*]

*Reg.* This house  
Is little; the old man and his people cannot  
Be well bestow'd.

*Gon.* 'Tis his own blame; he hath put  
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,  
But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd.  
Where is my lord of Gloster?

*Re-enter* GLOSTER.

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

*Glo.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glo.* He calls to horse; but will I know not  
whither.

*Corn.* 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

*Gon.* My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

*Glo.* Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak  
winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O, sir, to wilful men,  
The injuries, that they themselves procure,

Must be their schoolmasters : Shut up your doors ;  
 He is attended with a desperate train ;  
 And what they may incense him to, being apt  
 To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord ; 'tis a wild  
 night ;  
 My Regan counsels well ; come out o'the storm.  
 [Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. A Heath.

*A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.*  
*Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.*

*Kent.* Who's here, beside foul weather ?

*Gent.* One minded like the weather, most un-  
 quietly.

*Kent.* I know you ; Where's the king ?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful element :  
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
 That things might change, or cease : tears his white  
 hair ;  
 Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of :  
 Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn  
 The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.  
 This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear<sup>2</sup> would  
 couch,  
 The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

<sup>2</sup> — the cub-drawn bear —] i. e. whose dens are drawn dry  
 by its young. For no animals leave their dens by night but for  
 prey.



Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool; who labours to out-just  
His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you;  
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,<sup>3</sup>  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,  
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;  
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars  
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;  
Which are to France the spies and speculations  
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,  
Either in snuffs and packings<sup>4</sup> of the dukes;  
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne  
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,  
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;<sup>5</sup>  
But, true it is, from France there comes a power  
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet<sup>6</sup>  
In some of our best ports, and are at point  
To show their open banner.—Now to you:  
If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find  
Some that will thank you, making just report  
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
The king hath cause to plain.  
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;  
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer  
This office to you.

<sup>3</sup> — the warrant of my art,] On the strength of my skill in physiognomy.

<sup>4</sup> Either in snuffs and packings —] Snuffs are dislikes, and packings underhand contrivances.

<sup>5</sup> — are but furnishings;] Or samples.

<sup>6</sup> — have secret feet] i. e. secret footing.

*Gent.* I will talk further with you.

*Kent.* No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more  
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take  
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,  
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;  
And she will tell you who your fellow is  
That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm!  
I will go seek the king.

*Gent.* Give me your hand: Have you no more to  
say?

*Kent.* Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;  
That, when we have found the king, (in which your  
pain  
That way; I'll this :) he that first lights on him,  
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage!  
blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the  
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing<sup>7</sup> fires,  
Vaunt couriers<sup>8</sup> to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!

<sup>7</sup> — *thought-executing* —] Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought.

<sup>8</sup> *Vaunt couriers* —] *Avant couriers*, Fr. This phrase is not unfamiliar to other writers of Shakspeare's time. It originally meant the foremost scouts of an army.

Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,  
That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O nuncle, court holy-water<sup>9</sup> in a dry house  
is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good  
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a  
night pities neither wise men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout,  
rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
You owe me no subscription;<sup>1</sup> why then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

*Fool.* He that has a house to put his head in, has  
a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,  
Before the head has any,  
The head and he shall louse;—  
So beggars marry many.*

*The man that makes his toe  
What he his heart should make,  
Shall of a corn cry woe,  
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made  
mouths in a glass.

<sup>9</sup> ——— court holy-water —] Proverbial for fair words.

<sup>1</sup> You owe me no subscription:] Subscription for obedience.

*Enter* KENT.

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool.

*Kent.* Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies  
Gallow<sup>2</sup> the very wanderers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry  
The affliction, nor the fear.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue  
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing continents,<sup>3</sup> and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace.<sup>4</sup>—I am a man,  
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack, bare-headed!  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;  
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,

<sup>2</sup> — (Gallow —] signifies to scare or frighten.

<sup>3</sup> — *concealing continents,*] *Continent* stands for that which contains or incloses.

<sup>4</sup> *These dreadful summoners grace.*] *Summoners* are here the officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal.

(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd ;  
Which even but now, demanding after you,  
Denied me to come in,) return, and force  
Their scanted courtesy.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.—  
Come on, my boy : How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?  
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?  
The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come, your  
hovel,  
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee,

*Fool.* *He that has a little tiny wit,—*  
*With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—*  
*Must make content with his fortunes fit ;*  
*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*Lear.* True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to  
this hovel. [*Exeunt* LEAR and KENT.

*Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—  
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :

When priests are more in word than matter ;  
When brewers mar their malt with water ;  
When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;  
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;  
When every case in law is right ;  
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;  
When slanders do not live in tongues ;  
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;  
When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;  
And bawds and whores do churches build ;—  
Then shall the realm of Albion  
Come to great confusion.  
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,  
That going shall be us'd with feet,

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his time. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

*Glo.* Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing : When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him,

*Edm.* Most savage, and unnatural !

*Glo.* Go to ; say you nothing : There is division between the dukes ; and a worse matter than that : I have received a letter this night ;—'tis dangerous to be spoken ;—I have locked the letter in my closet : these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home ; there is part of a power already footed : we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived : If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

*Edm.* This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know ; and of that letter too :—

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

That which my father loses ; no less than all :

The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

*A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,  
enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure.

[*Storm still.*

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord,  
enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much, that this conten-  
tious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;

But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,

Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the  
mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,

Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,

For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night

To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;

No more of that,—

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;  
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:  
In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless  
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—  
[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  
Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;  
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and  
half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit,  
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor  
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there  
i'the straw?

Come forth,

*Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—  
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—  
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?  
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom  
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through  
flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and  
quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,  
and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge;



made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay frotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to curse his own shadow for a traitor :—Bless thy five wits !<sup>5</sup> Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking !<sup>6</sup> Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes : There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again,—and there.

[*Storm continues.*

*Lear.* What, have his daughters brought him to this pass ?—

Could'st thou save nothing ? Did'st thou give them all ?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters !

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor ! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?

Judicious punishment ! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.<sup>7</sup>

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill ;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo !

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

*Edg.* Take heed o' the foul fiend : Obey thy pa-

<sup>5</sup> — [ *Bless thy five wits !* ] So the five senses were called by our old writers.

<sup>6</sup> — [ *taking !* ] To *take* is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

<sup>7</sup> — [ *pelican daughters.* ] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood.

rents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold,

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap,<sup>8</sup> served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear,<sup>9</sup> bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*]

*Lear.* Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.—

[*Tearing off his Clothes.*]

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a

<sup>8</sup> — wore gloves in my cap,] i. e. His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time.

<sup>9</sup> — light of ear,] *Credulous of evil*, ready to receive malicious reports.

naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,<sup>1</sup> squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold<sup>2</sup> footed thrice the wold;  
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;  
Bid her alight,  
And her troth plight,  
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*

*Kent.* How fares your grace?

*Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.*

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? What is't you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water;<sup>3</sup> that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything,<sup>4</sup> and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;

<sup>1</sup> — *web and the pin,*] Diseases of the eye.

<sup>2</sup> *Saint Withold, &c.*] i. e. Saint Withold traversing the *wold* or *downs*, met the night-mare; he obliged her to *alight* from those persons whom she rides, and *plight her troth* to do no more mischief. This is taken from a story of him in his legend. *Nine-fold* means her nine familiars.

<sup>3</sup> — *the wall-newt, and the water;*] i. e. the water-newt.

<sup>4</sup> — *whipped from tything to tything,*] A *tything* is a division of a place, a district; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*.

who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

*Glo.* What, hath your grace no better company?

*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.<sup>5</sup>

*Glo.* Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though! their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher:— What is the cause of thunder?

*Kent.* Good my lord, take his offer; Go into the house.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:—

What is your study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

*Lear.* Let me ask you one word in private.

*Kent.* Impórtune him once more to go, my lord, His wits begin to unsettle.

*Glo.* Can'st thou blame him? His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—

<sup>5</sup> *Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.*] The names of pretended spirits.

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—  
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee,  
friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,  
Now outlaw'd from my blood: he sought my life,  
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—  
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's  
this!

I do beseech your grace,—

*Lear.* O, ery you mercy,

Noble philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee  
warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*Lear.* With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

*Kent.* Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the  
fellow.

*Glo.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian.

*Glo.* No words, no words:

Hush.

*Edg.* *Child Rowland*<sup>6</sup> to the dark tower came,

*His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,*

*I smell the blood of a British man.* [Exeunt

<sup>6</sup> *Child Rowland*—] The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old historical songs and romances.

## SCENE V.

*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter* CORNWALL and EDMUND.

*Corn.* I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

*Corn.* Go with me to the duchess.

*Edm.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*Corn.* True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

*Edm.* [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.*

*Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.*

*Glo.* Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

*[Exit GLOSTER.]*

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent,<sup>7</sup> and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

*Lear.* A king; a king!

*Fool.* No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits Come lizzing in upon them:—

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love; or a whore's oath.

*Lear.* It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—

*[To EDGAR.]*

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. *[To the Fool.]*—Now, you she foxes!—

<sup>7</sup> — Pray, innocent,] Perhaps he is here addressing the Fool. Fools were anciently called *Innocents*.

*Edg.* Look, where he stands and glares!—  
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

*Come o'er the bourn,<sup>8</sup> Bessy, to me:—*

*Fool.* Her boat hath a leak,  
And she must not speak  
Why she dares not come over to thee.

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the  
voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's  
belly for two white herring. Croak not, black  
angel; I have no food for thee.

*Kent.* How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:  
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evi-  
dence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[*To EDGAR.*

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*  
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,  
Sit you too.

[*To KENT.*

*Edg.* Let us deal justly.

*Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly sheph'rd?*

*Thy sheep be in the corn;*

*And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,*

*Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

**Pur!** the cat is grey.

*Lear.* Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take  
my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked  
the poor king her father.

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress; Is your name Go-  
neril?

<sup>8</sup> *Come o'er the bourn,—*] A *boorn* in the north signifies a ri-  
vulet or brook.



*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

*Lear.* And here's another, whose warp'd looks  
proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!  
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the  
place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits!

*Kent.* O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,  
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

*Edg.* My tears begin to take his part so much,  
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt,  
you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,  
Tooth that poisons if it bite;  
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,  
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;<sup>9</sup>  
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tale;  
Tom will make them weep and wail:  
For, with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. *Sessa.* Come, march to wakes and  
fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is  
dry.

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize Regan, see what  
breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature,  
that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I enter-  
tain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like

<sup>9</sup> — *brach, or lym; &c.*] Names of particular sorts of dogs.

the fashion of your garments : you will say, they are Persian attire ;<sup>1</sup> but let them be changed.

[To EDGAR.

*Kent.* Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise ; draw the curtains : So, so, so : We'll go to supper i' the morning : So, so, so.

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Come hither, friend : Where is the king my master ?

*Kent.* Here, sir ; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

*Glo.* Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms ; I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him : There is a litter ready ; lay him in't, And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master : If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss : Take up, take up ; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps :— This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses, Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master ; Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

*Glo.* Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

<sup>1</sup> — you will say, they are Persian attire ;] Alluding, perhaps, to Clytus refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander.

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes,  
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.  
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;  
 Leaving free things,<sup>2</sup> and happy shows, behind:  
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,  
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.  
 How light and portable my pain seems now,  
 When that, which makes me bend, makes the king  
     bow;  
 He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:  
 Mark the high noises;<sup>3</sup> and thyself bewray,<sup>4</sup>  
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles  
     thee,  
 In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.  
 What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!  
 Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,  
*and Servants.*

*Corn.* Post speedily to my lord your husband;  
 show him this letter:—the army of France is  
 landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

*Reg.* Hang him instantly.

*Gon.* Pluck out his eyes.

*Corn.* Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund,  
 keep you our sister company; the revenges we are

<sup>2</sup> — *free things,*] States clear from distress.

<sup>3</sup> *Mark the high noises;*] Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that *false opinion* now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of *just proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence.

<sup>4</sup> — *and thyself bewray,*] i. e. *discover.*

bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent, betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster,<sup>5</sup>

*Enter Steward.*

How now? Where's the king?

*Stew.* My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,  
Hot questrists after him,<sup>6</sup> met him at gate;  
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,  
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast  
To have well-armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress.

*Gon.* Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*]

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor  
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life  
Without the form of justice; yet our power  
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath,<sup>7</sup> which men  
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The  
traitor?

<sup>5</sup> — *my lord of Gloster.*] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles. The Steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title.

<sup>6</sup> *Hot questrists after him.*] A *questrist* is one who goes in search or *quest* of another.

<sup>7</sup> *Though well we may not pass upon his life  
— yet our power*

*Shall do a courtesy to our wrath,*] *To do a courtesy* is to gratify, to comply with. *To pass,* is to pass a judicial sentence.

*Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.*

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky arms.<sup>8</sup>

*Glo.* What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

*Corn.* Bind him, I say, [Servants bind him.

*Reg.* Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

*Glo.* Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [REGAN plucks his Beard.

*Glo.* By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done  
To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor!

*Glo.* Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,  
Will quicken,<sup>9</sup> and accuse thee: I am your host;  
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours<sup>1</sup>

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, sir, what letters had you late from  
France?

*Reg.* Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacy have you with the  
traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

*Reg.* To whose hands have you sent the lunatick  
king?

Speak.

*Glo.* I have a letter guessingly set down,  
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,  
And not from one oppos'd.

<sup>8</sup> — corky arms.] Dry, withered, husky arms.

<sup>9</sup> Will quicken,] i. e. quicken into life.

<sup>1</sup> — my hospitable favours—] Favours means the same as features, i. e. the different parts of which a face is composed.

*Corn.*

Cunning.

*Reg.*

And false.

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the king?

*Glo.*

To Dover.

*Reg.*

Wherefore

To Dover?—Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—

*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

*Glo.* I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.<sup>1</sup>

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover?

*Glo.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails  
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.  
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,  
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,  
He hop'd the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,  
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*  
All cruels else subscrib'd:<sup>2</sup>—But I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

*Corn.* See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot

[*GLOSTER is held down in his Chair, while  
CORNWALL plucks out one of his Eyes, and  
sets his Foot on it.*]

*Glo.* He, that will think to live till he be old,  
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

*Reg.* One side will mock another; the other too.

*Corn.* If you see vengeance,—

*Serv.*

Hold your hand, my lord;

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;

<sup>1</sup> ——— *the course.*] The running of the dogs upon me.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *subscrib'd.*] Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

But 'etter service have I never done you,  
Than now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dog?

*Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

*Corn.* My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

*Serv.* Nay, then come on, and take the chance of  
anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.*]

*Reg.* Give me thy sword.—[*To another Servant.*]

A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a Sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*]

*Serv.* O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one  
eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*]

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile  
jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

[*Tears out GLOSTER's other Eye, and throws  
it on the Ground.*]

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son  
Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,  
To quit this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he  
That made the overture of thy treasons<sup>3</sup> to us;  
Who is too good to pity thee.

*Glo.* O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

*Reg.* Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him  
smell

<sup>3</sup> — the overture of thy treasons—] Overture is here used for an opening or discovery. It was he who first laid thy treasons open to us.

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt :—Follow me, lady.—  
Turn out that eyeless villain ;—throw this slave  
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :  
Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN ;—Servants unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,  
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,  
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,<sup>4</sup>  
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the  
Bedlam  
To lead him where he would ; his roguish madness  
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou ; I'll fetch some flax, and whites  
of eggs,  
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help  
him ! [ *Exeunt severally.* ]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The Heath.*

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and known to be con-  
temn'd,  
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,  
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,  
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :  
The lamentable change is from the best ;

<sup>4</sup> — the old course of death,] That is, die a natural death.



The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,  
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!  
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,  
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes  
 here?—

*Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!  
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,<sup>5</sup>  
 Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O my good lord, I have been your  
 tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore  
 years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:  
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all,  
 Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;  
 I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,  
 Our mean secures us;<sup>6</sup> and our mere defects  
 Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,  
 The food of thy abused father's wrath!  
 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
 I'd say, I had eyes again!

*Old Man.* How now? Who's there?

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, *I am*  
*at the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

<sup>5</sup> — *World, world, O world!*

*But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,]* O world!  
 if reverses of fortune and changes such as I now see and feel,  
 from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not show us  
 the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of  
 resignation to the weight of years, and its necessary consequence,  
 infirmity and death. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Our mean secures us;]* *Mean* is here a substantive, and signi-  
 fies a middle state.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad Tom.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman and beggar too.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg. I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw; Which made me think a man a worm: My son Came then into my mind; and yet my mind Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* How should this be?— Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow, Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Glo.* Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain, I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir, he's mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure; Above the rest, be gone.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,

Come on't what will.

[*Exit.*]

*Glo.* Sirrah, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub<sup>7</sup> it further. [Aside.

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* [Aside.] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to Dover?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicat*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes; that I am wretched,  
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!  
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,  
That slaves your ordinance,<sup>8</sup> that will not see  
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;  
So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know  
Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:  
Bring me but to the very brim of it,

<sup>7</sup> — *I cannot daub it—*] i. e. Disguise.

<sup>8</sup> *That slaves your ordinance, &c.*] The language of Shakspeare is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original use. To *slave* or *beslave* another is to *treat him with terms of indignity*: in a kindred sense, to *slave the ordinance*, may be, to *slight or ridicule it*. JOHNSON.

To *slave an ordinance*, is to treat it as a *slave*, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it.

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,  
 With something rich about me: from that place  
 I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm;  
 Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.*

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild  
 husband  
 Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your mas-  
 ter?

*Stew.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:  
 I told him of the army that was landed;  
 He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;  
 His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,  
 And of the loyal service of his son,  
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;  
 And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—  
 What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;  
 What like, offensive.

*Gon.* Then shall you go no further.  
[*To EDMUND.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,  
 That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,  
 Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the  
 way,  
 May prove effects.<sup>9</sup> Back, Edmund, to my brother;

<sup>9</sup> — *Our wishes, on the way,  
 May prove effects.*] What we wish, before our march is at an  
 end, may be brought to happen, i. e. the murder or despatch of  
 her husband.

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers :  
 I must change arms at home, and give the distaff  
 Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant  
 Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,  
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,  
 A mistress's command. Wear this ; spare speech ;  
 [Giving a Favour.

Decline your head :<sup>1</sup> this kiss, if it durst speak,  
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ;—  
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear Gloster!  
 [Exit EDMUND.

O, the difference of man, and man ! To thee  
 A woman's services are due ; my fool  
 Usurps my bed.

*Stew.* Madam, here comes my lord.  
 [Exit Steward.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.<sup>2</sup>

*Alb.* O Goneril !

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind  
 Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition :  
 That nature, which contemns its origin,  
 Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;  
 She that herself will sliver and disbranch  
 From her material sap,<sup>3</sup> perforce must wither,  
 And come to deadly use.

<sup>1</sup> *Decline your head : &c.*] She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the Steward being present) and that it might appear only to him as a whisper.

<sup>2</sup> *I have been worth the whistle.*] Goneril's meaning seems to be — *There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you ;* reproaching him for not having summoned her to consult with on the present critical occasion.

<sup>3</sup> *She that herself will sliver and disbranch*

*From her material sap,*] She who breaks the bonds of filial

*Gon.* No more; the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:  
Filt'ris savour but themselves. What have you done?  
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?  
A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would-lick,  
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madd'd.  
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?  
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?  
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,  
'Twill come,  
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;  
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,  
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd  
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy  
drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;  
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;  
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,  
*Alack! why does he so?*

*Alb.* See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  
So horrid, as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool!

*Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for  
shame,  
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness  
To let these hands obey my blood,

duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, must wither and perish, like a branch separated from that *sap* which supplies it with nourishment, and gives life to the *matter* of which it is composed.

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear  
Thy flesh and bones :—Howe'er thou art a fiend,  
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now !—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alb.* What news ?

*Mess.* O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's  
dead :

Slain by his servant, going to put out  
The other eye of Gloster.

*Alb.* Gloster's eyes !

*Mess.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-  
morse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
To his great master ; who, thereat enrag'd,  
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead :<sup>4</sup>  
But not without that harmful stroke, which since  
Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shows you are above,  
You justicers, that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can venge !—But, O, poor Gloster !  
Lost he his other eye !

*Mess.* Both, both, my lord.—  
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer ;  
'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* [*Aside.*] One way I like this well ;  
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life : Another way,  
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Where was his son, when they did take his  
eyes ?

*Mess.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He is not here.

<sup>4</sup> ——— amongst them fell'd him dead : ] i. e. they fell'd.

*Mess.* No, my good lord ; I met him back again.

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness ?

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord ; 'twas he inform'd  
against him ;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment  
Might have the freer course.

*Alb.*

Gloster, I live  
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,  
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend ;  
Tell me what more thou knowest. [ *Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*The French Camp, near Dover.*

*Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* Why the king of France is so suddenly  
gone back know you the reason ?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the state,  
Which since his coming forth is thought of ; which  
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,  
That his personal return was most requir'd,  
And necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him general ?

*Gent.* The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen to any  
demonstration of grief ?

*Gent.* Ay, sir ; she took them, read them in my  
presence ;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down  
Her delicate cheek : it seem'd, she was a queen  
Over her passion ; who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be the king o'er her.

*Kent.* O, then it mov'd her.

*Gent.* Not to a rage : patience and sorrow strove  
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears



Were like a better day : Those happy smiles,  
 'That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
 What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence ;  
 As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow  
 Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all  
 Could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?]

*Gent.* Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the  
 name of *father*

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart ;

Cried, *Sisters ! sisters !—Shame of ladies ! sisters !*

*Kent ! father ! sisters ! What ? i'the storm ? i'the  
 night ?*

*Let pity not be believed!*<sup>6</sup>—There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

And clamour moisten'd :<sup>7</sup>—then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

*Kent.* It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions ;<sup>8</sup>

Else one self mate and mate could not beget

Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

*Gent.* No.

*Kent.* Was this before the king return'd ?

*Gent.*

No, since.

*Kent.* Well, sir ; The poor distress'd Lear is i'the  
 town :

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers

What we are come about, and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter.

*Gent.*

Why, good sir ?

<sup>5</sup> *Made she no verbal question?*] Means only, Did she enter into no conversation with you? In this sense our poet frequently uses the word *question*, and not simply as the act of *interrogation*.

<sup>6</sup> *Let pity not be believed!*] i. e. Let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist!

<sup>7</sup> — *clamour moisten'd:*] That is, *her out-cries were accompanied with tears.*

<sup>8</sup> — *govern our conditions;*] i. e. regulate our *dispositions.*

*Kent.* A sovereign shame so elbows him : his own unkindness,  
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her  
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog hearted daughters,—these things sting  
His mind so venomously, that burning shame  
Detains him from Cordelia.

*Gent.* Alack, poor gentleman!

*Kent.* Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

*Gent.* 'Tis so; they are afoot.

*Kent.* Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,  
And leave you to attend him : some dear cause<sup>9</sup>  
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile ;  
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve  
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go  
Along with me. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. A Tent.*

*Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.*

*Cor.* Alack, 'tis he ; why, he was met even now  
As mad as the vex'd sea : singing aloud ;  
Crown'd with rank fumiter,<sup>1</sup> and furrrow weeds,  
With harlocks,<sup>2</sup> hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth ;  
Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]—

What can man's wisdom do,

<sup>9</sup> — some dear cause —] Some important business.

<sup>1</sup> — fumiter,] i. e. fumitory.

<sup>2</sup> — harlocks,] A typographical error for charlock, or wild mustard.

In the restoring his bereaved sense?  
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

*Phy.* There is means, madam :  
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,  
Are many simples operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.* All bless'd secrets,  
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,  
In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him ;  
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead it.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Madam, news ;  
The British powers are marching hitherward.

*Cor.* 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands  
In expectation of them.—O dear father,  
It is thy business that I go about ;  
Therefore great France  
My mourning, and important<sup>3</sup> tears, hath pitied.  
No blown ambition<sup>4</sup> doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :  
Soon may I hear, and see him ! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter REGAN and Steward.*

*Reg.* But are my brother's powers set forth ?

<sup>2</sup> — the means to lead it.] The reason which should guide it.

<sup>3</sup> — important —] For importunate.

<sup>4</sup> No blown ambition —] No inflated, no swelling pride.

*Stew.* Ay, madam.

*Reg.* Himself

In person there?

*Stew.* Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

*Stew.* No, madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to him?

*Stew.* I know not, lady.

*Reg.* Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,  
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves  
All hearts against us; Edmund, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his misery, to despatch  
His nighted life;<sup>5</sup> moreover, to descry  
The strength o'the enemy.

*Stew.* I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;  
The ways are dangerous.

*Stew.* I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

*Reg.* Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,  
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,  
Let me unseal the letter.

*Stew.* Madam, I had rather—

*Reg.* I know, your lady does not love her husband;  
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,  
She gave strange œiliads,<sup>6</sup> and most speaking looks

<sup>5</sup> *His nighted life;*] i. e. His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes.

<sup>6</sup> *She gave strange œiliads,*] *Ocillade*, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

*Stew.* I, madam?

*Reg.* I speak in understanding; you are, I know it: Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:<sup>7</sup>

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;

And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this;

And when your mistress hears thus much from you, I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

*Stew.* Would I could meet him, madam! I would show.

What party I do follow.

*Reg.*

Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*The Country near Dover.*

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.*

*Glo.* When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

*Edg.* You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

*Glo.* Methinks, the ground is even.

*Edg.*

Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

*Glo.*

No, truly.

*Edg.* Why, then your other senses grow imperfect

<sup>7</sup> ——— *I do advise you, take this note:] Note means in this place not a letter, but a remark. Therefore observe what I am saying.*

By your eyes' anguish.

*Glo.* So may it be, indeed :

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speak'st  
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

*Edg.* You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I  
chang'd,

But in my garments.

*Glo.* Methinks, you are better spoken.

*Edg.* Come on, sir ; here's the place ;—stand still.

—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock ;<sup>s</sup> her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight : The murmuring surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand : You are now within a  
foot

Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse ; in it, a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking : Fairies, and gods,

Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

*Glo.* With all my heart.

<sup>s</sup> — her cock ;] Her cock-boat.

*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his despair,  
Is done to cure it.

*Glo.* O you mighty gods!  
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:  
If I could bear it longer, and not fall  
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,  
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should  
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—  
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

*Edg.* Gone, sir? farewell.—  
And yet I know not how conceit may rob  
The treasury of life, when life itself  
Yields to the theft:<sup>9</sup> Had he been where he thought,  
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?  
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!  
Thus might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives:  
What are you, sir?

*Glo.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Had'st thou been aught but gossomer,<sup>2</sup> fea-  
thers, air,  
So many fathom down precipitating,  
Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg; but thou dost  
breathe;  
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art  
sound,  
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;  
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again,

*Glo.* But have I fallen, or no?

<sup>9</sup> — when life itself

*Yields to the theft:*] When life is willing to be destroyed.

<sup>1</sup> *Thus might he pass indeed:*] Thus might he die in reality.

<sup>2</sup> *Had'st thou been aught but gossomer,—*] Gossomere, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather.

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:<sup>4</sup>

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far  
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,  
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,  
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm: Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.  
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that  
Which parted from you?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought, his eyes  
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,  
Horns whelk'd,<sup>5</sup> and wav'd like the enridged sea;  
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,  
Think that the clearest gods<sup>6</sup> who make them ho-  
nours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

*Glo.* I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear  
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,

*Enough, enough, and, die.* That thing you speak of,  
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

*The fiend, the fiend:* he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who  
comes here?

<sup>4</sup> — *chalky bourn:*] *Bourn* seems here to signify a *hill*. Its common signification is a *brook*. But in Milton and Shakspeare it means only a *boundary*, and here certainly means “this chalky boundary of England, towards France.”

<sup>5</sup> *Horns whelk'd,*] *Whelk'd*, signifies *varied with protuberances*; or twisted, convolved.

<sup>6</sup> — *the clearest gods,*] The purest; the most free from evil.



*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with Flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.

*Lear.* No, they cannot fouch me for coining;  
I am the king himself.

*Edg.* O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect.—There's  
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow  
like a crow-keeper:<sup>7</sup> draw me a clothier's yard.—  
Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of  
toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll  
prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.<sup>8</sup>—  
O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout,<sup>9</sup> i' the clout:  
hewgh!—Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—  
They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had  
white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were  
there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—  
*Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity. When the  
rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make  
me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at  
my bidding; there I found them; there I smelt  
them out. Go to, they are not men o'their words:

<sup>7</sup> *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:]* In several counties, to this day, they call a stuffed figure, representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*.

<sup>8</sup> — *the brown-bills.]* A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe, affixed to a long staff.

<sup>9</sup> *O, well-flown, bird!—i' the clout, &c.]* Lear is here raving of *archery*, and shooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *i' the clout*, that is, the *white* mark they set up and aim at; hence the phrase, *to hit the white*.

they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The trick of that voice<sup>1</sup> I do well remember: Is't not the king?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king:  
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes,  
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause,—

*Adultery.*—  
Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:  
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly  
Does lecter in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son  
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters  
Got 'tween the lawful sheets,—

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yon' simpering dame,  
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head  
To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't.  
With a more riotous appetite,  
Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above:  
But to the girdle<sup>2</sup> do the gods inherit,  
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,  
there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,  
consumption;—Fye, fye, fye! pah; pah! Give me  
an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my  
imagination: there's money for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand!

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world  
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

<sup>1</sup> *The trick of that voice.*—] *Trick* is a word frequently used for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others.

<sup>2</sup> *But to the girdle, &c.*] *But* is here used for *only*.

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me?<sup>3</sup> No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with the case of eyes?

*Lear.* O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*Glo.* Ay, sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur?

There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Röbes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

<sup>3</sup> Dost thou squiny at me?] To squiny is to look asquint.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em :  
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
 To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;  
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
 To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,  
 now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

*Edg.* O, matter and impertinency mix'd!

Reason in madness!

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my  
 eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry, that we are  
 come

To this great stage of fools;—This is a good  
 block?—

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

*Gent.* O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,  
 Your most dear daughter—

*Lear.* No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even  
 The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;  
 You shall have ransome. Let me have a surgeon,  
 I am cut to the brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? All myself?

\* — *I'll able 'em* :] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them.

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,<sup>5</sup>  
 To use his eyes for garden water-pots,  
 Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

*Gent.* Good sir,—

*Lear.* I will die bravely, like a bridegroom;  
 What?  
 I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,  
 My masters, know you that?

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then there's life in it.<sup>6</sup> Nay, an you get  
 it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.  
 [Exit running; Attendants follow.]

*Gent.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;  
 Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daugh-  
 ter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse  
 Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir,

*Gent.* Sir, speed you: What's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

*Gent.* Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,  
 Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.* But, by your favour,  
 How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry  
 Stands on the hourly thought.<sup>7</sup>

*Edg.* I thank you, sir: that's all.

*Gent.* Though that the queen on special cause is  
 here,  
 Her army is mov'd on.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir. [Exit *Gent.*]

<sup>5</sup> — a man of salt,] A man of salt is a man of tears.

<sup>6</sup> Then there's life in it.] The case is not yet desperate.

<sup>7</sup> — the main descry,

[Stands on the hourly thought.] The main body is expected to  
 be descry'd every hour. The expression is harsh.

*Glo.* You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;

Let not my worser spirit<sup>8</sup> tempt me again  
To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Glo.* Now, good sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man; made tame by fortune's  
blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,  
Am pregnant to good pity: Give me your hand,  
I'll lead you to some biding.

*Glo.* Hearty thanks:  
The bounty and the benison of heaven  
To boot, and boot!

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh  
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,  
Briefly thyself remember:<sup>9</sup>—The sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

*Glo.* Now let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*]

*Stew.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;  
Lest that the infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

*Stew.* Let go, slave, or thou diest.

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gait,<sup>1</sup> and let  
poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out

<sup>8</sup> — *my worser spirit* —] Perhaps, *my evil genius*.

<sup>9</sup> *Briefly thyself remember* :] i. e. Quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven.

<sup>1</sup> — *go your gait*,] *Gang your gait* is a common expression in the North.

of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vorthnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye,<sup>2</sup> or ise try whether your costard<sup>3</sup> or my bat<sup>4</sup> be the harder: Ch'll be plain with you.

*Stew.* Out, dunghill!

*Edg.* Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins.<sup>5</sup>

[*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

*Stew.* Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;  
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,  
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out  
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

*Edg.* I know thee well: A servicable villain;  
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,  
As badness would desire.

*Glo.* What, is he dead?

*Edg.* Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks  
of,

May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry  
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—  
Leave, gentle wax: and, manners, blame us not:  
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;  
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.  
You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your  
will want not, time and place will be fruitfully of-*

<sup>2</sup> — [che vor'ye,] *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the western dialect.

<sup>3</sup> — [your costard —] *Costard; i. e. head.*

<sup>4</sup> — [my bat —] *i. e. club, or staff.*

<sup>5</sup> — [no matter vor your foins.] *To foïn, is to make what we call a thrust in fencing. Shakspeare often uses the word.*

*fered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

*Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant,*

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!<sup>6</sup>—  
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;  
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,  
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified<sup>7</sup>  
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,  
With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,  
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the Body.*

*Glo.* The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,  
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:  
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;  
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

*Re-enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Give me your hand:  
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.  
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!] O undistinguishing licentiousness of a woman's inclinations?

<sup>7</sup> Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified, &c.] I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire, to rake the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. The epithet, *unsanctified*, refers to his want of burial in consecrated ground.



## SCENE VII.

*A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a Bed, asleep; Physician, Gentleman, and Others, attending: Enter CORDELIA and KENT.*

*Cor.* O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and  
work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,  
And every measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.  
All my reports go with the modest truth;  
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited:<sup>3</sup>  
These weeds are memories<sup>9</sup> of those worser hours;  
I pry'thee, put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon me, dear madam;  
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:<sup>1</sup>  
My boon I make it; that you know me not,  
Till time and I think meet.

*Cor.* Then be it so, my good lord.—How does  
the king? [*To the Physician.*]

*Phys.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!  
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up  
Of this child-changed father!<sup>2</sup>

*Phys.* So please your majesty,  
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

<sup>3</sup> *Be better suited:*] i. e. Be better dressed.

<sup>9</sup> *These weeds are memories —*] i. e. Memorials, remembrancers.

<sup>1</sup> — *my made intent:*] An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*.

<sup>2</sup> *Of this child-changed father!*] i. e. Changed to a child by his years and wrongs; or changed by his children.

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed  
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

*Gent.* Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,  
We put fresh garments on him.

*Phys.* Be by, good madam, when we do awake  
him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.*

Very well.

*Phys.* Please you, draw near.—Louder the mu-  
sic, there.

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restoration, hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dear princess!

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white  
flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face  
To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)  
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,  
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!  
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

*Phys.* Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? How fares your  
majesty?

<sup>3</sup> — to watch (poor perdu!)

*With this thin helm?*] The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfants perdus*. With this thin helm? i. e. bare-headed.

*Lear.* You do me wrong, to take me out o'the grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit; I know; When did you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide.

*Phys.* He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,  
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—  
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;  
I feel this pin-prick.—'Would I were assur'd  
Of my condition.

*Cor.* O, look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—  
No, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me:  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,  
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;  
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is: and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,  
-weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:

You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Phys.* Be comforted, good madam: the great  
rage,

You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger

To make him even o'er the time he has lost.<sup>4</sup>

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,

Till further settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me:  
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and  
*Attendants.*]

*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,  
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?

*Kent.* As 'tis said,  
The bastard son of Gloster.

*Gent.* They say, Edgar,  
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent  
In Germany.

*Kent.* Report is changeable.  
'Tis time to look about; the powers o'the kingdom  
Approach apace.

*Gent.* The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.  
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Kent.* My point and period will be thoroughly  
wrought;  
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*]

<sup>4</sup> To make him even o'er the time he has lost.] i. e. To reconcile it to his apprehension.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Camp of the British Forces,  
near Dover.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN,  
Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

*Edm.* Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold ;  
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught  
To change the course : He's full of alteration,  
And self-reproving :—bring his constant pleasure.<sup>5</sup>

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

*Edm.* 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord,  
You know the goodness I intend upon you :  
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth ;  
Do you not love my sister ?

*Edm.* In honour'd love.

*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way  
To the forefended place ?<sup>6</sup>

*Edm.* That thought abuses you.<sup>7</sup>

*Reg.* I am doubtful that you have been conjunct  
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

*Edm.* No, by mine honour, madam.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,  
Be not familiar with her.

*Edm.* Fear me not :—  
She, and the duke her husband,——

<sup>5</sup> — his constant pleasure.] His settled resolution.

<sup>6</sup> — forefended place?] i. e. prohibited, forbidden.

<sup>7</sup> That thought abuses you.] That thought imposes on you.

*Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

*Gon.* I had rather lose the battle, than that sister  
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be met.—  
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,  
With others, whom the rigour of our state  
Forc'd to cry out: Where I could not be honest,  
I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
It toucheth us as France invades our land,  
Not bolds the king;<sup>8</sup> with others, whom, I fear,  
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.<sup>9</sup>

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy:  
For these domestick and particular broils  
Are not to question here.

*Alb.* Let us then determine  
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

*Gon.* O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I will  
go.

*As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with man so  
poor,  
Hear me one word.

<sup>8</sup> Not bolds the king;] i. e. emboldens him to assert his former title.

<sup>9</sup> — make oppose.] Compel to oppose us.

<sup>1</sup> Sir, you speak nobly.] This reply must be understood ironically.

*Alb.* I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*Edg.* Before you fight the battle, ope this letter. If you have victory, let the trumpet sound For him that brought it: wretched though I seem, I can produce a champion, that will prove What is avouched there: If you miscarry, Your business of the world hath so an end, And machination ceases.<sup>2</sup> Fortune love you!

*Alb.* Stay till I have read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it. When time shall serve, let but the herald cry, And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

*Edm.* The enemy's in view, draw up your powers. Here is the guess of their true strength and forces By diligent discovery;—but your haste Is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time.<sup>3</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* To both these sisters have I sworn my love; Each jealous of the other, as the stung Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take? Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd, If both remain alive: To take the widow, Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril; And hardly shall I carry out my side,<sup>4</sup> Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use His countenance for the battle; which being done,

<sup>2</sup> *And machination ceases.*] i. e. All designs against your life will have an end.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *greet the time.*] i. e. Ready to meet the occasion.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *carry out my side.*] Edmund means, hardly shall I be able to make my party good; to maintain my cause.

Let her, who would be rid of him, devise  
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—  
 The battle done, and they within our power,  
 Shall never see his pardon: for my state  
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and colours,  
 LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.*

*Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.*

*Edg.* Here, father, take the shadow of this tree  
 For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:  
 If ever I return to you again,  
 I'll bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace go with you, sir!  
 [Exit EDGAR.]

*Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;  
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:  
 Give me thy hand, come on.

*Glo.* No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

*Edg.* What, in ill thoughts again? Men must  
 endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:  
 Ripeness is all;<sup>5</sup> Come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too.  
 [Exit.]

<sup>5</sup> *Ripeness is all:*] i. e. To be ready, prepared, is all.



## SCENE III.

*The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

*Edm.* Some officers take them away : good guard ;  
Until their greater pleasures first be known  
That are to censure them.<sup>6</sup>

*Cor.* We are not the first,  
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.  
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down ;  
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—  
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters ?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no ! Come, let's away to  
prison :  
We two alone will sing like bird's i' the cage :  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,  
And ask of thee forgiveness : So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,—  
Who loses, and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;—  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies : And we'll wear out,  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,  
That ebb and flow by the moon.

*Edm.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught  
thee ?

<sup>6</sup> ——— to censure *them*.] i. e. to pass sentence or judgment on them.

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,  
 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes ;  
 The goujeers<sup>7</sup> shall devour them, flesh and fell,<sup>8</sup>  
 Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them starve  
 first.

Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.]

*Edm.* Come hither, captain ; hark.  
 Take thou this note ; [*Giving a Paper.*] go, follow  
 them to prison ;

One step I have advanc'd thee : if thou dost  
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
 To noble fortunes : Know thou this,—that men  
 Are as the time is : to be tender-minded  
 Does not become a sword :—Thy great employment  
 Will not bear question ;<sup>9</sup>—either say, thou'lt do't,  
 Or thrive by other means.

*Off.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it ; and write happy, when thou hast  
 done.

Mark,—I say, instantly ; and carry it so,  
 As I have set it down.

*Off.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats ;  
 If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit* Officer.]

*Flourish.* Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *Offi-*  
*cers, and Attendants.*

*Alb.* Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant  
 strain,

And fortune led you well : You have the captives  
 Who were the opposites of this day's strife :  
 We do require them of you : so to use them,  
 As we shall find their merits and our safety  
 May equally determine.

<sup>7</sup> *The goujeers—*] *The goujeres, i. e. Morbus Gallicus.*

<sup>8</sup> *—flesh and fell,*] *Flesh and skin.*

<sup>9</sup> *Will not bear question ;*] *Question, here, as in many other places, signifies, discourse, conversation.*

*Edm.* Sir, I thought it fit  
 To send the old and miserable king  
 To some retention, and appointed guard;  
 Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
 To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
 And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes<sup>1</sup>  
 Which do command them. With him I sent the  
 queen;  
 My reason all the same; and they are ready  
 To-morrow, or at further space, to appear  
 Where you shall hold your session. At this time,  
 We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his  
 friend;  
 And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd  
 By those that feel their sharpness:—  
 The question of Cordelia, and her father,  
 Requires a fitter place.<sup>2</sup>

*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
 I hold you but a subject of this war,  
 Not as a brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.  
 Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,  
 Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;  
 Bore the commission of my place and person;  
 The which immediacy<sup>3</sup> may well stand up,  
 And call itself your brother.

*Gon.* Not so hot:  
 In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
 More than in your advancement.

*Reg.* In my rights,  
 By me invested, he compeers the best.

<sup>1</sup> *And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes—*] i. e. Turn the lances whom we have hired by giving them *press-money*.

<sup>2</sup> *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. The determination of the question what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy.

<sup>3</sup> *The which immediacy—*] *Immediacy* is close and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me.

*Gon.* That were the most, if he should husband you.

*Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.

*Gon.* Holla, holla!  
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

*Reg.* Lady, I am not well; else I should answer  
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;  
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:  
Witness the world, that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

*Gon.* Mean you to enjoy him?

*Alb.* The let-alone lies not in your good will.<sup>4</sup>

*Edm.* Nor in thine, lord.

*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.

*Reg.* Let the drum strike, and prove my title  
thine. [To EDMUND.]

*Alb.* Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest  
thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,  
This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to GON.*]—for your  
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;  
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,  
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.  
If you will marry, make your love to me,  
My lady is bespoke.

*Gon.* An interlude!

*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet  
sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,  
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a Glove.*]  
I'll prove it on thy heart,

<sup>4</sup> *The let-alone lies not in your good will.*] Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice.

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

*Reg.* Sick, O, sick!

*Gon.* If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*

*Edm.* There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a Glove.*] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:  
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,  
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain  
My truth and honour firmly.

*Alb.* A herald, ho?

*Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!

*Alb.* Trust to thy single virtue;<sup>5</sup> for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

*Reg.* This sickness grows upon me.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Alb.* She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—  
And read out this.

*Off.* Sound, trumpet. [*A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.*

*Edm.* Sound.

[1 Trumpet.

*Her.* Again.

[2 Trumpet.

*Her.* Again.

[3 Trumpet.

[*Trumpet answers within.*

<sup>5</sup> —thy single virtue;] i. e. valour; a Roman sense of the word.

*Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call o'the trumpet.

*Her.* What are you?  
Your name, your quality? and why you answer  
This present summons?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost;  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:  
Yet am I noble, as the adversary  
I come to cope withal.

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?

*Edg.* What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of  
Gloster?

*Edm.* Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword;  
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.  
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,  
My oath, and my profession;<sup>6</sup> I protest,—  
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,  
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;  
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;  
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,  
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou liest.

*Edm.* In wisdom, I should ask thy name;

<sup>6</sup> *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,  
My oath, and my profession :*] The privilege of this oath means  
the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regu-  
lar initiation of a knight professed.

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,  
 And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,<sup>7</sup>  
 What safe and nicely I might well delay  
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn :  
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;  
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;  
 Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)  
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,  
 Where they shall rest for ever.<sup>8</sup>—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

*Alb.* O save him; save him!

*Gon.* This is mere practice, Gloster :  
 By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer  
 An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,  
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame,  
 Or with this paper shall I stop it :—Hold, sir :—  
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :—  
 No tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the Letter to EDMUND.*]

*Gon.* Say, if I do : the laws are mine, not thine :  
 Who shall arraign me for't ?

*Alb.* Most monstrous !  
 Know'st thou this paper ?

*Gon.* Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit GONERIL.*]

*Alb.* Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

*Edm.* What you have charg'd me with, that have  
 I done ;

And more, much more : the time will bring it out ;  
 'Tis past, and so am I : But what art thou,  
 That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble,  
 I do forgive thee.

<sup>7</sup> —'say of breeding breathes,] *Say* is sample, a taste.

<sup>8</sup> Where they shall rest for ever.] *To that place, where they shall rest for ever ; i. e. thy heart.*

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.  
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;  
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.  
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.  
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us :  
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,  
Cost him his eyes.

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;  
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

*Alb.* Methought, thy very gait did prophecy  
A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee ;  
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
Did hate thee, or thy father !

*Edg.* Worthy prince,  
I know it well.

*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself ?  
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief  
tale ;—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !—  
The bloody proclamation to escape,  
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness !  
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,  
Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift  
Into a mad-man's rags ; to assume a semblance  
That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit  
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide,  
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;  
Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,  
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,  
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,  
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
Told him by pilgrimage : But his flaw'd heart,  
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,



Burst smilingly.

*Edm.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;  
You look as you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more, more woful, hold it in;  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period  
To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
To amplify too-much, would make much more,  
And top extremity.<sup>9</sup>

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,  
Who having seen me in my worst estate,  
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding  
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms  
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out  
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father:  
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,  
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting  
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life  
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,  
And there I left him tranç'd.

*Alb.* But who was this?

*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise  
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service  
Improper for a slave.

*Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.*

*Gent.* Help! help! O help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?

<sup>9</sup> — This would have seem'd a period, &c.] The sense may probably be this: *This would have seemed a period to such as love not sorrow; but—another, i. e. but I must add another, i. e. another period, another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told.*

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smokes;  
It came even from the heart of—

*Alb.* Who, man? speak.

*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister  
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

*Edm.* I was contracted to them both; all three  
Now marry in an instant.

*Alb.* Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—  
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us  
tremble,

Touches us not with pity. *[Exit Gentleman.*

*Enter KENT.*

*Edg.* Here comes Kent, sir.

*Alb.* O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,  
Which very manners urges.

*Kent.* I am come  
To bid my king and master aye good night;  
Is he not here?

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!—  
Speak, Edmund, where's the king; and where's  
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?  
*[The Bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are  
brought in.*

*Kent.* Alack, why thus?  
*Edm.* Yet Edmund was belov'd:

The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew herself.

*Alb.* Even so.—Cover their faces.

*Edm.* I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,  
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—

\* *This judgment, &c.*] If Shakspeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity*. TYRWHITT.

Be brief in it,—to the castle ; for my writ  
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia :—  
Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run, O, run—

*Edg.* To who, my lord?—Who has the office?  
send

Thy token of reprieve.

*Edm.* Well thought on ; take my sword,  
Give it the captain.

*Alb.* Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDGAR.*

*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife and me  
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she fordid herself.<sup>2</sup>

*Alb.* The gods defend her! Bear him hence  
awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his Arms ;  
EDGAR, Officer, and Others.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are  
men of stones ;  
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack :—O, she is gone  
for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;  
She's dead as earth :—Lend me a looking-glass ;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end ?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *That she fordid herself.*] *To fordo* signifies to destroy.

<sup>3</sup> *Kent.* *Is this the promis'd end?*

*Edg.* *Or image of that horror?*] By the *promis'd end* Kent does not mean that conclusion which the state of their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world.

*Alb.* Fall, and cease!<sup>4</sup>

*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O my good master! [*Kneeling.*

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, away.

*Edg.* 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!  
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—  
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman:—  
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

*Off.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?  
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion  
I would have made them skip: I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?  
Mine eyes are none o'the best:—I'll tell you straight.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,  
One of them we behold.<sup>5</sup>

*Lear.* This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

*Kent.* The same?

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that?  
He'll strike, and quickly too: He's dead and rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

<sup>4</sup> *Fall, and cease!*] Albany is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.*

<sup>5</sup> *If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,*

*One of them we behold.*] i. e. If Fortune, to display the plenitude of her power, should brag of two persons, one of whom she had highly elevated, and the other she had wofully depressed, we now behold the latter.

*Lear.* I'll see that straight.

*Kent.* That, from your first of difference and decay,<sup>6</sup>

Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You are welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else;<sup>7</sup> all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves, And desperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says; and vain it is That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Off.* Edmund is dead, my lord.

*Alb.* That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come,<sup>8</sup>

Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot,<sup>9</sup> and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:

<sup>6</sup> — of difference and decay,] Decay for misfortunes.

<sup>7</sup> Nor no man else;] Kent means, *I welcome! No, nor no man else.*

<sup>8</sup> — this great decay may come,] This great decay is Lear, this piece of decay'd royalty, this ruin'd majesty.

<sup>9</sup> With boot,] With advantage, with increase.

<sup>1</sup> And my poor fool is hang'd!] This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as some have thought) on

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no  
more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button:<sup>2</sup> Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—  
Look there, look there!— [He dies.

*Edg.* He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

*Kent.* Break, heart; I pry thee, break!

*Edg.* Look up, my lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he  
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* O, he is gone, indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:  
He but usurp'd his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence.—Our present bu-  
siness

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[To KENT and EDGAR.

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;  
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must  
obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*]

whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching there for indications of life. *Poor fool*, in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment.

<sup>2</sup> *Pray you, undo this button :*] The Rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by *this* most expressive circumstance.

<sup>3</sup> The tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the

attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend, Mr. Warton, [afterwards Dr. Joseph Warton,] who has in *The Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series of dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramattick exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distresses by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and

what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that in his opinion, *the Tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life; but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the publick has decided.\* Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the criticks concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critick, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes, with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did

\* Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the publick has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronized by Addison:

“*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*” STEEVENS.



not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

END OF VOLUME EIGHTH.

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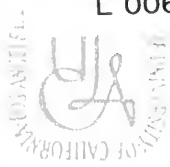
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